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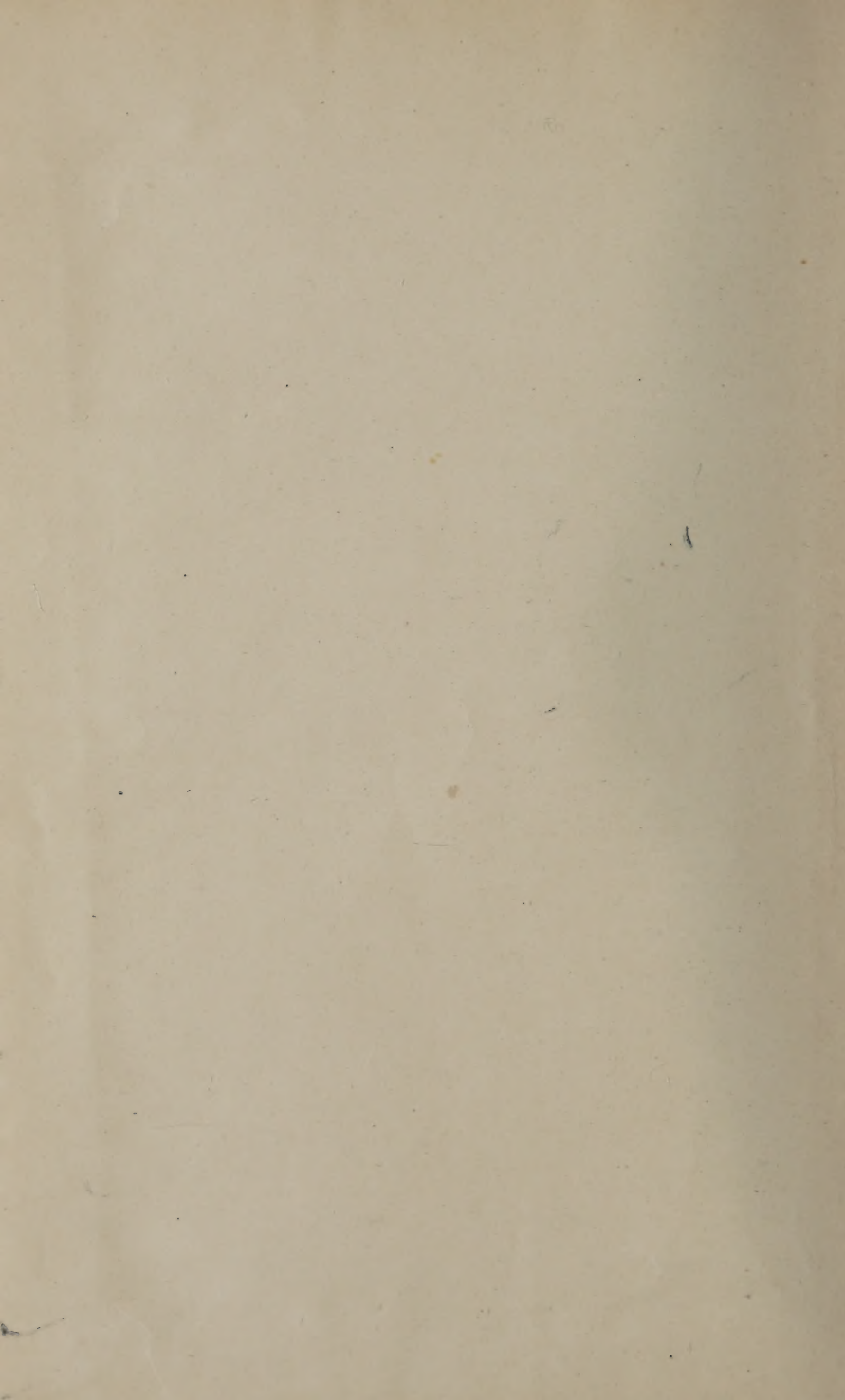


Alice Dana Keyes. <sup>1894</sup> es











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"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things; whate'er you may be-  
lieve:

There is an inmost centre in us all,  
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,  
This perfect, clear conception—which is truth,  
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh  
Blinds it, and makes all error: and 'to know'  
Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,  
Than in effecting entry for a light  
Supposed to be without."



## Greeting.

A joyous greeting to all our subscribers, both old and new. At the beginning of our fifth year, we find many causes for rejoicing. Our treasury is in a healthy condition, our members are, with few exceptions, back in their places, taking up

the work with renewed enthusiasm; we see many new faces among us, and we are constantly receiving words of encouragement and commendation.

Obedying the spirit of our college and the teachings of our beloved leaders, we must climb nearer to our ideal and exhibit the growth gained in the excellent work of past years.

We wish to make our pages sources of encouragement and helpfulness to our students and readers. We wish to represent, in the best manner, the principles of our college while offering our readers instructive and stimulating articles from month to month. This might seem a difficult task were it not for our list of contributors, and the articles promised us from some of our leading educators. President Emerson's lectures alone will make the Magazine valuable to any who receive it, and no student can afford to be without it.

The new managers wish to express their gratitude for the spirit of helpfulness shown them by their predecessors and others of the student body. We shall endeavor to be worthy of the trust you have bestowed upon us, but please remember your responsibility is not ended. The Magazine is yours; its pages are open to articles, discussions, questions and criticisms along our line of work.

Let each of us remember this, and endeavor to make our Magazine a source of inspiration to all its readers.



"A good digestion to you all; and, once more I shower a welcome on ye. Welcome, all."

Gift 12/19/33

### Opening Day.

THE opening day at Emerson College is always a most happy occasion. This year it was unusually so. Many students had made strenuous exertions, and had sacrificed much in order to be able to return. All were solicitous for the return of friends and classmates, and for a large class to enter upon the work which has proved to be so highly educative.

Berkeley Hall was filled with radiant faces when the faculty entered—thus convincing us that we were not in a happy dream; but that we were actually ready to begin the year's work.

President Emerson, after a few words of most assuring welcome, introduced the members of the faculty, who deepened the impression that our instructors would seek our highest development. Dr. Sherman had never before been present at the opening exercises: but her remarks were so beautifully simple and direct, and so exquisitely appropriate, that we could not avoid the impression that we had come to know her better than ever before.

Prof. Southwick's address evinced a calm determination to direct the energies of the students unmistakably towards the predominating purpose of the College. Read it and be convinced.

Emersonians are irrepressible in applause—the character of their applause indicated that they had "ears to hear;" and the spirit of work, which was immediately apparent in the class-rooms, proved that the seed had fallen into fertile soil.

POST GRADUATE.



ALL former readers of the Magazine will find in this issue an old friend, though it wears a new face.

All subscribers of last year will receive it, and we hope it will meet with a most cordial welcome.

The Magazine was first issued in five numbers yearly; then in six; and last year

in seven, which is the number we hope to print for the year 1896-7, if our subscription list proves what we expect.

All Emersonians can do good missionary work by helping to extend its circulation among educators and students. It is a unique publication, and the only one from which teachers can get the philosophy of the *newer* education on which the work of this College is based.

One of Dr. Emersons lectures will appear in each number. If each alumnus, or former student, will send us a short notice of himself, and his work he will be able to keep in touch, through our pages, with his college friends.

We hope to take a forward step each year and make the Magazine a worthy exponent of that broadest culture of body, mind and spirit for which our system stands.

Let us have a speedy and hearty response in the way of subscriptions.

HARRY S. ROSS,  
Business Manager.



### The Seed.

In its low, grassy home.  
Where breezes wooing roam,  
The dandelion smiled.  
The zephyr won her love;  
She left her gold to rove  
Where'er his heart beguiled.

She seemed an idle thing  
To whirl and dance and swing  
In dainty garments white.  
No purpose she revealed,  
Her use was all concealed,  
Her life, but a delight.

Now on the mountain side  
The flower and breeze abide  
In golden wealth untold.  
The winds her merchants are,  
Her argosies sail far  
With treasures manifold.

In love she found the law:  
The zephyr wise foresaw  
The way their journey led;  
She, yielding to her lord  
And trusting love's reward  
Found faith and purpose wed.

Mina S. F. Powers.



## Opening Address

Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick Discusses Education vs. Training.

### IDEALS IN THEIR RELATION TO CHARACTER.

PROF. SOUTHWICK upon rising was given a grand greeting, and said: "The hardest thing connected with speaking to an audience is getting started. You have helped me through that. Now that demonstration of welcome is twice blessed. First, it blesses him that takes. The good lady who has done me the honor to take my name, she whose joys I share and whose sorrows I fear I sometimes double, (*laughter*) tells me that I wince and shrink and shrivel whenever I am heartily applauded. I do not know how that is, but I'll take her word for it, for I have found that a pretty safe thing to do. (*laughter*.) Now if this is so, and, in the face of her testimony, who can doubt it, if I shrink instead of swelling, (*renewed laughter*)—which would be the more picturesque thing to do,—it is not that I do not like to be applauded. I do like it, and am glad that I have the honesty to say so. It would be the silliest affectation to assume otherwise. It is always an encouragement and never so much so as when it comes not as an acknowledgment of pleasure received, a compliment of approval for something done but when it pulses with the warm personal greeting straight from the hearts of those who know one, who are his neighbors and associates in the community of work, who sympathize with his motives and ideals. If so, then why this "shrinking" with which I am charged by an authority only little short of "inspiration" itself. (*laughter*) It is simply that I feel weighted by a sense of responsibility in proportion as the applause is earnest, a responsibility not peculiarly for the occasion or any occasion but for the entire

work with which I am engaged.

Now in the public places of the work which you are taking up you will be applauded—more than I have been I trust. But, remember, and right here in the philosophy of the meaning of applause,—it has much more of demand in it than of reward. It is an expression of sympathy, of encouragement, of expectation. It means, in relation to what you are identified with, a belief in you and a demand that that belief shall be justified by you. It puts the command upon you to do higher and worthier work. It insists upon better things and will be satisfied with nothing less. What you have done will help you no further in continued success than in providing greater confidence and opportunity. The success of the future must be earned again and again by excelling the past. There is even an unintended, an unconscious menace lurking behind the encouragement and demand expressed by applause. Well may one shrink before the sense of responsibility to do ever his best, and the consciousness that if he does not excel in the past he will gradually lose his hold even upon that which he has won. The only people ever spoiled by applause are those whose sense of responsibility it does not stir, to whom it is merely a sensory intoxication, who curl up after it and sleep like contented kittens, and wake only to call for more. If you would be safe, remember applause is demand more than reward and take it so in the ratio of at least 16 to 1. (*laughter and applause.*)

I said that applause when spontaneously given and sensibly received blesses him that takes, and also him that gives. Some sets of people carefully insulate speaker or actor or entertainer by their more than arctic coldness, and then wonder why he does not give off sparks. They would not wilfully plant a rose in ice or dry ashes, and then quarrel with it because it did not

grow. To treat a lecturer or an artist in this way is not only ungentlemanly but stupidly absurd. It was to an audience that did this sort of thing that Frances Willard once said: "Well, you have had a very poor speech from me and you deserved it." Yet, despite the obvious common sense of the matter, there are many individuals, and unfortunately they sometimes get together, who seem to imagine that they will acquire a reputation for discrimination by appearing distinctly superior and slightly bored by what they secretly admire. If they are apathetic and extremely "proper" they fancy others may wait with breathless interest for the opinion of those so reserved and inexpressive. And yet are they betrayed. In the business of the mental world it is not well to advertise "unfurnished lodgings." (*laughter and applause.*)

Again, a good circulation of the blood is essential to good thinking. Now, you have started your circulations in your generous greetings, and I want you to think with me for the next few minutes. So you have done yourselves real good, you see, and you have helped me to get started by giving me an opportunity of saying something about the first thing I have heard today, applause, and something which I hope you will have a good deal to do with all through your lives, and will always take in a sensible and earnest way and always give in an honorable helpful way to whatever makes for education and progress and righteousness.

It is a pleasure to look upon so many students. This is an age of study, and an age when the value and the necessity for study are felt as never before in the history of the world. You have come to this college from many States, even from different countries and for various reasons. You know that you cannot have organized class-work on the first day, but before you go away to prepare for the morrow, I am

persuaded that you would like to know something of the aim and method and spirit of the work into the current of which you are entering. You come to what seems to be a special or technical school with a remarkable number of students,—a greater number than that of any similar institution in the world,—greater than would be the aggregate of many of them combined. And a question which obviously arises is, why is this so? Is it because of endowments and lists of free scholarships? No. Because of political influence or of catering to any social set? No. Because of denominational backing? No. Is it because of extended advertising? Assuredly not. What then is the explanation? It is found in the simple fact of the *results* produced by the institution in the work and character of those who go forth from its walls. What in its turn is the explanation of those results, how they are produced we will consider simply and plainly in a moment. But the growth, I repeat, is because the college has successfully met the test of *results*—that test by which every institution and every individual must stand or fall, has answered satisfactorily that searching query of parent and public, "What kind of a man?" "What kind of a woman?" Here is the secret of the rise and strength of the Emerson College, and it is the only secret. And now, pressing home closely upon us, comes the question what ideas, methods, influences produce these results.

The Emerson College is a unique institution. It incorporates certain ideas which, if not new to the world, are certainly original in their gathering and grouping and in the atmosphere which they engender and bear with them. The college is called a "college of oratory." It has to be called something, I suppose. But no name would be broad enough to designate it except "college of life," and that would



certainly be too abstract to mean anything to one who needs to be informed only because he has not yet experienced.

As I am speaking of the institution I must necessarily refer to him of whom the work is an expression, of whose conception it is an externalization, whose very personality is, in itself, the chief determining influence in the results attained in the mind, character, spirit and forcefulness of those who come within its contact. Indeed, the most potent and most fortunate of all educational influences is that of right personality. The reason to my mind why the disciples of Christ were the best Christians is, not that they knew more than other men,—for it is clear that they had but little learning,—but because they lived with Christ, because they fed upon him. Contact with greatness of any kind appeals to your potentialities in that direction, and grows them. It is because of this influence of personality in teaching that in the realm of literature the most vitalizing and educative book is not a treatise or a poem or a novel or a drama, but a good *biography* of a great man. It is so because it is the nearest thing to direct contact with the life of the man himself. It is not my purpose to eulogize Dr. Emerson this morning. I do not like to talk about him publicly in his presence, although I have been obliged sometimes to say things that must make him wince, because they have been essential to what I was presenting, and to avoid it would be as difficult as to explain the mechanism of the solar system without reference to the sun. Both are the vitalizing and central facts and the sources of the light and life which warm into being and into growth. Dr. Emerson's reward is in the results of his work, in the growth of his plants, in the perfume of his flowers, in the up-reaching of his souls. He is too great and too healthy not to esteem fresh air above in-

cense, and he tests appreciation by the fidelity with which his truths are practiced, and is blessed as he finds his spirit through others extending in ever widening circles of beneficence. (*applause.*) But while the spirit of the man warms into the likeness of itself those who catch its earnestness and purpose, his ideas have given philosophic form and working force and definite method to a system of education which I have called unique.

The old notion of education was bounded by the idea of erudition. It hardly recognized in any practical way the mind as a living organism, with appetites, tendencies, free will, limited powers of digestion and assimilation, working along general fixed lines, yet with infinitely varied individualism. No, in the old conception the mind was more like a tourist's trunk into which a certain number of articles, and that number staggeringly large, must go—certain studies and subjects,—must go in. They must be put in, crowded in, packed in somehow, even if the trunk had to be sat upon and it were sorely strained and wrenched. (*laughter.*) Some of the places where they did that kind of thing were called "finishing schools." Unconscious irony in that word—"finishing school"! These especially were the places where they sat upon the trunk, (*laughter.*) Dickens tells us of the logical outcome of this kind of so-called "education" in the case of Mr. Toots, a head boy in one of these places, of whom he says that when the poor fellow got around to having whisks he left off having brains. Now, theoretically, we are beyond all that sort of thing, but practically the trunk packing is still going on in a great many places. Just so much must go in, and so the smaller the poor trunk the harder it gets sat upon. (*renewed laughter.*) Erudition is necessary in education, but the mind should at each stage be fed with what it needs and

what it can digest and assimilate and relate. Education is to fact-packing as is the tree to the wood-pile. They are alike only in that both contain wood. (*laughter and applause.*)

Then, as a reaction to the old trunk-packing notion, which is by no means dead in practise however it may have lost favor in theory, came the idea that education means training, that men are to be educated by the repetition of drill. That is an improvement and a truth,—but not the whole truth. If drill be synonymous with education it is so only in the lower planes, and probably not completely so even there. It is not so in physical culture, even where at first glance one would think training to be the all in all. It is conceivable that one might follow the movements of the best system of physical culture for years and emerge from his practise utterly ungraceful. Although not probable it is nevertheless conceivable, for, unless there be grace in the soul, the body trained to freedom would express but the lack of grace. It is not wonderful that the idea of training should be so highly extolled and confused with the conception of education itself, for it is so essential a part of education. Good training establishes good habit, which make it so easy to follow right courses automatically. Training begets method and system, precision and certainty. Training leads to facility and to skill. Yet, after all, how obvious are the limits and bounds of training. How insignificant lies its circle of usefulness within the larger circle of education.

What is education? What is it to be educated? Within the past few years the truth has been proclaimed from the platforms of almost every teachers' institute that "education means not erudition, attainment, or special skill, but a preparation for living." And this saying that edu-

cation means development has become a sort of pedagogic shibboleth, and somehow the grand truth contained in it does not stir the mind and force itself into such reforms of practise as would be expected. Why do I say this? Because I know and because you know that hundreds of teachers who hear that "education means unfolding," "education means the development of the entire personality," go right on in the old way so far as their practise is concerned with the same charming consistency as that of the man who said regarding the liquor legislation that "he was in favor of the law but agin its enforcement." (*laughter.*)

Now this truth that education means *unfolding* is upon practical trial here. It was on trial when I came here a dozen years ago, and methods have been conceived and practiced according to this idea, which here is not a mere profession of faith but a working force. Dr. Emerson, in accepting that truth, went one step lower down and found another truth upon which truth depends,—the truth of the evolution of the powers of the mind and consequently of the evolution of the expression of that mind. That there has been an evolution of physical man is well-nigh established. That there has been an evolution in the art life of man he discovered, and with it another and well-nigh indisputable evidence of the evolution of the intellectual and moral man. The right methods of teaching must be based upon the necessary way of learning. And that there should be an education arranged in conformity with this evolution, this unrolling of the powers of the individual ought to be obvious, and that higher, more rapid and more complete results should come from such education than from any arbitrarily imposed or empirical method was to be expected.

Now this philosophy when worked out

into progressive and graded steps was introduced right in a technical school and speedily placed it in a position as to size, influence and character, entirely distinct from the kind of schools with which it would naturally be compared, and for reasons which will immediately appear.

This is a time when technical training schools of various sorts multiply and flourish. This has been called the age of the specialist, and it is felt that he is safest, in the great material struggle of life, who can do better than any, what few can do at all.

But the truth of which Dr. Emerson made a working force is, that the specialist should be not merely a trained man, but an *educated* man. That the order of emphasis should be, first the *man*:—then the vocation. The whole idea of instruction in the typical special school is training, training, training. The special school man, while readily recognizing the distinction between erudition and training, might claim that training and education are practically one and the same thing. This claim we deny in theory and in practice. Is it true? Let us see.

Training tends toward efficiency, education toward sufficiency. Training tends toward precision, education toward enlargement and growth. Training is chiefly of the hands, education chiefly of the realm of mind. Training largely mechanical, education largely spiritual. It is clear that there is a possible difference between training upon the one hand and education upon the other. (*Applause.*)

Again training, while a part of education, is so easily distinguished by its limitations from education that it occupies a plane distinctly inferior. A cat can be trained to repeat certain acts time after time in just the same way. She does them thus because of habit, not because she has free choice. Education involves free will

and its results, unlike those of training, are not largely automatic. He who is susceptible to education will not and cannot be depended upon to do the same thing in the same way. The very fact that he will diverge and depart and work over into new forms of expression, shows that he is thinking and growing. He may make mistakes. But the possibility of mistakes is the price of education. Do not forget that. The cat will make no mistakes. The kind of education which we call training will be effective for the cat, but how about the elocutionist? If followed it would make cat elocutionists. Now the cat is not altogether the ideal of what the elocutionist should be, notwithstanding vocal gifts which are altogether indisputable. (*Laughter.*) And now, perhaps, the distinction between training on the one hand and education upon the other is apparent to the naked eye. (*Laughter and applause.*)

The truth is, that in technical work the results attained by what is known as training are so important, that training is frequently confused with education, or is substituted for it with curious and unfortunate results. I have referred to elocution as an illustration. Let me dwell for a moment upon that point. The reason why elocution has so slight a hold upon the respect and confidence of educators is precisely that the elocutionists as a class are not educated in any high sense. Their preparation consists of information, that is more or less erudition and training. Now as we all know, erudition gives the facts about the subject, but no amount of treatises upon oratory can accomplish much beyond interesting one in the subject of oratory. They never made an orator, and never will. Training will enable one to execute precisely, but not to create. The old and the usual elocution is the fruit



of training, the new, of education. The end of training is skill. The end of education is power. The country is full of people who by professional courtesy are known as musicians, actors, elocutionists, etc., but who are not artists. And the trouble lies, not so much in that they lack the "divine fire," but that they have been trained instead of being educated. Their training may have been good training and they may have worked faithfully, but they are artisans not artists. We may be interested, we may admire, we may marvel at their facility in executing, but they do not compel involuntary homage, and we see not the rainbow of authority which lights the brow of greatness. Every artist is educated, although his education may not be of the schools. His powers are unfolded in a progressive pathway which he follows by direction or finds for himself. Generic power and adaptability are the fruits of education. The precision of a facile repetition and automatic accuracy and deftness are the fruits of training. The latter is vastly important in a trade, but while the artisan who has this and nothing more is quite helpless when out of his trade, in a profession it signifies but little as a preparation. The one is for the artisan:—the other the very condition of existence of the artist. The trained man does one thing with all the precision and all the limitations of mechanism. The educated man may do many things, and although, for a given time he may in any one thing lack the accuracy and facility of the technician, his thought will force its own expression with all the dynamic power of creation and stamped with the charm and distinction of individuality. The trained student will rarely reach the level of his teacher. The educated student will often far surpass his teacher. Praise the Lord for it! The trained student will do things more precisely; the educated

student more spontaneously, intelligently, vividly, greatly. The trained student may perform more special feats with his muscles. The educated student will have a healthier and more cultured body. The voice of the trained student will execute more accurately and curiously; the voice of the educated student expresses more of mind and deep emotion. The trained actor will perform with perfect theatric propriety; the educated actor will reveal profounder depths and subtler meanings.

The effect of training upon *thinking*, which is the true generator of all high expression, is almost wholly reflex. We all know and believe in moral education, and although we may sometimes use the phrase "moral training," yet who believes in it at all in the sense in which we are speaking of training this morning? It is unthinkable. The idea of moral growth involves a free activity. Automatic goodness, which has no free choice in it, is no *goodness* at all. There is no moral element in involuntary conduct. Training is a circle which bounds one's possibilities with definite line, while education is an ever widening spiral: (*Applause.*)

If there is one divine command ringing through the world more loudly than any other, it is education. We are created, we must educate toward the ideal. We take radical ground on this matter of education versus training. "What," I seem to hear some one ask, "don't you believe in training the body?" No, sir! "Nor the voice?" No, sir. We do not train—we educate. As we have said, *the true method of teaching is determined by the necessary way of learning*. The servants should be reached through their master, the mind. The mind it is which is to be taught and the mind it is, which in its turn, becomes the school-master and teaches the body and voice, its servants in expression. Hence in the "New Philosophy of Ex-

pression" voice and muscles are educated by the mind, and the thinking inspires and controls the speaking.

It is the work of the new philosophy of education in oratory to appeal to the powers of the mind in a natural way. In physical work what? Not a collection of incoherent exercises designed to build up special muscles, exercises given in the hope that one may become healthy if he practices enough different kinds of movements. (*Laughter.*) We have, upon the other hand, a system of unified and progressive exercises for developing the body, informing it with the mind, and *cultivating it for the expression of the highest attributes of that mind.* That ideal includes and involves the idea of health, and the idea of strength, and the idea of grace,—each of which is at different times and in divers places proclaimed as the end sought in bodily training. In other words, it is an education of the body in its relationship with the soul. Can you imagine an ordinary gymnastic trainer advertising one exercise for developing depth of chest and another for largeness of biceps and another for the expression of magnanimity or hope? Of course not. He would laugh at the notion. Such an idea never entered his mind. Nor would we advertise in any such fashion. And yet the idea is not so absurd after all. Of course no one exercise would produce such results, but we all know that there is relationship between the sentiments of magnanimity and hope, and the physical expression of these qualities, and that a rounded education, which is, if you please,—psycho-physical, may develop the bodily expression of the higher sentiment by placing systematically before the minds of learners such objects of thought as may awaken these sentiments. Why not? "There are more things in heaven and earth, 'O, Physical Trainers,' than are dreamt of in your philosophy." (*Ap-*

*plause and laughter.*) The body may be the prison of the soul. It *should* be educated to become its servant. The ordinary voice training is vocal gymnastics when it is not voice tinkering. Vocal education recognizes that as it is thought and feeling that cause vocal expression to be at all so it is the education of thought and feeling that enable vocal expression to become what it should be. Clear thinking is lacking when clear expression fails. Hence all exercises are born and directed by definite thought, never separated from thinking, and the higher vocal culture secured by the associated *expression* of the higher direction of the mind calling upon the voice as an instrument and perfecting it. Again force, variety and subtlety in expression are secured, not by the usual process of long training in certain mechanical forms set out like so many receptacles in the hope that a shower of thought may somehow and sometime fill them up, (*laughter,*) but by direct appeal to those powers of mind which express themselves in these general forms, and which, moreover, while using them gives the stamp of the individuality of him who uses them. In a word then, the work of the college is to educate and unfold for whatever work the proclivity of the person points him. This is not a school of theology, although some of our students will preach. It is not a school of acting, although some of our graduates may act. It is not a commercial college, although some of our students may go into trade. It is a school for the development of the individual that he may do greatly that which he can do best. (*Applause.*) A very successful business man told me that if his boys want to go into business, as he expects they will, he shall give them three years here as a preparation. Why? Because he recognizes that their powers would receive such development as will make of them better men of business. And this because they will be

more as men. First, the man and then the vocation. It will make more of them as men. It is said again and again in different forms that what is needed is more personality. It is that for which the world is calling today. And we are learning more and more that ability to do is a development rather than a natural endowment, and although there be some who have extraordinary native advantages, yet it is the workers who are faithful to the right means, who win the prizes of life. Napoleon used to say that not one man out of ten is naturally courageous, yet nine out of ten could be made brave.

One thought further. We shall earnestly and religiously try to draw out what is in you. Here you must help us. Students sometimes seem to expect that by some wondrous, esoteric way power is to be created for them. Neither physical, intellectual, artistic or moral power can be created in anybody nor by anybody. These are things to be grown and not made. The condition of growth only can be supplied by teachers, but even here the help of learners is vitally essential. Helpfulness of attitude is an important condition,—in your spirit and in your *manners* which are pulse beats of your spirit. Did you ever think, too, of the reflex effect of manner in producing refined sentiments? I speak not of cold forms, the coffin etiquette, empty of the spirit of true kindness—for politeness may be insolent as boorishness itself. I speak of that radiant hospitality which shines from the window of the soul and testifies of the warmth within. (*Applause.*) It is a part of altruism. It is a part of education. We think less of this than we used to do, and the change is not gain. Someone has said that two generations ago a courtesy was always acknowledged with "I thank you," that the last generation said "thank you," the present generation "thanks," and the rising

generation says—nothing. "This is the age of the business man not of the courtier," somebody may say in apology, but civility and refinement are not antagonistic, and, to my conception, pervading in the presence of every true gentleman is something of the fine perfume of grace and chivalry.

True courtesy is born ever of the heart, in the expression of altruism, of helpfulness. Make no mistake on this point. Do not put your altruism into the passive mood and cultivate that inverted helpfulness which ever looks around to see who will help you, or who can give something in return for your help even though it be only the pleasant sensation of a tickled vanity. I speak of that active altruism which earnestly seeks the well-being of others in proportion to their needs. This altruism is a part of the education of the individual, and is becoming a mighty working force in the regeneration of society. It is a condition of individual growth and of collective well-being. It has always been the spirit here. It is the mighty regenerating force of the world. It is modern. It is hardly of the present, but it is the future. As an organized general working social force it was in the olden time unknown. Individuals practiced it, and often died for it. The masses despised, then pitied, then admired, but never ventured to imitate in any general way. It was believed to be the dream of enthusiasts, which practical men could not afford to consider at all.

Life was a warfare, a fighting of men for existence and success. Yes, that marked a stage in the ascent of man, and typified the condition from which he sprang not that toward which he is going, of his origin not of his destiny,—an inheritance of wolf and adder and bear. These fight and struggle but not so the angels of God. (*Applause.*) Now men come to look upon altruism with more respect. They regard it



as a fine sentiment, as the perfume of life, as a luxury to be enjoyed after the rough work of material success has been done. They believe in it as a theory but do nothing about it, like the robber who when asked if he lead a virtuous life said finally that "he believed in the institution." But the great door of selfishness which closes the portal of the kingdom of heaven is slowly opening, and through its chinks streams the light of the future. Men see that the true altruism is not pity for but sympathy with,---not charity to but co-operation with others, which will bring progress material to the business of men and of nations, now conducted on lines of selfishness for which many are ashamed of their apologies as necessary. They see that this will bring them outward success as well as that peace for which every man and woman hungers and slowly discovers can come nowhere but from himself. This is *coming*, let scoffers laugh and pessimists sneer and interested selfishness cry out that free individuality is threatened. But free individuality does not mean the prerogative of the strong to punish the weak for their weakness. It means a dome of opportunity so high that all men may stand erect. For it is coming. Read the new books. Listen to the new men. See the purpose underlying the organization of societies, the inception of the new movements. Blame them not for their mistakes and their blemishes. Look at their intent and their spirit. It is coming. Too good to be true? - Too good not to be true. We may be slow to see the truth, but we know the truth when we see it. We see truth as through a glass: darkly, but never more truth than there is in the universe of God. Yes, the door is opening. And if the kingdom of heaven is within you, as if to love the Lord God and thy neighbor as thyself be the law and the prophets, then altruism is the golden morning of the perfect day. (*Applause.*) And education now takes on

its grander and fuller meaning, a preparation for that morning.

Another condition of growth as well as a direct cause of it is the entertainment of ideals. Ideals are tremendous educators. Look for the ideals in the possibilities of your friends. That will help them to be something. Believe in your own. That will help you to be something. That will help you to be somebody and relieve you from apologizing and explaining the unfortunate circumstances that have prevented you from being somebody. (*Applause and laughter.*) This is not vanity or arrogance but the nerve and sinews of success and character. Believe in your possibilities. Look for them and have faith in them when you get glimpses of them, however fleeting these glimpses may be. Believe in them when they are pointed out to you. Here is the inspiration for courage and endeavor. It cannot too often be insisted upon that every man's true measure is his best. Your true measure is the best that is in you, not your worst nor your average. Your utmost spiritual height is your true measure, even if you have a habitual stoop. The ideal is the only real. If you stop short of it, it is perversion and stultification. First make an ideal of your own possibilities. Again, believe in the ideal of your work. You will not succeed with it if you mention your calling with apology and with drooping eyelids of one who fears disapproval. One of the reasons why men and women do so little that is worthy is because they see so little in themselves and in their work. The life of education is first to make a man king of himself, and second, to make his kingdom ideal. And the true ideal is not the standard of another's excellence, not the replica of another's art, but the sublimation of self. (*Applause.*) You will never attain your ideal, for when you get nearer to it, it vanishes, and in its place stands another and puts forth the

petals of a yet fairer excellence.) It is good that this is so. We see more as we climb. The climbing wins us the grander prospect, but the widening horizon tells us truly how much higher we have mounted. Ideals grow out of the experience of each individual. They are not fixed quantities. Do not be discouraged if another to whom you take your ideal does not see it at a glance. Do not quarrel with the turtle because he does not fly. He is a turtle. Even the birdling will not soar until he has grown to it. If you put him in the air he will tumble and will not like you at all. You must be aggressive but persistently not contentiously so. You must be sweetly aggressive. Do not look too anxiously over your shoulder to see if others are following you. Do not strike colors to a fear. No man who sees truth and has conviction can do this and succeed. Look onward with the calm Columbus vision until the shore lies fair before you in the white light of truth.

And this involves the ideal, essential to success, to be found in the work which you do. You must find an ideal in the dignity and intrinsic worth of your calling. See it, feel it, act upon it. You must find such ideal in your work. If you cannot, get out of it and take a work in which you can find an ideal. Your work must be done religiously. Now, religion is not all there is in life, but no man can live well without it, and no work can be well done without it. I would I had time to talk of these ideals in your work. But though I cannot now, for I have already spoken at length, yet I urge you to think of and find them. Think of the ideal in that phase of it which belongs to the reciter. What are his privileges and duties toward his authors, his public and himself? Think of the ideal of the class-room, and then of oratory, of what is included in it; of the orator, of the powers and functions of art-

ist, teacher, preacher, reformer, all included in that one great name.

This summer it was my privilege to learn something of a room—a library, where each night a little green-shaded lamp lights the labors of one to whom the world owes much; a man who incarnates in himself the very ideals which are before our minds in this hour. Transcendent in greatness, he represents the scholarship, the statesmanship, the upward reach, the genius of the age. A man with sympathies broad as an ocean, with energies as restless, with moral poise as calm; an intellect flashing as the diamond, a character of crystal, with convictions of adamant, he has broadened the hope of men and lifted their ideals. With the vision of the seer he has united the loyalty of the knight errant and the patience of the martyr. He has championed the lowly. He has hoped and suffered with an oppressed people. In the halls of legislation he has slowly builded upon the arena of selfish strife the temple of justice. He has forced the hands of political Pecksniffs, and wrung reluctant yieldings from conservatism itself. He has made Altruism something more than campaign shibboleth, and won respect for Decalogue and Golden Rule even amid the muddled paths of practical politics. At times virtual monarch of a land from which the genius of America has sprung, a realm illustrious through a thousand years of national life, he has stood the manliest of kings and the kingliest of men.

Gladstone is eighty-six. His deeds would have made the reputation of fifty men, but he seeks not the chair of ease, nor gazes upon the laurels he has won. Each day finds him at book and writing table, and each night the little lamp lights his labors. To him the day is but a preparation for the years, the years a schooling for eternity. His step grows feebler, his sight more dim, but through the snows of

winter yet smiles the heart of spring. The shadows lengthen about him, but he heeds them not. The gold of evening fades into the dusk of night, but ever up and onward moves the grand old scholar, knowing that day lingers longest upon the mountain top. (*Great applause.*) There is the genius of the student and scholar, that glorious school-boy of eighty-six. There is the inspiration for earnest souls. And from that window at Hawarden, with its solitary lamp, comes the shining that lights the world! (*Applause.*)

And now on this opening day let us resolve to emulate ideals of greatness as flashed to us by the examples of the bards and sages, as caught by us in our moments of clearest insight of our own potentialities, following the path of development open to us in our education here, remembering always that ideals are to be lived, not to be put away for reference. Ideals may differ

for they are coined from each individual experience. Conduct is seen of all men. Ideals may be questioned. Conduct is the coin which shows if the metal be true. What you can do for others is the measure of your acceptance, your defensive strength and power to overcome. When Peter and John were seized by the rulers for preaching a truth which the rulers had not seen, they were released because of their work. They had healed the impotent man, and the man stood in their midst. He was an embodied truth, a living result. Again and again is the old story repeated. The forces of darkness have been rolled backward, the gates of hell have not prevailed, because of the man who stood in the midst. In that assurance and with that inspiration, men and women of Emerson, let us begin the new year with courage and with faith. (*Earnest applause.*)

## The Thomas School of Oratory

OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

It is always interesting to those who have gone out into the world to carry the "gospel of good news" to others, to hear a word from "home." It is also interesting to those who are spending their three years of preparation here, to know what those are doing who have gone out to be, "read of all men."

The following program and letters have been received by Mrs. Emerson, and we have gained her permission to give them to our readers, knowing that they will be a source of delight and inspiration not only to those now in the College, but especially to those who have been graduated, and are now carrying on their labors of love in the various parts of the country.

Miss Fanny Thomas, to whose grand work these papers bear testimony, was graduated

from this College in the old Wesleyan Hall days, but time, as we see, has only increased her enthusiasm and loyalty.



*Class of 1897.*

THOMAS SCHOOL OF ORATORY,  
OAKLAND.

First Anniversary Exercises. Hamilton  
Hall Auditorium,  
Saturday Evening, May sixteenth, 1896,  
at eight o'clock.

*Presentation*

Portrait of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson  
*President Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.*



## FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF

## THOMAS SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

EXERCISES BY JUNIOR CLASS OF '97, SATURDAY

May 16, 1896, 8 o'clock p. m.

*Hamilton Hall Auditorium, 575 Thirteenth Street,  
Oakland, Cal.*

TO

DR. CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON,

BORN NOV. 30, 1838.

*President Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.*

We praise the man who, in this world of ours,  
Can see with kindling eye, the glories 'round;  
But how much more, when in that one is found  
A generous soul, a sympathetic ear,  
A hand to freely help, with heart to cheer;  
A mind so clarified that he can see  
Beauty in common-place, and thus is free  
To wield his purpose in the world! He towers  
Above all envy and ingratitude  
As did, in ancient Rhodé, her famous stone,  
As glorious lyric—not an interlude—  
He sings, of truth and beauty, dearer grown,  
Of truer work made plain by clearer sight,  
The joy of THINKING, FEELING, LIVING right.

*Student of Emerson College of Oratory.*

## PROGRAM.

Organ Solo—Ben Hur Chariot Race March.

E. T. Pnall.

Mrs. Carrie Gilson.

Violin Solo—Selected.

Miss Winifred Morgan.

Reading—The Bell of Atri, Longfellow.

Miss Louise Robins

Piano Solo—Gonvenir de Trovatore, Hoffmann.

Mrs. Frank Hoyt.

Vocal Solo—Lullaby from Joslyn, Godard

Mrs. Jessie D. Moore.

Reading—Story of a Shipwreck, Scott

Miss Belle Van Amringe.

Reading—The Sicilian's Tale, Longfellow.

Miss Emma Belle Zucker.

Vocal Solo—The Skylark, Hatton

Mrs. Jessie D. Moore.

Presentation Letter—Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson.

Miss Louise Robins.

Reception Address

Mrs. J. G. Lemmon.

Piano Duett—A L. Gazelle, Wollenhaupt

Misses Moore.

Organ Solo—Schiller March, G. Meyerbeer.

Arranged by W. T. Best.

Mr. William King

Letter written by Class of '97 of Thomas  
School of Oratory, to Dr. Emerson;

## LETTER OF PRESENTATION,

Oakland, Cal., 1896.

MISS. THOMAS:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Now that our modest program is over, in behalf of the class of ninety-seven, I present to the Thomas School of Oratory the portrait of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson, President and Founder of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

We know of no teacher who has struck out so many original ideas and methods in the teaching of oratory, the strengthening of the vocal organs, the purification and management of the voice, the laws of gesture—ideas and methods now being adopted and diffused by others. Dr. Emerson is a master not surpassed by any one. His influence over the students of his college is attested by the enthusiastic and grateful affection with which graduates continue to speak of him. The brilliancy of his success has found the widest and most gratifying recognition as an instructor. We hear him spoken of as earnest, intuitive, helpful, genial and devout. He is not merely an instructor, he is more—a moral and spiritual force. By the presentation of this portrait we, the members of the Junior Class, wish to record with the history of this school our highest appreciation of his character and worth. That his character may always stand before us, we have elected him an honorary member of our class and chosen for our class motto the motto of the Emerson College—that of "Helpfulness."

In behalf of the Class.

LOUIS ROBINS.



Thomas School of Oratory,  
Oakland, Cal., July 25, 1896.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON:—

Dear Sir:—

In behalf of the Class of Ninety-Seven, Thomas School of Oratory, we write to you, as to one whom we deem most worthy of all the love and respect that our young hearts can give. Yes, even though we are separated from you by a long stretch of country, your life is such that it sheds its sunbeams even from the East to the West, and we feel that we are growing stronger and nobler each day as we study your methods and ideals of true living.

Therefore it afforded us great pleasure to elect you an honorary member of our class, and this we did without first receiving your consent, so we feel that we owe you somewhat of an apology for so unceremoniously placing your name on our program.

If we had had a little more time we should have written you before taking action. Nevertheless we trust that this will meet your approval, and we shall be so happy to consider you one of us. 't is our desire to be ever loyal to the man who gives us so many beautiful truths, and such an instructress as our beloved teacher and friend, Miss Thomas.

If we are as true to her and her instructions as she is to you and your teachings, surely we cannot fail to prove loyal to both you and your "daughter." (If you call her "daughter," will you not adopt us as grandchildren?)

Thinking it may please you to read it, we inclose the letter which was read at the exercises given in your honor.

We hope that the day will come when we shall see and talk with you, but until then, we are with you in mind if not in body.

We shall be delighted to hear from you by letter whenever you may find it convenient to write to us: and now accept the love and kindest regards of the Class of Ninety Seven, Thomas School of Oratory.

EMMA BELLE H. ZUCKER,

Secretary.

LOUISE FRANCIS ROBINS,

Treasurer.

An Oakland paper has the following notice of the exercises:

#### PORTRAIT PRESENTATION.

A costly portrait of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson, president of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, is to be presented to the Thomas School of Oratory by the members of the junior class of that school. The work has been executed by Miss Lydia Downing of this city, and it reflects much credit upon our young artist. The portrait is handsomely framed in oak and gilt and is valued at \$75.

In the absence of Mrs. Lemmon, who was to receive the gift presented to the school, Miss Thomas was called upon. The following is an outline of her remarks:

"You are to be commended for your enthusiasm and lofty ambition. You are to be commended, too, for your selection of a memorial. Although I know Dr. Emerson to be one of the most modest of men, I can assure you that he would appreciate the honor you have shown him.

Dr. Emerson is one of the grandest men that ever lived, and he is most worthy of all your words of praise.

He teaches not alone the art of true Oratory but also the art of true living; and he has added many beautiful truths to those already given us by other noble men.

Dr. Emerson teaches the "Higher Education" in the truest sense of that term, so often misused.

The true purpose of education is to teach the mind to think, for thought force is the greatest force in the world.

Among the highest and most beneficial studies in pursuance of this ideal education is Oratory. Dr. Emerson has made this the study of his life, and he employs the good he

has gained from it in doing good for others.

Under his faithful instruction I studied for some years, and all that I am, all that I have accomplished, I attribute to his influence. I earnestly look forward to the time when the pupils of my school may be subject to the influence of this noblest of men, and most powerful of orators—Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson."



#### THE KIDDER LITERARY SOCIETY.

On the afternoon of Oct. 27, 1896, a band of students, much smaller in number than the immortal One Hundred which assembled in the cabin of the Mayflower that December day, met in an upper hall, and organized a literary society.

As a tribute of esteem, small though it be, for our honored professor, we named this organization The Kidder Literary Society of Emerson College. Speak the words, we pray you, "trippingly on the tongue," then they sound delightful, "but if mouth them —!"

We believe with Prof. Ward in "unity in variety and variety in unity," therefore our society has for its object "the further development of oratory through speaking and debate," and also the promotion of greater social life among the students.

We meet at 6.45 p. m. every Wednesday, and the program will consist of a debate, a reading, vocal and instrumental music, extemporaneous speaking and the critic's report. This will be varied once a month by the reading of the paper, *The Society Eco*.

Although there was in the college the Southwick Debating Club for men and the Athena Debating Club for women, we believe that in a co-educational society there will be a stronger spirit of enthusiasm and helpfulness. Our belief is founded upon a fundamental principle which cannot here be discussed, but "of the truth herein" our present society will make probation.

The Kidder Literary Society is open to all members of Emerson College and visitors are desired. Come to join or to visit ye Freshmen and Juniors, ye grave Seniors and reverend P. G's, there is room and welcome for all,

—M. FRANCES HOLBROOK.

# OUR COLLEGE WORK.

Lecture Delivered before the Students of Emerson College by  
President Emerson.

*Stenographic report by Reba Norris. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Anne Blalock.*

This is the introduction to a series of lectures which I am to give on Saturdays this year. I want to-day to take a general survey of the course of study you expect to pursue in this college. If some one should ask you what you are studying here, you could name a good many things, but could you give the names of the *principal points* toward which you are aiming in your work? Of course, your study goes by the general name of Oratory. That may mean much or it may mean little, or even nothing, according to the minds of those to whom the word is addressed. When you wish to know what you are really aiming for in the study of a subject that you may thus conserve your energies to work along the lines that lead you to the things for which you are aiming, there is so much judgment, discretion, and discrimination to be exercised in developing your powers in what may be termed personal culture that it is of the utmost importance that you judge wisely, select wisely, and study accordingly.

Spencer has given us several essays on education, and on the relation of values in education. He narrows the field of study, so far as the things to be studied are concerned, and he shows that through these studies the powers of the mind are widened. He further tells us in these essays that you can study, in the process of an education, very few of the many things that have been written because one person can have but a short time in which to educate himself, and therefore he must choose with reference to the *ratio of the values* of the things he studies. This is really the fundamental basis in choos-

ing studies for an education; that you choose the essential things, choose the few things that contain the many—we might say, the few things that contain the all. What is the end of education but the development of the powers of the individual? It is not adding, strictly speaking, any power to man that he does not possess potentially. It enables him to *realize* his potentialities, to become what it is possible for him to become, and therefore every study should be chosen with reference to awakening power in the individual organism.

Christ, the greatest of all teachers, who comprehended all teaching in Himself, took the same view. I love to think of Him as a teacher. He saves us through his teaching. He educates us for time and for eternity through His teaching. I would like to call your mind to what He says: "Woe unto you, teachers;" in other words, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." Upon judgment, mercy and faith He rears the superstructure of human education.

The Jews had a very excellent law which was that the people should pay one-tenth of their income to high and noble purposes. If a man raised wheat on his farm he was to pay one-tenth of that; if he raised cattle, he was to pay one-tenth of the income from his cattle and so on. In the old law it specified the things of which he was to pay one-tenth. Later on, though it was not mentioned in the law, there arose a discussion as to whether a man should not



pay one-tenth of certain sweet smelling herbs he raised, which are named herein by Christ, "cummin, anise, mint." It was finally settled by the Scribes and Pharisees that they should pay one-tenth of the sweet smelling herbs, and they laid great stress upon this offering. Christ used this for an illustration when he was enforcing the idea that upon the foundation of Judgment, Mercy and Faith, rests the development of the human soul. The fulfillment thereof was the fulfillment of man's duty—his duty to his fellowmen and his duty to God. "Judgment, Mercy and Faith"—to be just with men, to be merciful toward men, and to have faith in God—upon these Christ rested his kingdom. He says, "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone;" I would not have you refrain from paying tithes on even these sweet herbs, but I wish you to understand to what end this is done. It is to the end of judgment, the end of mercy, the end of faith in God.

Let us apply this principle to education—to your work here in this college. You are here, ostensibly, for the purpose of studying oratory. That would seem to mean that you are here for the purpose of educating your powers as orators; it would indicate that you intend to become orators in the common sense of that word. Of course, we understand that you are not limited to that; that you are here to make the most of yourselves as individuals; that you are here to come into a realizing possession of your powers as individuals, and to become, each one, in and of himself, an entity of power for good among his fellow beings. Some of you will enter the pulpit, some will enter the school room to teach, others will go upon the platform, not for the purpose of being admired, or of dressing beautifully that you may be applauded for any outward show, but for the purpose of interpreting to the minds of others the thoughts of great authors. But to the end of none of these, as separate

ends, distinctively and exclusively, is your education. It is to the development of your powers. "*Would you become?*" that is the question. You are to study methods and principles, and you are to practice these methods and principles for the sake of "becoming."

What are these principles which you are to study in this college for the sake of "becoming?" We will not presume, at this moment, to name them, but will present a certain line of thought until they will seem to name themselves in your own mind. Man is not divided, half of him mind and the other half body. You cannot draw a dividing line and say: "This is body, that is mind." Man is to be considered as a unit. For our convenience in study we say that he possesses mind and he possesses body. There is one thing of which we are perfectly certain, that is, that the *body is a manifestation of the mind*. It is mind we are dealing with. Mind is the source of the power of each individual; the body is the instrument of that mind. Through the body the mind realizes the ends to which it is inclined. Take away the agents of the mind in outward expression, and we find no evidence of the presence of the mind. The mind is pressing out, expressing, through the body. I am not interested in your bodies; you are not interested in each others bodies, or in the bodies of any persons or things as bodies; you are only interested in them as *expressions*.

The highest order of mind looks out upon the things of the material universe, not with an interest in those things separately concerned. To the poet a star is not simply a planet as it is described in science; it is not so much matter that is being hurled by invisible force along the shining road of heaven. It is, to the poet, an expression of the Transcendent Mind, the expression of the Over-Soul. Some of the ancients said that the stars are loop-holes into Heaven,

through which the gods looked down upon earth. The poet feels the significance of this no less than the ancients who first said it. The poet sees all these whirling orbs as manifestations of mind, the Over-Soul, the Infinite. All the things around him remind him of the presence of Deity. To him God is immanent in all the objects of earth. To the poet all things are expressing. The rivers discourse, the brooks tell their story, the waving grass has something to say, and to to his acute ear they give mysteries that he translates into a language we call Verse, and through this translation we are enabled to see what the higher order of mind sees. To a transcendent mind all nature is expressing definite forms of thought.

The Rhetorician teaches you concerning poetic composition that you must give the highest and most definite forms to those thoughts which are aroused in your mind when you look at some object in nature which stirs your imagination. He will say to you, "When you saw the ocean this morning, when you saw the waves riding in after each other, what thoughts came to your mind, what did the ocean say to you?" Put these emotions in *form* and they will reach the minds of others. To a transcendent mind there is no such thing as matter *and* mind. It is mind all the time and all the way through. So in education we shall not consider mind and body but *mind through body*. The physical education taught in this college recognizes primarily, in the first principles, *mind through body*. The entire work is for opening the channels of the body to the inflowing and outflowing mind. Thus you see, you are studying mind, and trying to obey its laws in your physical education. The highest life, the truest practical life, comes from obedience to spiritual laws. Over and above, throughout this which we call the universe, there is Omnipotence, there is the Divine spirit.

After I have realized that I, as a human being, like to possess matter, like to control matter, like to have my hand on commerce, and that which we call wealth, because it is an element of power in my individual life, the question arises in my mind: How am I to obtain it? The thief says, "I will slyly steal it, then it is mine and it will give me power." The speculator says, "I will take advantage of other people's necessities and stand between those who produce and those who consume. I will rob both ends of this road along which the necessities of human life flow; I will keep the lion's share for myself." He gets some money, the thief also gets some possession, but in both instances it is a precarious possession. You will not consider either the one or the other a successful business man, because he is not building upon a solid foundation. He is constantly running risks and ventures; he is not resting everything he does upon natural law; he is perverting the uses of things to gratify his greed.

Let me tell you the time will come, and is beginning to come now, when young men and young women will be taught that there is a legitimate road to a reasonable amount of wealth. When I say wealth I do not mean wealth in a far-off sphere, nor in the world to come, but I mean money, as you call it, as everybody calls it; money, dollars and cents, actual earthly possessions. That road is most surely found by following a certain light which leads men to it—the light which illumines the pathway of the human race, the light of *beneficence*. The child at his mother's knee, when he looks out upon the exhibitions of wealth and asks, "How shall I obtain these things?" will be taught by that mother that if he seeks to do good to his fellow men, and makes himself useful to them, wealth will come, because wealth is related to the law of things. Obedience to

the highest secures, in a rational way, blessings to the lowest powers of our being. In other words, obedience to the highest develops even the feeblest powers. Obedience to the mind, and the recognition in your physical education that the body was made for the purpose of obeying the highest mandates of the mind, is the way to secure the greatest strength of body and the highest health.

Those who have not investigated this matter will perhaps tell you that this is all very well for sentiment; that this sounds poetical, but that we want something to give muscle. I started this system of physical culture sixteen years ago, and during the sixteen years it has been proved beyond question that it does develop the highest muscular state, that it does develop the highest vital state of the body, that it induces health beyond all compare with any other kind of exercise. A person might say, "Well, now, I would like to learn these exercises," and with pencil and paper they put them down; they study the book on Physical Culture and thus mechanically get the exercises, and they go away expecting to reap great benefits to themselves and to benefit others after they have spent, perhaps, twelve days in some such pursuit.

They have not learned the secret of the great success that sixteen years have so abundantly attested throughout this country, and somewhat in foreign countries, of this system of physical culture in promoting health, endurance, muscular power, and all the happiness that comes therefrom. The secret of it is this: *(that every exercise is for the purpose of exercising the mind.)* Yes, yes. But what form of mind? The highest! The highest! Every one of the so-called inferior powers of the mind waits upon the highest powers of the mind. Therefore, these physical exercises are in the direction of cultivating the body

to express the noblest thoughts, the highest aspirations, the profoundest faith; in other words, the highest activities of the soul.

Suppose a person should say to me: "I can prove to you from physiology that such and such an exercise in your system of physical culture is not healthy"—I will assume he could do what he cannot do. I should reply: "Sir, the scientists of to-day know something of physiology, but my faith is that the body is the natural servant of the soul, and if I can prove, and you can see that this exercise will free the channels of the body for the expression of what is noblest in the activities of the soul, it is settled that this is a healthy exercise. The soul of man is not against health; the soul of man is not opposed to strength. This kind of asceticism was preached in the Middle Ages, but to-day there is not a Christian in the world who will allow that to develop the soul we must weaken the body; that if the soul would be strong the body must become weak.

Until you as students fully realize these truths, you do not know enough about physical culture to be of much value to yourselves or to anybody else. When any system of education is presented to me I want to know on what basis it rests—what is the end. Some persons might say, "I want to study Physical Culture about so long, I want to get the exercises." That is right so far, but the letter of the exercise will do you no good; you want the exercise for the sake of the spirit that is in the exercise. As I watch the students from day to day taking the Physical Culture exercises, I begin to see a light come into their movements; the arm is no longer flesh and blood, but the spirit of electric thought and so every part of the body becomes spiritualized by its service to the spirit. We want education to begin in the power of the soul; we want it to end in the conquest of soul over



its instrument, and to that end we introduce Physical Culture into your course of study.

Let us consider the next point in our line of study, viz: *the spirit and technical study of the voice*. We are now laying down the absolutely essentials; we are not speaking of "mint," nor of "anise" nor of cummin," nor of any of the sweet spices, but we are speaking of that which is, to your so-called secular education, what "judgment, mercy and faith" are to your religious education. I do not like to divide education into two parts. I only do it for the sake of convenience, because, in the nature of things, they are not thus divided. We must sometimes bend to language. The same difficulty has been found in developing voice through the popular teaching of it, that has been found in the development of the body through the ordinary teaching of so-called Physical Culture, i. e., that the voice has been taught as something apart from the individual.

In my earlier instruction in the education of the voice for oratory I commenced on what is called the Rush System, which was to find a kind of voice peculiar to every kind of speech. There was the Orotundo which pertained to the higher, the sublimer activities of the mind. There was the Aspirate, which expressed the secrets of the mind, the mysteries of feeling; there was the Guttural, which expressed the savage, or the lowest state of mind, a kind of throat sound which could be found in the grunt of the savage. Then there was the Pectoral, pertaining to the lungs or chest. I went through all this, but "the end is not yet." I will not say it amounts to nothing, because I ought not to say that any severe study in any direction amounts to nothing. Honest application to any study, even though the methods may not be quite right, leads

a man to bring his mind to bear on that subject, and through the concentration of the mind he may find a better way. So I will not say it amounts to nothing, that it is all bad, nor any part of it is bad, but let us consider the statement previously made of the end sought in the cultivation of the voice, viz., to *cultivate the voice to express in its tones the highest states of the mind*.

The end sought is not to educate the voice to express the lowest states: the higher states govern the lower. I do not wish to educate my voice to express a savage state, it can do that easily enough any time. I do not wish to become a savage, I wish to become civilized. God knows the best of us are far enough from being civilized. We need all the agencies, secular and Divine, to lift us out of savage life. I want a person to express the Divine concepts of his mind through his tones; this brings his voice under the control of the highest state of his mind, and also induces those higher states in others. At this institution you are soon taught that your voice does express your state of mind or it is not voice.

(Induce the right state of mind and submit the voice to it and the voice will come forth with the proper stamp upon it.) As the medium of exchange comes from the mint with the stamp of the government upon it, so the voice should come forth with the stamp of the soul upon it. When this point is attained there is culture in your work. In this College we work on this basis with the voice. No one, whether he believes or disbelieves in the work of the College, ever disputed the fact that the students here develop voice beyond all compare. What is the secret of it? I will tell you; it is an open secret. There are no secrets in this Institution that we are not glad to reveal upon the housetop. It is training the voice in all your technical ex-

ercises to report the highest activities of the mind; it is training the voice that it may become mind.

*The voice is a reporter.* The true voice is the man *in* the tone, not the man and the tone. When I say "man," I do not think of a thief or a debauchee. I think of man as we have received glimpses of him through the highest and noblest souls that ever lived. In that light only should I think of man as man. Therefore, when man would exercise his voice he should be in the highest states of mind. I go as a singer, perhaps, to my practice. I must practice, so says my teacher, three hours a day. I go and sit down, I practice my exercises faithfully, looking at the clock: the hours are past, my duty is done. That may be so, provided that when you began your practice, first of all, you worked to get your mind into the highest state; but if you make your practice a drudgery, like a slave hoeing corn or picking cotton, you are a slave when you have finished.

A young man entering the ministry would do well to ask advice of experienced clergymen in regard to what is the most fitting preparation for the pulpit on Sunday morning. The advice of one would be the advice of all. I do not know but I have rather overstated, because I just bethink me what I have heard of some ministers, so-called, but I was not thinking of them as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember one individual who says he preaches, a good many call him a preacher, and he says the last thing he does before going into the pulpit is to smoke a cigar.

You see the fired end of a cigar in the night; if it is a night when the stars are shining, and when the moon is giving her light, as you look upon these you think: What heavenly lights! In contrast with these look at the end of that man's cigar from which the smoke of your torment continually comes as you are in the way with

him. What is the difference in the light up there and here? Those are heavenly lights: the end of that cigar is a lurid light. There are heavenly lights and there are infernal fires in the universe. The light that comes into the preacher's soul from heaven is a heavenly light, and lights the pathway to the abode of the highest. The light that comes into a man's sermon from a cigar is just like the end of it when it is on fire and lights the way to—the same place.

I will again affirm what I said before, that every clergyman, that every disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, will say to the young minister who is just starting to preach for the purpose of saving souls and lifting men from earth to heaven: "Go right from the throne of God into your pulpit. Come with your lips touched with the burning coal that you find at the altar of prayer, and while your lips are thus ablaze with that fire the eloquence that flows from the spirit of the Gospel will be yours." Why? Because you are in the right state of mind.

This same principle, because there is a oneness throughout human nature, holds in the cultivation of the voice. Sit down to your study in voice culture for an hour or any length of time without first doing the best you can to elevate your thoughts, and your voice culture will amount to nothing but facility at the best; there will be nothing powerful, nothing inspiring, nothing uplifting in it. Why, says one: "If I am educating my voice, how can I bring my mind into the right state?" The very thought of the purpose for which you are educating your voice will do it. I am educating my voice that through it I may communicate my best thoughts to humanity. Why? Because I love their welfare. I love to see them rise, I am not my own, I am anothers. I came into this world not to seek mine own; I came into this

world to seek, to serve and to help; I have no other mission as a human being. Has my voice any other mission? None, but to serve and speak to the souls of others.

Speech, is a Divine thing; the voice is a Divine thing when it is used in the service of humanity. To me one of the most inspiring pictures of which I have ever read, and have ever imagined when I did read, was that story of a mortal man standing and looking into the valley of death. There lay the dry, scattered bones of large numbers of human beings, not even bone touching bone in any co-ordinate fashion. As this person stood looking in serious contemplation upon these dry bones a voice thrilled his soul. Searching inquiry came like the blast of a trumpet into his spirit and said: "Can these bones live?" And the voice spoke again and said: "Prophecy unto these bones that they live," and the man spoke to the bones. There seemed to be no ear to hear, yet the bones quivered. I fancy he reiterated the words, and then they began to move. What a stir, what a movement, what a startling spectacle!—hideous skeletons moving. Part comes to part, and there they lie perfectly formed human skeletons. He speaks again, and flesh comes on the bones. No instrument but speech. Again speech comes, and these now handsomely clothed, beautiful bodies rise and stand an exceeding great army. This is the power of voice when the voice is the voice of the highest states of the human soul. This was a voice that could report inspiration; that could report the Divine touch. The voice is a living word; it is not a dead letter which killeth, but the very fountain of life;—even Christ is called the Word. Words are Divine things when voiced by the soul.

I listened to a very extraordinary piano yesterday, and as the fingers of the accomplished pianist touched it, how it spoke,

how it reported her states of mind! It was well attuned. If a piano can do that under the touch of a human hand, what cannot the instrument called the human voice do under the touch of the fingers that formed it? No other touch should approach it. Any other touch than the Divine touch throws it out of harmony and injures the instrument. I tell you that whatever we do for education we must do in the spirit of inspiration and in the spirit of the relation of man to the Author of his being. I do not want any other education. Any other education will educate anarchists, it will educate the men who play the cards for dollars, it will educate the picker of locks, it will educate the overturners of good government, it will make even the educated more mobocratic than the mob itself. Let all education be related to the fountain of power, for the fountain of power, the fountain of truth, the fountain of love, the fountain of beauty, flow from one source—the Divine. Man is an instrument; God is his motor power.

Some of you who have just entered the Freshman class may have had some preconceived ideas as to what influences you were going to be brought under in your education in this College. Some of you knew something of our education, so far as its purpose is concerned, if not in regard to its technical work. If any have come here with the idea that our object is to make you show that you are something when you are not; if your idea is that Oratory is for a white-wash, or that Oratory is for the purpose of educating you so that you can give such bows such attitudes, such graceful turns as to make everybody say: "How admirable," I give you this advice: To either turn about at once and say to yourself, "This study shall be to me a sober reality for introducing me to my highest self, that through that highest self I may find my relation to Central Being," or to say to yourself: I will have a kind of worldly wisdom and be



sufficiently economical to pack my clothes carefully in my trunk as speedily as possible to save room rent and board, and take the first train home. "Why," you say, "I have seen graduates of this institution whom everybody admired. That is what induced me to come. I have seen them in the pulpit, seen them on the platform, seen them on the stage, so I thought I would come. Did you not make them show?" No; not in the common sense of that word, they expressed.

The express used to pass my house every day through the summer. Once in a while it "expressed" something to me. I once asked the driver of the express team if he had anything for me. He said, "No, I didn't find anything for you." Well, I said, "I want such a thing." He gave me to understand, in his own language, that he could not express a thing that was not first impressed; he could not express what he did not have. Sometimes people can pretend that they have something when they have not, but this is not expression; this is doing business under false pretences.

Let me apply what I have said to your daily drill here in the College, to see whether this which we have laid down as a fundamental principle is carried out in your technical work. We will not attempt to delineate all the technicalities of your work from day to day. You would not care to stay here for me to tell it all, because it would take from now until the first of next May, with all the teachers joining with me. I will only point to the lines.

There are four things which relate directly and stand together at the throne viz :

1. Physical Culture.
2. Voice Culture.
3. Evolution of Expression.
4. Perfective Laws of Art.

What is the end of the study in *Evolution of Expression*? To cultivate your powers of expression to the end of communicating your own states of mind to others,

making their minds act just as your mind acts. Not to the end of affecting their ears, to receive their admiring glances, nor to make smiles or frowns, but to the end of making the audience think what you think, and from the same point of view. Then they will feel as you do; then they will choose as you do; then they will act agreeably to your choice.

Your first business as an orator is to cause your audience to concentrate their minds upon the objects of thought which you are presenting to them; not that they should hear those things merely, but that the audience should concentrate their minds upon those objects of thought from the same point of view that you do, because a thing looks different when looked at from different points of view. What will be the result? The audience will think as the speaker thinks; they cannot help it. Such is the law of mind, otherwise there could never be so much power in oratory.

The laws of the mind are such that when a person sees a thing from a certain point of view the feeling will follow the mental seeing always; there never can be an exception to this law. The right method of inducing people to see rightly and have right opinions is to present an object of thought in a way to concentrate their minds on that object of thought, then they will feel in the right way. The feelings wait upon the thinking. Unless you have studied psychology carefully you may think this is not a correct statement, but it is. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Why? Because the law of the mind is such that the feeling will, of necessity, follow the thinking.

Again, the Inspired One says: "The sight of mine eyes affects my heart." This is proof that the feelings wait upon the intellect. Your teacher in psychology—and in my opinion there is to-day no greater au-

thority on the science of psychology in this country, or in any other country, than Professor Dickinson—will tell you that there are certain sympathetic feelings which are contagious. A baby does not understand anything about grief, but sometimes it looks up and sees tears running down mother's cheek, so baby's lips begin to quiver. Baby simply catches the feeling from the person it looks at. So I may weep in your presence, and you will weep because I weep, but when you get out of doors you will laugh unless I show you the object that caused me to weep.

Choice follows in the wake of the feelings. Thus we go on from step to step to so present objects to the Intellect as to awaken feeling; then to so present them as to awaken the Will, and then to so present them as to awaken Action. We have in brief defined the purpose of your work in the "Evolution of Expression. *It is from concentration of the minds of your audience to a realization in their lives.* Concentration to realization—this, in a sentence, is your Evolution. Before you finish it some of you will think, perhaps, that there is a great deal more than this. When you come to do the work that develops your powers of mind, you will find there is some mental work about it, and you want it. You rejoice in exercising your mind. Who does not? If there is a person who does not, it argues that he has no mind, that is all.

The other day some one told me an interesting story. A lady who enjoys talking—she belongs to a large class of persons—went to make a call upon one of her acquaintances. If you will notice well drilled society callers when they go out to make calls on a certain morning they dress themselves properly in calling dresses, and then the last thing before they go they wind themselves up, and when they call the machine starts of itself. If you do not believe it you listen, and you will see it is auto-

matic. The caller in my story was ushered into the parlor where she found a lady seated. The caller began talking very volubly to her. By and by the lady of the house came down, and the caller turning to her said: "Oh, I have had such a delightful visit with this lady here. She is one of the finest conversationalists I ever heard." "Why, is that so?" said the friend. "That is my sister, she is deaf and dumb." This person had been exercising her volubility and she enjoyed it.

If you, as a speaker, intend to interest an audience in their own thinking, make them think beautifully, make them see visions and dream dreams, but do not let them go to sleep to dream them. Keep their minds acting and they will enjoy the activity of their own minds. The great speaker does not give magnificent and grandiloquent tones so that you think of them as magnificent and grandiloquent tones, but he sets you thinking. You hear what is going on in your own mind and you appreciate that.

O, yes, you rejoice in exercising your mind as a "strong man rejoiceth to run a race." This is the first power that you develop in the Evolution of Expression.

Let us consider for a few moments the fourth vital study: *The Perfective laws of art.* What are these Perfective Laws? *They are proper grouping and unifying of the powers of the individual with reference to communicating his highest thoughts to others.* I do not mean mere facility in speaking, nor mere facility in concentrating the minds of others, but developing those powers which appeal to the highest intuitions of the human soul. There are sixteen Perfective Laws of power to exercise in oratory. I will mention a few of these laws, viz.: Purity, Progressiveness, Self-command, Foresight, Luminosity, Repose, Sympathy, Positiveness, Adoration. All of them are elements of power.

Adoration touches the deepest powers

of man. If you, as an orator, wish to persuade a person to act agreeably to your purpose, you must touch what is most powerful in that person. What is powerful in one person is powerful, potentially, to say the least, in every human being, whether he be Christian or savage. One of these deepest powers, which, if you can touch, will move every soul, is *Adoration*. There is this power in every human soul; if you can awaken it nothing can stand before you. Peter the Hermit rocked Europe from side to side, from center to circumference by appealing to the adoration of Europeans for the Holy Sepulchre. This is looked upon by some as a miracle. No, Peter the Hermit obeyed the law of the mind.

There is another power of which I will speak, and that is, *Prescience*. This is a name I selected after a careful study of the words that signify this deep power of the human soul. It is sometimes called Faith, and I think, for some reasons that is a better name. I have called it Prescience, however, for the sake of calling your attention to it scientifically. Prescience:—If a man leaves this element of power out he may preach morals forever, everyone may say: "That is all very good," but people will not be moved unless you touch that sense which clearly looks through into what is visible to the soul, though invisible to the eyes. If your audience is composed of Hottentots you will find that they have Prescience, and if you can touch it they will go with you. They will not go because they say they will. They will go just as the moon goes with the earth. There is a law that compels them to do so, and that law is Omnipotent.

There is another law of power: Reality, or Divine Love. I have not the time to-day to explain what we mean by it; I can only give you the name. Touch that, and you have the man.

The question naturally arises in your mind how you are to develop all your powers to this end? This is what will be shown you as time goes on. In your education we deal with nothing that does not give the individual power to move others, and to move them in the right direction, the final end of which is the power called Authority in the speaker.

What is Authority? It is the power to serve. Realization is authority. Your own highest convictions coupled with your volitions become authority, and that man who can touch your highest convictions and associate them with your volitions is the authoritative speaker. The authority of the speaker is the souls of the audience and if he can touch that authority he is absolute; he needs no official statements to say he is infallible. Now, just a word in closing. Whatever else you study here is auxiliary to these principles which constitute, as theologians say, the whole body of your Divinity. You study certain text books compiled by myself, you study the text books of Shakespeare, you study the text books referred to by the teacher in Literature, you study the text books referred to by the teacher of Rhetoric, or of Psychology, but they are auxiliary to these essential principles. They are not, strictly speaking the integral part of it, they serve as auxiliaries to these. In them all you must find these principles, else I would not consider them of value. If you study Rhetoric and find them not then I would consider the study of no value. In your study of Literature, if you have found them not, you have not found what is the life spark. These studies I have mentioned are important. I cannot emphasize it too strongly, but they are important when they come into the same channel and join the current; when they illustrate, reinforce and exemplify these principles which take hold on character, to which all true education



points and leads. If you are studying anything, no matter how good it may be in itself, if you are not using it so as to develop character, you are studying it to no purpose. It will lie in your mind as so much trumpery that should be thrown into the attic.

You are here to begin to practice, if you never have before, the spirit of helpfulness to others, remembering this, that the history of Oratory from the Classic period to the present is the *history of helpfulness*. Demosthenes did not know how to use his great powers, and therefore they slumbered for a time, until it occurred to him that he must use them for his client; and then awoke the gigantic powers of the greatest orator of history. When Cicero saw a soldier in his audience he trembled: when he plead for his client he trembled no longer. Now it was the great Caesar who trembled. It is the service of others that wakes the powers of eloquence.

You may say, I have heard this before. I am glad you have. You are now going to hear it in connection with your every day study, and you are going to see, too, that those students who work the hardest to help the others in the class will develop the powers of oratory most rapidly. There have been a few persons in the Institution who would take no part in this,—they were too wise—I have watched them; they had no faith in this idea of helpfulness, consequently they did not practice it, they would sometimes pretend to a little. Pretence! can't we see through it as quickly as the sunlight can pierce yonder pane of glass. I have watched these students as the years go by, and they have never developed one single power of oratory. A man once came to us, who was a graduate of one of the first colleges in the United States, he had great reputation, stood well in his classes, was graduated with honors. Every time he spoke I worked with him on

the idea that he was to speak for the sake of others. He said he was there to learn for himself. I didn't intend to have him leave the college under a cloud of deception, that is, self deception, if I could prevent it. The last time he read for me I said to him: "Sir you have not developed in yourself one, not even the first, step in this work. You can talk about it, I presume you will be able to answer questions about the work, but you have not developed in yourself one step." He smiled complacently. Well, what has he done since? Just what I told him he would. He has amounted to nothing.

I heard a person say: "Well, I am not going to try to be a teacher, nor an orator, nor a platform speaker, nor a pulpiteer. I am going on the stage, therefore I do not need any of the spirit of helpfulness." Let him go on the stage; he will expect to rise and shine, but he will descend and glare! Such a person never succeeded and never can. He is not worthy of being a figure-head; he is not worthy to be one of those persons who stand around on the stage and do nothing; who walk with the others when they walk. You do not want a man to stand around unless he can stand *for something*. Therefore, I know of no place for him in this world. He is like the class described as being like "the chaff of the summer threshing floor." The wind shall sweep them away, and there shall be no place found for them. There is no other way.

What are you going to do in that particular division where you work? Make your division shine! You say, "I guess I will make them shine by shining myself." You cannot do it. The only way you can shine is to shine through helping others. Why is this Institution as large as it is? Forsooth, because we as a faculty "shine?" Not one bit of it. We work for you, until our graduates shine by working for

others. No person can grow by any other means, any more than a tree can grow when there is no moisture for root and leaf. There is a law governing everywhere; it governs education, governs all human growth, and that law is the law of helpfulness. You want to remember this in all your work. Why do I speak before your division? Why do you recite before your class? For the sake of inspiring them to nobler thoughts and higher feelings. Do you recite simply that the teacher may approve or disapprove, or say this inflection is right or that is wrong? That inflection is right which inclines your hearer toward what is for his highest good.

This work is so inspiring to me that it keeps up year after year. I thought I was quite an old man when I was twenty-five, but ever since I began the work here, sixteen years ago, I have been growing younger. I feel a new youth coming into my soul and body every day—an inspiration, a quickening, a lifting. Why? Because I so rejoice from day to day in the

principles which you are working for, and which are being developed in you. It sometimes seems to me that a person can never be fatally ill and consequently die, so long as he is working to make others work for each other; and in the deepest sense of the word "death," he will never die. In the highest sense of the word "life," he will live forever, for "He that turneth many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Your work will go with you to the final world, to the everlasting life. There you are to shine, there you are to be stars—not in the sense in which an actor, or a speaker, or an orator is to be a star—but you are to be stars forever and ever there, because you reflect the light of the Infinite; because the great Sun of Righteousness is reflected from every act, from every thought, from every purpose of your being.

N. B. "The above lecture is entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1896 by Charles Wesley Emerson in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington."

## The Summer Session

of the Emerson College of Oratory.

As usual, the annual summer session of the Emerson College of Oratory was held in Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, in connection with the "Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute." The teachers in charge were Prof's Kidder and Tripp and Miss King.

The attendance was large and great enthusiasm prevailed. Among the students in the class were many college graduates, school superintendents and teachers from all parts of the United States and Canada.

It is a great pleasure and inspiration to know that our work is based upon such broad and fundamental principles that the deeper one's knowledge of psychology the

more clearly does he see the truth of Dr. Emerson's philosophy and methods.

The knowledge that oratory could be taught in an educational way instead of making it an external performance; that it involves the development of character so that one can "stand for" the truth, as well as "speak it," was a revelation to many of the scholarly minds present. They were convinced of its educational value and inspired to apply the principles to their own teaching and thus give life to whatever subject they should be called upon to present during the winter.

On the closing day the students manifested

their heartfelt gratitude and appreciation of the grand work by several speeches from different members—in which they touched not only upon the truth of the Emerson system of philosophy but upon the beautiful spirit of helpfulness. They most cordially thanked the teachers for their absolute dedication of "self" to the cause and the teachers in turn thanked the students for becoming such loyal advocates and then gave "honor to him to whom honor is due," by saying "we have tried to make ourselves free channels through which the truth could flow. Back of us stands our inspired and beloved master—Dr. Emerson—and back of him is God, from whom he receives these thoughts which he has given to you through us his disciples."

Cottage City is a most picturesque place, situated on the shore of the Atlantic ocean. It is a delightful summer resort with fine sea-bathing, excellent roads for wheeling and opportunities for other forms of beautiful exercise

All graduates of this college are entitled to one summer session free of tuition.

J. T. K.



## Faculty Vacation Notes.

Our beloved President and his wife spent the month of June at their beautiful Mills home where it was our happy privilege to see them last May. During this time they entertained some Southern friends.

In July they went to Vermont for the remainder of the summer, spending some time at Northfield, and going thence to Rochester, a quiet little village nestling in a cup-like valley among the Green Mountains. Near this village is the old Emerson homestead where Dr. Emerson makes his summer home. It is a grand old estate of four hundred acres lying on the beautiful White river. It has been in the posses-

sion of the Emerson family for many generations.

Here Dr. Emerson's love of nature brought him in close touch with her, and enabled him to study her in her happiest moods. They were much out of doors, climbing the hills, or roaming the forests, or riding their wheels. Rising early, as is their habit, Doctor and Mrs. Emerson often took long walks or rides before breakfast. In this way they stored up those seemingly inexhaustible treasures of health and strength which we feel constantly flowing from them to us.

The days were not idle ones, for even here they were not separated from the College, nor were the students forgotten. Mrs. Emerson was very busy writing letters; assisting those of the graduates who were seeking positions; answering questions which puzzled the minds of those who were teaching; sending words of cheer and encouragement to all; and in many ways keeping "her children" in touch with the college life.

Miss Blalock spent most of her summer at Rochester, Vt. assisting Mrs. Emerson with her correspondence among and for the students.

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Prof. Southwick enjoyed a most delightful and instructive trip abroad. He has very kindly promised us an account of his travels, which will add greatly to the attractiveness of one of our magazines in the near future.

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Miss Smith spent several weeks in a quiet little village among the beautiful hills of New Hampshire. Miss Smith, also, is an enthusiastic bicyclist and doubtless if her wheel could talk, we would hear a great deal more about those hills.

\* \* \*

Miss Rogers spent her vacation very quietly at home with her parents.



Miss Julia King spent the early part of the vacation at her home in Denver, Colo. She lectured to some of the members of the Women's club, and afterwards formed classes in physical culture. In July she returned to the east, going to Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, where she taught in the summer school of the Emerson College. That there was great interest created for our work there was evinced by the fact that the largest audience which had ever assembled in the institute auditorium greeted Miss King at a "Recital" which she gave at that place.

At the expiration of the summer session she went to Rochester, a beautiful little village situated among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where she prepared the selections which she will present during winter in the "Boston Star Course" and other large entertainment courses throughout New England. Miss King is an enthusiastic bicyclist and wherever she went, her wheel went with her.

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Mrs. Southwick first taught in the Summer School of Methods at Charlottesville, Va., where she and Prof. Tripp gave several recitals. After this she taught at Glen's Falls, N. Y., where she also gave recitals. In August she gave a reading at Cottage City, and lectured on Voice in the Summer School. The remainder of the vacation was spent with the babies, Ruth and Mildred, at Mills, and in preparing for the work of the school year.

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Prof. Kidder put in some very hard work at the Summer School in Cottage City and remained until late in September finishing up work with his class of private pupils, but he doesn't look or seem fatigued in the least.

Prof. Metcalf immediately after close of college took charge of the Junior and Senior Spring Declamations and also of Commencement exercises at Lyndon Institute, Lyndonville, Vt. In July he had charge of the department of Physical Training in the National Summer School at Glen's Falls where he and Mrs. Metcalf also did some reading. On Oct. 1st, Prof. and Mrs. Metcalf gave a full evening recital in Lewiston, Maine.

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Prof. Tripp was engaged in the Summer School at Charlottesville, Va., for three weeks and then five weeks at Martha's Vineyard.

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Prof. Alden spent nine weeks at Cottage City teaching swimming, physical and voice culture.

## A Leader Among the Blind.

Many students now in Emerson College, and a still larger number of alumni feel such a personal interest in, and have such acquaintance with Dr. Cocke, that we feel sure they will be glad to know some of the facts of his life. It is only when we have our attention drawn to such specific cases that we realize how much truth is stranger than fiction. James R. Cocke, blind from infancy, was born in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1863; his father being an officer in the Confederate army.

From seven to twelve years of age he attended a school for the blind where he obtained a knowledge of the higher mathematics, besides the usual course of instruction common to such schools. Adopted by his uncle he studied under private instruction French, German, Latin and music. While living on his uncle's plantation he showed his exquisite sense of touch by distinguishing the colors and qualities of tobacco. Soon after this, his uncle be-

coming embarrassed, the boy entered the employ of a large tobacco firm in New York, by whom he was sent to Havana as a purchasing agent. A little later he entered college, from which he graduated in due time at the head of his class. His college expenses were paid by vacation trips to Cuba to purchase tobacco.

The next three years of his life were spent in Philadelphia practising massage, which training gave him the wondrous skill and delicacy of touch which he now possesses. At Philadelphia he applied for admission to the medical schools, but he was refused on the ground that he would "cut himself more than the subject," if he ever got as far as the dissecting room. Not discouraged by this, he came to the Boston University Medical school, where he gained admittance. As there were no medical books for the blind he hired a reader and thus mastered the regular prescribed books. Next he was obliged to model in wax all the parts of the human anatomy in order to dissect. Later he took the summer course at the Harvard Medical school, the full list in the post-graduate course, and special courses in various branches of the profession. After completing his studies he served in dispensaries and hospitals and wrote papers for leading medical magazines on subjects which attracted much attention from the medical profession.

There are cases of physicians, having been stricken with blindness after years of practice, and still continuing their work. So far as can be ascertained Dr. Cocke is the only man, who, blind from infancy, has taken up the study of medicine and succeeded. He has met with a deserved success in his profession; and in his Boston home is surrounded by all a man of cultivated taste could choose. He is a member of the Boston Athletic Association, where his chief enjoyment is ten pins, a game that he plays with zest and enthusiasm.

He insists that in all his active life he has never felt discouraged, that he has never failed in any of his undertakings; and that he has done nothing that others similarly situated might not do.

With this knowledge of the man it is interesting to read the latest work from his pen. (Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

\$1.50) *Blind Leaders of the Blind.*—The Romance of a Blind Lawyer, is the unique title of this book which is at once a satirical and occult romance. Very likely the character of the blind lawyer, Robert Netherland, may be drawn from his own experiences. The book is strong in action, tersely written, readable and in general good. It is illustrated by a fine picture of the author.

H. S. R.

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## Recital.

Miss Emma Moore of the Summer class, gave a recital at Waltham October 14th, which was a decided success. Her rendering was true very pleasing, and received the warm approval of her audience. One of the pleasing features of the entertainment was the Emerson system of exercises taken by six young ladies of the senior class, preceded by an explanatory talk by Miss Emily McIntosh which was short, to the point and spoke volumes. It was received with hearty applause.



The November number of *The Arena* is strong in its political, social, and economic features. Lilian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," writes a most timely and sympathetic article on Kate Field: that gifted and noble-souled woman whose recent death in Honolulu was such a shock to the general public. All educators and parents will be interested in the paper on "Children's Sense of Fear." Child psychology is being made a distinct study to-day; and such discussions as this will help to remove many pernicious and time-worn customs in the training of the young.

A valuable historic paper is contributed by the editor. The money question is ably discussed by well informed writers. Those who wish to keep informed on the questions of the day should read this number.

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Several fine articles and an interesting account of Mr. Armstrong's recital and Miss Greenwood's singing have been held over for the next number of the Magazine.







# Emerson College Magazine.

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Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.



Jessie Eldridge Southwick,

ARTIST, TEACHER, FRIEND.

We have the great pleasure this month of presenting our readers with a half tone portrait of Mrs. Southwick who has endeared herself to the general public by her wonderful ability as a reader, and to the alumni of Emerson College by her sweet personality, her noble character, and her unswerving purpose to arouse in her pupils higher ideals and nobler aspirations.

It gives us greater pleasure to announce that she has kindly permitted us to publish her address given to the ladies of the College last month. This little impromptu and personal talk coming as it did from Mrs.

Southwick's heart, and finding a ready response in the hearts of her hearers, will doubtless lose something of its meaning and much of its warmth and coloring in cold print. But its purpose is so apparent, its tone so direct and earnest, its substance so full of interest that is common and vital to us all that it cannot fail to find its echo in all hearts and be a source of inspiration to all who possess it.



One of the attractions of this number of our Magazine is a series of articles on the subject of Hygienic and Aesthetic Dress written by members of the senior class. It is indeed a promising feature of the times that these matters are discussed publicly by the students of this College and by thoughtful women everywhere.

Having always before our minds correct and beautiful ideals, and having embodied the principles of correct dress in our own choice of wearing apparel, we seem to think that all the world has done likewise. We discuss the subject of dress from this standpoint and in reference to the corset, one of our number says:—"In these end of-the-century-days, no one has the poor taste to wear the machine,—it is a thing of the past and is fast being relegated to the museum with other pieces of armor, plated steel and links of rugged brass." Is this true? Only cursory glances along our streets will prove it is not. The corset is still in vogue, and its influence is felt in stiff, awkward movements, in lack of symmetry in contour, in sharp angles instead of the graceful, beautiful curves which are nature's endowment, in sallow complexions and dull eyes.

had been taken up into a third Heaven where he had seen things "unlawful to utter." He meant that which no law of language could express. So John said, "I see in Him that which no language, in its legitimate use, i. e., its lawful use, can express." I repeat, John seemed to say, "I must use a vehicle for my thought of the Son of God that cannot limit what I would express by it."

Perhaps he said, "I will call Him the Son of God, but people will limit that; they will have theories in regard to it, pro and con." "I will say he is the second person in the Trinity," perhaps he might have thought, "but then, it will lead to a long discussion of what the Trinity is." So I can fancy John going through the common methods by which we might suppose one would seek for a name for his concept of Infinite Being, and then coming at last through this great survey to a final analysis of the term he used, and what term was it? "*Logós*," that is, "word," and he says, "In the beginning was the Word." What a thing for a beginning, the beginning of all things.

He had surveyed the Heavens; they had a beginning, and what was it that in the beginning moulded the stars, established their courses and hurled them along through space? The "Word." What was it that lifted the mountains from the seas? The "Word." What was it that filled the deep with its inhabitants? The "Word." He looked over the earth and found that there was a time when it was without form and void. What gave it form? The "Word." The animals that roamed upon a thousand hills or wandered along the prairies; what gave them being? The "Word." I see at last man and woman, and the "Word" created them. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God." God Himself did not exist before the "Word." O, what a reach

his mind took in selecting that term—"Word." Nothing ever opened to the perception of man that John's insight did not seem to fathom when he selected that term. It was no accident. Then his mind acts more confidently and he virtually says there never was a time when God existed and the Word was not,—and "The Word was God." There is nothing more to ask,—"The Word is God."

"All things were made by Him." (the Word,) "and without the Word," (without Him) "nothing was made that was made." The origin of all things! Then how shall we designate this term "Word" from other terms? This Word, to the inspired man, is Life, Love, and Wisdom. Therefore we distinguish it from mere forms of sound by the term Life. Out of this *Life in the Word* came all things. God said: "Let there be light," and there was light. By his Word the heavens were made and the earth and all that in them dwell. If things are not his Word they came from it. You and I spring from that Word. I have seen, as an illustration of an ancient myth, a god lying prone and another god standing upon his mouth, and as the mouth seems to swell with the Word the god standing on that mouth shoots, quicker than the arrows of light, to the remotest point of the universe. Well, this is a feeble illustration of the idea of the Word which shot all creation into existence. Then look with no contempt upon Word or Words. They are life, if they are *living* words.

In the true oratorical sense, what is a *living* word? It is *soul in the form of language*. As you see by reading Scripture no other form of sound is recognized by the Divine mind but the Word which the soul has created. What is man? A body with a soul giving it Life, Love, and Wisdom. What is a word? A form of sound with a soul in it giving it life and

power. Let no one, then, be ashamed to own, but rather let him be proud to acknowledge that he is studying the power of Words, for this power emanates from Infinity. Is it any wonder that the true orator is a power, when his words are Life, Love, Power, and Wisdom? No dead words on his lips! Oh, how they burst from his soul, every word a winged god!

Who can hear the Word, if it be the Word? Those who are awakened, those who are resurrected, those who live the higher life; those who live in the realm of wisdom. This same Word has the power to resurrect men, has the power to lift men into the realm of wisdom where it can speak to the soul in them. "Magical!" some exclaim. People think they praise the orator a great deal to call him magical. Magic is, at most, but a misunderstood representation. In true oratory some power is exerted that is not easily interpreted. Magic is a mean interpretation. True oratory is Divine and proceeds from the centre of all; it comes from the fountain that is never exhausted. Where is the poet who can dip his pen in the sunlight and write fitting lines with which to present the glory of living Words? When the Divine Word created the worlds and all things that in them are, is it any wonder that the orator has been the chief power in this world?

We are not speaking now of mere talkers; we are speaking of those through whom comes the Word, for Oratory, strictly speaking, is not of a mortal being, any more than the banks which guide Niagara are the thundering stream of water which courses between; mortal man is only the channel of the Word. When you read of the wonders that oratory has done, I ask again, what are words? Look at that nation called Greece. What made it? Its orators. You say, "Its armies." Who sent its fleets out upon the sea? A breath

as truly original and elemental as the winds or the force of gravitation—the breath of Grecian orators.

What is a word? "Sound," you say. Ah, no, no, not sound. Something that stands behind and forms the air into sound. When a child I used to read in a little primer a certain catalogue of questions among which was, "Winds wherefore do ye blow?" The answer was, "Thou must be born again to know." Something behind the winds, something behind the sound gives it its proper form and vibration. The principal reason why so few people succeed in oratory is they do not begin with the idea of how deep its origin is—that it is Infinite. We need to be inspired at every step of our road, inspired by the thought of its illimitableness. Then we have something to work for worthy of all our powers.

What is the public history of England? What is the history of her laws? Where shall we find the history of her enterprises? In the orators of Parliament and out of Parliament. "Writers," you say. Yes, and we should not ignore them, but the most effective form of writing is the oratoric form. The cause of the French Revolution, which not only revolutionized France in government; but in ideas which stand behind governments, which revolutionized, for that matter, all Europe, and started the world along new thoroughfares of thought and motive was chiefly due to the orators of the time. To name them is to name elemental forces—nature working through them, the word working by means of them.

When we look at the history of America what do we find? John Adams and Patrick Henry and their coadjutors—orators every one. What fired the heart of the Colonies? Oratory; the word, the word fraught with Liberty; the great universal principles that made these words living powers. That



which is shaping the present for the future is oratory.

Why study oratory? Because it makes you the greatest living power that you can become; that is why you should study it. It stands behind and commands the other forces of the world. It commands wealth and position. It commands success. Speak of all the praiseworthy things you can, and then say the truth by saying that oratory stands behind them and commands them. Why is that man successful in commerce? He can rule other men. Who is he for whom the millions work without any organized monopoly? The orator. He talks, and by the way he talks he sets everybody talking along the same line. Every merchant in Boston is looking for an orator for a salesman. This brings it right home. Every manufacturer is looking for an orator as an agent for his goods, whatever those goods are.

Go down into our largest stores, see how the salaries of the clerks are fixed. Every day an account of what is sold under each name from A to Z is kept, and the one who has persuaded persons to buy the greatest amount of goods, if he continues that for a month, possibly three months, so that the average of his sales stands above that of others, he is promoted higher pay is given him. For what? For his oratory. He sells silks, and so does the man just beyond him who will soon lose his place. He sells laces, so do the other clerks. He sells ribbons, so do the others, but somehow his sales foot up the highest. What did it? Oratory! Oratory!

If you live in a palace and want someone to attend the door, to conduct the ladies and gentlemen into the parlor, among twenty candidates whom will you select? You will select the best orator. You will not call him by that name, but you will say, "Here is the man whose presence at the door will make everybody

feel this is a hospitable house, a homelike house, a house where people are served most kindly," and you will say, "I would give him a hundred dollars a month much sooner than I would have some other man at the door who was perfectly accurate and, according to the rules of politeness, perfectly polite, if he should pay me a hundred dollars a month for the privilege."

We might look at the history of the events of the world, beginning with the creation of the world itself, and we would find that the true word has governed all, has been the cause of all, the director of all, the governor of all. The word is something, then, we need to look at in this high light, this inner light.

How does the orator exert this power? This leads into a wider field than we can compass in this lecture. I can only suggest a few points. I. *The orator exerts this power over others by being one with those whom he addresses.* The human family is one, each is a fraction of the whole. In yonder church there are assembled, we will say, a thousand persons, or a thousand and one, and the one over the thousand is the minister. What are they, a thousand separate, distinct and everlastingly separate individuals? Yes, in one sense, but, no, in another sense. We talk about the body of the congregation, the body of the House, etc. These are good and appropriate words. The orator is a part of this one body. He is not a separate man by himself standing there in the pulpit; he is a part of every individual present. He makes you feel that he is a part of you, not merely in sympathy with you, but he is actually a part of yourself. You find all your desires, your hopes, your fears in him. When he speaks it is yourself speaking.

Any man will listen to himself. He does not always understand himself, but he will always listen to himself. So everyone

is interested in the speaker who is actually one not only of, but with his congregation. A speaker must be an essential, an active part of every individual in the audience before he can affect that audience. Take your own body: a part of it will affect every other part. If you do not believe it, blister the end of your little finger once and see if that will not stir up every other part. It makes one sing, whistle, or dance according to his proclivities. The finger is a part of the man. If he could only separate it from himself it might blister and smart all it wanted to, he would not be affected by it. It must first be a part of the man before it can affect him. Thus you see we are working on fundamental principals of human nature when we are teaching you to sympathize with others, for that is the very foundation stone upon which oratory is built. From this oneness with the addressed, all powers are developed; all powers root in this; it is the trunk out of which all the branches proceed.

II. The orator exerts power over others *by being the servant of the audience's strongest desires*. Every man has desires, and he is looking for a servant to fulfil these desires. The orator enables the audience to feel that he is the man who will serve their desires. Perhaps their desires are not defined, but the orator assumes, in the first place, that he is the servant of their desires, and then proceeds to tell them what their desires are. Will they believe him? They will, for he is a part of themselves. What shall tell me what my desires are? That which is a part of myself, nothing outside of myself. No man can reach me who stands on the outside, and nothing touches me that is on the outside. Even the Holy Ghost cannot touch a man when it is on the outside of him; he is moved only when it *enters* him.

I see a Demosthenes stepping before an Athenian assembly. They do not know

definitely what their desires are. They want a country and they do not want it ruled by a tyrant; beyond this their desires are indefinite. A Demosthenes, the servant of their true desires, shows them what their desires are; then they select their weapons and proceed to act upon his words.

III. The orator exerts this power *by causing the strongest motive powers of those who hear him to take sides with the orator*. This audience is made up of about 600 persons. Do you know that each of you are an audience in yourself composed of separate individuals. There is reverence, there is spirituality, the one leaning towards heaven and the other lighting the way there. There is reason; there is love of home; there is friendship; there is domestic affection; there is love of country; there are a thousand noble sentiments in this one individual. I will not attempt to limit what you embody by naming them. Cicero and all the great philosophers of oratory have taught us that the orator knows what is strongest in human nature and that he always appeals to it. The orator has a friend in the court of your mental kingdom. He has an ally in your own soul, and a mighty all-dominating ally which joins with him and brings all your desires, all the rebellions you have set up in your soul into agreement with his thoughts. Thus the orator governs men by allying to himself and his words what is strongest in men, and so he becomes an authority. People say, "Many persons believe everything that a certain orator says: they take his opinions for authority." This statement contains but a modicum of truth.

A great orator is *authority* for those whom he addresses. Why? Because they accept his opinions simply because they are his opinions? No; they accept his conclusions because they have formed the same conclusions, and *their* conclusions become their authority. So, in only

a representative sense at the most, is a speaker authority for others, but in that sense he is authority, because he knows how to say a thing: he knows how to say it so you will see it, so you cannot help seeing it. Perhaps you do not belong to his party, and yet he knows how to say a thing so you will see it; and thus your sight becomes your authority. There is an old saying that "seeing is believing." You believe a thing when you see it. The authoritative speaker is the man who can open the windows of your soul and let the light of truth shine in and you follow the light because you see it. The light that is in another man's mind is no authority to you, and does not guide so long as it is not in your own mind, but when that man has power to open the windows of your soul so that you see the same truth, then you meekly and sweetly follow.

Let me illustrate this principle by referring to the teacher and the pupil. I have sometimes heard a dull pupil say of a wise pupil: "That pupil believes everything the teacher says, he takes the teacher for authority; I have opinions of my own." Now, the teacher knows very well that that best pupil does not take his words or opinions as authority, but he knows that that pupil sees what is behind the teacher's words, and so sees the truth and takes that for authority. If you are a student a thinker, you will see the truth which the teacher is pointing out. A dullard would not see it, therefore a dullard would say: "I take no man for authority; I do my own thinking.

IV. The orator exerts power by that mysterious individual entity called *Personality*. Shall I define it? I can not do it: I can only hint at it. Let us begin by saying: Personality is the centre by means of which all mental powers accomplish definite ends. You say the law of gravitation is an elemental force, and all agree with you. How

does it work out its definite ends? By means of centres; by means of suns and planets that circle around them. This law of centres holds everywhere. There are centres by means of which the blood circulates. If there was no heart, blood could not circulate; this is the centre by means of which the universal force carries the blood through the system. It is by means of brain and nerve centres that intelligence in man attains definite ends.

The orator is the channel through which Divine Truth communicates itself, through which infinite Love flows, through which Truth writes its forms; he is the channel, and the purer he is as a channel the greater he is as an orator. The orator is the most impressionable of men. He is acted upon, acted through, by that which is higher than himself.

Now let me speak a few minutes upon the *development* of the orator's powers, because I have no question that you agree with me when I state those powers, even though I have stated them very broadly. Perhaps some one may say, 'I am not an orator, this does not affect me.' Every human being is an orator potentially, else there could never be one orator in the world, for the orator speaks only to orators, and only orators understand him. If there was no oratory in you you could not understand an orator, you would never be moved by oratory. Where and who are the people who are not moved by oratory? They have not been found, and they never can be found. Therefore, all persons are potentially orators, and the proof is that all are affected by oratory. You do not hear what is not in you; you do not see what is not in you; you do not feel what is not in you; you are not persuaded by what is not in you.

You ask, "How is it concerning music, are all persons musicians?" Yes, potentially, else they could not be moved by music.

You say, "I don't know one tune from another." Your soul does, and is influenced by it. All conscious being is responsive to music, is affected by it, because all conscious being is potentially musical, but, so far as we know, this is most manifest in human beings.

We praise Beethoven, and without question he is the greatest interpreter of what the human soul can see and feel; yet his compositions, great and glorious as they are, do not represent as grand music as is in your soul, my dear friend, even though you cannot sing a scale. What we as teachers must do is to develop that which is potential within every student. We cannot put oratory nor music into anybody; we can only develop what is there. O, when I think what is in a human soul, I am appalled and silenced; I am afraid to speak to it for fear I shall not speak to it in a way that it shall respond. It will not know a stranger's voice; it knows only its own.

I have discovered sixteen steps in the natural evolution of each person's oratorical powers. These steps, properly studied, will make every one an orator. But we shall not discuss these steps in this lecture. We shall speak merely of some of the principal powers of the orator. This is why we have a College of Oratory, to develop persons' powers so that the soul can speak through them,

*Health* is the first thing I would mention, because it stands at the base; health abundant health, not mere dragging existence, but health that does not lean on crutches: health that is not brought to mantle the cheek through any stimulant; health that is like a boiling, bubbling fountain, saying, "Give me room, that is all." Do you know how much health you have? No, no more than you know how much eloquence you have, or how much music you have. This moment I can see behind each of you a gate, partially closed; right behind that

gate I see waters pressing towards you, waters so deep they would lift you upon their billows, but the gate is partially closed. You would not be inundated if it was opened; you would be borne upon its billows. What are these waters? Health, health; lift the gate and let the waters of life flow! O, this health that makes a man speak when he is full of it; his thoughts rise on it, and are carried by it!

You get exhausted and weary; you know there are some things which ought to be said, but, "O neighbor, for mercy sake, you say them, I cannot." On this platform yesterday a good pupil said: "I cannot." I have seldom known a pupil who had been here longer than the first year to say: "I cannot," and when one does I know there is something the matter with the health, not with the mind or the heart or the soul, so I said to the good student afterwards: "The trouble was, you were not quite up in health, your brain was tired." Lift the golden gate and let the waters flow and you will speak because you cannot help it. O, for health! If I should mention the names of the greatest orators in the world they would represent men of unusual blood making power. They were dynamos in physical health and power. Some had large bodies, others had smaller but compact ones; but this explosive, electric condition of health all greatest orators possess and from them go out scintillations of life that vibrate and thrill along the nerves of every one who hears.

Of the mental powers of the orator, the first I will mention is *Sympathy*. There are persons who seem to have a kind of disease, and they have it so long it may properly be termed in medical language, chronic-I-ism, and they always pride themselves on seeing things from their own point of view only. How has the great man grown to be great? By looking at every-



thing from the point of view that many others look at it from, in addition to what his own unaided sight has discovered. I want to know what my friend sees. Suppose I say: "I will not look at this subject from his point of view, perhaps his point of view is not correct, I will look at it from my own;" then I see only from my own. But now, if I can get beside him and look at the subject from his point of view do you not see there is added to my own view his also? Teach children among their first lessons to look at everything in life sympathetically; to look at everything from the point of view that another looks at it from. You ask: "By so doing will my child have any individuality?" An individuality that comes from resisting the perception of all other persons is the individuality of a rock. Do you want to be a rock, a stone or a stump? You know you do not. You, as a member of the class, read to me. I want to get your point of view on that subject, I want to see it as you see it. Every teacher who has had experience in teaching knows he cannot teach a pupil until he first sees what the pupil sees, in other words, looks at it from the pupil's point of view.

I do not know whether I shall vote for McKinley or Bryan in the future, but before I decide I will look at the political world from McKinley's point of view and see what he sees. I will not decide then; I will look at it from Bryan's point of view and see what he sees. I will look at it from every other leading politician's point of view, if I may, and see what he says. Then having seen facts from so many points of view, I can the more wisely choose. This power should be carried on, until by the slightest communication, you can *feel* what another feels as well as see what he sees. The feeling comes from what you see; first I see what you see and then I feel with you: I hear what you hear

and then I feel with you. The individuality developed in this way is very different from the one which is developed by taking opinions dry-cut from others. Remember that the great men of all the ages developed their powers by these processes. This was what made Shakespere the great man he was, because he saw everything in life with a thousand eyes.

Sympathy made the Greeks the greatest nation in art. They saw everything with many eyes in addition to their own; they saw it from Egypt's point of view; they saw it from Assyria's point of view, and the various persons who studied and taught art used other brains in addition to their own. This is true of all successful persons and classes of persons. Exclusiveness of perception will not allow us to be great. He who hedges out others, hedges in himself.

II. *The perception and presentation of truth.* Every time you see a truth and present it that truth becomes a part of your own constitutional being. You must be able to see it not only in principle as the philosopher sees it, but you must see it in the concrete and present it in the concrete also, as the orator and the poet do.

III. *Abiding Certainty.* There is no power in people who feel no abiding certainty. Why, I would rather a person would be the veriest dogmatist, than never feel certain of anything. Until you first become certain of something, you will never have any truth that you can make a part of yourself. By being certain of one thing you have something to stand on until you see the next thing. The sense of certainty holds one steady while he looks at new objects. A man who is aiming at a mark, must stand poised.

IV. *Love.* I have occasion to speak of love so many times I shall not take time to speak of it here further than to say: Love is the all-comprehensive power that takes

all other powers into itself. As I have told you before, until truth itself becomes Love it is not effective truth; until justice in you becomes Love it is not true justice.

V. The orator is developed by *Spiritual perception and energy*. The spiritual perception in a man is that which sees beyond what he can see and knows beyond what he knows. Of course, when I say this, I am using language accomodatively. There are certain lower sights in a man, and he sees with that lower sight as far as that lower sight can carry his vision, but far above this is another sight. Material science tells us that man is matter and, in a certain sense, it is true, but, oh, there is an unfathomable something that is not matter. Man is spirit more emphatically than he is matter. When you try to find what matter is, it can be separated and separated and separated until you cannot find it; it can be dissolved and separated until no instrument can test its existence.

You can take the most solid granite rock, and you say, if anything is substantial that is, but you can so separate it, molecule from molecule and atom from atom until there is no instrument fine enough on the face of the earth to ascertain the existence of the granite. It has ceased to exist so far as your tests are concerned, but you cannot

divide the spirit of man until you can find no test that will discover its presence. Just when you think your analysis of it has made it most attenuated it is then that it takes hold with its mightiest power. It is then that this spirit overturns nations and builds new ones. This spirit of man cannot be separated into parts. No psychologist in the world to-day will tell you that mind is divisible. After your reason has done all it can, and after your analysis is exhausted, there is something still higher in you that speaks, and the great orator in the climax of his power, has done wiser than he knows. He struck a height the altitude of which he cannot tell you, and the force that finally strikes down the opposition and leaves but the affirmation in the minds of others has been accomplished by a power he does not recognize.

Know this now and forever, that the age of scepticism is not the age of eloquence; the age of eloquence is the age of belief. Make a man an atheist and you have robbed him of his oratory. Make a man a sceptic and you have destroyed his eloquence. It is the seeing, spiritual seeing, spiritual believing soul that rises on the wings of eloquence until he seems to pluck truths from the stars and presents them as diamonds, which reflect the light of Heaven.



## Talk to the Girls of Emerson College.

BY MRS. JESSIE ELDREDGE SOUTHWICK.

(Kindly reported by Miss Norris.)

This is a family gathering. I have no set speech to make to you, but it has proved helpful to us to gather together at sometime during each year in order that we may cement that sense of nearness and common purpose and common responsibility which we all have, we and you as women of the Emerson College of Oratory. It is something which I feel very earnestly and intensely when we come together from so many parts of the country. You are here associated in a Day School. We have not a Home School for you, we cannot quite afford that though we wish we might, but we want to make you feel as much at home as possible, and I speak to you in the name of the women of the Faculty—and the heart of all—when I say we want you to feel that we love you from our very hearts, and from the highest motive, which is the desire to make you better, nobler, and better able to fight the battle of life when you go out.

There are some things which are helpful for us to consider, perhaps not because we may do anything we should not do, or may fail to do something we ought to do, but to establish a community of purpose, a responsibility, from a desire that every one associated with us may fulfill that which is best and noblest and most earnest. We wish to inspire an enthusiasm for higher living. Enthusiasm is a great power in education as well as in life, for education is the leading out of the powers that are in us toward the fulfillment of life, and the fulfillment of life always means something high and grand. We are all different in

our types, we differ in the things toward which we naturally tend. Every individual has a ray of his own; every woman has a ray of her own just as distinct from that of others, as the colors in the prism are different. I am fond of that figure, because it symbolizes to me *variety in unity*. The prism represents the different colors which flash out their gleams so unlike, but they all appeal to us, and they all have the spirit of the white light in them, and I want to feel that we, although we are varying colors of the prism, may retain our relation to the white light of truth in which only can we all meet at all times. On the lower plane of existence there is that variety which seems diverse; there are many modes of manifestation, but there is only one truth, and *the nearer we come to truth the nearer we come to each other*.

We as teachers want you who have come to work with us and to learn that which we have been able to learn before you, that which we are eager to teach you,—we want you to feel that whether we happen to meet you at one time or another, socially or not, as soon as you come under our care, under our influence, within the range of our instruction and our help, so soon we love you, whether we know you immediately on the lower plane or not. Whether the details of our life happen to touch yours or not we want you to feel that there is throughout the whole working force a mother heart in the Faculty, and that no pupil can come to us without our having the impulse to give all the wealth of the lessons we have learned through our own experience and the ex-

periences of those many whom we have had an opportunity to observe and to watch carefully; all that is at your command. And if you want help, if you need us in some special way that requires that you should come to us aside from your classes, *remember that our hearts are ready to respond.*

We are all parts of one whole. This institution is not an enterprise, it is not a business merely; it is a common purpose in life; *it is a community of truth.* It is not because we are an institution that we say this, not because we are the Emerson College of Oratory do we need to unite our hands. No! far from that! Institutions are mortal, but the truth is immortal, and we want to join you with us *in our ways of finding the truth*, so that you may feel that anything we are, we want to help you to be, and anything that we aspire to be and are not yet, we want to help you to become, and that we shall be glad if you can grow faster than we. We want to see the truth realized in the life, in the personality, in the bearing, in the character, in the highest success in life of every woman, and every man too, that comes within our influence, or that we can reach at all, here or outside.

Now, as I said, we have come together from all parts of the country. You have withdrawn your interests from those associations with which they have been surrounded; you have come out from your families; from your social circle. Many of you know what that means, but many do not yet. There are always in connection with these new ventures when we go out into life, some things that we must beware of in order that we may expand and not suffer disadvantage on account of the new phases with which we come in contact.

*There is an affirmative attitude we need that we may preserve ourselves for the great things toward which we aspire.*

Here comes the sense of responsibility. In the first place you are responsible for making the most of yourselves, and in doing that you do the most for everybody, because making the most of yourself in reference to truth means making yourself a servant of everyone else who comes in contact with you, and this sense of responsibility we must carry away from our homes. Let us be careful to do only those things which cannot be misunderstood. It is too bad that we have to think of dangers in the world, but the world is still at odds with itself. The world is still running largely upon that idea of an antagonistic "you" and "me," and you look out for yourself and I will look out for myself, and we have to bear that in mind when we are going from our homes.

Innocence, we might say, is the childhood of virtue. Innocence is beautiful, and unto innocence should be added wisdom, that one may pass from innocence to purity without suffering what many have suffered in learning their lessons. *There is a way;* it is by keeping the right purpose in mind, and not allowing that negative element that lies in innocence and in childhood to be betrayed. That which marks the child is that it is easily influenced; it may be led this way or that without knowing which way it is going.

Young girls who have come away from the home where your family stands around you as a bulwark, where society understands you because of your position; you are now alone; you have many scrutinizing eyes of unsympathetic strangers upon you. Those unsympathetic strangers, I am very sorry to say, will not always give you the benefit of a doubt.

We must remember this: Let us always be careful that we do not allow ourselves to be mistaken; do not do anything that can be misjudged; do not do anything simply because you want to and think it is no harm.



Stop to think whether it leads *positively* toward the great aim which you have before you. If it does not, let it go for, if it is a small pleasure, — "When the half gods go the gods arrive," and if you let go a small advantage *for the sake of a higher purpose*, that higher purpose will reward you with a joy which will be as the sunlight to the candle, and will so overflow all your nature that those so called good times you miss by being careful always to follow your purpose, will be more than repaid, — *more than repaid*.

Be careful when you are in company that you do not call attention to yourselves. Be simple, direct, always. Don't take nonsense from anybody, especially men. There are those that flatter you for the entertainment they can get, *but never allow yourselves to be influenced by anyone who you feel is not interested the welfare in your soul*. They need not preach to you, but you can tell. You need not seem to have a "chip on your shoulder;" you need not seem to be looking out for disrespect. *Never do that; you will find what you look for*, and it provokes people to be suspected even if they are capable of doing wrong things; they don't like it at all. Assume that people are all right and make yourself the centre of a radiant sunlight of purity which nothing can darken. Let that be a positive thought to you. I say that because I want to appeal, to bring you up unto the warrior attitude, that preparation for all the difficulties that life may present which means that you are ready for all things. I will see no harm because I hold my face to the light so strongly that I cannot be diverted. Be careful in your entertainment; whom you admit to intimacy with yourself; whom you take hands with, so to speak, in a spiritual sense. Be kind and courteous to all people. Never make anybody feel that they are excluded from you, but sim-

ply make them feel that they don't want you unless they are in the realm where you are. You do not want to contribute one iota to the selfish vanity of any living being.

Now, girls, take that home. I know many of you will say, "I mean right, and I know that is all right." *There are many things you may do that are no harm at all in themselves that might put you in the power of harm*. Be wise, and be sure that the spirit is right everywhere, that reverence is never broken down nor omitted in your intercourse with people, with men whom you meet. We all like society, we like the companionship of people; we like to feel that we are enjoyable to people, but always remember that that which you contribute will be the thing you will be measured by, and if you contribute to a person's vanity you will be held in the realm of vanity: if you contribute to the highest, they may turn away from you, *but they will respect you more*. Don't allow yourselves to waste your energies and lose that power which is necessary to carry you toward the highest which is in you in anything: don't tax yourself for anything that is not duty. *If you over tax your strength because you are in the service of duty the Spirit which is infinite will pour its strength into you and you can stand*, but if you waste it, idle it, stay around when you ought to be doing something, stay up late at night when you ought to go to bed and recuperate your brain; if you go out to parties simply for the sake of pleasure, you are diffusing your energy. These things are not evil, but they render you available to evil, *because they take away that centralized power which means growth, and if you waste your ability on things that are merely trivial you will never know what true happiness is*.

Now, you all know how to apply these principles if you are watching. A person who is a little thoughtless will do a great many things that will make their good evil spoken of. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." It is not enough to be

harmless; you must be positive in this world or else the other positive forces will get hold of you and use you. You must command, but not aggressively. Just be simple, be true, be sweet, make everybody feel that,—I will tell you: There is an ideal in every individual however selfish he may seem; put that before your mind. I make a rule of idealizing every friend, every person that I meet. If you idealize everybody you meet, talk to that ideal, live to that ideal, and be surprised when it does not speak to you, you will find that very seldom will the other voice intrude. Assume that everybody is true *by being true, not by following them* and if a person is unconscious of that potential character which may look out of their eyes into yours, back of their consciousness, back of their selfishness, if they see you talking to an ideal that they are not conscious of they will begin to search for it, they will look for it, and say, "Well, I guess I am somebody," and they may rise to it. And so we hold each other up to our best; let us all do that.

I have called you together as women because it has proved a warm sympathetic tie. You have these things given to you, you have them preached to you every day. Dr. Emerson has grandly given you principle upon principle and precept upon precept, which are in harmony with these great laws that are universal in themselves; we are all trying to lead you in the same way, but we come together as women and talk as sisters to make you feel that we are interested in your welfare personally, it will grieve us if you do not come at one with the truth, it will grieve us if you do not. If we seem stern sometimes because we try to lead you up to your best, it is simply because we want to push away that which is a hindrance to your best and highest self. When we come to you and say, "this is wrong, make it right," we are appealing

to that ideal we see in you. Never be offended, whether it happens to strike your nerves right or not, look and see what the meaning is, for we would not dare as human beings to say anything that did not spring from love as a motive.

Now, come to us, be one with us; know that it is no personal motive that is high enough to reach this thing. The people you meet in society whom you know well and who call upon you often may be better acquainted with the circumstances of your life than we are, but we are in earnest; we love your souls; we know you and when you come to us, look into our eyes and say, "help me, give me a thought; you have a perspective of something that I have not, give me the advantage of that," We are yours heart and soul, for we are one with you. That is the genius of Emerson College, that we seek to manifest in education that brotherhood of man, that unity of all souls that live on the high plane, that love of your welfare, that love which recognizes only that which is best in you and appeals only to that which is best in you. We want to say it so that you may never forget it, so that it may be a part of your life, and that you will radiate sweetness and love.

Instead of ever trying to please people or make yourself attractive, try to reveal truth, and that will make you as sweet as you are capable of being, as attractive as you are capable of being in the highest sense, and it will be an armor, a shield against falsehood which will be always impregnable. I feel that women have a great responsibility because they have less power, because they act through that softer, gentler element of nature; they influence, they do not force, they command by influence. There may be individual exceptions to this condition, but woman *as an influence* is a measure of the spirit of the age, and women are to help and to inspire and ennoble men

who battle with the world. We battle with the world, but in a different way. We don't want to become "unwomanly" as they call it, we do not want to imbibe the harsher elements; we want to be ourselves and to deal with the problems of life in our own way, and to give our influence toward the uplifting of the whole, and as women, how much is asked of us! It has been sung in poetry and held up to us always, the holiness of the good woman's influence, the holiness of the mother's love, the softness that which persuades, and if truth stands behind us what can we not do!

Now as women let us stand strong and sure as I have said. Remember that we are near you, we are one with you; and these principles that I have spoken of everyone prayerfully and sweetly apply for yourselves. Just accustom yourself for a little while to think when you do, a thing "Do I maintain that pure serenity, that consciousness of truth?" If you do, you are safe in the sunlight. If you do not, leave it, no matter whether you can reason out the harmfulness of it or not. Do not do anything that you cannot feel to do with the consciousness of God with you, for the higher attitudes of the mind recognize an Infinite being that loves us, and the companionship of that Infinite Being gives us a sense of power, serenity and benevolence, and when we are at one with that we feel that the world is ours. Keep at one with that. Do not let yourself stray from it, and as to people, simply hold them up to their best, then you need not be afraid of any influence in the world. You can meet it and outshine the selfishness of the most selfish person who ever wrapped himself in that cloak,—You have all heard the story of the Wind and the Sun, the contest they had? The Wind blustered and the man drew,—we will call it the cloak of selfishness—more closely around him, and the

Wind blew and the cloak was drawn more closely around, but the Sun came out and shone and *the man took off his cloak*. That is the conquest we want of humanity. We want it to take off the cloak of selfishness and receive the sunlight of truth! Shall we go together and live in the sunlight all of us? May God bless you everyone. As Tiny Tim said, "God bless us every one!"



## The Place of the Orator.

In these days of books and papers, what field can the orator occupy?

The voice is limited to a radius of a few hundred feet. The personal presence of the orator is limited. Though he may command steamships and steam-cars for his service, to widen the field of his activity, yet he cannot occupy more than one place at a time; whereas a book, when multiplied by the fertile press, may become omnipresent. Is the orator, then, to retire before books, as having no longer any sphere of action in the world? Is oratory a primitive art, to expire with the more perfective modes of communication?

The answer to these questions depends upon our definition of oratory. Unless the orator be somewhat more than a book or a book-worm his occupation is well-nigh gone. So much of the man as can be put into a book, so much of him as cold types merely can represent, the public will demand in books, and will not go elsewhere for them than to the library or book-shop. But the rich soul of man cannot be wholly got between the lids of any book. So much of the man as remains after you have reported him, or he has reported himself, constitutes the orator. The living voice, with its thousandfold subtle shades of expression; its dove-like tenderness, its leonine strength, its crescendos of passion,

its hushed articulations of divine mysteries, its rapt tones of prayer and adoration, these can never be reported in words merely. The gestures and attitudes of the man, his flexile hands carving on the air the pictures that are created in his soul, the erect form, the flashing eye, the light of the countenance, the play of the features, like shadows and sun-gleams chasing each other across the hillsides; these can never be reported in mere words. "Oratory," says Demosthenes, "Is action." Words alone are not oratory; but the fervid expression of those words, by voice, gesture, bearing, this is oratory. Every speaker is not an orator, any more than every writer is a thinker. The mere speaker will not long hold an audience. They will not brave cold and heat, dust and mud, rain and snow to go to his *speaking*; for they can get him in their books, by the cosy fireside. But the orator,—him will they press to hear, though all the elements of nature forbid them. Him no book can displace, because he is more than many books. He is alive; a throbbing heart, a thrilling brain, a radiant face, a body animated by a living, thinking, feeling soul. The soul forever charms. Let but the soul speak, and nations listen; but tongues may clatter, and lips babble on forever, and the people only ask, "What is this clamor?" Oratory is Revelation; it is God speaking through man; the Divine Word becomes living flesh. It neither begins nor ends with speaking; but with living. It is poured-out Life, that the people may have life, and have it more abundantly.

SOLON LAUER.



Every day brings a ship,  
Every ship brings a word;  
Well for those who have no fear,  
Looking seaward well assured  
That the word the vessel brings  
Is the word they wish to hear.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## Notes on Health.

Health is all about you. Help yourself! Breathe it! Eat it! Exercise into it! Think it into yourself! Every cell in the body is in communication with infinite sources of life and health. The cells draw from these sources and the mind may assist them. The receptivity of the cells is increased by elevating thoughts. At any rate, the harmony of the activity of the cells is increased. And this means either that the dormant energies of the cells are awakened, or that the cells receive a new supply.

Of all the friends of health the greatest is love. Love has the greatest expansive power as well as the greatest lifting power. Malevolence pulls down. Benevolence lifts up. The ideal of physical culture, considered aesthetically, is a suggestion of ability to float and even to rise to great altitudes by an inner power. The highest physical condition suggests a tendency upward toward many good things. Even a downward movement seems a rising when one is highly refined physically.

The time is ripe for us to pass beyond physical training for the perfecting of organic machines, and to work now for that physical culture which makes a man a man in a moral and aesthetic sense. All that is valuable in physical training is included in true physical culture. And this is especially true in reference to the highest possibilities of man.

There should be mind action associated with physical exercise—not in an accidental or limited way, but systematically, progressively and completely. This completeness consists in such general exercises as shall include all special forms.

Y. N.

...

"It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands."



## Some thoughts on Hygienic and Aesthetic Dress.

*By Pupils of Senior Class.*

WRITTEN BY ALICE MARILLA OSDEN.

The subject of dress is one that has confronted the people of every age and clime. In the earlier ages, dress was for protection rather than for ornamentation. Among the Assyrians and Jews we find that the people of high caste spent much time in producing materials of the finest quality with which to ornament themselves, but it is to the Greek women that we look for artistic dress, beautiful simplicity and physical beauty. Now physical beauty pure and simple consists in symmetry, vital energy and brilliant coloring.

A perfect system of Physical Culture aims at increasing the power of the vital centres and preserving *unity* throughout the body. Without unity there is no beauty.

The aesthetic value of training lies in the fact that it enables us to understand and enjoy the exquisite variations in human expression. In order to be able to do this we must free our bodies so that they may express the highest emotions of the soul. Now such an expression is impossible unless we are properly dressed. What do I mean by proper dress? Simply this, dress comfortably. There is not one of us who does not know when she feels comfortable. If your skirts pull on your back you are not comfortable. If you can't eat as much dinner as you wish, if you cannot pick up your handkerchief with ease, *you are not comfortable*. We can do nothing for you in the line of physical development until your body is *free*.

There must not be two unrelated divisions

in the body, yet the corset makes such a division, instead of one grand whole with *unity* in each of its parts. All nature's lines are curved lines and these cannot be secured by artificial means.

Physical Culture has come to *stay*—so has an improved form of dress. Of course we cannot convert the whole world in a year or even in ten years. Evolution always takes time. We must have time to grow into and appreciate the value of truly comfortable and artistic dress. We owe it to ourselves, our posterity and our country to cultivate right ideals in the physical as well as in the intellectual and spiritual life.

The question of dress is not a *fad*. It is one of the most important questions of the age. Jenness Miller says: "It seems of little practical consequence to the casual observer to know how to stand, walk, breathe, talk with ease and grace without self consciousness; but that rare charm of manner, that beauty of expression, of inward power which certain students of mental and bodily culture possess, is certainly the result of years of systematic study and practice of such exercises as the skeptic laughs to scorn and dismisses as an affectation or waste of time."

In the Friend's doctrine we read that God meant that women should make the world beautiful as much as the birds and flowers.

If the birds and flowers are beautiful in their naturalness, why should we not be beautiful in ours? Why deform our bodies by using the brilliant (?) inventions of the last few centuries, such as the bustle, corset, high heels and other devices too numerous—and too wicked—to mention.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle reformers in the line of dress have had to encounter has been the corset. As Dr. Emerson says, "It should take its place beside the

rack and thumb-screw of the Spanish Inquisition.

We all know what we should do, but it is taking many of us a long, long time to bring ourselves to do it. (I speak from experience.)

That French notion that large hips and a small waist (which the corset gives) is a mark of beauty is now passé, especially among the better class of people.

If any one of us saw a poor little worm with a string tied firmly around its body, it would arouse our sympathy and we would either untie the string or put an end to the poor little worm, but women will neither help themselves nor will they let others help them, consequently they are *actually dying* by inches.

In conversation with a physician recently, he told me of a case in the Boston City Hospital. It seems that a young woman had died of heart disease caused by tight lacing and after death they had made an examination to see what condition her vital organs were in. All of them were three or four inches below their normal position, and the liver was bent over nearly double.

Now it seems to me that we as teachers have a *grand work* to accomplish---that of *saving lives* by means of our own system of physical culture and this subject of dress is the foundation of it all, we must be properly dressed or the exercise will surely be harmful to us.

Let us first get rid of all the angular lines caused by artificial means and then we will make nature's curved lines more beautiful by means of the physical work and truly artistic dress.



2.

CATHARINE TINKER.

Perfect health rests upon the foundations

of proper food, proper exercise and proper clothing.

Our clothing serves to keep up an even temperature about the surface of the body and to protect us from the cold. We little realize the importance of dressing in such a way as to secure warmth for the body and freedom for the body. These two conditions seem to go hand in hand for where there is freedom of the body---where the muscles can act without restriction from the clothing---there is a direct effect produced upon the temperature of the body; the lungs can take in more oxygen, the blood can circulate more freely and we feel as warm as if we had on much more tight clothing. We cannot say too much against the terrible fashion of wearing clothing too tight. Very heavy clothing has a similar effect. The full, heavy dress skirts that are dragged about---all the weight coming upon the hips---are powerful agents in undermining the health. It is said that the bicycle is to produce a great change in this respect. Certainly no one can ride a wheel to good advantage without wearing the clothing loose---the weight of it being supported by the shoulders. We rejoice to think that "all the world" now-a-days rides a wheel and hygienic dress becomes an absolute necessity. The amount and weight of clothing to be worn is a question of great importance. As the cold weather comes on we are apt to weaken the system by dressing too warmly. It is a great mistake to wear heavy winter clothing in heated rooms. Another point which we should consider in this matter of hygienic dressing is the mistaken idea of shielding the throat from the outside air. The fashion of bundling the throat up with fur boas and other devices is very injurious. Our throats welcome the pure air and should be trained to require but little covering.

*Hygienic* dress in its highest development cannot be separated from *aesthetic* dress.

Dr. Emerson has told us that the mind is ever seeking expression through the body. What can be more indicative of that which is within than the outward apparel? The mind of artistic perception will seek to express beauty in every line of the dress, in the selection of color, and in every detail. When we see this expression unhindered, when we see the dress conforming to the personality then, indeed, it seems as if the soul of the individual was revealed and we think no longer of the *medium*. This is the beautiful service of dress.

The more cultivated we are, the more will beauty manifest itself through us, and, we can never see a fine piece of sculpture or a fine painting without having our ideals raised, so we never can see a perfectly dressed woman without taking another step forward on the road to true culture. We feel as did those who beheld the beautiful Evangeline, that "when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We cannot think of this subject too often. It becomes with each one of us a responsibility, for dress is a most subtle agent of expression. Little children are particularly susceptible to this influence and we do not realize how much we have to do with forming these ideals of beauty and developing their young natures.

The world more and more is coming to consider this great question and the future will see still more attention paid to dress. We shall no longer be the slaves to fashion but shall come closer and closer to the heart of Nature. We shall see the expression of beauty in the place of that which was ugly and the mind will speak even in our dress.

3.

M. SPENCER WIGGIN, '97.

In the matter of woman's dress very little thought has been given to the rules of health. There is a certain amount of vital energy given us—as stock in trade—to carry us through life. We can waste this vital force lavishly in unprofitable operations, or we can economize, and in many cases add to it. Few persons are aware of the amount of life force that is absolutely thrown away; which force is required to keep the healthy actions of the organs of human life, those organs by which we live, breathe and continue our existence. Every pound of vital energy should be utilized in acts that shall result in usefulness or pleasure; nothing should be thrown away.

The question is: How can we economize or add to this life force when the body is improperly clothed? when the vital organs are pushed out of their normal position, thereby preventing them from their natural functions?

Every woman whose body is encased in tight corsets violates the law of freedom, which is every human being's right.

From a hygienic standpoint clothing should be worn in such a way as not to hinder the free exercise of all the muscles of the body. The weight of the clothing should come from the shoulders, with no pressure whatever about the waist. Ample room should be left between the body and the garment for the utmost expansion and ventilation.

The legitimate use of clothing is to protect the body from heat and cold.

The best rule to determine the quantity of clothing is that amount required to secure comfort. But from an aesthetic standpoint in dress it is not enough that we clothe the body simply for protection and comfort. We must also convey ideas of beauty. Now

beauty is said to be the perfection of an object, manifested in its appearance. In aesthetic dressing, the clothing is not thought of apart from the person. There should be continuity of line throughout all the parts of the person, and the articulations of the body should not be lost; for as the body is the expression of the mind, so must the clothing be an adaptation of means to complete the perfect whole.



## Morning Talk.

BY PRES. EMERSON.

We are approaching the end of the term, Christmas is near at hand. As you are about to separate, and go to your respective homes, may I not say a word with reference to the manner in which we should celebrate the festive season?

Christmas is a beautiful season: it is a season of love, and when we love in the spirit of the great Lover of humanity, we love our friends more tenderly because we love them from a higher point of view. The habit of giving presents at Christmas time is a long cherished privilege, and it has almost entered into our religious feelings connected with Christmas; it is ever to be commended. We ought likewise, however, to think of these two things—to whom we are giving, and in whose Name we are giving. We are giving in the name of Love, in the name of the great Lover. We are celebrating the birth of Christ, and we should celebrate it by manifesting His spirit. We manifest His spirit best by looking after the poor, by making presents to such persons as are in need, and of such things as they need.

It is very delightful to send our remembrances to our friends in little tokens, and sometimes we go so far as to bestow expensive tokens of our regard, but I think

our friends will think much more of us, and be more grateful to us, if they know we conserve every ten cents even, for the needy. I should feel much more grateful if I thought you bestowed gifts on the needy, gifts those needy are in want of, than I should be to receive any token from you myself, even a Christmas card. I would rather every penny should be saved for them.

It has been, for a number of years, the custom in this Institution to bend all our energies, as Christmas approaches, to the end of bestowing our Christmas gifts, not in a social way, but in a benevolent way. Your friends know that you will think of them and that you love them; and they will love you all the more if you say to them, "In the name of the love I bear you I will bestow what little I have upon the really needy." And it is the greatest compliment you can pay your friends to assume that they do not require any present from you at Christmas. If you did not give me any present at Christmas, I should think you understood my spirit better than if you did. I do not need you to remind me that you are my friends, but I do need you to give whatever you have to those who need bread, need clothing, need something to help them in their struggles. Their struggles are varied and they are many. Some of them are struggling for the necessities of a bare existence, now that wages are so small and there is so little employment. Then there are others who might have the necessities of life, but that are struggling for an education.

Let each and all of us think of these things. We wish to live in the spirit of beneficence, and I am glad these seasons come round, especially the season called Christmas, to remind us by their recurrence, of the spirit in which we wish to live,—the spirit of love; and a love that is not indifferent, and merely says "I wish every-



body well, I don't feel any enmity against anybody." Let us show what we really wish by doing what we can to help those that need our help.

Then there are some who haven't money, or what money will buy, to bestow, but you have a kind word. That won't cost your pocket anything, it would only tax a good disposition. You can give a kind word, a kind look, a kind smile; and you have one thing more you can give that includes them all, and that is such a positively kind spirit that when anyone comes within your atmosphere, he will *feel* that spirit. The kindness must be positive or no one can feel it. Then, if we do not give the smile, or the nod, or the word: if we do not even come in sight of those toward whom we feel kindly; still if we feel positive kindness, they will receive it from us, if they are a thousand miles away. Mind is not circumscribed, mind is not hindered! Affection is a mighty thing, and it can reach afar. You can make persons happy by thinking well of them even though they do not hear you say a word, or hear of your having said a word. You come in here in the morning, and as you take your places and feel kindly disposed one to another, feel solicitous for each other's welfare, do you not think it affects the very atmosphere you breathe, and makes all happy? It not only makes those happy who express the feeling of love for others, but that feeling goes out like a blessing, like a benediction, resting upon the hearts of all toward whom it is positively felt.



If any former subscribers of the Magazine have extra copies of Vol. I Nos. 1, 2, 4, which they are willing to sell or exchange; or have any of Dr. Emerson's lectures for 1894-5, from 1 to 8 inclusive, they will confer a great favor by corresponding with the Business Manager.

## Laertes.

MARTA F. DAVIDSON.

In reviewing the life and character of an individual—whether he be an immediate child of Nature, or the creation of that greatest of Nature's products, the human mind,—in order to obtain a true and impartial insight, many conditions must be taken into account whose results do not appear clearly upon the surface; and not only must the consideration of time and environment be constantly employed as magnifiers, but besides these there must be utilized that great search-light of inquiry which traces effects to their first causes, and diffuses rays of light so transparent that through the atmosphere they illumine is revealed the "*might have*" and "*would have been*"—could the bounds of circumstance have been eliminated. Let us now turn this great search-light upon one subject and with its aid look upon the life and character as they appear under the stress of given circumstances and also as they might have proven under different conditions—of *him*, of whom our Valiant Hamlet says: "That is Laetes, a very noble youth." Laertes is introduced to us primarily in his audience before the king, where, as we shall readily perceive a little later, in his request to return to France, he furnishes us with the key which unlocks the first door in the labyrinth of character. Our next glimpse exhibits him in the guise of the affectionate and admonitory brother, bidding farewell to the sister, "*whose worth*" he himself said "stood challenger on mount of all the age for her perfections." In this scene he expresses himself with such apparent unselfishness, such beauty of imagery, that we are quite lost in admiration—only to be rudely brought back to actualities by the insinuating suspicion that perhaps, after all his graceful speeches, the young man may be one of those who prefer

preaching to practice, and who speedily resent any offers of advice or council, which they, in their turn, so delight in scattering broadcast—for witness how cunningly he attempts to evade the questionings of the fair sister, who is sufficiently astute to insinuate, in self-defense, that possibly he might himself, the “primrose path of dalliance tread, and reck not his own rede.” The undeception continues as we listen to Polonius’ suggestions to Reynaldo, whom he sends to spy upon the unsuspecting youth in his gay and frivolous existence in wicked Paris, and we are grieved to learn that Laertes is known to his very father as an unprincipled character, but saddest of all, that that father himself regards his son’s wildness as but the “taints of liberty, the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind, A savageness in unreclaimed blood, of general assault,” and instead of vigorously assailing his faults and discouraging this dissolute life, calmly “Lets him ply his music.” After the murder of this doting father, we are brought face to face with Laertes in his towering rage, and are able to realize somewhat the strength of that personality, whose forces had they been rightly directed, might have attained higher ends, but which in an uncontrollable desire for revenge falls so pitifully and gives consent to participation in an atrocious conspiracy after daring “damnation,” and consigning allegiance to hell! “vows to the blackest devil! Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit!”

This, in brief, is the outline of the character which Shakespeare presents for our consideration, and now that we have glanced over the surface, let us take a somewhat more significant survey, and delve deeper into the realm of cause and effect. Laertes youth has been passed under the surveillance of probably an affectionate, but certainly a pedantic father, who, instead of *educating* his son, as we

now understand that term—drawing out and developing the latent tendencies for good and helpfulness in the nature, has instilled into him, a series of cut and dried precepts, which while originally full of wisdom and productive of fruit, have utterly lost their life and savour through his pedantry, and enter the one ear only to slip out of the other. Thus without the reclaiming virtue of a mother’s devotion and helpful discipline, Laertes leaves the parental hearth for distant Paris, to be welcomed into that circle “In France of the best rank and station,” which was notorious chiefly as the most frivolous, corrupt and dissolute of those wanton times. Of gallant bearing, charming manners, and pleasing accomplishments, he readily ingratiates himself with that element of society, which Hamlet, in speaking of Laertes boon companion, “the water-fly,” Osric, so aptly characterizes when he says: “Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune and time of the outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection; which carries them through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial the bubbles are out.” We are informed of the esteem in which Laertes is held by his associates from the testimony of Osric himself, who pronounces him “an absolute gentleman, full of the most excellent differences of very soft society and great showing; indeed to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.” Altogether, a Parisian of Parisians, we find Laertes to be a devotee of externalities—of the forms which are so often butshells to conceal the rottenness within, and which foster a certain code of honor, which at last admits of very peculiar and most free interpretation. Upon his return to Denmark for the Coronation of Claudius, he finds Ophelia developed into a beautiful

and lovable nature, which calls out all of the fraternal affection of which he is capable, and induces that flow of brotherly appeal and advice with which he leaves her on his departure for Paris. To his father, too, he is respectful and loving, and in spite of the old man's "mouthings," which must certainly be distasteful to so impulsive a nature, he never fails to control his restiveness and retain a calm exterior. Indeed in both fraternal and filial relations we find little lacking in Laertes. It is when his character is brought to the real test that he is found wanting, and then, indeed, must he meet with our unqualified disapproval. To a certain extent his desire for vengeance is a righteous one, as long as he unselfishly regards himself as the avenger of his father—but *only* so long. We can readily sympathize with him in the great wrong perpetrated upon him by the murder of his father, and the crazing and consequent death of his innocent and lovely sister. We *can* and *do* assuredly admire him for his courage in threatening the very king on his throne, and we could perhaps extricate him from guilt in his desire for vengeance, had he not completely lost our respect by his defiance of the very corner-stones of character, and flinging aside all restraints of honor, entered into a vile conspiracy without thought or deliberation as to the rights or wrongs of the accusation against his victim, only longing to slake his thirst for revenge, and that most speedily and thoroughly. The fact that in his challenge of the king, his "rebellion looks so giant-like" proves his possession of qualities which appealed to the people, and we can only regret the more that he did not *use* but rather abused them, for in the exercise of judgment he was lacking utterly. Before the curtain falls upon a life so glittering, and so unsubstantial, it is a gratification to know that Laertes was neither a "face without a heart" nor yet one without a

conscience, for in the last tragic act of his career, we see an awakening of that conscience which so long had slumbered, and a display of magnanimity which lends a faint halo to that name which would otherwise have been enveloped in densest gloom.

What, finally, is Laertes' mission in the play? Hamlet himself gives us the clue when he says "But I am very sorry, good Horatio, that to Laertes I forgot myself; for by the image of my cause, I see the portraiture of his." Laertes is placed in direct contrast, or rather in juxtaposition to Hamlet, for in many directions their experiences follow in parallel channels—but how different the streams—That of Hamlet's existence—for "still waters run deep"—quiet, tranquil, peace-engendering, enriching, until elements foreign to its nature trouble its current, and render it mad, causing it to overflow its banks and submerge everything which lies in its way. That of Laertes—shallow, turbulent, dashing merrily or noisily along, foaming and bubbling, forming whirlpools here and yon, and finally engulfed in one great cataract of ruin. While Hamlet sought the quiet associations and spiritual influences of Wittenberg, Laertes was charmed by the frivolities and corruption of the dissolute French court. While Hamlet often thought and deliberated long without action, Laertes usually acted without thought. The fact that Laertes warned Ophelia so emphatically against her lover, proves that a character so lofty and spiritual as Hamlet's was wholly incomprehensible to the other's superficial nature. When all is told, does not the character of Laertes serve us as a mirror into which to reflect "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure?" the pattern of the of the average morality of his times? While Hamlet stands as the ideal of *every* age, past, present, and future, is not Laertes a good example of the clay which is moulded in the cast of time and environment, and shall we not accept him as the true "age-portrait" of the day of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark?"

## Emerson System of Physical Culture.\*

### OUTLINE OF AIM AND MEANS.

- I. "The highest condition of health and beauty, through such exercises as are authorized and required by the laws of the human economy." Page 8.
  1. "Vital supply for the entire organism." Page 8.
  - 1.) "Securing the proper position of the vital organs." Page 8.
  - 2.) "Exercising the muscles that surround the vital organs." Page 11.
  - 3.) "Preserving a due balance between the energy that supplies and the energy that wastes." Page 13.  
"We must strengthen the centers while we free the surfaces." page 14.
  - (1.) "Between the muscles that supply and the muscles that waste." Page 15.
  - (2.) "Between the forces of the pneumogastric and sympathetic nerves, on the one hand, and the forces of the spinal cord and spiral nerves on the other." Page 15.
  - (3.) "Between the exercise and stimulation of the life-sustaining forces and that of the brain." Page 18.
2. "Free the different parts of the physical system that are joined by definite articulations, and thus prevent them from embarrassing each other. Page 19."
  - 1.) "By giving the exact exercises to each articulation which are demanded by its physiological structure." Page 20.
  - 2.) "By giving such exercises to each articulated part as will cause it to act in harmony with all the other articulated parts of the body." Page 20.
3. "Economy of force." Page 21. "A maximum of result with a minimum of effort." Page 21.
  - 1.) "Practising such attitudes of the person as are in harmony with the law of gravitation, thereby overcoming the resistance of the weight of any part." Page 21.
  - 2.) "Develop due relationship between different groups of muscles," Page 22.  
"Through the securing of proper reflex action." Page 24.
  - (1.) "Prevents undue waste of muscular tissue." Page 24.
  - (2.) "Prevents undue nervous tension." Page 24.
- II. "Beauty." Page 24.
  1. "Unity." "The whole expressed in each of the parts." Page 28.
  2. "Power." Page 29.
  3. "Endurance." Page 29.
  4. "Self-command." Page 30.
- III. "Relationship of mind to body." Page 32.
  1. "Life." Page 33.
  2. "Affection." Page 33.
  3. "Will." Page 33.
  4. "Intelligence." Page 33.

J. S. G.

\* See Physical Culture by Charles Wesley Emerson, Emerson College of Oratory, Publishing department, Boston.

"Be thou but self-possessed  
Thou hast the art of living."



## A New Orator.

W. W. M.

On Saturday afternoon, November 7, 1896, in historic Lexington, on part of an estate formerly belonging to a family by the name of Muzzey, old in Revolutionary fame, a little orator opened his eyes and brought a divine message to a happy home.

Three family names are united in this little one, Leland Hoyt Powers.

Mrs. Leland T. Powers, (né Daisy Carroll Hoyt) was graduated from Emerson College in 1888, and after devoting herself to public reading for several years, where she won marked success as a reader, became one of the faculty of Emerson College in 1893, holding this position till she relinquished it to bless a home.

We of the Emerson College who know Mrs. Powers so well, who have felt the influence, the force, the sweetness of her beautiful spirit as a reader, a teacher, and a woman: who have met Mr. Powers, though perhaps not so frequently, yet sufficiently often to feel the inspiration of the rare nobility of his personality, and have enjoyed the privilege of listening to the reader, congratulate their little son upon his choice birthright.

Master Powers has been richly blessed.

It is said that thus early he shows a keen appreciation of the beautiful, for when the faculty cup was presented to him, he paid much attention to it, and when it was carried from him, he followed it with his eyes as if loth to lose sight of it.

As we welcomed little Ruth and Mildred Southwick, Emerson and Earl Kidder, so now we open our hearts and extend our arms to our little Emersonian brother and orator. May God bless thee, Leland Hoyt Powers!

Let no vain fear thy generous ardor tame.

But stand erect.

—Granville.

## The Queen of the Year.

When suns are low and nights are long

And winds bring wild alarms,

Through the darkness comes the Queen of the Year

In all her peerless charms,—

December fair and holly-crowned.

With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train.

Veiled in the spotless snow,

Or decked with the bloom of Paradise

What time the roses blow,

Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat

When the moons of harvest glow.

But Oh, the joy of the rolling year.

The queen with peerless charms,

Is she who comes through the waning light

To keep the world from harmis,—

December, fair and holly-crowned,

With the Christ-child in her arms.

Edna Dean Proctor.



## Hope Deferred.

Across the ocean, stretching on forever

To meet the azure of the bendingskies,

We watch with eager gaze, but cometh never

Our longed for ship, the only ship we prize.

Perchance, at times, our hearts with rapture glowing,

We think some distant bark to be our own.

But as it nears the bank our tears are flowing,

'Tis not for us those swelling sails are blown.

At last we know that never any morrow

Our treasure-laden ship will bring from sea,

And on our hearts sinks down a settled sorrow

For that which is not, for us cannot be.

Then we leave off our useless seaward gazing,

And turn to note companions on the pier,—

A few the joyous shout of welcome raising.

But more, alas, who have no hope nor cheer.

And we forget, while comforting our brother,

To mourn lost hopes of ships gone down at sea;

Joy comes to us, rejoicing with another;

And peace, at length, is won through sympathy.

M. Elizabeth Stace.

## What all the World's A-Seeking.

Under the above title is published by Geo. H. Ellis a little book of rare quality and worth. Its author, Ralph Waldo Trine, of Boston, has endeavored to show that the matters along the lines of the interior spiritual thought life, instead of being as they are so many times regarded, mere indefinite abstracts or sentimental theories, are, on the contrary, of all practical things the most practical, and of all scientific things the most scientific. To show that these forces when once understood can be taken and infused into practical everyday life so as absolutely to mould it in every detail.

It shows scientifically and simply the inseparable connection of happiness with right living, and in the clearest possible way, it teaches of the direct relation of noble thoughts with beautiful outward being.

Its lesson is that useful living is the secret not only of the most helpful work but of individual development. Anyone to whom the spiritual life is a reality will find this book a delight and an inspiration.

Publishers price \$1.25. It can, however, be procured of Mr. Greig for \$1.10.

What is said of the book by the librarian of the Astor Library, New York :

"I am delighted with it. Just such a book as I wish to be able to recommend to the audiences I lecture to. People want just such common sense philosophy. I wish to see that book in all the reading rooms of this country."

Dr. O. S. Marden, author of "Pushing to the Front," "Architects of Fate," in a letter to the author says: "I cannot but think that you have made a most valuable addition to the literature of our country, and that you have struck a key-note which will meet with a hearty response from thousands of readers. The book shows

not only great penetration of thought into the nature of things but it shows comprehensiveness of vision, and breadth of intellectual attainment. It shows also the finer culture and richer erudition of the heart."

Hezekiah Butherworth, formerly managing editor of the *Youth's Companion*, in a letter to the author: "I have been at the fountain of your book, 'What All the World's A-seeking,' and have found it indeed a well in a desert, where date palms grow. It is a most beautiful expression of the omnipotence of spiritual power. I am glad of the book, as thousands will be, for it tells me how to look for the *light within*. There is the lamp of the sanctuary of life. The world needs books like these. It will be successful and its success will be lasting."

Ed.



## Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.

It is with great pleasure that we write of Mr. Armstrong's recital in Berkeley Hall, Oct., 28th. It is said that only one "to the manner born" should attempt to criticise the literature of Scotland; but every reader of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and their name is legion, would have felt that now this book of the heart had found a worthy interpreter. Mr. Armstrong has shown rare literary discrimination in arranging his material, while his stereoptican views are of the finest, revealing the Highland people as vividly to the eye, as his reading does to the ear.

Mr. Armstrong knows whereof he speaks. His dialectic recitations of Drumtochty folk were both true and artistic; while his gift of song was used most effectively through the recital. The simplicity of his work was especially commendable. We never felt the reader obtrude himself from first to last; or were conscious that other than the actors themselves of this little drama of life were before us. We predict a great success for this recital wherever it is heard.

## Southwick Literary Society.

The first of the meetings of the Southwick Literary Society was held on Tuesday, Nov. 24th at 2.15 P. M. President W. B. Tripp presiding.

At the hour appointed an audience had assembled which filled Berkeley Hall to overflowing, lured by the rare treat which the Committee had promised for the occasion. The entertainment consisted of several superb readings by Miss Julia King, of the Faculty, and two charming songs by Miss Maud Masson, of the Freshman class. Comment is unnecessary. The work was artistic, vivid, inspiring.

As the magazine goes to print the new board of officers, which consist of:

President, Charles W. Kidder, '89.

Vice Pres. Winnifrede W. Metcalf, '93.

Secretary, Mina S. F. Powers, '98.

Treasurer, Charles E. Burbank, '99.

Executive Com. Grace E. Aspell, '97.

Romaine Billingsley '98.

make announcement of another very fine entertainment to be given Tuesday, Dec. 8th, namely a lecture on "Picturesque New Zealand, The Wonderland of the Southern Seas," by W. Hinton White, of Melbourne, whose lecture on Australia has been so popular.

It is, perhaps, hardly to be predicted just what the future may bring forth, but we are led to hope that the present year may be one of the most brilliant in the history of the Society.



"Whatever one has of gracefulness by nature, is a precious gift from God. It stands for more than personal beauty. It is a token of the life within." S. S. T.

"The first wealth is health."

EMERSON.

## Miss May A. Greenwood.

Our friends and readers will remember that, in our final number of last year, we gave space to the Class History, Prophecy, Oration, and Poems of Senior Class Day. We did not enter upon any general criticism of the excellent work done on that day; and for this reason, one of the most enjoyable and helpful numbers on the program was overlooked. We refer to the song, so beautiful in itself and so delightfully rendered by Miss May Greenwood.

Miss Greenwood has devoted much of her life to the art of singing. She came to us to study further the art of expression, to apply it to song. She found in the Emerson College work, an invaluable aid in approaching her high ideal, once more demonstrated to the world that the Emerson Philosophy can be applied to any branch of art with splendid results.

Miss Greenwood is also a pupil of Prof. Albert Baker Cheney, with whom she is studying. We predict for her great success in both public work and teaching.

F. M. B.



The time draws near the birth of Christ,  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near on mead and moor  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease.  
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,  
Peace and good will to all mankind.

Alfred Tennyson.

## A Christmas Carol.

The Sheperds went their hasty way,  
And found the lowly stable shed  
Where the Virgin-Mother lay;  
And now they checked their eager tread.  
For to the Babe that at her bosom clung  
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,  
Streaming from a heavenly throng,  
Around them shone suspending night.  
While sweeter than a mother's song.  
Blest Angels heralded the Savior's birth.  
Glory to God on high and Peace on Earth.

She listened to the tale divine.  
And closer still the Babe she prest;  
And while she cried, The Babe is mine!  
The milk rushed faster to her breast;  
Joy rose within her like a summer's morn;  
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou mother of the Prince of Peace,  
Poor, simple, and of low estate!  
That strife would vanish, battle cease.  
O why should this thy soul elate?  
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story—  
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

And is not War a youthful king,  
A stately hero clad in mail?  
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;  
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail  
Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye  
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,  
To maids and youths in robes of state!  
I am a woman poor and mean.

And therefore is my soul elate.  
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled.  
That from the aged father tears his child!

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
He kills the sire and starves the son;  
The husband kills, and from her hoard  
Steals all his widow's toil had won;  
Plunder God's world of beauty; rends away  
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

"Then wisely is my soul elate.  
That strife should vanish, battle cease;  
I'm poor and of a low estate,  
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.  
Joy rises in me like a summer's morn;  
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born."

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1790.

## A Christmas Carol.

"What means this glory round our feet?"  
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"  
And voices chanted clear and sweet  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star?" the sheperds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels answering overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more  
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;  
We wait for him, like them of yore;  
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said in words of gold,  
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,  
That little children might be bold  
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine  
A light that the wise men saw,  
If we our loving wills incline  
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of sheperds then,  
And clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel-song,  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

—James Russell Lowell.



## Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth good-will to men.  
And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.  
Till ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day.  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

—Henry W. Longfellow.



Self culture aims at perfection and is the highest fulfillment of the law of God. It means perfect symmetrical development of all our powers of body mind and spirit.

*Goth.*



"To the sobered soul,  
The silence of the wintry scene,  
When Nature shrouds her in her trance  
In deep tranquillity.

"Not undelightful now to roam  
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;  
Not undelightful now to pace  
The forest's ample rounds,

"And see the spangled branches shine,  
And snatch the moss of many a hue,  
That varies the old tree's brown bark,  
Or o'er the grey-stone spreads."

*Southey.*

## Personals.

At the Academy of Music, Chelsea, on Sat. evening, Dec. 5, Miss Mand Gatchell, assisted by students from Emerson College, presented the play of "As You Like It" to a large and cultured audience. To those who have seen Miss Gatchell's work as Rosalind, it is unnecessary to say that she is truly artistic and that her presentation of the character was most successful and worthy to rank with the highest work of the professional stage. Mr. Schofield as Touchstone is always inimitable, and he did not fail to carry the audience as usual. In the characters of Old Adam, and the foolish William, Mr. Workman achieved the highest success. Mr. Holt is a good interpreter of the Melancholy Jacques. Among the ladies Miss Gill deserves special mention as Celia. The work of the whole cast was of high order, and reflected much credit on themselves, and on Miss Gatchell as the promoter and manager of the production.

William E. Atwater is teaching in the Normal School at Westfield, Mass., this year.

\* \* \*

Mr. Taber who was with '97 during Freshman year is teaching in Taber College, Iowa.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Merry Morehouse (nee Mitchell) recently visited the College with her husband. Their home is in Chicago.

\* \* \*

Mr. A. M. Harris is instructing in the Emerson Work in Cornell College Iowa. He has promised us an article for the Magazine very soon.

\* \* \*

Mr. William J. Strong of the class of '98 is spending a few months in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. His many friends will be pleased to know that there is a possibility of his visiting Boston and the college before he returns to his western home.

\* \* \*

Miss Lena Young Ex '97 is teaching Physical Culture and Oratory in Springfield, Mass. Sept. 25 she gave a lecture and reading before the Y. W. C. A. of Holyoke which resulted in the forming of classes in Oratory and Dramatic study in that city.

\* \* \*

Miss Zitella Ebert who left college early last year to fill a responsible position in California was obliged to resign on account of severe illness. After some weeks of rest and travel, she has recovered and expects to take up student life again next term.

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Look on the beautiful world and read the truth

In her fair page; see, every season brings

New change, to her, of everlasting youth;

Still the green soil, with joyous living things,

Swarms; the wide air is full of joyous wings;

And myriads, still, are happy in the deep

Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings

The restless surge, Eternal Love doth keep

In his exultant arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

Bryant.

## New Year Greeting.

A most happy New Year to all our subscribers both new and old and far and near.

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It seems superfluous to wish each other a happy New Year here in the college for we are sure of it; each day brings new happiness in the clearer understanding of the great principles we are studying.

A little booklet, entitled "What is Worth While," by Anna Robertson Brown is well worthy of perusal at any time, but especially so now as we enter on the duties of a new year. What is worth while for us? What do we intend to *make* worth while for ourselves and associates this year?

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A most pleasant surprise at the beginning of this term was a visit and greeting from Dr. Dorchester who is well known and loved not only by the alumni of this college but of Harvard University and by the general public on account of the excellent work he has done in the realm of literature. His greeting, beside being most helpful and encouraging, contained such a note of warning against any superficiality in our work, against any thought of imitation; that we take the liberty of printing a portion of it, believing that it will be an inspiration to a more thorough concentration of mind on the correct application of the great principles which are the foundation of success:—

"I think I have been greatly helped in what little success I have gained by what I have learned here at the Emerson College. I owe Emerson College a great deal, and I wish I owed it a great deal more, but being associated as closely with you as I was for some time I absorbed something of its spirit. I wish I had partaken more of its discipline, but what I absorbed of its spirit has stood me in very good stead, and I have longed again and again that I might have attained more facility in the application of those principles that are instilled into your minds. I regard the principles that are taught here as in the highest degree wise and beneficial. You are taught here to be true to yourselves, true and sensitive to all pure and gracious influences, to obey

them implicitly and explicitly, and to be earnest and sympathetic in giving them to others. Those are Twentieth Century principles, and those will win every time. They are the most significant factors in the formula of success. Any one that has these factors will have that which will enable him, if he will follow the spirit that is taught here, to solve the equation of success, because the more you imbibe this spirit the more you will see the necessity, if you are going to be true to yourself, of making that self as large and well-disciplined as possible. You will hunger for the purer and loftier ideals, and you will avail yourself of all the means to realize those ideals, to reach out in all the side lines.

I think it is true that the more disciplined the mind is that comes here,—the more one knows,—the more successful he may be in the application of the principles. You know that there is a great deal of empty, unthinking declamation against schools of this kind. I have again and again met it. They say it is artificial, and when I allege to the contrary they point me to some of the graduates of the Emerson College and say, 'now see how artificial they are;' but I always say that those are the persons that managed somehow to slip through without really acquiring the principles that are taught here—without partaking of the discipline, and when they went out into life, instead of being representative, they were only imitators. They saw these criteria, they mimicked them, and thus they have brought reproach on the fair fame of the college and have continually cheated themselves. They present the counterfeit presentment of what you are taught here, and they wonder, and some of them very sadly—it is one of tragedies of life—that this counterfeit presentment does not command the good and blessed things of life. The world does not recognize the currency, and it is not in harmony with the loftiest standards.

As I say, I count it one of the blessed formative influences of my life to have been associated with this College, to have known your worthy President, (Applause) to have been associated with this excellent

Faculty and with these earnest students; to have breathed this pure and stimulating atmosphere. I rejoice in what Emerson College is doing in this world. Its line has gone out into all the world, and the world is being made better and wiser because of this steady influence." 

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Another pleasant feature of the New Year was Dr. Rolfe's lecture on "The Merchant of Venice." This was first in a course of Shakesperian lectures which he delivers before the college this year. Dr. Rolfe is undoubtedly the most careful student of Shakespeare the age affords, and it is indeed flattering to the Faculty and students of this college that amid countless duties and engagements he still, finds time and inclination to come to us for a weekly lecture.

Another of his kindnesses to us is the permission to publish in this issue of the Magazine extracts from an article on "Tom Hood" which was previously published in Poet Lore of which Dr. Rolfe is an associate editor.



## Thoughts for the New Year.

The test of all literature is its power to uplift and comfort human life.

*Solon Lauer.*

\* \* \*

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies closely at hand.

*Carlyle.*

\* \* \*

We flatter each other when we excuse that which detracts from obtaining our highest possibilities.

*Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick.*

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"'Tis beauty doth oft make woman proud; 'tis virtue that doth make them most admired; 'tis modesty that doth make them seem divine."

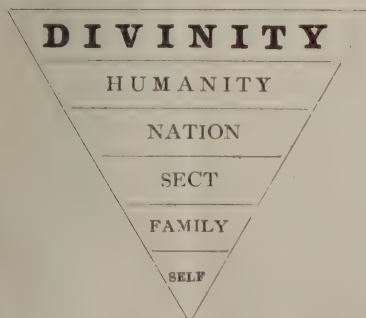
## Keys and Impulses Relating to Oratory.

Lecture Delivered by President Emerson before the Students  
of the Emerson College of Oratory.

*Stenographic report by Reba Norris. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*

The idea of growth is not a new idea, it is not a new theory; it was not born with this age. This idea of working from within outward is as old as the teachings of Christ; science has only given a plan to those truths in the form of what is called Evolution. Whether the technicalities of evolution are correct or not, the doctrine of working from within outward,—that the soul is at the centre ever working outward,—has been the accepted doctrine. It is a revelation, which human institutions have confirmed for ages, that the higher we go from the centre, that is, if the impulse is at the centre, the greater the attainment and the greater the power; that a man can measure his power if he can know what altitude he occupies from the centre. This power is in just the ratio of the height which he has reached in his being.

If you should draw a diagram of man's being you would find it to be an inverted cone. The foundation of his being is no on what is below; it rests on the above. I have, for our convenience, drawn a diagram to represent this thought.



You will find as you look at it, that it represents a triangle resting on its apex.

There, in that lowest point, is self. How small! It is as narrow as it is low. Contrast it with the highest plane, Divinity, which is as much broader as it is higher.

The Orator with his powers has to reach all the different planes of impulse that go to make up human nature. He must reach them first by developing his own impulses on these successive planes; then his impulses will touch the keys of other people on these planes. There are six planes that I shall mention at this time, six planes of impulse which the orator must develop in himself, because he must touch the keys of other people's beings on these six planes.

Man in his evolution has come up from plane to plane, not completing one plane before another was introduced; not beginning and holding to one plane until that plane, we might say, by its very *ripeness* led to another. In fact, after he had, so to speak, touched lightly all the six planes he then commenced enlargement of each plane, so that each plane is now much larger than it was earlier in man's evolution.

I. *Self*. This self plane has grown larger; it is susceptible of growing still larger, and this plane is now much larger than it was in the beginning. In fact, we know not how small it was in the beginning, but it is much larger now than it was at the earliest historic date. Man went on through infinite periods of development before history began, before there was a record of anything that might be called authentic history. There has been a steady evolution in the race ever since history began, which of course, is but a comparatively modern period in man's life.

Self was a very narrow individuality.



The plane of self has been elevated and broadened. Just see how high the provision for self may lead a man. Love of self leads a man to provide goods for self, leads him to lay up food. The savage lays up very little food, provides very little for the future, trusts to the hour or to the day for what he can obtain for his daily supply. As civilization advances man lays up in store for future use, *i. e.*, property in home and lands, and that home so improved from what it once was that it bears no real resemblance to it. First, man went into a cave to protect himself from the storms and from the cold, and this was his home. Then it was a mud hut, or a cabin, and then it became what you might term a house, supplying what the cave and the hut had supplied. That home became at last a gratification to taste, a gratification to the love of the beautiful. Thus the evolution goes on.

The supplying for self leads to business. What an education is the education of business; to-day how much knowledge a man requires to obtain a proper living! How it enlarges him on every side! A real business education, an education that comes from experience in business is a very broad education; it leads to a great amount of knowledge, skill, and wisdom.

Then this provision for self leads to a desire for education. A man after he has provided for his immediate wants begins to think more profoundly of himself. He wants to advance his own powers and become all that he may. He aspires not only to the knowledge that shall enable him to exert a mighty influence in procuring what self demands in goods and physical provision, but he also aspires to the development of power in his own interior and central being. He learns to have a better appreciation of self. He no longer looks upon himself as a bundle of appetites; he begins to look upon himself as embracing intellectual development, mental power as well as

physical. So the enlargement of self leads to education. So seemingly remote from the ambition to provide food and raiment for one's self, is the ambition for education that now we scarcely think of education as belonging to the plane of self, as a man for selfish reasons attempting the development of himself through prescribed methods called methods of education; yet, in the beginning, nine times out of ten, it is self that prompts it. I cannot say it is *always* self that prompts this ambition in the beginning, but it is not wrong if it is so. When God put self into a man's nature he intended to broaden that self into something magnificent.

Education leads to what? Education in business, education in books, education in social life leads to what? It leads to morals. So that which began expressing itself simply in a wish to eat and drink and be protected from physical pain has reached a development which we term a moral state or condition. When man at last finds that his self-interest meets the self-interest of others and they come in dangerous opposition to each other, then he asks if there are not some rules by which both can be guided so they will not interfere with each other, nor their interests conflict. Thence arise laws and moral rules of conduct. Each man finds it is necessary for his own good to defer to the needs of others, and thus a sense of right and wrong becomes established.

Education finally leads beyond this point that is first termed morals. It leads to that which includes morals, the love of another's welfare. The orator, after he begins a practical career, sees very soon that if he argues simply for himself, narrow self, *i. e.*, so that individual self only appears, his argument will be very weak; and therefore, in order for him to succeed in his pursuit he is obliged to use his powers of eloquence for others. Thus he develops

that activity which we denominate benevolence, or the spirit of help, for the development of every function, whether it be physical or mental, is determined by its use.

Let a man use himself for others and soon he learns to love others. It is a fact long since accepted as a truth in human nature, that you love those most for whom you have done most. You do not necessarily love those most who have done most for you. The parent loves the child better than the child loves the parent, because the parent has done more for the child. The child only begins to love his parents, in a very high sense, when the parents have become old and enfeebled; then it becomes the turn of the child to care for the parent, and in doing for the weak and aged parent, he develops greater love for the parent. The love of the minister for his church, for his parishioners, is greater than the love of the parishioners for the minister, because he does more and suffers more for them than they do for him.

We may say the same thing of the school teacher. The school teacher must of necessity love the pupils better than the pupils can the teacher, for the very reason that the teacher is working for them all the time. The orator, working for others, learns to love those for whom he works.

The tears of the lawyer are not always sham tears; they are not manufactured. I heard of one lawyer who said it took him just three weeks to learn to shed tears. Others supposed he had some kind of trick by which he could excite the glands that secrete tears; but nothing of the kind. It was this, he early learned that he must make his client's cause his own, and when his client's cause became his own he loved that client, he loved his cause, he worked for it, his whole soul was in it. If he did not weep literal tears, the tears in his voice made others weep, for the tears in his

voice were not sham tears. Down deep in his heart he had one single purpose. and that was to save his client.

There is no other kind of study in the world, within the realm of so-called secular studies, to say the least, that will lead one from self to the highest range of his powers like the study of oratory, if it is properly taught and properly studied. Every single pupil in this college to-day is growing as an orator in just the ratio that he is helping, or trying to help, his classmates on all sides of themselves to help them physically, to help them intellectually, to help them morally, to help them spiritually. In just this ratio are his powers of oratory developing. In just this ratio is he developing the art of arts.

How does the orator appeal to self in his audience? It is proper in the orator to appeal to self. Behold how many avenues and how broad some of them are through which the orator can appeal to self in man. There has never been an orator from the Divine Orator down to the narrowest mind that could be called an orator that did not appeal, in the course of his work, his teachings, his discourses, sooner or later, in some form or other to self. Even the oratory of the ministry appeals to self—to "seek salvation before it is everlastingly too late." The great orator appeals to the entire man, from self up to humanity and spirituality.

Let me illustrate this appeal which the orator makes to self. Suppose you are to speak to an audience composed of young men—boys, who have not had proper surroundings and influences, not had education, moral and religious. Where are they? In the main, they are right on the plane of a narrow selfishness; you must appeal to that narrow selfhood just where it is or they will never have a larger selfhood. You, as an orator, must lift the individual from a smaller selfhood to a larger selfhood.

If you will allow me, I will refer to a little instance that came in my own experience down at the North End. I was called upon to speak one evening at a Mission house at the North End, and it was advertised in a way to make the boys there think that there was going to be some real fun. The boys came in quite large numbers; I think a more perfect illustration of the lives they lived could not be shown. As doctors sometimes say when they see a person all broken out with a disease, "a beautiful case," meaning by that the symptoms are definite, clear, unmistakable; and in this case certainly the symptoms were clear and unmistakable. When I looked at the audience I said to myself, "I will give them a lecture on Self-culture." Where did I begin? Just where I knew the boys lived—on the plane of muscular strength. I began to talk with them about wrestling and fighting. We had an interesting time.

Then came the question of how best to develop one's self for wrestling and fighting. They followed every thought. I was speaking to self for a *noble purpose*. Self is put right into the constitution of a man. If it is there, we are going to appeal to it; if it is there, we are going to draw it forward, draw it to wider planes. So we got on from point to point—never had a more interesting audience in my life. Then I began to discuss the matter of diet. They grew interested. I said, "Diet fitted one for this sort of thing—food, and especially drink." I dwelt quite a long time on drink, because drink has quite an effect on a man in regard to his good wrestling qualities. I then showed them how fighting was going out of fashion and that wrestling was coming in place of it. Then finally before we got through, how wrestling was pretty soon going out of fashion, and how these tremendous muscles, this tremendous brawn that we are trying to develop was

going to procure money. Well, I tell you what it is, the boys and I got pretty near to Glory before the hour was half over. I told them I never drank any in my life, and that was one of the reasons why I was so strong. When I had finished the lecture, all those boys came around me, each one reaching to get hold of my muscles.

They said to each other, "Mighty good, and he never had any rum, you know. We want you should come again." I said: "Look here, how many are here." So they were all counted. "Now," I said, "I will come again if you will all sign the pledge to-night never to drink any more, because you want to be strong and healthy, rich and respected. If you will sign the pledge to-night, every one of you, and then send me word that you have got just as many more fellows as rough as you are, fellows who have drunk as much as you have, have fought as much as you have, and have no more respectability than you have, to sign the pledge, I will come again."

Well, in two weeks they sent me word they had gotten more than as many more as rough as they had been to sign the pledge. Thus they had become orators immediately in persuading others to reform. I first appealed to self in them, that is I appealed to them where they then lived, to the welfare of this self, then led them to work for the welfare of others of their class; so God leads men to work for their own highest welfare through finally working for humanity and thereby for the glory of God.

II. *Family*. Now we come to the next impulse. These impulses have been developed little by little throughout the ages.

You have the finest examples of this appeal in literature. What inspires the bulk of the literature of power to-day? The family impulse. The writer knows how to appeal to this. Dickens knows how

to appeal to it, hence he is the incomparable Dickens. When you bring in some fact, some incident that is connected directly with home in its various relations, the home feeling becomes active. Who ever read one of Dickens' works and did not feel more domestic and social for having done so? Who ever listened to John B. Gough, and did not think more about home before he had finished? I have heard that man tell a story of a child, of its relation to the parent, or of the relation of the parent to the child, and rock the audience with the incident. What rocked them so? He touched a secret spring in every heart—the family spring, the family impulse—and there came forth a legitimate response to that touch.

There were two impulses which Mr. Gough could touch as perhaps no other man in this world could at that time, and they were self-interest, which appealed directly to the individual, and love of family relations. "How shall we appeal to these impulses?" Bring some fact or some statement—it need be no more perhaps—that will touch the secret impulses of all persons present in regard to self, and in regard to home. Either of these powers is tremendous when awakened, and you have only to talk about it to awaken it.

III. *Sect.* The next impulse, which through the ages of the development of the human race has finally become a fixture in the human constitution, is love of Sect. Thousands of years before you or I were born these impulses in the human race were being prepared for us. A hundred years and more, before you, my young friends, were born, pianos were being constructed. You do not know anything about their development, you do not know anything about their construction; you only know that they are here, ready to respond to your touch. So it is with the human soul with its many strings and keys, prepared thousands of

years before you and I came into this world ready for the orator to touch; ready to respond to his touch. Without knowing what to touch and how to touch it, we cannot become orators.

Sect or party impulse—a party represents a certain enterprise; the people joining in that enterprise are bound together by the interest they have in common in that enterprise. It may be an enterprise in regard to moral, or secular matters, or it may be in regard to changing the government. Whether they wish to change it to a nobler plane or to a plane which will suit their own interest, they must change it by the use of a party. You say you do not like such a man, he is a sectarian; you do not like sectarianism. I do, as an element. You do not like partyism. I do, as an element. For thousands of years, it has been developed under the superintending hand of God and the fingers of nature and here it is, a strong power in the human soul. The sectarian tendency, the party tendency, is in the human soul, ready to be guided.

Suppose there should be a party organized in this city for the purpose of finding the poor and feeding them. Would not this be a good party? If you join with others that you may work together to make others love God and love men more, is not this good sectarianism? It depends altogether upon the purpose for which a party is organized. Here in the human soul is this tendency to form organizations, it is ready for the orator to touch. A speaker sometimes touches it to low ends, but the true orator always touches it to high ends, and thereby this tendency to organization is used to lift souls nearer to God. An organization for the promulgation of ideas which are true, which are of great benefit to the human race, could not be effected but for the natural impulse in man for party. These impulses that have been developing for ages



in the human soul are engines of power, and are ready to respond to the guiding hand of the orator.

IV. *Nation*. The next plane of human impulse which has been wrought into the human constitution is patriotism. This love of one's Nation has been developed within a comparatively few years. Although it is of comparatively recent date, yet it is now pretty well established in the race.

The tendency to these impulses, *viz.*, love of self, love of family, love of nation, love of humanity, love of Divinity is in the soul, ready to respond to the orator. The orator must first quicken the impulses, raise them to a white heat and then turn them in the direction of that which he is advancing. Do not advance your theme until the audience is ready for it. You must wake them along the line of their constitutional impulses; when you have done so, show that your theme is in accordance with and gratifies these impulses and then these impulses in the souls of your audience will carry the audience with you.

V. *Humanity*. The next plane of impulse for the orator to touch is *Humanity*. It is in every soul to-day; it has been developing all along the ages. When you read the bloody pages of history, written with the sword dipped in human hearts, registering human agony, perhaps you say, "I do not see that there has been any humanity developing all along the ages." But, remember, when you read the pages of history you only read certain results; you get no record of the thousand and one impulses working behind these results. There never was a cruel enterprise stalking forth among mankind but, by its horrid side, walked charity; the demon of ambition and revenge linked together never stepped forth to tread men down but every foot fall awoke humanity.

Mixed and braided with this cruelty have

been working the influences for developing the sense of humanity. We say, "But men are selfish, men have no charity," and I will grant that sometimes it looks so. It does often seem as if men were not only theoretically totally depraved, but practically so, however, this is a wrong conclusion. Just as soon as a right thought is placed before slumbering humanity, it wakes, opens its eyes and comes forth all blooming and active. Oh, when I have read what suffering men would inflict upon their fellow beings and animals, I have said, "O, evil is in them and nothing else, they are totally depraved." But when I have met those same people, though I expected to see a fiend, instead I have seen sweet smiles wreathing a kindly mouth; I have seen a gentle eye, a tender and sympathetic hand and a loving heart. All this is a puzzle. What does it mean? These people are kind and good toward that and concerning that to which their *attention* has been called. It is the orator's first duty then, to call people's attention to great moral questions.

"*The Great Assassin*," as Gladstone calls the Sultan of Turkey, would be stayed by the united voices of the Christian governments, if all the ministers in their pulpits, even though they are few in number when compared with the great multitude, would ring in the proper changes on this theme in their sermons and their prayers, appealing to the love of family and home. Let the people see how they would feel if their families were thus exposed. Let the young man on whom leaned the aged mother whom he so gallantly led into a pew a few moments before, as though she contained for his soul all that is good on earth, see how he would feel if that mother was robbed of her bed, of her food, of her fuel in midwinter, left to starve, and be obliged to leave for foreign lands with the almost forlorn hope of saving his life and hers.

The other day a young man from Armenia told me that he had just received a letter from his mother in which she said: "My son they have taken away my bed; they have taken all my fuel; it is very cold. I have nothing in the house to eat." These are facts. If people's attention could be called to these things so they would look at them, there is not a heart so hard, there is not a politician so ambitious, there is not a statesman nor an office-holder so timid but would say to the "great assassin," "STOP!" You say: "They know these things already." No, it is not a reality to their imagination as the orator could make it; if it was, there would go up from the people of this nation and all other Christian nations the voice of many people like the voice of many waters and the thunder that issued from Sinai and made the mountain tremble would be nothing compared to the cry of the nations that would make that old assassin tremble. It would cause the authorities of the governments to utter a united mandate to cease his persecutions or he should soon become, in the words of prophecy, "like the chaff of the summer's threshing floor." The fact is the attention of the people has not been called to these things. It belongs to oratory to do it. Where are the orators? Orators should look behind appearances and see what is and then sweep their hands across the strings of human hearts until men awake to what is best.

VI. *Divinity.* The last plane I will mention—the height of heights, the one that overlooks them all, shines down upon them all and vitalizes them all—is *Divinity*. You are a reader of ancient history; you are a reader of ancient mythology; you have followed the steps of that ancient, superstitious and sometimes dreadfully wicked mythology, and you say, "I believe in all the planes that you speak of except the plane you call Divinity; the history of the

gods that I have read is a very unpleasant history. I have read of the god Moloch in the valley of Hinnom who was surrounded by fire, of women driving their little ones through the fire, or jumping through it themselves, and carrying their little ones to lay them in the red hot arms of that god. Is this Divinity? I see on a certain mount a great sacred stone over which is flowing human blood, over and above this stone the image of a huge serpent is carved to represent their god. Is this Divinity? Yet people worshipped this god. I see a tall car moving along the street and many persons falling beneath it for the purpose of being crushed so that their souls may ascend to the god who is riding in that car. Is this Divinity?

Agas went by, and no new God. God does not change, but, oh, through the ages, how people's interpretation of Divinity has ascended. To-day, all you need if you would touch this natural key of Divinity in the human soul is to present a high interpretation, a proper interpretation of Divinity, and then there is not a soul that will not be touched by it.

A year or two ago I received a letter from some person whose name I do not now remember, telling me he had seen some report of my lectures where I mentioned God, where I dwelt much upon God and his power. He said: "I supposed that the Emerson College was above this; I had no idea you were hanging to those old superstitions." Well, he was an honest soul, and believed in Divinity. He believed in the Infinite but he had his own way of interpreting Him, and he did not believe the interpretation which had been given of God.

If he gave me a real photograph of the way God had been represented to him, I do not wonder he said: "for the sake of humanity away with Him." This man needed a higher interpretation. *You can never root out of*

*the human heart the sense of the Divine.*

It began when the race felt the first whirlwind and earthquake; it began when man plunged into the deep and felt the all-powerful surge of the waves against which his puny arm was nothing; it began when death stalked across the land and stole his loved ones. The sense of resistless power awoke it and it will never sleep again. It is but a few years—I say few in comparison with the long, long, days, years and centuries, yes, millenniums of history—since we have had an interpretation of Divinity that you and I could respect. I do not believe that God is evolving into higher states, but our interpretation of Him follows the law of evolution.

So, young man, do not think that you can sweep all the chords that the orator's hand should touch in the human soul and leave out the chord of Divinity. It is there; you may let higher lights upon it, you may show proper interpretations of it. Show men what it is and no man will revolt. Said one man: "I do not believe in any one of the gods that ever was or now is, but I believe Jesus Christ was a good fellow." Now, that was his way of putting it. Why do you think he was a good fellow, my dear sir? "Oh, there is something in my soul that answers to His teaching." Ah, that is it; Divinity is in that man strong, loving, bright, blooming, for he says there is something in his heart that responds to Christ's teachings. Oh, Divinity is in men; Divinity is in the world. Young man, if you would be an orator, you must touch this chord.

In closing let me make an application of these principles. Now, look here! What are you doing? You say, "I am listening to a lecture on Evolution just now, concerning the secret keys in the human soul that the orator is to touch, and how he can touch them." Very well, what practical application are you going to make of this

lecture? Perhaps you are going to give a recitation in public for which you are to receive fifty or a hundred dollars. There are those before me who are getting that for an evening's entertainment. Let me say to them, in looking at your recitation, look at it with these keys, with these impulses in your minds. Ever keep the orator's keys in view. See how many points of your recitations which you are to give in that public lecture course will touch these keys. Make the most of these principles when you speak. Now you are getting large sums of money for giving these public recitations or lectures simply because you do touch these keys.

Study carefully your lecture, if it be a lecture; study carefully your recitation, if it be a recitation, and rest it upon these keys. I do not believe in proclaiming a doctrine here or elsewhere that is not practical, that we cannot bring home into our every day work. Therefore, let us bring this home to our every day work, to lecturers, to ministers. Are you to preach next Sunday? Perhaps your sermon is prepared. Look over your own sermon and see how the points of that sermon relate to these keys, and when you express those points be sure that you give them no uncertain ring.

Ministers sometimes say to me, "How should I deliver a sermon?" I will tell those who are here now. Deliver it with reference to these keys in the human soul. Your sermon reads well on paper. Will it touch these keys, is the great question? You are to fasten to these keys for success; to loose from them is failure. All your education in oratory; all your education in rhetoric; all your education in theology must properly serve this one point, *viz.*, touching these keys, that is, properly relating your discourse to these keys.

If you are preaching the Gospel you have all these keys to touch. What a power! What a power! You may have all the

knowledge that books and persons can give you of Theology, it is valuable if properly used, but it is not enough. You must know how to turn all these things to account. There are a hundred persons in your congregation, there are two hundred in yours, five hundred in yours, I understand there are a thousand in yours. Just think; if there are a thousand in yours how many keys you have to touch! If there are a

hundred in yours, six hundred keys to touch. A thousand in yours, six thousand keys to touch, and you are there for no purpose, but to bring forth the heavenly music from the harmony of six thousand keys.

*N. B. "The above lecture is entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1897 by Charles Wesley Emerson in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C."*

## Songs of the Heart.

*By Emily Louise McIntosh, A. B. '97.*

### MOTHERHOOD.

*To C. H. P.*

A new dawn is in the sky,  
A new day is here,  
It has risen in the eyes  
Of this baby dear.

Light is over all the land,  
Radiance on the sea;  
Sunshine brightens all the strand.  
Of the years to be.

Blessed trinity of spheres,  
Joyous life complete,  
Teacher, wife and mother  
Your crowning day we greet.

### A SOUL-GARDEN.

*To J. E. S.*

What a wondrous garden  
Of flowers turned to the light.  
Oh, the face of the queen flower  
Radiant, pure and bright.  
How this upward reaching lily  
Told them of the plains of peace  
If they kept their faces sunward  
Where all darks and shadows cease  
Oh, the glory of the living,  
Growing in the purest air.  
Friends? The purest of the blossoms  
Communing with nature rare.

Do you know, these flowers were human?  
Souls of women, upward bound  
And they held her lessons gracious,  
Full of meaning, dear profound.  
This pure, truth-inspiring leader,  
Smote the fountains deep of being,  
Till the heart-strings rung together:  
"We're believing, for we're seeing!"

Into distant lands they journeyed  
And each woman wore a signet,  
And the people, seeing, trusted,  
For she lived the truth she taught,  
Truth and living both were equal,  
So they could not well refuse.

How this once small circle widened,  
Shone and shone with gathering brightness  
Sending rays of truth abroad,  
Till a mighty nation's women  
Greet the century and will ring in  
Nobler thinking,  
Purer living,  
Higher intercourse with God.

### DREAM-MOTHER.

*To S. E. R.*

When I close my eyes in slumber  
And my soul drifts out to rest  
Where the poppies without number  
Sleepy, float their scarlet crest,  
There comes down upon my forehead  
Like a signet dear of rest  
Kisses warm, that thrill my being  
With a joy unspoken, blest  
Arms of snowy whiteness clasp me  
While a crooning song so sweet  
Blends my waking and my dreaming  
In a melody complete:—

1.

"Sleep, little dream child; sleep!  
You are mine in the resting time.  
Love is rocking and soothing you,  
Mother-love floodeth the great deep blue  
And over the wee ones guard doth keep.

2.

There! Heaven's gift to the earth—  
I love you and fold you around



Even in waking I hover near,  
Each little word and action dear,  
I have guarded my darling from birth.

3.

Blessed segment of love  
Sent down by the Dear Heart of All—  
Up in my dream home where  
Sweet bells chime  
When earth's dear children keep  
Rhythm and rhyme  
In the beautiful poem of living  
I am, over you, round you,  
A voice in your soul,  
When the verses are scattered, uneven,  
And if you'll but listen,  
I'll help with the word  
To make living a beautiful whole.

\* \* \*

Her last words were deeper than children can tell  
But love reads back of the word  
And the mystical meaning in love's clear light,  
Was understood as I heard.  
And now as my life struggles upward and on,  
And my soul thro' its contests are growing  
Sleeping or waking, dear dream-mother bides  
And I daily grow better for knowing.

## A ROYAL BIRTHDAY.

To J. T. K.

"That our sons may be as plants grown up in  
their youth; that our daughters may be as corner  
stones polished after the similitude of a palace.

When rare souls come to earth to dwell,  
The window of heaven opens wide,  
And a holy hush, benediction,  
Descends and bears like a tide  
These angels of light with aroma of love  
That permeates being and grows  
Till a woman, high born, a soulflower fair  
We behold, *for the spirit knows*.  
If the joy is great when a soul returns  
From its loving service on earth,  
What must it be when a soul embarks  
To sound all being thro' birth.

\* \* \*

And so when some dear one stands at the crest  
Of one of the heights living,  
And cheers us on, seeing only our best,  
My soul bends low in thanksgiving.

Ashmount, Mass., 1896.

## "The Press of the Storm."

BY M. FRANCES HOLBROOK.

"The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea  
And hears it roar beneath."

In a peaceful room a woman sits by a  
genial wood fire. Her hair is white and  
smooth, and her brow is placid, contrasting  
strongly with the agony in her eyes.

She is trying to read by a softly shaded  
lamp, but the wind moans so, that instead  
of printed pages she sees in the book, dark  
heaving waters, a boat overturned, and a  
white face sinking.

Oh, how can she bear it! She drops the  
book and walks about the room for a mo-  
ment, then takes a candle and goes up to  
the light-house tower to trim the lamp.

It is past midnight, but on nights like  
this she cannot sleep. Her husband does.  
He has been in bed for hours. Do men  
forget, or do their wills more readily bend  
to God's? No, for she said that it was  
God's will, and tried to believe—*did*  
believe it; but she cannot forget, and on  
such nights as this, she *cannot* sleep.

She trims the great lamp, then opens  
the little door of the tower—she must  
go out upon the narrow balcony.  
The wind will cool her head; then she  
must see those cruel straits again, which  
stole her boy that night. They looked then  
just as they do now, all black and angry  
with occasional white spittings.

There is a glare of pale yellow away  
down on the western horizon, and all above  
it heavy rushing clouds,—then to the east-  
ward the dark outline of a coast.

Oh, the frightful energy of the wind as it  
drives the waves unrelentingly against the  
rocks below her, and scatters the white  
foam!

Uncanny eyes of neighboring light-

houses flash out at her or vanish again, or gaze at her with a long cold stare across the water. Back on the land tall fir trees are flinging their high arms about and groaning and breaking and crashing down.

Over to the west where the clouds are piling above the yellow glaring horizon, they had found his boat over-turned.

He was only fifteen, this brown eyed boy of hers, when he went away. He had taken the light-house boat one day and had sailed out, in love of boyish freedom, on the glassy, treacherous straits; the wind had blown that night, and they had only found his boat over-turned, but ever since on stormy nights, the mother has seen a white face sinking. How could she bear it!—her child—her only one, her *life*, lost in that cold water—tossed and driven and beaten under those black waves.

The wind flings her grey hair about her face, and sways her so that she clutches the railing for support. What if she should blow over and fall down into that deep water? Then there would be no more such

nights to live through—no more nights of agony when the wind blew—just a catching of the breath as she fell, a plunge into the cold water, and—no more forever.

She would just unloose her hands from the railing—she would just blow off and then down, down and then no more forever.

How the wind shrieked, and swayed her frail figure! One hand—both hands unloosed, a wild pelting gust, and she falls against the little door of the tower and pushes it in. Half stunned she lies still a moment, then blinded by the flaming light in front of the great reflector, she rises slowly, takes the candle and creeps feebly down the winding stairs.

In the peaceful sitting-room with the softly shaded lamp, she seems to have awakened from a horrible dream, she smooths her damp grey hair, and sits thoughtfully down by the genial fire.

The horror fades away, and on windy nights thereafter a still peace settles upon her. A peace that passeth understanding.

## Tom. Hood.

BY WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

Of poets born with no small measure of genius, but prevented by the hard conditions of human fortune from using the divine gift as they would fain have done, Hood is a striking example. He was an invalid all his life, and for most of it engaged in a continued struggle with poverty. An outline of his history will show how his literary work and his position as a poet were affected by his circumstances.

In his youth, after such slender education as he could get in London day schools, he was put into a counting-room, but his feeble constitution could not endure the confinement to a desk. Later he tried to learn the engraver's trade, but this he had to give up for the same reason. He soon began to write a little for the newspapers, and at the

age of twenty-two was lucky enough to get a position as sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, at that time one of the leading periodicals of its class in England. In his 'Literary Reminiscences' he tells very pleasantly how this brought him into acquaintance with Charles Lamb, who was in many respects a kindred spirit and became his fast friend; also with Coleridge, Allan Cunningham, De Quincey, Wordsworth, and many other prominent writers of the day. He was a constant visitor at Colebrooke Cottage, the home of Lamb, and gossips delightfully of the evenings he spent there. In referring to those "ambrosial nights," he sportively anticipates the recent marvellous invention of the phonograph. This is the passage:—

"Alas! What a pity it is that so many good things uttered by poets and wits and humorists at chance times—and they are always the best and brightest, like sparks struck out by Pegasus' own hoof in a curvet amongst the flints—should be daily and hourly lost to the world for want of a recorder! But in this Century of Inventions, when a self-acting drawing-paper has been discovered for copying visible objects, who knows but that a future Niepce or Daguerre, or Herschel, or Fox Talbot may find out some sort of Boswellish writing-paper to repeat whatever it hears!"

This was said in jest, but science has now made sober earnest of it. We have now a writing-paper that will record what is spoken to it, and talk it back whenever we wish,—a machine as simple as a coffee-mill yet more wonderful in its results than any magical device that Oriental imagination in its wildest flights ever dreamed of.

Hood's earliest published works were of a humorous character,—*'Odes and Addresses to Great People,'* written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Reynolds, and *'Whims and Oddities,'* but these were soon followed by *'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies and Other Poems,'*—a volume the greater part of which was of a more serious and a higher vein. These and similar productions of later date are his best work, and that on which his fame as a poet must finally rest; and I believe that he would have written much more of this character if the popular taste had not demanded fun and nonsense instead, and the alternative had not been to supply the demand or starve. His serious poems—delicate and exquisite as they were, failed to be appreciated, while his wit and humor were heartily welcomed. He must be a jester, to earn money; and he must earn money, to support his family. The precarious state of his health admonished him to make the most of his powers while they should hold out, and in the way that would be most directly lucrative. To add to his

burdens, a firm with which he had business relations failed, and involved him in its losses. He would not take advantage of the Bankrupt Act, but, like Scott, determined to pay off the debt by hard labor and rigid economy. In 1835, he took his family to Germany in order to live more cheaply, and settled at Coblenz on the Rhine; in 1837, he removed to Ostend in Belgium, and remained there till 1840, when he returned to London to spend the few remaining years of his life—for he died in May, 1848, at the early age of forty-six. Painful, hard-working years were these, filled with editorial and other literary drudgery, and so poorly paid that they barely served to keep the poet and his household from actual want. A short time before his death he received a government pension of £100 (\$500) a year, which cheered his declining days a little, especially as it was to be continued to his wife after he was gone. How small his income was we may judge from the fact that this little pension of £100 seemed to him a very godsend. It did not release him from the necessity of hard work under circumstances when few men would think they could work at all, but it assured him that the wolf would be kept from the door. The wittiest man in all England, like Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," wrote many of his merriest things propped up on a bed of sickness from which he could not hope to rise, bleeding at the lungs and putting his very life-blood into the jests that sent a laugh throughout the land and even across the seas. They were sport for all but himself and those who tenderly watched at his bedside. Nothing can be sadder than the story of this portion of his life as told by his daughter in the *'Memorials'* prepared fifteen years later. One passage is a summary of the whole painful record:—

"His own family never enjoyed his

quaint and humorous fancies, for they were all associated with memories of illness and anxiety. Although Hood's *Comic Annual*, as he himself used to remark with pleasure, was in every home seized upon, and almost worn out with the handling of little fingers, his children did not enjoy it till the lapse of many years had mercifully softened down some of the sad recollections connected with it."

After his death Hood began to be better appreciated. His works, which had been so little remunerative to himself, were a valuable legacy to his children. "The income," says his daughter, "which his works now produce to his children might then have prolonged his life for many years." At the present time, as a recent critic remarks, "his principal poems are probably more widely known and appreciated than those of any modern author."

If Hood had nothing but his serious poems as a foundation for his fame, he would nevertheless be sure of a high place in English literature—perhaps as high as Mr. Rossetti accords him in saying that he is the best English poet "between the generation of Shelley and the generation of Tennyson."

Of these serious poems the longest, though of only about a thousand lines, is 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' written in the style of Spenser. It attracted no special attention when first published, but is nevertheless, as his daughter says, "a most artistic poem, which has latterly been more fairly appreciated in spite of its antiquated style." I remember reading it when I was a boy and being charmed with it, and on re-perusing it now I enjoy it even more. The plan of the poem is simple, but a pretty fancy, and it is executed with that minute finish and completeness which was the characteristic of all Hood's work when not writing "against time" to keep the printer supplied with "copy."

The whole poem is redolent with imaginative beauty, and the tribute to Shakespeare is one that he himself would have been delighted to accept. Some one has said, indeed, that there is something Shakespearian in these poems of Hood's—in kind, though not in degree—and they are not unworthy of the praise. 'Hero and Leander' reminds one of 'Venus and Adonis,' and some of the shorter lyrics have a blended grace and vigor such as few since Shakespeare have attained. Poe, one of the most fastidious of critics, considered the ballad of 'Fair Ines' perfect of its kind, and his verdict has been generally indorsed. And yet all Hood's ballads are almost as faultless. Of his more imaginative pieces, the 'Ode to the Moon' and the 'Ode to Melancholy' are 'bright consummate flowers' of English song. The closing lines of the latter may be familiar to the reader, but I cannot refrain from quoting them here :—

"All things are touched with melancholy,  
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,  
To feel her fair ethereal wings  
Weighed down with vile degraded dust.  
Even the bright extremes of joy  
Bring on conclusions of disgust,  
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,  
Whose fragrance ends in must.  
Oh, give her, then, her tribute just,  
Her sighs, and tears, and musings holy!  
There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;  
There's not a string attuned to mirth  
But has its chord in melancholy."

How many more such poems we might have had if the stupid British public had not insisted that Hood should play the clown, or let his family starve! The noblest poet of the time was forced by the perverted taste of his generation to lay aside his laurel crown and don the jester's cap and bells for their amusement!

The humorous poems of Hood are of unequal merit. When the fun was natural and spontaneous, it was inimitable in its



way. He enjoyed writing it as we enjoy reading it. The 'Tale of a Trumpet' and 'Miss Kilmansegg,' for example, are the outflow of exuberant humor. The verse flows with an ease and a vivacity that carry the reader away on the irresistible current. But in many of his comic verses we see only the forced wit of the professional clown, who must make fun because he is "down in the bill." Their flow is that of the pump, not of the fountain. The monthly magazine must have its usual measure of mirth and nonsense, whether the editor were well or sick. When an author has once established a reputation for wit, the great majority of his readers accept whatever he may give them in that line without being over-nice as to the quality of it; and much of his comic verse is of a very poor sort. It answered its purpose at the time, but it was not worth preserving; and if he had lived to revise his works for a standard edition he would doubtless have thrown most of it away. The same may be said of the larger part of his prose writings, which were produced under a similar pressure to fill the monthly quota of pages. Sometimes when confined to his room by sickness ("roomatism," as he punningly called it), and yet compelled to write, there was absolutely nothing to make sport of except his own infirmities and sufferings; so that some of his merriest effusions, as he himself says, were "the relaxations of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health." He could laugh at his own emaciated figure, which, as he said, looked like "a lath that has had a split with the carpenter and a fall-out with the plaster; but so much the better; remember how the smugglers trim the sails of the lugger to escape the notice of the cutter. Turn your edge to the old enemy and mayhap he won't see you."

I have said that this sick-room wit was forced, but there was genuine heroism in

the cheerful patience of the man under all his ills and trials. He did not laugh and joke in his magazine, and groan and complain in his chamber. Speaking of his sick days while on the Continent, he says:

"It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of a physician quite as much abroad as myself with the case; indeed the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale; there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind luckily had no mind to give in."

And this was his brave cheery tone to the last hour of his life. His last verses, written not long before his death, are characteristic as showing how his soul rose above the physical weakness and prostration of ebbing life, when the body seemed, as it were, sinking back to its native earth—rose above it into the dawning light and ambrosial air of the celestial life. I must quote the stanzas:—

"Farewell, life, my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill;  
Strong the earthy odor grows—  
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, life! the spirit strives!  
Strength returns, and hope revives;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom.  
Warm perfume for vapor cold—  
I smell the rose above the mould!"

Whether as a man or as a writer, Hood is one whom we cannot help liking. He has been called "the poet of *sympathy*,"

and no man ever had a larger or tenderer heart. We think of him as a wit, but he was truly a philanthopist. He might have said, like Abou Ben Adhem to the angel, "write me as one that loves his fellow-men!" No social reformer in all England did so much to rouse public interest in the wrongs of the laboring classes as he by his 'Lay of the Laborer' and 'The Song of the Shirt' and 'The Bridge of Sighs.' He looked into his own heart and wrote. He had himself been taught in the school of poverty, though in a different class of that great seminary, and he knew how to plead the cause of his more unfortunate brethren who could not speak for themselves. He became their interpreter and advocate, and a most eloquent and persuasive one.

'The Song of the Shirt' was the work of a single evening, little more than a year before his death—or shall we call it the *inspiration* rather than the "work?"

It appeared anonymously in the Christmas number of *Punch*, and was the most effective Christmas sermon preached that year in London or in the world. As another has said, "No other lyric ever was written that at once laid such hold upon the finest emotions of people of every class or nationality, throughout the whole reading or listening world—for it drew tears from the eyes of princes, and was chanted to rude music by ballad-mongers in the wretchedest streets."

It was Hood's own desire that the inscription on his monument should be, "He sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" The monument was not erected till nine years after his death, and then all classes gratefully thronged to contribute to the testimonial. "The rich gave their guineas; the poor artisans and laborers, the needle-women and dressmakers, in hosts, their shillings and pence." Even Wordsworth, who did not believe in building monuments to departed poets, would have delighted to see

a memorial like that. The poem was, indeed, his true monument and one that will outlive the beautiful marble structure in Kensal Green, but that eager and spontaneous offering of the London poor to the poet who had so eloquently sung in their behalf was a fitting and beautiful tribute to his memory which should be recorded and treasured with the song through all coming time.

'The Bridge of Sighs' was written a few months later—like 'The Lady's Dream' and the 'Lay of the Laborer,' the production of that last year of his life when he was confined to his bed by hopeless and painful sickness. It is a more remarkable poem than 'The Song of the Shirt'—the presentation of a more painful theme, and elaborated with equal power and delicacy. In the words of one who is a poet as well as a critic, "It is the sublimation of charity and forgiveness, the passion of the gospel itself; the theme is here touched once and forever; other poets who have essayed it, with few exceptions, have smirched their fingers, and soiled or crushed the shell they picked from the mud, in their very effort to redeem it from pollution. The dramatic sorrow which attends the lot of womanhood in the festering city reaches its ultimate expression in the 'Bridge of Sighs' and 'The Song of the Shirt.' They were the twin prayers, which the suffering poet sent up from his deathbed, and, methinks, should serve as an expiation for the errors of his simple life."

I have said that *sympathy* was the characteristic of Hood as a poet, and especially sympathy with the poor and the suffering. But there was nothing narrow or restricted in his sympathy. It was as broad as it was sensitive and tender. He was eminently free from all bigotry—a true Christian, and a most liberal one. His 'Ode to Rae Wilson' is a satirical yet earnest expression

of this "broad Christianity." He is righteously indignant with those who

"look on erring souls as straying pigs,  
That must be lashed by law, wherever found,  
And driven to church as to the parish pound.

\* \* \*

"One wishes worship freely given to God,  
Another wants to make it statute-labor;  
The broad distinction in a line to draw,  
As means to lead us to the skies above,  
You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,  
And I—the Saviour with his law of love!

"Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
Like the magnetic needle to the pole;  
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,  
Fresh from Saint Andrew's College,  
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

\* \* \*

"As for the rest—intolerant to none,  
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,  
Even the poor Pagan's homage to the sun  
I would not rashly scorn lest even there  
I spurned some elements of Christian prayer—  
An aim, though erring, at a 'world ayont'—  
Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,  
A sense of need, of weakness, and, indeed,  
The very thing so many Christians want—  
Humility.

\* \* \*

"Such, may it please you, is my humble faith;  
I know full well you do not like my *works*.  
I have not sought, 't is true, the Holy Land,  
As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,  
The Bible in one hand,  
And my own commonplace book in the other—  
But you have been to Palestine—alas!  
Some minds improve by travel; others rather  
Resemble copper wire, or brass,  
Which gets the narrower by going farther!

\* \* \*

"With sweet kind natures, as in honeyed cells,  
Religion lives, and feels herself at home;  
But only on a formal visit dwells  
Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.  
Shun pride, O Rae! Whatever sort beside  
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride."

But with all his power of sarcasm and satire, it is remarkable that Hood never indulges in personality and bitterness. In all his works there is not an attack on any personal enemy—not a line the least uncharitable or unjust to any one. I have said that

he and Lamb were bosom friends. In this respect they were congenial spirits, for Lamb's nature was as gentle as his name. Hood, in his 'Literary Reminiscences,' dwells fondly on this trait of his friend—"his charity, in its widest sense, the moderation in judgment which, as Miller says, is 'the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.' If he was intolerant of anything, it was of intolerance. . . . He hated evil-speaking, carping, and petty scandal." This, which Hood says of Lamb, might as fitly be said of himself. He goes on on to tell how Lamb once in conversation "having slipped out an anecdote to the discredit of a literary man, the next moment, with an expression of remorse," bound Hood solemnly to bury the story in his own bosom. He tells another characteristic anecdote of Lamb. A censorious neighbor told Lamb that a young lady, a teacher whom he knew, had married a small innkeeper. Instead of the ill-natured comment that was obviously expected, Lamb replied, "Has she so? then I'll have my beer there."

Another marked trait in Hood's writings is their perfect *purity* of sentiment and expression. The humorous author is apt to yield to the temptation to spice his productions with coarseness and indelicacy—to gain piquancy sometimes at the expense of decency—but Hood never sins in that way. His wit is often of the most impulsive and exuberant sort, but it is always pure—because there was a pure heart behind it. He could let it flow freely, for the fountain was fresh and sweet. His wife, who was in all respects his worthy mate,—as true and devoted as she was gifted and accomplished,—was his first public; and what he wrote for her eye might well endure the scrutiny of all other eyes, however fastidious.

Am I treating my subject too seriously? But I could not well help it. I did mean, indeed, to say more about some of Hood's

humorous works—his 'Up the Rhine,' for instance, which is perhaps the best of his humorous prose and very pleasant reading from first to last—but after all little need be said about that side of the man's genius. The fear rather is that we may overlook or not fully recognize the more serious and

really far better work that he did. And his life was such a tragedy that to one who becomes acquainted with its suffering and its heroism it is impossible to turn from it to dwell on the comedy connected with it. The tragedy was no mere acting, as the comedy was, but a bitter reality.

## Morning Talk.

BY PRES. EMERSON.

### GESTURE

The gestures of an orator influence those who know nothing about gesture, just as much as they influence those who know all the philosophy of gesture. All persons are influenced by gesture. It belongs to human nature to be influenced by the gestures of others. This is so deeply true that persons are often more affected by that gesture which is unobserved than by those gestures which are observed. The most powerful speakers, those whose gestures are most effective, are not noticed as making gestures. Perhaps we are not conscious of the very gesture which influences us most. A person who is struck by lightning is not conscious of thunder, nor of the lightning which is playing around. He is struck, that is all. So with gesture, it is like lightning; it produces its effect unobserved. In order for a gesture to be thus effective it must be true.

Effective gestures rest upon certain fundamental principles. Certain laws govern all parts of the human body, and govern those parts according to their peculiar structure. All effective gestures are made with reference to the *center of the agent through which the gesture is made*. For instance, if I make a gesture with my hand, that gesture is made with reference to the centre of the hand. If I make a gesture with my arm, the gesture is made with reference to the center of the arm. What might be called normal gestures, that is,

natural gestures, are all made as if there were something in the very centre of the agent which impels it to move. The impulse must spring from the centre of the agent, else the gesture is not normal. It is right to make an abnormal gesture if it is made to represent an abnormal thing, but all normal expression acts through centers.

This principle of the impulse of centers is universal. All action in the universe is by means of centers. The law of gravitation is universal, no scientist questions this; yet it works through given centres: so of everything else. The centre of our planetary system is the sun, and the planets are under the government and control of that centre.

The structure and activities of the human body illustrate this principle. Each system is governed by a dominant centre. For instance, the arterial system has its centre, the heart; the heart governs it. There are arteries, there are veins, but these are dominated by the great centre, the heart, which receives the blood from the veins, sends it again into the arteries. Then there is the nervous system. There are numerous nerve centres which might be called inferior brains, but these are all governed by the brain which is the dominant centre for the entire nervous system. Some nerves go direct to the brain, as the nerves of special sense, etc., while the motor, the sensor and the sympathetic nerves have different



centres; but there is one centre that dominates them all, and that is the brain.

Now, all your movements should be governed by centres. When you lift your arm up, or bring it down, in the center of the arm should be the leading impulse. This center is in the middle of the forearm, half way between the elbow and the wrist. The impulse is right in the center of the arm, as if it were a round ball there, or as if something that *impels* were locked up in there, like the powder in a rock that impels the rock to burst. So in walking, the centre of movement should be in the middle of the leg below the knee, just half way between the knee and the ankle. If you give the impulse from any other point than that central part, your walk will be ungraceful.

Physical Culture as outside training, can never make you a graceful walker. It must be something more. You may say it ought to do it. Perhaps it ought, but it will not in the nature of things. In addition to physical culture, you must have a good mind. Now, a good mind is always seeking graceful and beautiful expression through the body, but for want of bodily training it often fails to give that beautiful expression. The physical culture exercises, if you take them properly, will render your body fully capable of expressing the highest characteristics of grace, but unless those characteristics are innate within you they cannot be expressed. Train a person to the movement in walking which shall attract no attention to itself. That is abnormal which attracts attention to itself. So when I say a gesture attracts attention, or a movement or a walk attracts attention, there is something that is not right or it would not force you to give your attention.

This is a law concerning gracefulness, that if in movement, you use any agent that is not necessary to the end sought, the result is awkwardness. If in walking, I use

any part of myself not necessary to walking, I will walk in an ugly manner to a greater or less degree. Did you ever think how many parts are necessarily used in walking? I see a great many persons in their walking, making efforts with parts that are not necessary to the walking. Any unnecessary exertion is from the object of walking, and therefore is not graceful. Animals, quadrupeds, at least, are under the absolute necessity of walking with four limbs. The biped is not under this necessity. When I see a person walking with four, instead of two limbs, the appearance is that he is not on the path of evolution, but on the path of devolution; downwards instead of upwards.

When you walk, the arms should be left entirely free. You should not hold them constricted at your side; you certainly should not put energy into them. Do not swing them nor restrain them. Let them hang just as freely from the shoulders as though they were *ropes attached to the points of the shoulders*. When you see a person making extra exertion in walking there is a symptom of weakness of some kind, moral, physical, or aesthetic. Grace must be in the soul or it cannot be expressed in the body. If the sense of the love of the beautiful and the sense of form are not in the soul, the body cannot respond to them. In order for a person to be graceful, there must be something of the aesthetic in the feeling of the individual.

When I speak of not moving the arms in walking, I am talking of economy of movement. If it were necessary to use the arms it would be graceful. If you see a person balancing on some high and dangerous point, he will use his arms, and he looks graceful in so doing, because you feel the necessity of using the arms. I see a great many young people who know considerable of the proprieties of good society, and have been in what is called good

society a great deal, and I sometimes see vulgarity in their movements for the very reason that they make exertions that are not necessary. They cannot walk across the floor without calling attention to themselves. They cannot rise from their seats nor sit down without calling attention to themselves. Anything that calls attention to one's self is vulgar. We all feel that we would like to avoid being vulgar in our manners, and we treat the subject of manners here, ~~as~~ not only an important subject, but one that has actually to do with morals. It is so akin to morals that there is certainly a relationship between good manners and good morals. We wish every person to cultivate that which will give him refinement of manners. I do not need to argue the importance of having refined manners, for if you were told your manners indicated vulgarity, you would be exceedingly pained; but we can not have good manners on certain occasions, unless we have them on all occasions. A young man who does not practice good manners every day when he meets his grandmother, cannot show good manners when he meets the young lady fair. Good manners are a habit; you cannot put them on and off on occasion. Bad manners are, in the estimation, or the feeling of many people, unpardonable. I read in the writings of a great philosopher once, this in substance,—that a person might have stolen, and the world would forgive him, thinking he had repented of it, but if he had shown bad manners and discourtesy, the world will never forgive him. Whether the world is right or wrong is perhaps a question, but such is the feeling of the world in regard to manners. Never call attention to what you are doing, nor to the methods of your work. Breathing is a very necessary thing, because nobody was ever known to live very much longer than he breathed, still, if a person draws attention to breathing,

he is a vulgar person. So not only must we avoid calling attention to what we do, by overdoing, or using the powers or faculties we do not need to use; but we should also be very careful not to show that we are *trying* not to be vulgar.

I will now say a few words on unbroken lines in the body. It is very difficult to state in words what is meant by unbroken lines. If you take any point, we will say of a statue, as that will be the most convenient object for the purpose of illustrating, and draw a line, starting with any extremity of the body you can follow with the eye that line to an opposite extremity, to the utmost point of the opposite extremity. You will see that in the Greek statue there will be no break in this line, there will be an individuality there. The same thing is true of a painting.

Now, this unbroken line is one of the principles of unity in art. You will notice that any work of art takes its rank from two things, one is *unbroken line*, the other is the *length of line* suggested. It is certain that the Greeks obeyed this law, whether they understood the principle, and taught it as a principle or not. Any work of art takes its rank from the length of line suggested and the perfection of line, because if an artist has been able to so carry on his work that no line is broken, and all lines suggest illimitation, the work of art will be perfect; all other things will be right; all other things will be contained. For if there were anything else wrong it would affect the lines so they would be wrong, it is a case where the greater contains the less.

It is a question among modern critics, as to the value of the works of Michael Angelo, as compared to the works of the great Greek artists,—Phidias perhaps,—as he represents the highest perfection which Greek art attained. Some think the Greek

art is superior to that of Michael Angelo, and others think that Michael Angelo ranks as high in his work as any Greek. The Greek artist in sculpture had this advantage over Michael Angelo, he had better models from which to work. The lines in Michael Angelo's works, in his paintings, in his sculpture, are not so long, they do not suggest in the human body that illimitation, found in Greek art. This was not Michael Angelo's fault, it was not because of his inability to paint or to carve; it was because of the inferiority of his subjects. The Greek artist had cultivated bodies as subjects. Physical Culture had been carried to a very high state four hundred years before Christ. It was carried by the Greeks higher than it has ever been carried by any other people in the history of man.

Now, in the work of the Greek artist, the lines are unbroken, because they were unbroken in the Greek subjects in consequence of this high physical culture; while the people that Michael Angelo had for subjects were not physically cultivated, hence the line is often short and broken. He carved truly; he even improved on his subject very much, for he was a great

student of anatomy. He spent thirteen years in the dissecting room, to see how nature built. He was a wonderful scholar, and he brought all his knowledge into the service of art. He obtained from the structure of the human body suggestions of what man would have been had he cultivated this body, but of course, having to imagine from the structure of the body, what man in his time had not attained, he could not reach the ideal. The human body of the Greek was more beautiful than a man in modern times can imagine. Michael Angelo had never seen such a figure as the best cultivated of the Greeks possessed.

I am speaking of these unbroken lines, not that I can expect to define them to you so that at the first view you can say, "That is an unbroken line," but to lead you to study this matter of lines. The subject of lines in physical culture is fundamental, and your eye must be trained to see them before you can teach physical culture well. Your eye must have considerable training, and now is the time to train it, during the years you are here where your attention is called to these things.

"Long ago in old Granada, when the Moors were forced to flee,

Each man locked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come, when they

Should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all their prime,

Vanished, as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumbling touch of time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings, where we vainly long to be,

And through all life's changing phases, ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too in truth,

For no more shall we behold her. Our Granada's, name is Youth.

We have our delusive day dreams, and rejoice when, now and then,

Some old heart-string stirs within us, and we feel our youth again.

'We are young,' we cry triumphant, filled with old time joy and glee.  
Then the dream fades, slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the key."

## Casca.

BY CHARLES W. PAUL.

Shakespeare, for artistic reasons, does not always make his characters identical with those persons in history. But the historic Casca and the dramatic Casca are one. Hence, in painting his portrait, we may use the colors furnished both by the text, and by Plutarch. Although, in fact, nearly all of the historical material is embodied in the play.

Cæsar called Casca a "villain." To Brutus he was "gentle Casca"; "blunt" Casca. Cassius addressed or referred to him as "honest Casca"; "dull" Casca; Casca quick metttled.

"In execution.

Of any bold or noble enterprise."

While Antony says, "valiant Casca"; "envious Casca"; and "damned Casca."

How are we to harmonize all of these contradictory epithets? Only by studying the motives and passions, by which the speakers were swayed.

Cæsar had the best of reasons for calling Casca a villain: for from him had just fallen the first blow of a deadly assault.

From "noble" Brutus, we expect a just estimate; and we are not disappointed. For as Iago was "nothing, if not critical"; so Casca was nothing, if not blunt.

The term "gentle" as Brutus applied it was merely a form; and not significant.

Cassius was politic. He possessed a keen insight to human nature. This combination of qualities, made insincerity to him, an almost irresistible temptation. The adjectives, therefore, which he applies to Casca, when addressing him, are not representative of the latter's characteristics. But this very ability to read human nature,

makes his opinion, expressed to Brutus, of great weight.

"*Brutus.* He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cassius.* So is he now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise. However, he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite."

Believing, as Emersonians, that "The greatest thing in oratory is the orator," we naturally are inclined to value the opinion of so great an orator as Antony. But his epithets are so colored by the passions of the hour, that they reveal, not Casca, but himself.

And so from others, we get only fragmentary outlines of the man; and are forced to say with Plato: "Speak, that I may know you."

Casca is first introduced to us at the "Feast of the Lupercal," where he appears in the role of spokesman for the "foremost man of the world."

"*Cæsar.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

\* \* \*

*Cæsar.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again."

[*Music ceases.*]

Right here we may note two attributes of the man—ambition and bluntness. He evidently desires to ingratiate himself with Rome's Dictator, by the display of great zeal in his behalf. He would also, by his brusque, officious manner, challenge the admiration of the populace, as the great imperial watch-dog.

Shortly after this, Casca describes, to Brutus and Cassius, Cæsar's refusal of the "kingly crown."

Perhaps more is shown of the man, in this interview, than any where else in the play. Here, he is ambitiously seeking to curry favor with two leading aristocrats.



He would have them believe, by his crusty, off-hand manner, that he is so familiar with the secret motives of such men as Cæsar and Antony, as to feel rather bored, in being asked for any details of the affair. We can feel him all the while mentally saying, "I'd have you know, that I know a thing or two about politics and affairs."

On that night when

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:" and  
"Stars with trains of fire"

appeared, Cicero meets Casca, pale, breathless, and with staring eyes, hurrying along the street with drawn sword. He stops to explain that just "against the capitol" he met a lion; and mentions other prodigies. Was the man a coward? Imagine yourself, during a severe thunder shower, some dark night in July, hurrying along Beacon street mall. Just opposite the steps of the State House you meet a lion escaped from the "Zoo." What would be your feelings? How many of us would even stand our ground?

But perhaps the parallel is not a just one. For Roman Patricians, of this period, were trained as soldiers. They were enured to physical hardships and dangers. The whole Roman populace were familiar with scenes of bloodshed. Indeed, a favorite pastime was watching the tragedies enacted in the Amphitheatre, where gladiators daily contended their right to life, with ferocious wild beasts. Casca was not lacking in physical bravery. It was this display of supernatural phenomena, which unnerved him. He felt as Macbeth did, when he exclaimed:

"What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger:  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble."

Superstition was his weakness. Cassius instantly perceived this, when he met him,

a few moments later; and no sooner perceived it, than turned it to his own advantage. He persuades him, that the gods but show their anger towards Rome's tyrant. That Cæsar's enemies are patriots, and have nothing to fear from these "strange eruptions." Casca immediately embraces salvation; and with the usual ardor of a new convert vows:

"I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest."

Another illustration of Casca's bluntness and love of controversy, is shown in the colloquy, which occurs at the house of Brutus, regarding the point at which the sun will rise. Although he has the right of the matter, yet he argues from sheer love of the thing.

Later in the night Cassius nominates Cicero, as a confederate. Casca, with politic ardor, immediately seconds the motion. Two other conspirators endorse the nomination. Then Brutus, who far exceeds the others in prestige and popularity, opposes the suggestion. Ambition immediately replies:

"Indeed, he is not fit."

"Consistency thou art a jewel"! but thou, Casca, would'st be a flashing gem, worn by the foremost man present!

As the plot develops, Casca is assigned to strike the first blow. What more natural than that the leaders should give full rein to his zeal, and allow him to take the position of greatest danger? It is ever so. The history of conspiracies will furnish innumerable parallels. Guy Fawkes was the Casca of the "Gun Powder Plot." And more recently, Dr. Jameson was the Casca of the Boer invasion of the Transvaal. Bold ambition, in men of smaller calibre, will ever furnish the cat's-paw for the conspirator.

As the momentous hour draws near, Casca keeps up a bold front; but has little

to say. But when Tillius Cimber has drawn down the robe from Cæsar's neck, his moral cowardice overpowers him; and in his agitation, instead of delivering a blow which alone might have proved fatal, he inflicts only a slight wound. Cæsar catches him by the arm; and Casca cries out: "Help, brothers!"

A little later when Antony was pledging false faith to their cause, note the order of the hand shaking. Precedence is in accordance with rank. The last two are Casca and Trebonius, who have been made the tools of the others. These only, does he dare flatter.

To summarize then; Casca was physically atypical Roman—stalwart and brave. Mentally he was ambitious, politic, quick to perceive and take a low advantage; blunt and sarcastic. Morally he was a coward. Perhaps he may have possessed certain redeeming qualities. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. For Antony spoke at least a half truth, when he said:

"The evil that men do lives after them.  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.—*St. Paul.*

God gives us strength enough and sense enough for everything he wants us to do.—*Ruskin.*

True goodness is like the glowworm in this that it shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.—*Hare.*

The pure in heart see God in everything, and see Him everywhere; and they are supremely blessed.—*J. G. Holland.*

No wind serves him who addresses his voyage to no certain port.—*Montaigne.*

Unexpected as the assertion may be, it is nevertheless true that the highest Art of every kind is based upon Science—that without science there can be neither perfect production nor full appreciation.—*Herbert Spencer.*

## Eva Newell Kidder.

In the morning of January seventh, 1897, Eva Newell, wife of our friend and teacher Charles Winslow Kidder, passed on into the higher life.

It is with hearts of unspeakable sympathy that this great community of students turn to the husband and three little children in that home whence the wife and mother has gone forth.

In the fitting tribute paid Mrs. Kidder before the assembled college Dr. Emerson very impressively laid upon our hearts these precious and helpful thoughts drawn from her life. She exemplified for us the beauty of right relationships. It was by the fulfillment of present duties and demands that she came into the queenly inheritance of the true woman. As a daughter, responsive to her filial obligations, a true and sympathetic friend, an earnest and helpful student, eager and ready to do for any soul in need, whether bodily or spiritually. To know that she could help, awakened in her the great chord of sympathy and to this were tuned all her life and deeds.

Those qualities of heart and mind which brought her the precious dower of wife and mother, which placed her as royal center in her home, where the atmosphere was such as can be *only*, where love born of the highest ideals, is the light, will always remain an inspiration and help to every Emersonian.

That philosophy is worth our *life*-struggle to pursue, to *master*, which leads to right living in our various capacities. In this home, the teachings of the Emerson philosophy were the keynote, and the harmony and beauty springing from this powerful influence will abide always with those who were blessed by coming within its gates.

And now, as we stretch forth hands of loving sympathy to our teacher and his little ones, we pray that "of all our living angels," God will send down the "most wise and tender to point them where lies

The path that will be best,  
The path of peace and rest."

E. L. M.

## The Southwick Literary and Other Recitals.

### PICTURESQUE NEW ZEALAND.

The last meeting of the "Southwick Literary Society" was in every way a great success. We always feel sure of a pleasant and profitable afternoon when our friend, and fellow student, W. Hinton White appears upon the platform for the Society. His lecture on "Picturesque New Zealand" was a most happy continuation, of what we have heard from him on previous occasions.

The first point of emphasis is that it was a lecture, in the true sense of the word, and not an exhibition of pictures loosely strung on a thread of descriptive discourse. The pictures were some of the finest that we have seen presented by a stereopticon; but with these omitted the lecture would carry an audience with deepest interest throughout this charming trip to the "Wonderland of Southern Seas."

As soon as the lecture began we entered a new world, and there beheld wonders of of ocean land, and sky that were as revelations. The flora and fauna, the beautiful and strange terraces, and the traditions, customs and pictures of the Maori race; together with the advanced civilization of the settlers, would delight alike the botanist, geologist sociologist, and lovers of man and nature.

Mr. White is "winning golden opinions from all sorts of men" for his work upon the lecture platform. He always has something of high order to present, which, fired with his own enthusiasm and earnestness, never fails to warm his audience. He is one of the few lecturers who may write "Success" after his name.

H. S. R.



### ALBERT F. CONANT'S RECITAL.

#### CHARACTER IN ART.

The afternoon of Jan. 12, occurred one

of the exceptional events of artistic interest in our present college year, when Mr. Conant presented his lecture illustrated on the piano. In a previous number of the Emerson College Magazine can be found a comprehensive paper by Mr. Conant covering the ground of this lecture.

This recital was specially remarkably as revealing what may be wrought out along the various lines of art, by adherence to the principles of the Emerson philosophy.

The system of piano teaching is a perfect revelation to one taught by the old methods. We see therein infinite possibilities for one to learn music. Mr. Conant has based his system upon principles as powerful and salient as the laws of the human mind.

It was most fascinating to listen to that evolution along musical lines which is pursued here in our study of oratoric expression. We felt that to the student, fortunate enough to come under Mr. Conant's instruction, would be opened up beautiful avenues to growth in character—for he is a very scholarly gentleman bringing to his profession an energy and consecration of purpose which stamp him pre-eminently a teacher in spirit. He believes that in order to teach a subject you must understand it; in order to instruct, you must understand the laws governing the human mind. He touched one of the fundamental principles in education when he said that the power to influence others through art depends upon nobility of character. Under his instruction, character would surely grow strong and thus the influence become subtle, for he brings his pupils to the perception of truths in art, *through obedience to the laws of the mind.*

The selections Mr. Conant rendered upon the piano, illustrating the sixteen steps in evolution were listened to with wrapt attention by the enthusiastic audience, who perceived in their interpretation a beauty *never* before discerned, because

we felt they were truly *interpreted*.

The practical results of Mr. Conant's teachings are such that every one eager to become truly artistic in piano playing can but count it a privilege to study with him. As a representative alumnus of the Emerson College of Oratory, every lover of this cause watches Mr. Conant's success with interest and congratulates those who come under his instruction.

We understand Mr. Conant will receive some more pupils at his residence in Hyde Park and at his rooms in the Mason & Hamlin Building, Boston. E. L. M.



We copy the following from Medfield items in the Dedham Transcript, Dec 21st, 1896.

The occasion of the entertainment was a benefit for the Congregational church at Millis. Below we give the program :

"The town of Millis is particularly fortunate in having as a resident such a citizen as Dr. C. W. Emerson, of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. On Monday evening he brought some of the members of the faculty of the college out to his home, and later they appeared at the Congregational church in a program of readings and music not to be excelled by any talent in the country. Very rare is it that people have the opportunity to listen to all the best on the same evening. Our town was represented by upwards of 50 persons, and we, as well as the Millis folks, owe the genial Doctor a vote of thanks for providing an evening of such thorough enjoyment."

#### PROGRAM.

##### Part I.

1. The Old Clock, H. W. Longfellow  
PRESIDENT EMERSON.
2. Love Rewarded,  
Specially arranged for Miss King  
MISS JULIA KING.
3. Song, Selected  
MRS. LOLA PURMAN TRIPP.
4. The Deacon's New Year. W. H. H. Murray  
PROF. WALTER B. TRIPP.
5. Aunt Kindly, Theodore Parker  
MISS ANNIE BLALOCK.

##### Part II.

1. Song, Selected  
MISS GRETA MASSON.
2. The Low Back'd Car, (By special request.)  
MRS. C. W. EMERSON.
3. The Minister's House-keeper,  
Harriet Beecher Stowe  
PROF. HENRY L. SOUTHWICK.
4. Song, Selected  
MRS. TRIPP.
5. The Chariot Race (Ben Hur.) Lew Wallace  
MRS. JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.



#### RECITAL AT MALDEN.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 13th, Miss King, assisted by some of the students and alumni of the college gave a recital at Malden for the benefit of a student from Armenia.

As on former occasions, Miss King's work was genuinely artistic and on this occasion was unusually inspiring. That her work was thoroughly appreciated was evinced by the hearty applause and beautiful flowers given her.

Miss Greenwood's singing and Mr. Blanchard's playing were very enjoyable features of the program.



#### RECITAL.

It is always pleasant to hear of the success of our friends, and it is especially encouraging when we are engaged in the same line of work.

The flattering reception recently given Miss Emily Louise McIntosh, a pupil of the senior class, at a recital given by her in Detroit, is most encouraging and hope inspiring to all her class-mates and fellow-students.

This is the second recital given by Miss McIntosh in the same city in the short space of three months. The wrapt attention with which her work was received, the warm congratulatory words, and earnest wishes for her to return again should be to us all a battle-cry to press forward to new



achievements, to work harder for the acquisition and assimilation of the great principles we are studying.



#### POST GRADUATE RECITAL.

The spirit of helpfulness among Emerson students manifests itself in many ways. Sometimes it is shown in so unmistakable a manner that the veriest cynic must keep respectful silence. Such was the case with the recital in Berkerly Hall, Tuesday afternoon, January 8th, given principally by members of the Post Graduate Class.

A few of our students are in need of financial aid. The Post Graduates decided to give a recital, the proceeds of which should be used to help those who are thus waging an unequal warfare. It was then learned that sufficient available entertainment could be secured, without having the trouble of long, laborious preparation. Within ten days after the matter was fully decided upon, the following program was given, with the gratifying result that eighty-five dollars was cleared for the fund:—

|                                |                           |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Patriotic Fantasta for Cornet, | MR. BLANCHARD             |
| The Nettle.                    | Dulcie Meredith—MISS PIKE |
|                                | Guy Carleton—MR. HOLT     |
| Humorous Reading,              | MR. SCHOFIELD             |
| Song,                          | MISS MASSON               |
| Pauline Pavlovna,              | Nastatia—MISS GATCHELL    |
| Count Sergius Pavlovich—       | MR. WARKMAN               |
| A Study in Bird Songs,         | MISS MANN                 |
| Song,                          | MISS MASSON               |
| Still Waters Run Deep,         |                           |
| Act 11. Scene 11.              | Capt. Hawksley—MR. MORSE  |
|                                | John Mildmay—MR. FOWLER   |

The program throughout was excellent. Every participant was thoroughly appreciated by the large audience. From an artistic standpoint, this is our only criticism;—Pretense was a minus quantity; earnest thought and common sense were clothed with beautiful and dignified expression.

B. C. E.

#### MRS. SIDNEY LANIER.

We have had among us during the past week, one whom all lovers of true art delight to honor, Mrs. Sidney Lanier, wife of the late poet.

Mrs. Lanier has, for the last two years, delighted many audiences with her readings from her husband's published and unpublished works, and we are glad to announce that we shall have the privilege of listening to her on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 20th, in Berkerley Hall.

Mrs. Lanier brings the spirit of her poet-husband as none could bring, but she who lived so closely in his thought and purpose. Of Mrs. Lanier it is difficult to speak in fitting language. We turn to her husband's tribute expressed in "My Springs" and there rest satisfied.

(From New York Daily Tribune.)

The first of two afternoons arranged for the interpretation of the work of Sidney Lanier was given yesterday at the home of Mrs. Frederick W. Whitridge, No. 16 East Eleventh-st., and the audience was as large as the parlors would hold. The following program was carried out: Tributes to the poet from Dr. Edward Eggleston, Hamilton W. Mabie, Charles Dudley Warner and Dudley Buck. Solo, "Centennial Cantata" (words by Sidney Lanier, music by Dudley Buck), David Bispham, accompanied by the composer. Readings by Mrs. Lanier and Richard Watson Gilder. Song, "May, the Maiden, Violet Laden" (words by Sidney Lanier, music by De Koven), Mlle. Camille Seygard, accompanied by the composer.

Mr. Gilder read several of Lanier's unpublished poems, and Mrs. Lanier, the poet's widow, read poems and extracts from letters, the last of which excited, naturally, most interest. They were playful and serious by turns, and beautifully expressed. In one he describes the life of the men of a great iron factory, and asks "Must one hundred men die in soul and body that one man may live merely in body?" In another he refers to the "Centennial Cantata," in which he expects to be "buried" for the next seven days, and says that if he does not write home it will be because he is "underground, forging gems."

The solos were beautiful interpretations of beautiful words, and it seemed difficult for the audience to understand that encores could not go on forever. The music for "May, the Maiden, Violet Laden," was composed for the occasion, and made an exquisitely dainty accompaniment to these words, while the sympathetic voice of Mlle. Seygard added the touch necessary to make a perfect whole.

The object of these afternoons is to extend the knowledge and appreciation of Lanier's poetry, not only on account of its beauty, but because its spirit is particularly needed in these times. They were arranged by Mrs. Ben All Haggin.

The next reading will be given on Jan. 11, at the home of Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and tickets may be obtained at the Afternoon Tea Rooms, No. 291 Fifth-ave.



## Professor Cheney.

The long expected and much desired book on the principles of voice development, by Prof. Albert Baker Cheney, is here. It is a beautiful little volume, and it sets forth, in the clearest possible manner, the author's methods of developing the the artistic singing voice.

Professor Cheney, in his usual retiring manner, has consigned his first edition of "The Tone-Line" to an obscure corner of his studio, where it will doubtless remain until pupils and friends insist upon examination and purchase.

Call for The Tone-Line, by Cheney.



## Personals.

MISS ELSIE POWERS goes to the State Normal School at Indiana, Penn., to substitute in the department of Elocution during the winter term. We confidently predict that she will please both students and faculty, for she has proved her ability as a teacher and reader.

\* \* \*

MR. F. J. STOWE has accepted the position of instructor in Physical Culture and Oratory in Waynesburg College, Waynes-

burg, Penn. Mr. Stowe was for two years very successful as Business Manager of the Emerson College Magazine. His many friends send their best wishes with him.

\* \* \*

THE many friends of Clinton B. Burgess were much pleased a few days ago to see the happy face of that gentleman within the walls of Emerson for a few moments. He reports prosperity in the Baltimore School of Expression of which he is Principal.

\* \* \*

PROF. JESSIE M. ROBERTS has purchased the Western Reserve School of Expression of Cleveland, Ohio. He will be assisted in this worthy enterprise by Mrs. Roberts. May the joy of well deserved success attend their efforts!

\* \* \*

ERNEST E. OSGOOD writes regretfully at not being able to rejoin the Senior Class of this year, but finds compensation in hard work along Emersonian lines. He taught Oratory and Physical Culture in Cobb Divinity school, Lewiston, Me., for a few weeks last fall, and then went to Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va. He is now busy instructing in Latin, Greek, Physical Culture, Bible and Hymn Reading; besides having charge of the Free Baptist Church, with two assistants. To be a Professor of Classics, Dean of Theology, and pastor of a church, in the first year of teaching shows much ability, and a good course of preparation.

\* \* \*

AT Lasell Seminary, Auburndale on the evening of Monday, December 14th, Mrs. Blanche Martin gave a recital before the faculty and students of the Seminary and a number of invited guests. Mrs. Martin showed a power of sustained effort combined with variety of effect which is rarely surpassed. The enthusiasm of the young ladies of the Seminary showed how much Mrs. Martin is doing for them daily.

\* \* \*

ON October 26, 1896, Ella Frances Bliss, '93, was married to Mr. Eugene H. Lincoln, of Providence, R. I. Mr. Lincoln is a lawyer, well-known in this State and holds the office of city coroner.

## Question ?

*Jos. S. Gaylord.*

Wherein do steps five and six in the Evolution of Expression differ?

The general difference may be brought out by saying that each step includes the preceding and is somewhat besides. The difference between these two steps is somewhat more a matter of degree than is the difference between some others of the steps e. g. 3 and 4 or 7 and 8.

The following numbered points will indicate the meaning of these steps somewhat closely. It should be remembered that each step is all of these points mentioned under it and that in life or expression the whole is never a mere aggregation.

### *Step 5.*

1. Distinct parts.
2. Getting the parts by separating them.
3. Analysis.
4. Perception of parts successively.
5. Naming things.
6. Comparing things or attributes.
7. Judgment of difference, space, time, number, ability, etc.
8. Emphasis on the objective.
9. Undirected feeling.
10. State, condition or ability.
11. Emphasis on the attitude of mind.
12. Interest in things as different.
13. Expression
  - Pointing and placing.
  - Movement of arms especially.
  - Horizontal gestures.
  - Changes in pitch of voice.
  - Upward inflection.
14. Competition between things in the same class.
15. Emphases.
16. Good or bad.
17. Showing up things.
18. Compare Step 1.

### *Step 6.*

1. Living and moving parts.
2. Filling each part with life.
3. Analysis plus synthesis.
4. Attention to what the parts are doing.
5. Characterizing things according to their actions.
6. Comparing actions.
7. Judgment of difference, activity, vital energy, agreeableness, patriotism, etc.
8. Emphasis on subjective.
  - Response to things moving.
9. Special feelings.
  - Steady, Determined, Joyous, Patriotic.
10. Process, activity.
11. Emphasis on the activity of mind.
12. Interest in what the things are doing.
13. Expression.
  - Breathing.
  - Movements of torso.
  - Higher and lower gestures.
  - Rapid and long changes in pitch.
  - Downward inflection.
14. Competition (?) between things not in the same class.
15. Crises.
16. Good prevails.
17. Putting the good to work.
18. Compare Step 2.







PHILIP S. UTHWICK AS RICHARD II

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"You never can tell what your thoughts will do

In bringing you hate or love;

For thoughts are things and their airy wings

Are swifter than carrier doves.

They follow the law of the universe,

Each thing will create its kind;

And they speed o'er the track to bring you back

Whatever went out of your mind."



It must be very gratifying indeed to the teachers and all others interested in the welfare and growth of this college, as they scan the student body from day to day, and observe the different classes, divisions and individuals, to behold the concentrated energy of thought and purpose that is being put into the work this year.

This deep-seated earnestness on the part of the students was apparent to even the most thoughtless one at the beginning of the year and it increases steadily as the weeks and months go by and new

truths are revealed. It makes its presence felt in the assembly-room, the class-rooms, the library, the halls, on the stairs, anywhere and everywhere one sees a group of students, he feels its mystic influence. This powerful undertow, that is pushing us out into hitherto unknown seas, may not always guide us over smooth waters nor under sunny skies, but it will surely guide us into a glorious harbor, into realms of higher thought and nobler action, into a sense of greater personal responsibility and into a more consecrated purpose to enjoy the nobility of service.



It is well that this spirit of earnestness is so prevalent among the students for there is much to be done and very little time in which to accomplish it. No one realizes, on entering the college, how great is the scope of the work, though it is suggestedly contained in each branch. In forming his system of teaching Dr. Emerson made careful studies in art, ancient philosophy and history, and all principles involved in them he formulated and brought into teaching methods so that wherever we begin, in whatever department, we are led into such depths of thought as have puzzled the wisest philosophers.

When we see how immature some of the minds are that are brought to the great work of the college, and know the length of time it takes to discipline even the brightest minds so that they may surround the work by fully comprehending its principles and becoming acquainted with the technique of each department, it seems at best that four years can but give one a beginning, an insight into the great

principles that must be followed out and applied during a life-time.

This philosophy was formulated in the mind of one great man not to be held up and admired as a beautiful thing, but to be made intensely practical by applying it in our daily living, thereby lifting our selves and those about us into higher realms of being.

Our individual responsibility is indeed great for we cannot properly represent the college until we can LIVE the things that are taught every day. It is necessary then that we be earnest, enthusiastic and attentive to even the minutest details of the work. The following, quoted from a letter from one of our most successful graduates, will show that practice proves the theory:—

"How I wish I had a magic gift that would enable me to impress upon the minds of all the Emerson students the *importance of every lesson in every branch for developing their future power to gain success.* Every inattention, every slipshod or imperfect preparation will prove to be the vulnerable point in their harness. Every hour and day shows me more plainly the wisdom with which the course of studies has been planned."

Perhaps some thoughtless onlooker will ask "to what end?" Such ones can be answered briefly in one word—*success.* The results of the work are observable first in the individual who has developed the mental, moral and physical nature until he has acquired that which meets the needs of humanity and his services are greatly in demand. In answer to these demands he leaps at once into *business*, and is richly compensated. Is this all? No. Such sordid compensation is not the goal for which we are aiming. It is rather to exert an influence for the up-building of humanity which shall end in "higher living, nobler thinking and a closer walk with God."

We were fortunate to secure a report of one of Dr. Emerson's "Morning Talks" for our last issue, and hope to be able to present one in each succeeding issue. These remarks, called forth by the work of the students each day, or by questions arising in their minds, often present in a practical form some scientific and fundamental principle of the college work. Feeling sure the old as well as new students of the college will welcome these words from our president as valuable helps in their work, it gives us great pleasure to present them.



True to our promise at the beginning of the year we publish in this issue the beginning of a series of sketches from Prof. Southwick's travels in Europe during vacation. As so many duties have crowded upon him, he has not been able to prepare an article especially for our pages, but Mrs. Southwick has kindly permitted us to print extracts from letters written her while he was in the very places he describes. Of course being selected from personal letters, the descriptions are not such as he would have prepared for publication, but they need no words of excuse from any one; they are before you and unlike John Alden, they speak for themselves.



"To day is for all that we know, the opportunity and occasion of our lives. On what we do or say to-day may depend the success and completeness of our entire life-struggle. It is for us therefore to use every moment of to-day as if our very eternity were dependent on its words and deeds."



It is ever my thought that the most God-fearing man should be the most blithe man.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

# MANNERS.

Lecture delivered by President Emerson before the students of  
The Emerson College.

*Stenographic report by Reba Norris. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*

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What do we know of the world but from its expression? We speak about realities and about the expression of realities, but a reality separate from its expression we know not. When we have what seems to us a clear expression of a thing, we feel we know that thing; for when we come to the last analysis of knowledge, we really know only what we have received as its expression.

Manner is an expression; manner is a mode of expression, or stating it literally, manner is a mode of action. We recognize things by their activities, therefore, when we are studying manners we are studying modes of activities. We speak about the manners of people. Their manners are, strictly speaking, their modes of activities; in the nature of things, each activity has its definite manner and we recognize it by that manner.

A physician knows a disease by its manner of activity; we know yonder luminary is the sun by the vibrations it causes. Therefore, in the very start, let us conclude that nature has respect to manners; that manners are ingrained; that manners are not merely representatives of things, but they are the modes of the activities of these things, and these activities are the things themselves. How shall we separate the man from his activities? Can we say, "The man is good; his manners are bad?" If the man is good, can his activities be bad? The activities *are* the man, and if the man is good, his activities must necessarily correspond to his goodness.

Where shall we go for instruction in manners? The natural laws of the material

and spiritual world are the authoritative teachers in manners, not books on etiquette, except so far as they conform to and reveal these natural laws. During this lecture I shall refer to some of the laws of manner which are revealed in the material and spiritual worlds, i. e., in the outer world or world of material science, and in the inner world, or the world of Psychology. I cannot discuss all the revelations of manner as prescribed and revealed in natural laws, I will suggest only a few finger points and from these suggestions you and I can pursue the study. It is an endless study; it should begin with our first efforts and should not end so long as we study anything. *Our lives are our manners.*

The great John Wesley,—I can scarcely mention a greater name as a student in the conduct of life,—placed good manners as one of the essentials of religion. He said religion consisted of good manners, good nature, and good sense. He placed manners at the foundation of right living, thus revealing the fact that he believed manners to be one of the essential elements of the highest life possible to the soul of man. This being the case, should we not introduce the study of manners into our curriculums of education. Should not its principles, its philosophy, its practice be taught in every school in the land, and especially in a school of expression where we believe that the natural laws of expression do not rest upon the *ipse dixit* of man, but dwell in the essential nature of things. I repeat, in such a school, which may properly be called a school of oratory, should we omit this study? No, no.



Nature's manners reveal *pure constructive energy*, therefore, by no friction, does she call attention to the processes by which she secures her ends. Thus nature reveals ends, not the processes by which they are secured. In other words nature calls no attention to the means by which she works. At five o'clock in the afternoon we find the sun at such a point in the heavens; at eleven o'clock the following day we find it at another point in the heavens. How did the sun gain this second position? We may arrive at some conclusion, from certain mathematical principles, but not by any method to which nature calls our attention. Power makes no noise; power will not reveal herself to vision nor will she let herself be heard. Power is invisible, and works in absolute silence.

In our own development, the nearer we approach to real power the farther are we removed from noise, or from any method by which our work calls attention to itself. This is a fundamental truth in nature. The same thing is true of all mechanical work as it approaches the highest realm of power. The engine that now draws twenty cars and thunders along the street calling attention to its process will, in course of time, be exchanged for an engine that will draw forty cars and make little sound. The amount of noise is the measure of weakness. This law of nature is obeyed in all truly artistic expression. The great painter never makes you conscious of the way in which his colors are mixed; he holds your mind upon the thing to be revealed. How he reveals it no one except the expert can tell, and he not because the thing tells of itself. He must know it by a knowledge foreign to that which reveals the thing. The artist is a revealer of things, not a shower of methods.

The man who reveals to you, through music, things you otherwise could not per-

ceive, and yet does not make you think of his music, is a musician. The man who makes you think of his execution, however splendid it may be, is not an artist. I might say to myself, "Now, I will observe the execution of a certain artist," but, if he be truly great, in a moment, he has carried my mind away from my purpose and I have become so absorbed, so commanded, so overwhelmed by the things that he says through his music that I know nothing of his execution. Sometimes people, hearing that a great orator is to be in their city, go to see and hear him, saying to themselves, "Now, we shall listen to something oratorical." Well, if he is an orator, you will not think of his oratory. You will, however, go home remembering things he said. You may love what he said or you may hate it; that depends upon your relation to the things he said, but so far as his having made this or that gesture at a given point, that he gave this or that inflection, that he gave this or that stress, you take no heed. You only know you heard certain truths that set you thinking. The orator gained possession of your mind; he gained results without friction. It is the friction that calls attention to itself. Oratory must make haste to reach ends, and in reaching these ends, the shortest methods should be taken, so short, so speedy, that distance neither in space nor time will be recognized.

The same thing holds true in social life. That which we admire in art as a principle is equally admirable in every day life. Who is the person of fine manners? The one whose manners, so far as methods are concerned, are not perceived. How true this is in conversation!

I want to say a word about the conversationalist of whom I read too much careless praise. Who is a fine conversationalist? Many persons think that to be always talking, especially if talking sensi-

bly, is the mark of a fine conversationalist. That person who talks incessantly is the worst possible conversationalist. At some times in my life, I feel that I have been just where Paul was when he said he died daily—talked to death daily by these would-be wonderful conversationalists who seemed to wind themselves up like a music-box. If conversation can be golden—golden in the sense that Carlyle speaks of speech—then how beautiful! He says, "Speech," meaning, of course, the most perfect speech, "is silvern, but silence is golden." The world likes the conversationalist who knows how to be silent, and there never was a conversationalist so great and so beautiful but what his silence was the most beautiful part of his conversation. It is in the little pauses of your conversation that you allow people to rest.

When I crossed the Atlantic I suffered some from sea-sickness, but the sickness did not distress me so much as that eternal boom, boom, boom of the engine. It never stopped. I remember thinking, "O, if it would only stop for a minute!" I did not, however, suffer half as badly then as when I have heard some people talk.

The sense that a person is ever present is the sense that he is intrusive. One of the most difficult things in the manners of life is to keep ourselves from being intrusive. Now, I would a thousand times rather you, as students of oratory, should be complimented for your silence than for your eloquent speaking. If you are known by any peculiarity at all, let it be by the peculiarity of being more quiet than others. Some of you, from necessity, are obliged to get your meals at boarding houses. For mercy's sake, do not let anybody know that you are at that boarding-house table. It would indicate as good manners to attract attention to yourself by the clatter of your knife and fork and the corresponding clatter of your teeth, as by the everlasting clat-

ter of your tongues. I think the former is more excusable, because that shows some service, while the latter shows none.

Oh, we are in great danger of talking too much. We think our talk is expression, that it is sociability, but the most sociable people with whom I ever rode, either in a common railway carriage or a private carriage, were those who knew how to keep quiet. Said a witty traveler, "A party of tourists went to the top of a certain mountain. Miss A, celebrated for her refinement and education, was with us; Mr. B, equally celebrated; was with us, and now I write to try and describe what we saw, for there wasn't a person present who, when we looked at the splendor and the grandeur of the scene, hadn't brains enough to keep still." Keeping still was the measure of brains there.

I never saw a person on this platform whom I did not forever remember—except under certain circumstances. If I meet a student on the street or elsewhere who is calling attention to himself by letting people know he is there, by the cut of his coat or by the way he wears his hair, by talking, or by anything that people will notice, I do not know him. These are the only ones I do not know, and I pray I never shall know them until they learn good manners. Let me urge upon you the importance of being quiet; let me, if possible, impart to you the feeling I have on this subject. Do not let people say, "There goes an Emerson College student." "Why, how do you know?" "Oh, they are talking, talking." In this college we want to make orators, not talking machines. I would rather have a talking machine that is made out of wood than one that is made out of flesh and blood. It is not so expensive to keep the former. The mark of the gentleman is his quietness, his golden silence. He does not allow himself to be

noticed either by his dress or by his manner.

Again, let us be cautious on the other side. Let us not seem to say by anything we do, "You perceive I am quiet; that is the mark of a gentleman, so you see I am quiet." This is just as bad as the other, it calls attention to itself. A person of fine manners never allows you to contemplate the refinement of his manners. If you feel comfortable in a certain person's society it is the best proof that he has refined manners.

*Fine manners require exalted states of mind.* Fine manners flow from inward realities and are not an outward glitter. We talk about dollars and cents being realities, about houses and lands being realities, about cities and ships being realities, about nations and banks being realities. They only approach realities. The only realities we know of as realities are noble states of the mind. It is within the soul, and not in the external world that we find realities. Conscience is a reality; reverence is a reality; faith is a reality; benevolence is a reality, and out of these noble states of mind beauty of manners flow.

Let us notice some of these realities and their relations to manners. One of the states of mind out of which fine manners flow is a *fine perception of beauty*. The whole earth is wrapped in a mantle of beauty. The fine eye always perceives this beauty, therefore it is affected by it. What a man sees affects his character and his manners. An inspired writer has said, "The sight of mine eyes affects my heart." The man that ever sees beauty before him is so affected by it that he spontaneously responds to what he sees. It is a law of the human constitution to respond to what the mind sees. This is the reason that here in this institution we insist upon your minds seeing and grasping as a reality things of

which books are signs only; it is seeing these realities that causes you, by a mysterious law of nature, to give correct gestures and correct tones of voice, for it is the thing itself taking possession of your spirits, that causes them to speak through your voice and gestures to the souls of others. So that whatever a person's mind sees reflects upon his outward activities.

If a person sees beauty everywhere, beauty will come into his manners. Fine manners affect us like the glow of sunset, like the atmosphere of spring, or the solemn grandeur of autumn, which cannot be defined although we feel it. The subtle refinement which emanates from everything that a refined person does we call atmosphere, for want of a better name.

Another reality out of which good manners flow is *Conscientiousness*, a firm love of truth and right. Conscientiousness gives an appearance of integrity, reliability and precision to manners; it gives others the feeling of having met a man and not a shadow.

Another state out of which refinement flows is *Faith*. Faith in what? Presiding good. When you meet a sceptic,—I do not mean a sceptic so far as particular books, theories, or rites are concerned, but a man who is a sceptic toward goodness as a presiding reality,—how do you feel after being in conversation with such a person? You feel that nothing is certain, nothing is restful, nothing is substantial, but that all things are fragmentary. You do not know what makes you feel so. All the foundations of life seem to be overturned, and you wonder at your own feelings. This person has not pronounced a wicked word; he has not expressed his doubts in any particular word, but *there is a power in presence*. The highest power of refinement is in a man's presence and not in anything he does. That subtle presence which sweetens life, which seems to make life worth the living,

which makes you feel that you are in a world that is governed by Good, comes from high states of mind.

Suppose my friend here, (pointing to Rev. Mr. Jameson), should say, "No one shall dream of my being a clergyman, not even by feeling any religious influence from me. I will try and restrain any expression that would lead to such a thought or feeling." But try his best he cannot help revealing it; it would be revealed in the very effort he would make to conceal it. A man shows what is in him, and shows it all the more when he tries to conceal it. The villain in trying to conceal his villainy only reveals it the more. The good man, in trying to conceal his goodness, only reveals it the more.

To verify what I have said, let me give you an illustration. When I was a little boy a clergyman called at my father's house. He had determined, because of certain persecutions that had come upon him from a certain class of people, that he would not reveal the fact that he even believed in religion. He came in and sat down and asked for a glass of water, to which my grandmother responded. As they fell into conversation my good, pious grandmother asked him what he thought about certain exhibitions of faith. Very quietly—and most indifferently—he answered, "I don't know but such things might be." From that moment my grandmother felt she was in a holy presence. Never have I seen a fitting comparison to that man's power for waking in others faith in God. Ah, yes, he tried to conceal it, but he revealed it all the more. Such is the power that comes from within. Put your hand on Niagara Falls and say to the giant waters, "Thou shalt never flow more;" you can stay the water as easily as you can stay the outflowing spirit. There is nothing that fills me with such a sense of happiness or gives me such evidence of Divine Love as a soul that pos-

sesses habitual faith in ever-presiding goodness.

There are a few other qualities that I wish to call attention to, but before doing so, let me state an absolute rule in regard to manners. It is this: *Whatever in a person's manners restricts others in space and time renders his presence painful* and therefore makes him an unwelcome guest. Persons were made to enjoy themselves, and if they enjoy others they enjoy others through themselves. One knows nothing until it becomes a part of himself. Consequently his nature resists everything until it becomes a part of himself.

What do I mean by "whatever in one restricts others in space and time renders his presence painful?" What is there in one that can restrict others in space? A guest comes to your house, and from the time he comes until he goes away you do not feel at home; no matter how large the house may be, he fills it so full there is no room for you. The guest may be a very brilliant person, a great conversationalist; he has a great passion for talking, so he winds himself up quickly and runs down slowly. Finally he goes away; you take a long breath for the first time. You have not had room to breathe before, now you look around to see if this is the same old place; if it is the same garden; if the natural scenery is the same. What an amount of room there is in the house! "Room, room, my Lords." This is what every soul cries for; you must be very careful how you restrict people in space.

Again, in regard to restriction of time; how can you restrict people in regard to time? Space and time are the natural inheritance of every human being. Will you restrict their natural inheritance? You say, "I see how I may restrict people in space, but how can I restrict them in time?" By intruding upon their thoughts. Every person has a natural right to continue with



his thought until he finishes it, will you interrupt him? We find then, that good manners consist more in the not doing than in the doing.

What is, then, the finest, most intelligent guide in the matter of not restricting others in space and time? The most intelligent guide is *Reverence*. Who can define Reverence? One author calls it deference. It is deference and much more; it is richer than deference, for it defers, on the one hand, and bestows something that is inspiring and helpful, on the other. Whom shall I revere? One says, revere God. How shall I cultivate my reverence for Him, and how shall I manifest this reverence? *By manifesting it for human beings*. Man should manifest it in chivalry toward woman; he should revere her presence. To man, woman should be the most sacred thing in this world.

I do not mean reverence toward gentility, nor reverence for any particular class of women, but for *all* women. We shall never have true manners so long as we attempt to show reverence for persons according to their merits, but when we exhibit such manners as are worthy of our own inner and better natures. I should reverence you, not because of your origin, but because of your destiny. The Darwinian theory of evolution has turned the tables in this matter. A man was once revered because he had such a distinguished pedigree. Such a one in counting the past generations for five hundred years, perhaps, could find an Earl. Darwin started on that track to find an Earl, but he went a few more five hundred years back of that and found a monkey, and we have not heard much about the doctrine of aristocracy of birth since Darwin wrote—bless his soul.

You want to command reverence. There is nothing that will make another reverence you like a spirit of habitual rever-

ence in yourself. We hear a great deal about man's reverence for woman, and I cannot hear too much about it; but I want to hear something about woman's reverence for man. Until she reverences him as a holy being, and insists that he shall be such a being, he will never fully reverence her.

Another mark of good manners is *reverence for age*. America has many virtues, and we are thankful; America has some sins and we are sorry. One of the crying sins of America is lack of reverence for age. Ancient nations, ancient governments, ancient religions are sometimes looked upon with contempt. I do not mean that Americans are this and nothing else, but I mean there is a tendency in this direction.

An old man in Athens once entered an assembly of young men. The young men looked at the old man, but rose not to give him a seat, so he had to stand. Finally there arose some discussion about the Spartans and the Athenians. The old man who was standing, leaning against a pillar, replied, "In my opinion the difference between the young men of Athens and the young men of Sparta is this: The young men of Athens know how to treat old people, but do not do it; the young men of Sparta know how to treat old people and if an old man comes among them they rise and give him a seat." Sparta has ever looked like a diamond in history because of this element of reverence which made them the leading commanders of the world, for the man of true reverence creates reverence in others.

Reverence respects the man in his opinions and his peculiarities. There is nothing more desirable than to see a person respecting the peculiarities of another. If I see a person showing respect to a so-called crank, I know that such a person is a gentleman.

Another state of mind out of which good manners flow, is *Cheerfulness*, but he who makes himself cheerful, or tries to make others cheerful by jokes at other people's expense, is not a gentleman, but is the lowest of boors; he outvulgars the vulgar.

Whom should we reverence? People *absent* as well as people present. How often, Oh, how often, has my soul been pained at hearing things said in the absence of people that would not have been said by the same person in their presence! True reverence holds the absent holy. Manly courage reverences the absent; cowardice has no reverence for the absent. Injure me if you will, say the worst things to me you can, I believe, by the grace of God, I can bear them; but do not say anything against my friends, I cannot bear that; I will not, and so you will find it to your cost, if you attempt it. That man is too mean to live who will allow a person he respects to be spoken ill of in his absence. You may say, "It is not polite for the friend to protest at the time." It is polite, and he will teach that person a lesson that he should remember, i. e., that he is to be careful hereafter how he speaks of absent persons.

Another element of good manners is *Sympathy* vs. *Possession*. When you attempt to possess a friend, it is then you lose a friend. No soul on earth will consent to be your slave because you assume to be his friend; if you are his friend respect his individuality.

The last point I will touch is *Benevolence*. Benevolence is the deep that underlies the depths of all the other high states of mind of which I have spoken; it is the fountain out of which comes the very perfection and finish of good manners. All good manners rest upon this principle of trying to make all who are around you happy. This calls for wisdom and great discretion. In this college we

are trying from the beginning to the end of your course to aid you in cultivating the spirit of helpfulness, but in nothing do you need to be wiser or more skillful than in manifesting this spirit. The moment you seem to be over-helpful then you hinder. Sometimes you help people most by letting them alone. For some reason I find my friend sad. I want to cheer him up, so I tell him a funny story, and I have made him all the more sad. Again, I say, "Come with me, I will cheer you up," but he does not want to go. He wants to have the privilege of being alone with his thoughts and with his God. What is my duty in such a case? Is it not to leave him alone? He is in better company than I can furnish him.

Some people are forever unwisely attacking others for the purpose, as they think, of doing them good. This is unendurable. Trim a tree too much and you kill it; dig around its roots and try to enrich it too much, and you kill it; transplant it to a better clime, and you kill it. There is something in every human being that is winging its way upward: let it do so. When a man calls for the kind of help that you happen to have, then it is time for you to respond.

I remember when I was a little boy that my grandfather who was a true and holy minister of the Gospel, talked to me a great many times about religion, but I had not felt it. He prayed with me a good many times and I listened out of deference, but I had not felt it. Finally, as I learned afterwards, he came to the wise conclusion of being perfectly silent on the subject. I did not think anything about it, and only knew it by his telling of it years afterwards.

There came a time when something spoke to me; my good grandfather was away up in the forest, a mile from any cleared land, but I knew the path. I found

my way to him while he was busy about his work; I waited a moment until he was at leisure, then I crept up to him. Oh, how I hated to ask him, but there was something in me that made me do it, so I said, "Grandpa, won't you pray with me?" He did pray with me, and if ever boy was blessed, I was blessed. There was something in me that asked for what he had at that time, but no amount of urging it upon me when there was nothing in me that responded, would have brought me to him with such a feeling. If you are constantly saying, "Now, let me help you about this thing," or "I will show you how that is done." You will make yourself a burden to others. *Carry the spirit of helpfulness all the time*, be in that state of mind all the time, but do not inundate any one through any particular acts, without seeing a demand.

It is a delightful thing, to have pure spring water in your house, so that when you turn the faucet the water runs. \* But suppose that water should say, "Well, I am here to help, they want water, they need water; away with these faucets." Presently you should be inundated, and you

would say, "water is a good thing but too much of it drowns me." So benevolence is a good thing but it must be bestowed with discretion and wisdom.

When you do not know how to help a person by your presence, go to your own room. I feel the most important thing which I have said in this lecture is that which will tend to restrain you from too much outside show, too much show of entertaining for the sake of being kind. Why, did you ever hear of a place that was said to be "paved with good intentions?" If the bad place is paved with good intentions let us execute our intentions, so wisely, so discreetly that we shall not pave that place, but pave the sweet walks of life by wise execution of good intentions.

God is an ever present presiding Spirit; but no man, at any time, has seen Him. God is a Divine Spirit and moves upon the souls of men imperceptibly; He comes without sound of bell; He comes without herald; He is ever present, but never intrudes,—so we should always carry the spirit of helpfulness, but should never intrude.

## Longing.

*By Kind Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Of all the myriad moods of mind  
That through the soul come thronging  
What one was e'er so dear, so kind,  
So beautiful as Longing?  
The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the Present poor and bare  
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife,  
Glow down the wished Ideal,  
And Longing moulds in clay what Life  
Carves in the marble Real;  
To let the new life in, we know,  
Desire must open the portal:—  
Perhaps the longing to be so  
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh, heavenward will  
With our poor earthward striving;—  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living  
But, would we learn that heart's full scope  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope  
And realize our Longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons  
The moments when we tread his ways,  
But when the spirit beckons,  
That some slight good is also wrought  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,  
Howe'er we fail in action

*James Russell Lowell.*

## Morning Talk.

BY PRES. EMERSON.

### Question Is Woman Growing Physically Weaker?

[*Report of which appeared in the Boston Sunday Globe, Jan. 24, 1897.*]

While there is much in our modern civilization that tends to weaken woman physically, there is also much that tends to give her increased health and strength.

There have been croakers in all ages who have spoken of the present as "degenerate days." But after more than thirty years of study and observation of this subject, I am convinced that our modern civilization has much in it that is favorable to added health for women.

I observe in young people of this generation a higher degree of health than appeared in the young thirty years ago. Statistics show that longevity is greater now than at any previous time in the history of civilization.

Health is now looked upon as a virtue. This ideal is leading directly toward health, toward longevity, toward physical power.

Environment may be accidental, or it may be chosen. The environment in the past which made people healthy was accidental; the environment of today which tends to make people healthy is scientifically chosen. Health is made a subject of careful study. Systems of physical exercises are projected, and people are studying and practicing these systems. The tendency is toward more systematic exercise for women.

There is something more than the mere love of health behind this modern impulse. There never has been a time when there was such an opportunity for women as there is today. All pursuits, including the professions, are open to her. She is inspired by these opportunities, and this inspiration has become a stimulus to her mind toward taking advantage of every opportunity to promote her health.

In the last speech I heard Wendell

Phillips make, he said: "One great good that is to come out of the movement for the advancement of women is her improvement in health."

For the purpose of success in life, woman will take such exercise and such nourishment and adopt such habits of dress as will promote her highest health.

If we wish to make any race strong, we must give it opportunity in life. If we wish to make any class of people weak and enfeebled, we will succeed if we can shut off their opportunities for realizing their aspirations. When opportunity is opened, people take more pains to secure health as a means of highest fruition.

Responsibility tends, both directly and indirectly, to promote health. There never was a time when woman's responsibilities were so grand as they are now. To-day society is throwing the largest and weightiest responsibilities upon women; and we find that this responsibility is working toward health, by inspiring women to study and obey its laws for the sake of properly discharging these responsibilities.

Women in this day take upon themselves the responsibility of guiding education, and of guiding and engineering all true reforms. All this means health—health of mind and health of body.

In the place of fear of disease, which has dominated the past, there is being established a firm faith in the possibility of permanent health; and the intellect of the age is being turned in the direction of its scientific pursuit. The study of health is becoming a science, and the progress of health as a consequence, will soon be as apparent as modern progress in mechanical and other improvements.

All thinking minds are seeing most clearly the importance of health in woman as the hope of the race.

The future historian will say, when speaking of the marvelous progress of the 19th and 20th centuries, which seemed to lift humanity into another state of being, that the crowning discovery of the age was the path to woman's health, and to a proper recognition of her place and influence.



## Glimpses of Foreign Shores.

*Extracts from Letters written by Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick to his wife.*

FRIDAY, MAY 22, '96.

We have been many days at sea, and although I cannot post a letter to you for nearly a week I can begin and relieve my mind to some degree of what I should be glad to say could I see you. The voyage is proving a fine thing for me. Sea-sickness has been an unknown quantity so far as I am concerned, and although we have five days of cruising yet in prospect, and although half our company have helped the ocean to roll and have likewise helped the ship to heave, yet I fancy there will be little danger for me, for my "sea-legs" are on. In a word, I am becoming much reconciled to steamer life, and being conscious that I am resting and gaining steadily, even if slowly, I should be willing to have a fortnight more of this kind of thing. I have made some pleasant acquaintances, but in the main keep pretty close to my steamer chair and warm rug.

The weather has been more than delightful, occasional dashes of rain, fresh winds and bright moon, and the long steady roll of the ocean giving a movement stately and almost solemn. Occasionally this is varied by choppy seas and spray. A preternaturally dignified and starchy little man stood at the rail the other day watching the sea. In fact he often stood there for reasons which he would not care to confess in public. Presently a higher billow than the rest broke clear over the deck and the man scuttled below sputtering and woe-begone, *sans* starch, *sans* dignity, *sans* most everything dear to his pompous little heart. And speaking of going below suggests our steerage passengers, a most picturesque crowd of Italians who jabber and gamble from morning till night, paus-

ing occasionally to dance, sing, romp and take naps. They curl up together upon the decks like a family of sleepy puppies in attitudes astonishingly unconventional.

The ship itself is a model, and it is needless to say that I have been pretty much all over it above and below, finally emerging from the subterranean boiler and furnace room with sundry grease spots as mementoes of my trip. However, grease spots don't count. We are awakened by bugle call at 7:30 each morning, summoned to table by music at 8, the bard plays during lunch and dinner and gives deck concerts during the forenoon and evening. The table service is excellent and food abundant and delicious. Indeed it is quite a model of what hotel service should be. The people who manage the Line seem especially solicitous that their patrons should eat. Besides the three hearty meals referred to they chase us round the decks with bouillion and crackers at 10 o'clock, with lemonade and pastry at 4 and serve lunch to any who wish it at 11 o'clock in the evening.

To-day we have seen land, and beautiful land at that. We are passing through the group of Azores. There are nine of these islands containing a total population of two hundred thousand Portuguese and no policemen. One of the passengers reported visiting the principal jail on one of the islands recently, and, finding the doors open, inquired where the prisoners were. He was informed that they were "down the street." These islands raise grapes, pine apples, musquitoes, bananas, sheep, and make cheese. The islands are fair to look upon, with bold, rocky sandstone cliffs, deep fissures, cones, waterfalls, rich

vineyards, rambling stone houses, fine Dutch-looking windmills, the whole culminating in high mountain tops, one of them being 7000 feet high,—considerably higher than Mount Washington,—and sweeping upward in a beautiful cone.

#### MONDAY EVENING.

Well, we have had three days more of fine weather. At last we have seen Gibraltar. I have bought some views and good souvenirs of the place including a fine Moorish dagger, right across from Morocco only a dozen miles away. We have seen the Moorish minarets and castles and have had for many hours the coast of Africa in plain view. We were given several hours on shore at Gibraltar with its mighty natural defences, its five thousand cannon, its six thousand soldiers, its mountains of ammunition and its stores of provisions to last the garrison for a seven year's siege; Gibraltar with its tunnels, bomb-proof and looped with portals for cannon: Gibraltar with its red-coated regulars and its bare-kneed Highlanders, its motley arrayed Spanish men and its white-robed Spanish women, its darkies and its donkies; Gibraltar with its Jews in gaberdine, and Moors in white burnose and turban; Gibraltar with its battlements concealed by almost every form of tropical foliage and flower, trees with red fruit, great palms, palmettoes, cacti, zenias, olives, vines, geranium and morning glories climbing in full bloom over wall and tree; Gibraltar with the blue waters of the Mediterranean peeping through the foliage, and beyond all the purple mountain tops of Spain. It was a memorable day and one I can never forget. We read about all these things and take them on faith, but somehow it is another thing to verify them by actually seeing them.

#### HOTEL DE LA MINERVE, ROME, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 31.

I have had a rich experience since I last

wrote. My letter posted at Naples gave nothing about the arrival or subsequent adventures which have been rich as well as varied. Getting up at 3 o'clock, Thursday morning, I found we were just entering the Bay of Naples with its myriads of distant lights, its far-reaching headlands and background of mountains all flooded with moonlight. At the right rose the majestic cone of Vesuvius glowing with fire and surmounted by a cloud of smoke. Slowly the dawn kindled and a faint blush touched the face of the mountain. The sun rose, and Naples with all her beauty of surroundings was before us. After a struggle with the custom house bandits we were landed and carried to Hotel Vesuve. My room was characteristically Italian in its appointments, mural decorations of Pompeian style and a profusion of airy looking and slim-legged furniture, a number of long windows, which opened like folding doors upon a private balcony giving a view of Vesuvius and the Mediterranean. Everything was exquisitely neat and enchantingly dainty. Every night we were serenaded by itinerant bands, and strains of Carmen, Il Trovatore and Lucia de Lammermoor float into the room until long after midnight.

After a breakfast supplementing our hasty meal aboard ship, Thursday morning we took steamer for Sorrento, which is a peninsula bounding the Bay line on the Southwest, and that together with the neighboring island of Capri forms a resort for the rich Neapolitans. It is the Beverly Farms and the Nahant of the region. At Sorrento we saw the villa of Marion Crawford; at Capri the marvelous Blue Grotto in which water and rock, because of the peculiar refraction, are of the brightest conceivable ultra-marine blue,—a blue changing to a creamy white sulphuric light beneath the keels of passing boats, or when stirred by the oar blades. The Blue Grotto is one of the wonders of the

world. All Capri is a wonder, rising 2000 feet out of the sea, clad in vineyards, rich in historical association, crowned with Roman ruins and mediæval castles, with cliffs and caverns and precipices, Capri is a tropical paradise of beauty, the gem of the Mediterranean. It is more beautiful than I dreamed could be, and if I can never live there I am sure it would be happiness to die there.

Friday was a memorable day. In the morning we drove a dozen miles along the shore of the Mediterranean to Pompeii and spent several hours among the ruins. It seemed a pity to be forced to leave Pompeii so soon, for so vast and wonderfully preserved are some of the ruins that it is easy indeed to people them with the Romans of the first century, and the imagination resents having its lawful functions interfered with by hasty leave-taking. After lunch we mounted horses, and three hours of riding, during which every few yards of ascent developed new beauties in the expanding view, brought us to the foot of the great crater of Vesuvius. We were then enveloped in a cloud of smoke and half choked with sulphur, but scrambled on foot up the remaining quarter of a mile of the cone over rifts through which issued smoke and steam, over hot ashes, until the guides held us firmly upon the edge of a great cavern out of which poured volumes of black, gray, yellow and red tinted smoke, through which gleamed ever a lurid light, while from below came a dull roar as of distant thunder. We were on the edge of the crater which during the last few months has changed its form very materially. Another crater has opened some little distance down the side. This, too, we approached over piles of stiffened lava until we came to a lake of fire, into which vast flakes of the black flooring on which we stood would occasionally slide with a hissing seething sound, which was far from

reassuring. My feet felt scorched through my thick-soled shoes, and water poured off my face, but the guides seemed to think it safe so I held my peace and my position until fairly roasted out. We reached the hotel about nine o'clock at night. Saturday morning was devoted to the aquarium and museum. The first contains perhaps the finest fish collection in the world. At Naples are the rarest and most curious of sea creatures,—including a fish that seems transparent and swims forward or backward with equal ease, and several fine specimens of the horrible cuttle fish or octopus with its huge arms. The museum is rich in statuary, including the famous Hercules, the dancing Faun, the Venus of Capua, etc. It is most interesting to find one's self before the originals of which we have seen so many copies on paper or in plaster. There is also in the museum a fine collection from Pompeii of rings, keys, theatre tickets, clothing, trunks, medicines, surgical instruments, kitchen utensils, rouge pots containing rouge and brushes, vases, pictures, fish hooks, seals, cameos, dishes, and all that brings right home to us the daily life of the Romans of about the time of Christ.

We are greatly interested in the street life of the Neapolitan, which was more free and easy than is readily conceivable by the untraveller American. The Neapolitans seem to live in the streets. They frequently eat there in day time, as frequently sleep there, they wash babies there, milk cows and goats there, feed horses there, visit there. Imagine a kaleidoscopic view of ragged men and brown faced women and dirty children, all in bright colors, of vegetables, donkeys, cats, vehicles of every age and dimension. See these beggars, singers, pedlers, fiddlers, all shifting, shouting, laughing, playing, sleeping, all happy, irresponsible, or teasing, begging and cheating, and you have a faint

notion of what a Neapolitan street may look like. The houses run high into air, covered with balconies from which float bits of color, and over all the Italian sky. This is a good introduction to continental life for the foreigner.

Saturday afternoon we took the train for Rome and reached here late at night. Again we are pleasantly located. We have heard High Mass at St. Peter's; we have seen and been bowed to by the King and Queen of Italy. We have fairly revelled in history and ruins, and have but begun to study Rome. I am bringing home a good picture of "Pompey's Statua,"—the identical statue at whose feet Cæsar fell, and a flower growing upon the spot where lay the body of Cæsar when Antony spoke the words which changed the government of a world, and I have stood upon that very rostrum where stood Antony and the great Brutus.

An unlucky accident prevented me from taking advantage of an opportunity which was provided for me of an audience with the Pope. But I did go to the Vatican and saw the curious spectacle of a double government, royal on one side of the gate and papal on the other. No officer of the king can enter in uniform the papal palace, and no soldier of the Pope,—and he has five hundred of them, and handsome, strong fellows they are,—can leave the Vatican in uniform.

I have seen beggars in every stage of hideous deformity, and beggars round and rosy, Medicants who approach the carriage with piteous moans and trembling steps, if not promptly satisfied, will display athletic possibilities which would do credit to a gymnast, and leap and run beside the carriage for an hundred yards or more.

I have seen white monks and black monks and black and white monks, and gray monks. I have seen bishops and archbishops, and on the festival of *Corpus Christi* I attended high mass at St. Peter's

where one of the cardinals officiated in a service of great beauty and impressiveness. I have seen the curious bone-yard cemetery of the Capuchins so cleverly described by Mark Twain,—where the articulated bones of dead monks are arranged in all kinds of geometrical designs about the walls. And I have encountered the ashes of St. Peter and St. Paul in three different churches. I saw masterpieces of Raphael and of Michael Angelo, and the glorious Apollo Belvedere, and the Laocoon, the St. Michael of Reni—and the beautiful Aurora, so familiar through their reproductions. I saw an obelisk upon which Moses may have looked in Egypt, and brought to Rome by the Cæsars. I visited the house of Rienzi, found the place where the immortal Julius lived, and also where his body was burned by the people, and I crawled through the catacombs and climbed all of the seven hills of Rome. I spent many hours in the Colosseum,—Greek in its conception, Roman in construction, scene of a thousand years of carnage, of another thousand years of quarrying and plunder, two-thirds destroyed—yet glorious in ruin imperishable in renown.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE, June 10.

We left Rome on the morning of Saturday the 5th and reached Pisa in the afternoon. The country through which we passed as we rode out of the Eternal City is wonderfully fertile, although the farming is very primitive and houses very few and far between. Once this region was the seat of a dense population, but it became deserted when the Goths overran the country in the fourth and fifth centuries, and the old Roman population was driven to the fortified towns. The neglected drainage soon caused malaria, and the place has since been a plague spot where few people have the courage to stay over night. It is the home of the Roman fever. Repeated attempts have been made by the Popes, but unsuccessfully to induce a gen-



eral settlement of the region again. If a great number would live there the malaria would probably disappear in a little time, but the prospect is not encouraging.

At Pisa we stopped to see the famous Leaning Tower, one of the Seven Wonders of the world. It has a great height, its top some is 16 feet out of perpendicular, and the climber has a curious sensation as he feels the difference between the up-hill and down-hill sides of the tower in his ascent, the climb becoming alternately hard and easy. The view from the top is extensive, but not especially beautiful. Looking down from the edge of the leaning side is dizzying, and although one knows that the tower has stood there some eight hundred or more years, he cannot help feeling as if the time for the inevitable tumble might be the present moment. Whether one side of the tower has settled at the foundation, or whether the whole original design was to have the tower lean is a question the answer to which will probably never be known. We visited the curious cathedral, the chapel bearing evidence of the fight between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, and we entered the cloisters with their quaint funeral monuments and still more quaint wall paintings.

From Pisa we came to Florence and spent two days and a half, the two days being devoted to sight-seeing and the half being given over to shopping. In some respects Florence, although the fourth in size is yet the queen of Italian cities. It is rich in remains of the Renaissance, proud in its traditions, romantically located at the foot of the Apennines, and the wealthiest of the cities of Italy. It is par excellence the home of art. We spent many hours in the galleries and feasted on the glories of Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Raphael, Murillo, Reni and Andrea del Sarto, not to mention a score of names hardly less familiar. Here, too, we saw the Venus of Medici, and the Perseus. We inspected the grand cathedral

from which Michael Angelo received his inspiration for designing the dome of St. Peter's. This cathedral, contrary to our general experience, proved to be most imposing upon its exterior and most bare and barren-looking within. Usually unpretentious externals contain the utmost richness of internal decoration and the most sumptuous of furnishings. We drove up to the park overlooking the city and the Arno, and giving a grand bird's-eye view of the plain and the Apennines. Here is Michael Angelo's statue of David, and not far away is Gallileo's old observatory where he made up his mind that the earth moves around the sun and not the sun around the earth, and where this conclusion was the occasion of getting him into the hands of the Inquisition. Here, too, John Milton used to visit the great astronomer during his stay in Italy. Down in the city is the place where the Pope burned poor Savonarola. Here is the home of Emma Eames and the mansion of Salvini. We also saw the former home of Mrs. Browning, who is buried in Florence, and the house where George Elliot lived and where she is said to have written *Romola*. We left Florence on Monday afternoon and climbed over and through the Apennines, a tremendous engine pulling us and another pushing us up steep grades and through fifty tunnels, and around sharp curves, affording splendid views of mountain top and valley, and giving a foretaste of the romantic scenery awaiting us in Switzerland. The latter part of our journey lay across a vast plain between the mountains and the Adriatic Sea and was level as a prairie, bearing most abundant crops of grain, or covered with miles of flourishing vineyards.

At night we landed in Venice, and had the peculiar sensation of stepping out of the railroad train, not into a carriage, but into a gondola and being rowed to the Grand Hotel. This is a beautiful build-

ing, formerly the palace of a Venitian nobleman, and we sit upon its little piazzas where steps descend into the Grand Canal. We have seen the reputed homes of Shylock and of Desdemonia, and have explored the Rialto and rummaged the Ghetto, the old Jewish quarter, and enjoyed the great outlook, three hundred feet in air, from the Campanile. We have been wonderfully impressed with the glories of St. Mark, one of the four famous church structures of Italy, and marvelled over its beautiful mosaics, and experienced the appropriate sensation when looking at the coffin of St. Mark himself. We have seen "that pathetic swindle," the Bridge of Sighs, and have visited the real dungeons and places of torture and execution, and have seen the instruments used by the inquisitors, and the Doge's palace rich with the treasures of the masters of the Renaissance. The old senate chamber, a beautiful room in which Othello must have stood in making his famous speech received due share of attention. And we have been the length of the Grand Canal in our gondola, and been rowed through many a lane and by-way and seen Venice on dress parade and Venice in its old clothes. And we may have seen Venice at night with the gorgeous illumination in the Grand Square of St. Mark and the lanterns on the Canals, and have heard the serenaders and seen the stately gondolas glide over the water, each bearing its own little light or strings of colored fire.

There is something strange, dreamlike, magical and bewitching about Venice which cannot be put into words but which cannot be forgotten, and which would draw one who has experienced it back to Venice again and again.

The Italians are the most polite people I ever saw, and more polite than I supposed any people could be. Every man lifts his hat to man, woman or child to whom he speaks, and as a people they abound in

those courtesies which cost but little but which grease the wheels of life amazingly.

#### INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND, HOTEL NATIONALE.

Out on the balcony is a little writing table and chairs, and above me the glorious Jung Frau and her eternal snows which blush so beautifully at the sunset, and around her are her green-robed sisters.

Since I left Venice I have visited several beautiful places. In three days I shall take my knapsack, send my trunk on to Paris, and start on a fifteen days' trip over the mountain passes, stopping at various points and using guides when necessary. The weather has favored us; it has been uniformly pleasant and comfortable since we left New York, and the umbrella has not been out of my trunk. From Venice we went to Milan and across the famous Plains of Lombardy, scenes of Sanguinary conflicts all through the ages, and the arena where Napoleon won some of his great victories. We are greatly interested in the Italian farming, which while primitive in some regards is wonderfully well conceived in others. There are no fences; the division lines are made by rows of Lombardy poplars, which of course, are at home here. Each farm is subdivided by rows of trees, some plum, some cherry, some locust, some mulberry.

The rows of trees divide the farms into rectangles about a half acre each in size, and are planted close to serve as trellises for the grapes, and good trellises they are. In the centre of the rectangle thus formed grow grains, grasses, small fruits and vegetables. In these fields the red-peticoated, bare-legged women work as harvesters with the men and give pretty contrast in color to tree, grass and grain as the train whirls by them. The barns seemed bursting with plenty, the trees were heavy with cherries and the whole landscape wore an air of comfort. The buildings have those subtle

and inscrutable colorings which Italy alone can give to the delighted eye.

Milan is the chief commercial city of the kingdom. It manufactures various things including carriages of different sorts, and its people have a strong current of Australian blood, for Austria long ruled in Lombardy. The Milanese are more businesslike ordinarily, and hence less picturesque and interesting than other Italians. Their Cathedral is an eighth wonder of the world.

From Milan we went into the extreme north of Italy among the Alps, took the steamer on Lake Como to Bellagio, the most famous spot on the most beautiful of lakes. I have seen the far-famed Lake Lucerne and it is wondrously beautiful but is not to be compared with Como. Como rivals Capri in my affections; more than that cannot be said. The Italians call it "a piece of Paradise fallen from Heaven upon earth," and they cannot be far out of the way. Around it stand the snow-capped Alps, here presenting their most benignant aspect, and yet grand and imposing, their sides studded with villas, churches and cottages, their great green mantles sweeping down to the very edges of the placid lake. Above, all is snow and eternal winter; below, all is warm and dreamy as the tropics, the air full of the perfume of lemon, orange, strawberry and magnolia. Above is the glacier; below, the palm and the palmetto and the citron groves. Above, grandeur; below, beauty and warmth. Above, the intense light, as Dante calls it, of the Italian sky; below, the perfect mirror of the fairest of lakes.

From Como we wound up and around and through the mountains in many a wondrous loop and curve and tunnel through the St. Gotthard, looking down upon our own track at five different elevations as we zig-zagged in our spiral course or twisted corkscrew-like through mountains. We marvelled at the engineering

skill which conceived and executed such a feat. Then we took a stage and wound up and around more precipices and through tremendous gorges and over trestles and beside roaring streams until we found ourselves in a verdant Swiss valley some 5000 feet above the sea, but surrounded in its turn by snow-capped spires and domes and palisades rising 6000 feet higher still. The next day we passed over the range by team and had the most memorable ride I have ever taken, and we stood upon the top of the Furka Pass, 10,000 feet above sea level, and amid the eternal snows of the higher Alps. Here I took a guide and visited the Rhone Glacier, the source of the Rhone river. I saw one avalanche and heard another, and was told that whoever stayed there took his chance, so I got out as quickly as I could from the region of the avalanches. These vast fields of snow tilted over us at an angle of 60 degrees, and I was impressed by the fact that the guide was glad to go back, notwithstanding he would get more money if he went farther with me. As I had no trouble I am very glad to have had this experience. I saw the avalanche and studied its habits, so to speak, right in its own home, but I "won't go there any more." I have since heard that which at the time I did not know, of course, that the surface snow, or "rotten snow," goes off in avalanches or melts away by the middle of June, leaving a crust of hard and perpetual snow in the higher mountains. This hard snow affords a good footing and is safe unless one should be unfortunate enough to slip in some peculiarly dangerous place. The season is unusually late, and the passes are still full of snow, and one of them, the Grimsel, is completely blocked with it, although 200 men have worked there for three weeks. We were to have crossed it, but were obliged to turn back and go around. It is curious to stand, as I stood that day, ankle deep in snow while my



skin burned through my mountain veil. My eyes smarted despite my colored glasses and the water stood in drops under my hat band, but I have studied the formation of glaciers, those great ice-rivers, and have seen an avalanche and am happy. I saw a house that had been carried some eighth of a mile by an avalanche and not seriously injured, and the wreck of another which the avalanche had knocked into kindling wood.

One thing I am glad to find, that I am not inclined to be giddy. My eye has learned to measure great distances and is no longer surprised by them. After walking, riding and railroading around precipices for four days and looking down 2,000 feet of sheer descent I can stand close to the edge without a sense of danger or dizziness.

I am greatly pleased with the roads of Europe; they are well-nigh perfect and about as good in the high mountains of Switzerland or the lonely places of Italy as in our finest parks of Boston. We see here much semi-vertical farming. Away up the mountain sides are farms arranged in terraces or slopes so steep that it seemed as if a man once started to roll down he would keep on until he reached the valley.

Like the Italians the Swiss are very polite, but unlike the Italians they are proud and most self-respecting. The Swiss farmer will take off his cap to you but will expect you to take off your own and raise it just as high to the quarter of an inch. He would resent patronage instantly, is hospitable, kindly, honest and asks no favors. The spirit of the mountains seems to be in the people who dwell among them. They are rugged, gaunt, muscular, free and full of spirit. They hold their heads high, look squarely at you, are self-respecting without being arrogant and feel themselves to be the peers of the proudest of the earth. The effect of this is refreshing after a few weeks of

the servile and cringing meanness of the swarms of beggars of southern Italy.

ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND, JUNE 23.

I am into it thoroughly as this letter is begun. The Alpine glow is just dying from the sides of the glorious Matterhorn while our valley is in twilight. We are close to eternal snows and near the home of the Edelweiss. Since leaving Interlaken I have been very vigorously on the move. I have lost two or three coats of skin from my face, am now brown as a berry and chronically hungry. I have realized what it is to be a stranger in a strange land, because the people speak German, and I cannot speak their language. In other respects I am well at home, and what with my English and some French make out fairly well, although sometimes I do get into trouble. But the people are uniformly polite and try very hard to understand and make themselves understood. The other day I had to ride in a carriage four hours with a man who spoke only in the tongue of the "Fatherland," but inasmuch as I could laugh in good German and he sneezed in English we got on together fairly well. Once I nearly lost a steamboat by mistaking my road and going off into the country. I landed among country folk who could understand no English and no French,—certainly not my French. It developed that there were several steamboats going to different places and starting from different points. I learned the way at last, but made the last half mile on the full run and dashed across meadows and gardens and ploughed fields much to the astonishment of the farmers. I got my boat just as the starting bell was sounding.

We have men and women for barbers here. On calling for a shave the barber's wife explained that her husband was away but she was equal to the job. However, after a very unscientific lathering, followed by the infliction of two razor cuts, she seemed to lose confidence and



said that she was afraid she was not as good as her husband, but she *had shaved a gentleman once before*.

One day last week I took a charming drive of three hours to Grindelwald, the route lying through a beautiful country along a river bank, until becoming wilder it ascended a tremendous gorge ending on a plateau around which are grouped many of our higher Alps. You observe I say "our," for affection for them is so strong that they already seem as if I belonged among them, and I can now recite William Tell's address with great effect, I am sure. At Grindelwald I made inspection of my second glacier, went under it into the ice cave and learned a good deal about the general subject of glaciers. Of course, I had a climb at Grindelwald. Then I went to Lucerne again for a couple of days to make some purchases and spend some time about the famous "Lion of Lucerne," and found the old walled city highly interesting. You would not tire of watching the changing movements and shifting lights and the mountain reflections on the fairest of Swiss lakes. Then I traveled by railroad for six hours and then by boat across lake Thun, a little gem of a lake, stopped at Spiez, very romantically situated upon its shores, and then from Spiez went on a few hours journey by diligence to Kandersteg in the heart of the mountains and at the end of the road. Then I strapped on my knapsack and walked from six o'clock in the morning until six at night, barring two hours of rest, and during this walk I climbed one of the grandest passes in Switzerland, the Gemmi. Four hours of this travel was over snow and ice, one hour being over the track of an avalanche and landslide which came down last year and buried four men, eighty cows and two chalets, and changed the whole appearance of that part of the route. After reaching the top of the pass the path came suddenly to the edge of an almost

perpendicular cliff 1660 feet sheer down, a place resembling our Mount Willard near the Crawford House, only twice as high. Down the face of this cliff the government has constructed the most curious of trails some two miles in length and about five feet in width. The windings often resemble a spiral staircase, the upper parts actually projecting at places beyond the lower. Descent on horseback is prohibited. A cross a quarter of a mile down marks the place where a horse lost his footing and dashed over the precipice carrying his rider with him, a sheer fall from that spot of 1000 feet. Another accident of this kind will not occur if the government can prevent it, but it is a skittish place. And it is a curious sensation to walk along hundreds of feet above the valley with a sheer precipice on one side of you and on the other side of your five-foot path—nothing. I spent the night at Visp, a quaint little place, then came on to Zermatt, where I have already entered upon a campaign and taken another tramp to explore the approaches of the mighty Matterhorn.

The country is particularly beautiful now, the foliage in its June freshness, the air sweet with new mown hay. Every horse wears sleigh bells to prevent unexpected meetings on the mountain roads. I have heard the Alpine horn and much yoddlng, and seen thousands of picturesque chalets with the carved panels, and have drunk goat's milk and cow's milk in order easily to digest the luscious honey which is served with every breakfast. I am in clover but have "kinks" from much climbing. The skin has come off my face, but I am happy. Since I began my letter last night I have had another little climb, the Gornergratt, 10,200 feet. Mt. Washington is only 6,300. Of course, Zermatt is higher than the base of Mt. Washington, but the climb here is quite as high and much more interesting. The view is

one of the most celebrated in the Alps.

JUNE 28.

It has been raining for the first time since I have been abroad and I have to content myself with reading Plutarch and studying characters, including a young Englishman, who when I asked if he knew Marmion, which I have been re-reading, hesitated and then said, "Not very well, but had met him." It is curious to notice that many of the men here who never climb anything but stairs and grumble at that, wear the most impressive outing suits, with knickerbockers, veils on hats in case of threatened sunburn, and have field glasses swinging ever from their sides. There are plenty of these "play-soldiers" at the mountain houses.

I am in Switzerland quite at the wrong time for climbing the higher Alps. It can not be done in June. However, this is emphatically the time for artists and nature lovers. The mountains are loaded with snow and the valleys are of the loveliest of green, but the higher and sharper peaks are so snow deep as to give neither foot nor hand hold. To-day, however, I had an excellent guide and went up the Matterhorn as far as possible, 12,000 feet out of the approximate 15,000 feet. Of course, we had to use the axe for steep going and to be securely roped. For two hours we had the arrete to travel and found it very like the ridge pole of a house with the exception that while one side fell sharply off at an angle of 35 to 40 degrees in a snowy slope ending in a precipice of five hundred to a thousand feet below us, the other side plunged sheer down to the glacier far, far beneath. It was a ticklish two hours, and the guide said the Matterhorn had only one place much worse and that was protected by chains. It gave me a good idea of what it would be to make the complete ascent. We heard the roar of three avalanches, but they were on the other side of the peak and we did not see them.

GENEVA, JULY 3RD.

I left Zermatt on Monday and spent nearly a day on the railroad. The scenery was Swiss scenery, and nothing more need be said. The road for the first few hours ran through tunnels and over trestles and around curves far up the mountain side and above the Visp river, and later on along the valley of the Rhone. At evening I reached a picturesque place called Vernayaz. Next morning I shouldered my knapsack once more and started on a nine hour's tramp over the mountains to Chamonix and Mont Blanc. My course was up and ever up over steep zigzags in the road, across chasms, over fine old stones bridges, and past snow-peak after snow-peak, now going up and now down a fine hard road until at last I swung down into the valley of Chamonix, and found myself at the foot of the great range of Mont Blanc. And then followed two or three days at Chamonix, during which I made an excursion to the top of the Montanvert, and had the revel in glacier scenery which this climb affords. The guide carried me a mile over the glacier and I pulled up ice hills and pecked down crevices, and finally reached the farther shore of the great river of ice and climbed cautiously down the Manvais-Ras, a break-neck stairway cut out of the face of the rocky cliff.

A ride of four hours on diligence from Chamonix to Cluses brought me again to a railroad, and this in turn brought me to Geneva and Lake Lemman, the largest of Italian lakes. Geneva itself is a fine city, and in appearance rather modern. It has a college founded by John Calvin and also a statue of Rousseau. There are fine gardens and pleasant places on the river banks, and further off one may sit and watch the blue waters of the Rhone and the gray waters of the Arve flow along together side by side for several hundred yards and each retain its own distinct color. But Lake Lemman is the great at-

traction with its forty odd miles of water, its mountain banks, its medieval castles and summer villas and old chateaux dotting its shores. I sailed over the lake and at the further end found the famous thirteenth century castle of Chillon immortalized by Byron and now used, for a museum and a place of storage of the archives of the canton. The castle is in good preservation, and I was shown the rooms of the Duke of Savoy and the hall of justice and some of the engines of the Middle Ages. Below are kept old instruments of torture, a rough gallows, a pillory with its cruel iron collar and a windlass on the collar which hoisted prisoners high in air, while the executioner burned their naked feet to extract confessions. The pillories show plainly the scorches made by the fires of torture. Below are the dungeons, really picturesque with their Gothic columns and long vertical windows. Here many of the Immortals have chiseled their names in the stone walls. I read those of Schiller, Byron, Victor Hugo, Dumas *Pere*, and many others scarcely less well-known. Here for six years the noble Bonavard was chained to a pillar, and his feet have worn a deep impression in the pavement. As I looked at the spot and saw the afternoon light streaming in upon it through the long slits of windows I thought of Byron's lines.

"Chillon! Thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left their trace,  
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonavard! May none those marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

And now I must bid good-bye to Switzerland with its sunlight and dazzling snows, the brush of forest boughs, the Alpine horn, the birds' clear notes, the knife edge of path and mighty precipices, the vast bulks of rock gathered up into beetling crags and straining ever higher into needle cliffs and peaks; the shimmering light through leafy wilderness, the roaring torrent and the wine of mountain air. The word is now, "on to Paris."

## The True Germ of Culture.

A FIVE-MINUTE TALK.

*J. S. Gaylord.*

A planter went forth to plant, and as he went he noticed that the grains of corn were not artistic in form. One end was rough and pointed. So taking out his knife he rounded off the pointed ends. Being an orderly man he placed each rounded grain carefully in the ground and covered it with care. But, tiring after a time of this tedious method, he stopped trimming the grains, and digging the holes carelessly he threw in a few grains for each hill and so finished his task. You know the result. The grains so beautifully trimmed and planted with such care did not grow, the others grew and flourished.

This man now began to study corn to see why his improved grains did not grow. He found near the pointed end of each grain a germ of life. In his effort to improve the form he had cut off the germ.

Again he planted, and adding science to his method, he cut off all those large, worthless, lifeless ends and planted the germs only, for science had told him that these only contained life. His corn did not grow. He had deprived the germs of their life-sustaining environment.

Notice three things in regard to this man: First, that he was artistic. Secondly, that he was scientific. And thirdly, that in both cases he was ignorant.

What happens when a grain of corn grows? The germ warmed and moistened begins to move and to absorb, to eat the rest of the grain. This goes on until the whole grain is taken up into the life of the germ, which now becomes a plant.

There is a germ of culture in each man. Begin by trimming him to artistic form, that is, by requiring him to give a certain artistic form to all his thoughts and actions, and he will not grow. The germ

is shut out by the form. On the other hand, begin by removing all the dead, lifeless parts, that is, by requiring him to inhibit all spontaneous thought and action and to think and do only the one prescribed thing, and he will not grow. The germ is deprived of its life-sustaining environment. But put the man where he may be warmed through and through and where he may move spontaneously for others, and the germ will grow and as it grows it will gradually absorb the dead, inexpressive, imperfect parts and motives until a perfect man appears.

As it is not possible to tell by any rule exactly where the germ will be found in a grain of corn, much less is it possible to tell beforehand where the true germ of culture is in any man. The wise will not try to determine beforehand, but wherever it may be found will give it every opportunity to grow.

This germ may be small and very difficult to find or it may be large and easily discovered. Without doubt it may be found in every person. It is a point of perfection which is in the life of every man. It is a manner or mode of revelation. It is the point at which or the way in which each person the more perfectly reveals his true self. The skillful easily detect it by the uniqueness of its message. It is the inexplicable in the life or expression of each person. It is the one direction in which all space is open to a man.

The teacher's task is to find this germ of culture quickly and then grow it until it takes up and transforms all less perfect parts into its own perfective life. An acorn may become an oak. No number of imperfect things put together ever give perfection, but in a whole universe of imperfect parts put one perfect germ and the whole shall be leavened until all is perfect.

There is no sweeter repose than that which is brought with labor.—*Chamfort.*

## Shakesperian Festival.

*Engagement of Henry Lawrence Southwick, the  
Eminent Shakesperian Scholar and Actor.  
Tremont Theatre, Week of March 15, 1897.*

It has always been held by the Emerson College of Oratory that there is a great educational value in the study and interpretation of dramatic literature. This study has been given a prominent place in our curriculum because of the belief in its value as a means of personal culture, because it cultivates the imagination, broadens the sympathies, and matures the sense of the beautiful.

This proposition is about to have a most conclusive demonstration. With the Ides of March there will be ushered in a week of greatest interest and import to all those who appreciate, and long for a realization of the higher ideals of the drama. It will have an especial significance to those who place an educational value on a scholarly and dramatic interpretation of the great works of that greatest poet and play-wright, William Shakespeare.

For the past four years Prof. Southwick, assisted by teachers and students from the Emerson College, has delighted the Boston public with Shakesperian plays. Each season the work has called forth such a hearty and increasing demand that the repertoire of plays has been enlarged from year to year. Occasionally these plays have been presented to large and delighted audiences outside of Boston. The tragedy of Hamlet which was enacted before the people of Plymouth, Mass., on Feb. 1st, so stirred that historic old town that a petition, bearing the names of one hundred of its most prominent citizens, has been received asking that Prof. Southwick will appear there again in the near future.

This year Prof. Southwick, in response to the widespread desire to see more of his work, decided to embark in the personal



enterprise of a week's engagement at the Tremont Theatre. He will present four Shakespearian plays, and Bulwer's romantic drama of "Richelieu." Especial interest will attach to the new play Richard III.

Concerning his support we speak the words of one well-known in theatrical circles.

"Every member of this company is a trained artist, taught and directed by Mr. Southwick, who has already attained a high position among literary interpreters, and who combines the genius of the teacher and the actor."

There is already the assurance of large delegations of educators from Boston and vicinity. Among the institutions represented at the plays will be: Harvard University, Wellesley College, Tufts College, Boston University, Institute of Technology, Laselle Seminary, and high schools and academies, in and about Boston. The Governor of Massachusetts has already secured a box; and many of the leading social and literary clubs will be present.

This is an opportunity that no teacher should allow to pass unimproved. Every lover of English literature will receive help and inspiration from the plays. Of course it is not necessary to say to our own students, and graduates, that every one should avail himself of this opportunity for studying these plays as entreties, for seeing what their own work may become, and for receiving an impulse that will tell greatly on their future work as students and teachers.

Let all be present on the opening night and give an encouragement to the players that shall be felt throughout their hard work of the week.

To show the appreciation with which his work has already been received we quote from a few of the many personal letters received by Prof. Southwick.

PROF. WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

(*The Noted Shakespearian Commentator.*)

Allow me to congratulate you and your

fellow-actors on great histrionic triumphs. The plays were admirably rendered, and the applause and other tributes were well deserved.

The Hamlet was a most sympathetic and impressive personation. Your Othello was worthy of an experienced actor of the first class. Possibly the Richelieu might be better done, but I cannot conceive it. It stirred and moved me more than I know how to express. I came away as from a most impressive religious service where you had been the eloquent preacher.

JOSEPH A. HAWORTH.

(*The Well-known Actor.*)

Am glad I know you. I'll play Hamlet better now from seeing you.

MR. ROBERT C. METCALF.

(*Supervisor of the Boston Public Schools.*)

I can truly say that I never enjoyed Shakespeare so well. Your own work was admirable, and almost equal praise can be given to your associates. The hearty reception which you all received from the great audiences was richly deserved. I congratulate you on your grand success.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Mr. Southwick seems to me to have *perfectly* played Hamlet. He held me spell-bound, and after his first appearance on the stage my attention was riveted. Everybody did well; it is rarely that we have such playing on the Boston boards.

That the press has also been most cordial in its reception of Prof. Southwick's work; and in its recognition of his abilities as an original and effective interpreter of Shakespeare these few excerpts will show.

WILLIAM E. BRYANT.

(*For a number of years dramatic critic for the Boston Journal.*)

There are a few actors in every age. At this time we have a rising star of unusual brilliancy in Henry Lawrence Southwick, the distinguished classic teacher, interpreter, and actor.

This gentleman is one of the few who may be said to have genius for the stage. His work suggests a new era in the history of the drama. Mr. Southwick has surprised

and delighted the theatre-going public and critics of Boston by the finish power of his work.

His acting possesses the attractiveness and force that wins the public, together with the intellectual and educational finish, and artistic beauty, which commands the praise of scholars and thinkers. Mr. Southwick is one of the few actors who can carry the people with him to a higher intellectual plane.

*Transcript.*

The intelligence shown in the delivery of the text, and the care with which every illuminating point in the action was made, furnished one of the most artistic and appreciative interpretations of "Hamlet" ever given in Boston. It was a scholarly production and one which does credit to the painstaking care and keen discrimination of every one who had anything to do with the performance.

*Herald.*

"Richelieu" was carefully staged and well, and it was capitally acted in every part. Mr. Southwick imitated no one, and he made no attempts to gain applause by resort to tricks of elocution or novel bits of original business. He gave an intelligent and effective impersonation. He succeeded admirably in suggesting the grim humor of the Cardinal, and the famous declamatory passage and brilliant theatrical outburst for which the play is noted were skilfully handled and won enthusiastic plaudits.

*Budget.*

Mr. Southwick as the Moor was convincing and impressive, and while never inadequate, it may be said to his credit that he was at his best when the greatest demands were made upon his histrionic power. His mobile and expressive face gave words to the part when the tongue was silent. Rarely have been seen performances so adequately played in all their parts.

PROGRAMME OF THE WEEK.

|            |          |           |
|------------|----------|-----------|
| Monday,    | March 15 | Richelieu |
| Tuesday,   | " 16     | Hamlet    |
| Wednesday, | " 17     | Othello   |
| Thursday,  | " 18     | Richelieu |
| Friday,    | " 19     | Hamlet    |
| Saturday,  | " 20     |           |

Matinée, Merchant of Venice  
(Mr. Charles W. Kidder as Shylock.)  
(Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick as Portia.)  
Evening, Richard III.

Note.—Those who desire to secure a choice of seats before the sale opens at the box-office can do so by applying to Fred. M. Blanchard, 4 Berkeley St., Boston.  
Evening performance at 7.45.

Matinée at 2.

H. S. R.



## Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

1749-1832.

*By Melanie Constance Richardt, Teacher of  
German Collegiate School, New York City.*

Goethe is one of the few poets whose life was not a struggle against poverty and hardships. Surrounded by all the luxuries which a comfortable home supplies—a generous but strict father and an adoring mother—what more conducive to the results of such a genius as Goethe's? It is said, that a more magnificent phenomenon of human flesh had never been seen in all Europe. He was tall and superbly formed; had a fine head covered with an abundance of brown hair which he wore unpowdered, tied with a ribbon. His brown eyes were large and lustrous; his brow massive and thoughtful; his mouth and chin were well chiseled; in addition to these a slight aquiline nose gave him the appearance of a Greek hero. In his manner there was a frank, reckless grace which drew all hearts irresistibly toward him. Even Wieland, who had no reason to favor him writes to his friend Merck: "Goethe lives and rules and makes rain and sunshine, tour-à-tour *comme vous savez*, and makes us happy whatever he does."

All literary efforts are affected by circumstances,—thus, it was necessary to dwell upon the personality of this genius whose

contact with the fair sex brings about such disastrous results with their hearts and these results in their turn evolve from the mind and pen of Goethe tragedies which have brought him fame o'er the whole universe.

The keynote to his greatness lies in the universality of his mind and the fact that he could adhere to the tenets of his creed without self-contradiction, in spite of his artistic nature. He writes to friend Jacobi: "For my part with the manifold directions in which my nature moves, I cannot be satisfied with a single mode of thought. As a poet and artist, I am a polytheist—as a student of nature, a pantheist—*both* with equal positiveness. When I need a God for my personal nature, as a moral, and spiritual man, He also exists for me. The heavenly and the earthly things are such an immense realm that it can only be grasped by the collective intelligence of all beings."

The "Storm and Stress"—the "Thirty Year's War"—which brought about such tremendous changes in the expression and liberty of thought, bettered the conditions of the German people, also wrought a weighty influence upon the life and works of this great poet. His colleagues considered him unpatriotic—heartless, because he could not share their enthusiasm in the bitter struggle. Such men as Wilhelm von Humboldt, Merck, Eckermann, Rieme, Chancellor von Muller and others can bear testimony that his intellect was not developed at the expense of his heart. It was an inborn necessity of his nature to abhor all violent and destructive forces.

Of the many journeys he took throughout his long life, none left such a deep impression and changed his mode of thought as those of Weimar and Italy. His intimate friend Karl August of Saxe-Weimar gave him the office of Geheimer Legations Rath with a good salary. He was the lion of the hour in literary and official circles.

It was here that his great mental revolution took place. He doubted the methods of his youth but had found none to take their place. After a deep struggle, nature, which had been but a dim something, became a living reality. As he expresses it: "I felt her warm presence, but did not recognize her." Thus we find him zealously studying geology, anatomy and physics. Karl August and Wieland marveled at the change in their friend but he recognized the rationality of existence and its best advantages were his and his fellow-beings. In his correspondence with Frau von Stein, we find a great deal is due to her refining influence.

His journey to Italy estranged him for a time from the German public. The new school of authors became very distasteful to him particularly "Schiller" who was in direct antagonism with the clear, tranquil classicism which he had accepted as his ideal of literary form. In his book entitled: "The Italian Journey," using the letters of Frau von Stein, Herder and others he gives us an idea of his scientific-artistic studies and his change of style.

"Iphigenia" was the first effort, which signaled his change of diction. His friends missed the fire—the rhythmical surprises, unstinted coloring and the wild and wayward melody which had won their hearts.

Is it not a beautiful picture to look upon Schiller and Goethe as true and tried friends—two such antagonistic spirits? Their union was an ideal one—sharers of one another's joys and sorrows—helpers in their work. Goethe contributed largely to Schiller's "Horen," "Die Xenien" and others. Schiller's death was a sore trial to his friend—it came as he was just recovering from a severe illness and affected him deeply. He writes to his friend Zeltner: "I thought I was about to lose myself and now I lose a friend, and in him half of my existence." In the solitude of the next

few years, he busied himself with his optical experiments and his book entitled: ("Die Farbenlehre,") "Doctrine of Colors,"—an interesting book to unscientific readers. As the years progressed—the effects of Goethe's activity began to make themselves felt in foreign lands and he watched with keen gratification his influence in every domain of knowledge. During the last years of Goethe's life, death robbed him of many of his nearest and dearest ones—the hardest blow of all was the loss of his only son, August von Goethe, who died in Rome. The grand old poet himself died on March 22, 1832—a few months after he had finished his life's work "Faust."

Among the Germans, he is considered the most complete type of man in modern history in spite of his many errors.

It will no doubt be of interest to the students of Shakespeare to know that Goethe was an ardent admirer of this great mind and eulogized him before a local literary circle. In the latter part of his eulogy, he expresses himself thus: "Most of these gentlemen take offense at Shakespeare's character. (Meaning Racine, Corneille and Voltaire.) But I cry, Nature! Nature! nothing more in accordance with nature than Shakespeare's men and women! He rivaled Prometheus; copied his men, feature by feature, only in colossal size. In this lies the secret reason why we recognize them as our brethren. And then he animated them with the breath of his own soul; he himself speaks out of all of them and we recognize their kinship to us."

The most significant sentence in the whole eulogy, which becomes in later years the principal idea in his "Faust" is: "What noble philosophers have said of the world is true of Shakespeare, *that that which we call evil is only the reverse of good* and is as necessary to its existence and to the *tout ensemble* as it is that the

hot zone must burn and Lapland must freeze in order that there may be a temperate zone!" Goethe also translated Goldsmith's "Deserted Village!" His scientific works have a well-earned reputation and are considered as *standards* by philosophers. It is almost unnecessary to mention his "Faust"—the grandest effort and success of his sixty years' labor. A few of his other efforts are: "Gotz von Berlichingen," "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Werther" and many lyrical poems.

Thanks are due to Professors Boyeson and Bayard, for much in this article.



## Recitals.

### THE ORATORS AND ORATORY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

On the afternoon of Jan. 21st, Berkeley Hall, was filled to its utmost capacity with the members of the Southwick Literary Society and their friends.

They were royally entertained on this occasion by Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick in his powerful dramatic presentation of the "Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare."

Those who had previously heard Prof. Southwick in this popular lecture, were surprised to find how far he surpassed what we thought last year could not be surpassed.

No one can doubt that he is to be the great actor of the world, because the foundation is true and his methods are allied with the unfailing, omnipotent laws of nature.

Without the aid of stage paraphernalia but by his power of character impersonation, he marshalled before his audience with swiftly changing scenery, the court of Denmark with its princely Prince—the Venetian council chamber with the rever-



end signiors and the valiant Othello—the Grecian camp with the grave, proud silver-haired Nestor—the Court of Justice and the sublime, inspired eloquence of Portia—the Roman Forum, the Lord Brutus, the blood-stained body of the dead Cæsar, and the mighty orator Marc Antony. ‘All these he made vivid realities to us for he lived the things he talked of.

Mrs. Sidney Lanier who was present said she had come expecting to hear, “a scholarly lecture by a polished Professor,” but she was not prepared for what she hear “the *great actor!*”

Surely the star of genius has arisen in the person of Prof. Southwick, to illuminate the world of histrionic art with incomparable splendor.

Even now in the beginning of his career, all the great critics who have seen him on the stage have pronounced him the greatest Shakespearian actor now living.

M. B. M.



#### MRS. LANIER'S READINGS.

In listening to the Readings of Mrs. Sidney Lanier who recently visited our college, we realized the opportunity of coming closer to the genius of her husband, who unmistakably and *knowingly* worked through many of the principles which we, as students, are endeavoring to grasp. Mrs. Lanier read from the poems, and from letters, which, being as yet unpublished, can be known only through Mrs. Lanier's readings. These letters embody the eternal purpose and health-giving spirit of the man, and are particularly interesting in that they reveal his musical genius, which may be expressed only in the word genius. One could dwell on each letter and each line therein, and find something too good to pass, but we will mention only one, which has been named the Schumann letter, this letter leads from a wonderful summing-up

of the character and expression of Robert Schumann to a conception of the length and breadth and height that should be encompassed in the artist. He says of Schumann, “His sympathies were not big enough; he did not go through the awful struggle of genius and lash and storm and beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the all of things, that is large enough to appreciate, (if even without understanding) the magnificent designs of God, and tall enough to stand in the trough of the awful cross-waves of circumstance, and look over their heights along the whole sea of God's manifold acts, and deep enough to admit the peace that passeth understanding. A great artist should have the sensibility and expressive genius of Schumann, the calm grandeur of Lee, and the human breadth of Shakespeare, all in one.”

There is one strain permeating all that has come from the heart and brains of Lanier, and we find it in these lines from his poem “Individuality.”

“Awful is art, because 'tis free  
The artist trembles o'er his plan  
Where men his self must see.”

Do we not, each day, march to the music of some such strain as this?

“A man can work no higher than he lives.”

We send with Mrs. Lanier our heart's best thanks, for in the light of what she brought us we can the better see that which may be ours.



#### MR. ELBERT HUBBARD.

Emersonian enthusiasm and appreciation seemed to have reached its high-water mark on Tuesday morning of February 2nd when Mr. Elbert Hubbard, author of the *Legacy-Forbes* at Harvard, etc., finished reading the delightful paper upon Mrs. Browning from his little journey series.

To use Mr. Hubbard's own figures, he is a man with an edge on— (the kind of edge which fate deals, of course!)—a man who is *not* resting as John Kenyon did upon the mountain side, and it does not take an Emersonian long to find out these facts,—hence the high-tide of Tuesday morning.

Words are inadequate to express our delight in Mr. Hubbard's paper. He knows how to read his own writings! This is a rare accomplishment, among authors. The simplicity, the attractiveness, the directness of his style harmonized beautifully with the simplicity, the attractiveness, the directness of his reading.

We were brought very near to the life of Mrs. Browning not with a familiarity, which would have jarred upon us, but in a reverential way. This was Mr. Hubbard's greatest charm the reverence with which he surrounded his subject.

M. FRANCES HOLBROOK.



## Relation of Mind to Voice.

MAY GREENWOOD.

The Human Voice, what is it?

Physically speaking, by the contraction of the vocal cords and by the air which is expelled from the lungs, striking over their edges, a sound is produced; this is fundamental tone and is the basis of that which we call voice.

The sound produced by the vibration of the vocal cords has the quality of a whisper, and is the same in a man or in an ox. Voice as we hear it is not the sound of the vibration of the vocal cords, but the echo of that sound.

The stream of air in the lungs is set vibrating by vocal cords, then passed into an aperture of resonant chambers, where it is echoed and reinforced. The chambers of resonance are the Trachea, Pharynx, Hard Palate and Nares posteriori and anteriori; these form a continuous opening hence there is a perfect tone line from highest to lowest pitch.

It is merely a rising or descending the scale step by step, as one would ascend or descend a long straight flight of stairs, with no breaks or angles. This gives us the direction of voice on the physical plane, but

we are spiritual beings, and as the body is given us as a visible means of expressing the soul, which we know to be the cause of all things—so the real voice is the volume through which we stand revealed morally, intellectually and physically.

All true tone is the expression, the giving out of human emotions, and is the most direct language in which soul speaks to soul. To the forming of every element must be given all your soul and education, all there is in your mind. Proper voice comes from the proper impulse of the soul—Love.

Emerson says:—"When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

The voice needs to be cultivated, because, like the body, it takes on certain restrictions which hinder it. As the body when free is above consciousness and responsive to the emotions of the soul, so the voice when free is above consciousness and responsive to every thought which has clothed itself in feeling. If there are a million emotions in the mind there will be a million tone colors in the voice. Can we not recognize, even without words, the tone that expresses love, hate, joy, sorrow, gentleness, surprise, terror etc? Tone and gesture are universal languages, the same with all nations and people. It is said a man with a knowledge of his mother tongue only can go around the world, making his way with no difficulty, by means of appropriate tones and gestures.

If then our voices are true reporters of the soul, mind and body, three things are essential—first we must earnestly endeavor to be what in our highest moments we wish to be and express, the mind must be habitually held upon noble thoughts, must be permeated with benevolence and love toward all; second. the body by proper physical exercise freed to express this magnanimity of spirit; and third the voice freed that the beauty within may speak through it to the hearts of others.

When we think how much time, strength and money is expended from the desire to look well, and know that sound affects us more than sight, is it not strange we do not

pay more attention to sounding well?

Tones affect us imperceptibly, they are constantly appealing to our feelings through our feeling to our will, and thus developing our characters. The majority of people are affected more by tones than words, musicians understand this and this is the reason the great composers have written much of their music for the orchestra.

Every pitch of the voice and every quality of tone awakens some definite feeling in the hearer. All sounds are symbols for expressing certain ideas and emotions in the human mind, and when you present your idea in singing or speaking, you cause certain vibrations which arouse similar vibrations, hence ideas, in others. "Singing is reproducing and expressing feeling which has been awakened by music." The end and aim of music is to communicate thoughts to other minds. True voice culture deals directly with mind and mental tones, and must be studied from within; our methods must not be directed to the machinery, but to the power that moves the machinery.

Consciousness of service in any agent is all the consciousness we should recognize, there must be no thoughts of how muscles act. Technique serves interpretation as tools serve the workman, real development begins when the thoughts of the mind are put to the music. We should sing or speak to the minds of people not to their ears; the more nearly a singing voice can express definite communication of thought, the better—and in speaking, the more nearly the voice resembles the singing voice, the better. Think rightly about receiving the air and the lungs will open, as the hand to pick up a pin or a ball, just as much as is necessary.

Right mental action will cause wrong muscular action to die away, after a time; it is a fixed law that the free voice will follow the mind, thus we should educate the voice by inducing right states of mind while using it, and "we are working with a technique just as exact and methodical, while putting objects of thought before the mind, as if we were working through a technique more visible. We deal with the organs of voice by speaking to the man within, who speaks back again in his own language."

The teacher must first assist a pupil to form an ideal of what a pure tone is, then the pupil must keep after his ideal, listening ever to that rather than to his own imperfect tone; his ideal will grow and his tone will grow to match it, for it is true we grow to be what the mind dwells upon. The sculptor sees a beautiful form in a rough block of marble, and makes the chips fly, while his mental eye is forever fixed upon the ideal image he and he alone sees in the marble.

As each student will have an ideal tone peculiar to himself, he will develop a voice which is individual, and adapted to his thought and physical organism, and thus do away with the too common fault of pupils learning to sing or speak just as their teachers sing or speak.

The pupils of some teachers are recognized instantly by all who know the teacher's style. This is imitation, in which there is no growth. The individual tone must be preserved. Emerson says: "Insist on yourself, never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of whole life's cultivation, but of the adopted talent of another you have merely an extemporaneous, half-possession."



The many letters of appreciation from our subscribers testify most heartily to the cordial greetings that the Magazine has received wherever it has gone. The strongest proof, however, is that hardly any old subscribers have removed their names from our mailing list. All who were subscribers last year have had the Magazine mailed to them. Let the payments come in right soon. We "would have moneys." This is necessary to keep our journalistic wheels in motion. Every dollar received goes directly into the Magazine for its improvement, so that all the subscriptions that our friends may obtain help to make our publication more what we wish it to be. We shall hope to hear from all our subscribers, who have not already paid, very soon.

H. S. R.







MISS JULIA KING.

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"Thoughts do not need the wings of words

To fly to any goal;

Like subtle lightnings, not like birds,

They speed from soul to soul.

Hide in your heart a bitter thought;

Still it has power to blight.

Think, Love, although you speak it not

It gives the world more light."



## Julia Thompson King.

With this issue of our magazine we have the pleasure of granting an oft-repeated request by presenting a frontispiece of one of our much loved teachers.

Miss King, whose cordial welcome is one of the first to be received by the new students on entering the College, whose glowing face, loving heart and genuine sympathy have helped them over many a "slough of discouragement," is too well known among all stu-

dents to need any introduction.

Her professional reputation as a reader, which places her among the first of artists, makes her well known to the general public.

During the notable Woman's Congress recently in Washington Miss King won high honors for herself and the College by her thorough, earnest and artistic representation of the work.



Much that is wise, and possibly otherwise, has been said and written concerning the "Emerson Philosophy." Indeed, it is a gospel that finds ready entrance to all thoughtful minds and sympathetic hearts. It appeals at once to every individual who is diligently seeking or even blindly groping for truth. Its representatives have gone out into the world to carry its life-giving influence to others. In this way it has become apparent that the system is not only extremely valuable and intensely practical in itself, of itself and by itself, but its application to other arts brings out latent possibilities before not dreamed of. After witnessing its application to music in the work of Mr. Conant, a few weeks since, we were almost amazed at the possibilities it suggested in various ways, and each of us came away with a better understanding, a keener appreciation, and, if possible, a deeper love for music.

Among other things it has been applied to the art of photography, of which our pages will tell you more in a succeeding issue.

During the recent vacation it has been our privilege to observe its application to the teaching of primary grades in one of our public schools. We hope, in some future issue, to present a full description and complete criticism of this application. At present we can only give

it mention for the sake of advising all thoughtful students to go to the school and observe the work. There was unbounded animation and volume, and under the wise guidance of the teachers, smoothness, taste, etc., could be easily discriminated. It was intensely interesting to observe how clearly the little "five-year-olds" brought out the points. What will doubtless be of most value to the little ones as they pursue their studies is the perfect concentration required by the wise teachers. Of course the children do not even know what it means to concentrate; they are simply thinking all the time *what* they are doing and *how* they are doing it. "I put my mind on it," said one little tot of six summers.

Here, too, may be found material for putting into practice the knowledge gained from Professor Kidder's Visible Speech.

This most interesting application has been made in the Chelsea Broadway Primary School by Miss Mary Lovejoy, its principal. Miss Lovejoy has kindly extended a cordial invitation to all Emersonians to visit the school and observe the work. Miss Birney's Physical Culture work with the children is very beautiful.



We wish to acknowledge Professor Cheney's kindness in allowing us to print the history of "A Vermont Musical Family." It was previously arranged for a musical monthly edited in Chicago.



It may be of interest to know what some of our noted men have said of music.

Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is

good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form.—*Plato*.

Music is a fair and glorious gift from God. I would not for the world renounce my humble share in music.—*Luther*.

Music is an art that God has given us, in which the voice of all nations may write their prayers in one harmonious rhythm.—*Halevy*.

Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into it.—*Curlye*.

The man that hath no music in himself. Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.  
—*Shakespeare*.



### Sunset Music.

Standing one day just at sunset,  
By the shore of the burning sea,  
Where the grasses nod and whisper,  
To the breezes that come from the lea,

I heard a soft chime of music;  
A melody—low and sweet;  
'Twas the voice of old Mother Nature  
Singing the day to sleep.

The ferns, low-waving, dew-laden,  
With the daisies were nodding, together—  
The blue-bells were gently rocking  
In their cradle of purple heather.

Close by, on a lily-stalk slender,  
A butterfly tilted and swung,  
And seemed to be watching the swaying  
Of the lily-bell's golden tongue.

I stood by the sea with its shadows,  
In the glow of the fast fading day,  
Till the gold had changed to crimson—  
Till the crimson had turned to grey.

Till the Curfew had ceased its ringing,—  
Till the clouds hung dark in the west:—  
Then, I turned from the hillocks and heather  
Towards home, that haven of rest.

And oft, in the dim, noisy city,  
With its sorrow, its strife and its fear,  
I think of that sunset,—those flowers,  
Of that music so low and so clear.

Oh, when friends leave us forever,  
To go where 'tis all light and flowers,—  
Could we but hear that sweet music,  
What a great content would be ours.

—GEORGE HENRY GALPIN, '98.

## The Relation of Physical Culture to Character.

Lecture Delivered by President Emerson before the Students  
of The Emerson College of Oratory.

*Stenographic report by Reba Norris. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*

(Copyrighted 1897.)

If we approach this building from the street on the right we perceive a building of a certain character; if we approach this same building from the street on the left it seems entirely different, and yet the building is the same. If we approach man from the mental side we see him as a mental being; if we approach him from the physical side we see him as a physical being; and yet these two sides are but two approaches to the same person. Life is one, whether we approach from the physical or the mental side. In my last lecture I spoke of the effect of the mind upon the body. Today I shall approach the life of man from the physical side. If conditions of the mind affect the body, so do conditions of the body affect the mind.

In all the educational conventions which we have attended for quite a number of years, this truth has been repeatedly uttered, viz.: True education ends in character building. But in all the lectures and treatises upon the branch of study which we term physical culture I have neither heard nor read anything pertaining to the effect of physical culture upon character or its relation to character.

You can scarcely take up a periodical today without seeing in it something concerning physical culture. Twenty-five years ago if one talked of physical culture he was looked upon as being somewhat eccentric. There is now in progress a great reformation in respect to the study of this subject. The idea

that the body is to be educated is sweeping over this country like a tidal wave. When I read in Scripture, "We wait, namely, for the redemption of our bodies," I wonder if it was a prophecy of this day. Was the waiting that of waiting for a higher realization of Christianity in its effect upon the human body, in its treatment of the body? Physical culture is one of the helps in realizing, in the conduct of life, the teachings of Christianity.

We will consider some tests which may be applied to whatever has been named physical culture; we will also present as a fundamental proposition this: A true system of physical culture, properly taught, aids in building ideal character. I. *Through its effect upon the health*, for, in the nature of things, health affects character.

Ben Johnson said: "A man is as ras- cal as soon as he is sick." This was Ben's pungent way of putting things.

It was once thought that health was not favorable to spirituality. This asceticism, which was taught in the Middle Ages, crushed the man quite as much by its attack upon the body as it did through any other form. Even though I was not born in the Middle Ages, I was born early enough to receive a kind of impression that sickness might be good for me; that it was sent me in the dispensation of Providence for the correction of my bad habits, to make me more spiritual, to make me remember



my Creator, etc.

Times have been slowly changing; man has been slowly correcting his ideals. Light is breaking as the morning of civilization and general culture advances; we are beginning to see things in a new light; that ill health comes as a natural consequence of a violation of the laws of God, and not as a special dispensation of Providence. To be able to say this without being accused of heresy shows the progress of the age. Today, I think, no one questions that sickness is the result of a violated law.

Let us notice some of the ways in which health tends to moral conduct:

a. Through giving *self-reliance* to its possessor, and thereby freeing him from many temptations which beset the weak. Illness subjects one to temptation. In these days it is said that as soon as the human body is depressed to a certain degree there is a manifest presence of microbes, which produce no end of disease and misery. It is certainly true that as soon as the physical system is devitalized to a certain extent innumerable temptations enter, to which one is in great danger of submitting, and thus losing the life of character.

Mr. Beecher once said: "A man in health can resist temptation much easier than a man who is ill. It attacks him, but his vitality resists it. If you drop some water on a stove that is neither hot nor cold it sizzles and fries and sizzles and fries. Let the stove be red-hot, then drop some water on it, and it bounds away with a snort." Health resists temptation. Self-reliance is a sustainer of moral rectitude. A person who lacks health begins to look around for means of sustaining self through other than personal effort. It deprives one of generosity: it develops envy.

A person who has been sick a great while is ever asking others to do for him. How can he do otherwise? *Weakness always begs; strength always gives.* Generosity comes from strength; meanness is the blossom of weakness, because weakness affects self-reliance.

b. Health of body leads to equanimity of mind. We are hardly aware of how much the state of our nerves affects our minds. You say such a person is a very uncomfortable person to live with; she is very fretful and very irritable; but if you could, with something keener than the microscopic eye, look at the nerves of that fretful, irritable individual you would discover that the cause of that irritability is to be found in the condition of the nervous system, and not in the disposition. John Wesley, who was born before modern science had revealed many things concerning physiology and pathology, but who was a keen observer of character, said: "A great many persons pass for possessing very bad tempers, when their tempers are really very good, but their nervous systems are very irritable; therefore their evil tempers are to be attributed to physical disease rather than to moral disorder." Oh, who has not felt the truth and justice of this remark in his own life and experience?

Julius Caesar noted Cassius "a lean and hungry man," whose nerves could not rest comfortably. Shakespeare was philosopher enough to put it into the mind of the marvelous Julius to see that men would hatch up treason simply because their nerves were never at rest. Irritable, spasmodic actions of the whole nervous system greatly bias the conduct of an individual.

c. Health tends to promote normal propensities. Abnormal propensities, as the experienced physician could readily

tell you, are often developed from disease. You all remember how long Guiteau, the murderer of James A. Garfield, President of the United States, was on trial in order that the experts might ascertain what caused him to kill the President? The Medical Journal of Massachusetts said immediately that the murder was the result of a diseased condition of the brain. Scientific men took magnifying glasses and squinted into the pupils of his eyes; they couldn't see it—they thought they would know it if it was there. They finally decided, by the looks of his pupils, and otherwise, that he was not insane; so they killed Guiteau. Post mortem examination revealed the fact that the membrane enclosing the brain was much congested, and that the congestion had, to some extent, reached the substance of the brain itself. The murder of the President of the United States caused from a slight congestion of the brain! We see, then, how much weakness and disease may affect character.

If you read certain well-known authors who have written of the effect upon the mind of certain diseases of the body, you will be interested to find how many diseases reveal their presence by inducing certain states of mind. In regard to the symptoms of the presence of disease, you will find that any scientific medical work states, that certain derangements of the nervous system are manifested in the conduct of the individual; for definite states of mind always accompany certain diseases.

II. Proper physical culture gives a moral direction to the intellectual activities by interesting the mind in the study of *nature's laws*. All the exhibitions of nature are governed by law, absolute, universal and intelligible. Today we understand something of law, but we have

not yet realized that the finest study of nature's laws and of the impulses that tend to make us obey them is the study of physical culture. The Greeks, although they were great in some respects in their teaching of physical culture, do not seem to have thought of the idea that the study of physical culture enables one to realize the power of law. They held that every youth should be instructed in music, because the study of music would teach obedience, for as soon as there was a discord of sound the finest sensibilities of the individual were violated. While music will teach obedience, the study of physical culture is even more effective.

Today you hear people who are not properly taught in physical culture, saying: "I will eat what I please. If it hurts me I will take medicine." Others say: "I will dress as I please, regardless of all ideas about health. Oh, yes, I have been told that tight dressing injures the vital organs; but I don't believe anything about it. Why, my family physician recommended my wearing corsets," and then they will quote a still higher authority, the dressmaker.

Some people say it is a good thing to drink ice-water with meals; others say to the contrary. "As long as the doctors disagree, I think I will decide for myself." Well, that is logical so far, but nature's laws, which are above physicians, deal with you in accordance to your obedience to them. If we believe in nature's laws in their relation to diet, the tendency is toward obedience.

Suppose a person should not believe in the omnipotence of law. It would be well to take such a one into the laboratory and show him how the chemist can take perfectly transparent liquids, pour them together and the result be a sub-

stance as black as ink. He will begin to feel that omnipotence is at work there. If, in addition, he studies physical culture properly, he will discover that the laws of nature are as omnipotent in regard to health as they are in regard to chemistry. This is *the* study by which to make a person acquainted with nature's laws and make him believe in them. The truths of nature lead, as the poet has said, to nature's God.

It is the cultivation of the intellect which enables one to perceive these laws. This leads us to notice that the study of physical culture opens a wide field for intellectual development, and such a study promotes character. Some people think it does not make much difference what you study so you use the intellect. There are many studies which will develop the activity of the intellect, but the subject studied should lead the intellect toward morality.

III. The study of physical culture leads to character through establishing, in the mind, *ideals of beauty*. It is a practical way of studying the science of aesthetics. Let us apply the laws of aesthetics to dress. You say a young lady is beautifully dressed. When you say this, from what criteria do you measure? From the criteria of the principles of aesthetics, or from the criteria of the fashions of the season? Fashions change four times a year, if not oftener; but the principles of aesthetics never change. They are the same now as they were when the morning stars sang together for joy; they are the same now as they were before this earth could be considered a solid body, but was in a liquid state, or a state of ether; the laws of nature never change.

We believe in the laws of nature so far as they pertain to the movements of the

planets; we believe in these laws so far as they pertain to the movements of the winds or the creation of storms. Today the study of aesthetics is becoming a science as exact as the science of astronomy or of geology. There are certain laws of beauty, the violation of which, offends the highest sensibilities of the soul.

The fashions of dress in which some people indulge take away all exhibition of character. Whenever we are in the presence of character we are affected by its power. A noble character partakes of the Divinity of God. In the study of physical culture one learns the ideal in human form, and also learns to avoid, as much as possible, violating this ideal in dress.

IV. There is a *direct relation* of a proper system of physical culture to character. The fundamental principle in a perfect system of physical culture is this: The body is the servant of the soul, and was made, with its complex structure, to obey its mandates. That system of physical culture which does not teach this is not a proper system. Some people call every kind of artificial exercise physical culture. All forms of exercise are not exercises in physical culture. Nothing can be said to be true physical culture which does not recognize, theoretically and practically, this principle, viz.: that the body is the servant of the soul; therefore, if one would know the proper uses of the body and how it should be educated, he must know the purposes of the soul. Physical culture leads to the study of morals, to the study of man as a spiritual being, to the study of the possibilities of the soul. The proper study of the soul leads to this conclusion, that the chief end of every one in this world is to influence others by precept and by example toward higher states of being. A

study of physical culture which does not recognize the high mission of man to man and the high relation of man to God is not a proper system of physical culture.

Some say that all physical culture should aim to exercise the body as it is exercised in manual labor. How unscholarly this statement, because indefinite, when we take into consideration the many kinds of physical labor. In his work the blacksmith exercises principally one arm. Yet this is manual labor, and therefore it would seem that we must have exercises corresponding to the blacksmith's work. The shoemaker, the watchmaker, the jeweler bend over their work until, in many cases, the sternum is so pressed upon the heart in consequence of this bending that the heart ceases to act normally. If this idea that exercises in physical culture should resemble those in manual labor, it would seem we must have physical exercises that cause one to bend over, and bring the sternum on the heart.

Without mentioning further particulars in regard to the relation of ideal exercises in physical culture to labor let us compare the study of physical culture with the study of other branches of learning in order that we may see if this principle, viz., that we must teach people in culture to do what people through accident and necessity of circumstances require rather than what the ideals of the soul require, holds good. Let us take the study of grammar and rhetoric for illustration. Among the poor who have never had opportunities for learning, what kind of language do you find? No definite language, but innumerable dialects. They violate what we call the principles of grammar and rhetoric. When we wish to pursue these studies

shall we assume that the object of language culture is to teach people to speak just as those who are bent under the burdens of labor speak? In the schools we study for the ideal, not to copy the actual. Would you call that study culture which studies merely for the actual? No! Culture aims at the expression of the highest perceptions and ideals of the mind when that mind is enlightened.

In all study we aim for the ideal. Of course, one person's ideal is not authority for all the world, but had no person ever established an ideal in language we should have made no progress. An ideal being established, it is studied carefully, and a higher one is formed. The end of all studies which we term studies for culture are studies of ideals, studies for the expression of the highest perceptions. If this principle is true in other branches of culture, shall we not demand the same for a system of physical exercises before it shall assume the name of culture?

There is a great difference between physical culture and athletic exercises, such as jumping, leaping, lifting, walking on one's hands when it is natural for one to walk on his feet, and various other things. Such exercises do not train the body to express the soul, consequently they should not be called culture.

The soul loves and the body should express it; the soul is benevolent and the body should express it; the soul is noble and the body should express it. The body should be taught to express the complete mastery of the appetites and passions by the moral sense. See how the proper conduct of life is introduced in true physical culture. Man, in his nature, gravitates two ways; while his body gravitates toward the center of the earth, his soul gravitates toward God. A proper system of physical culture should grow out of the necessities of man as a spiritual being, and not out of the neces-



sities of man as a drudge or a warrior.

The idea of physical culture originated in the training of soldiers that they might better endure the fatigues of war. General culture calls for higher ideals, which shall meet the needs of civil life. The exercises that were introduced for the training of soldiers were made for a contentious, fighting and bloodshedding world. Now when the various nations of the earth are considering arbitration vs. war, which if it succeeds, will do away with the necessity of expending ten thousand dollars every minute for war and munitions of war; when war is no more, when every man sits under his own vine and fig tree and there is no one to say, "Know ye the Lord," for all shall know Him from the least unto the greatest, where will be the physical culture systems which have been inaugurated for the purpose of making soldiers? Man lives not to kill his brother man, but to help him to live. Slowly the wheel of reformation rolls on, and as it turns, there is hurled from it many scintillations and much dust of past ages.

Then we may ask at this point: What are believed to be some of the higher states of mind which the body should express? The first state of mind which the body should express is *Reverence*. The fundamental principle that is involved in the word "expression" is pressing out what is within. Therefore, if I am to express reverence, I must experience this state of mind or I cannot express it.

The second state of mind which the body should express is *Benevolence*. The body was made to express by deed and by manner this captain of all the faculties, propensities, passions and sentiments of the human soul. Selfishness is not the natural captain of all the faculties. It sometimes mutinously resists the captain, but by and by, when the ship rights herself and the gale that bent it low is past, and she again rides the crest, the true captain commands.

A proper system of physical culture should train the body to express *Freedom through obedience to divinity*. No one is free until the will, guided by rea-

son and inspired by love for all conscious being, governs life.

A proper system of physical culture, then, calls for intellectual, moral and spiritual development, for it does not recognize the body as a separate entity, but as the expressive agent of being.

It fits man to be a worthy citizen; it educates him to be a member of a family, and nothing is higher than this; nothing in this world is higher than that to which the word "home" points. Our hymns sometimes suggest this thought by saying, "Heaven is my home." Those who do not aim to make their homes Heaven are not fit for any heaven, and will never find one until they improve. The church is a holy place, but the church is the servant of the home; in the ratio that it is a Christian church it is such a servant, because it tends to prepare men and women for living together in homes.

Some object to women seeking higher education, on the ground that their place is at home with husband and children. If I should meet a robin in its wanderings and say to it, "Robin, why are you not in your nest?" the reply would be, "I have come out for that with which I may benefit my nest." The question of domesticity is not this: Is one always in that spot called home? The question is, what is she when there and when she is away, of what is she in pursuit to carry to that home?

When I speak of home, I feel I am standing upon holy ground; it almost stops my speech, because I feel that no words are fitting with which to represent the mission of home to the race. In the nature of things, it is destined to be the highest school possible to human beings, but that it may be so, those who help to make that home must approach the ideal in character. They must carry health to that home, and not groaning sickness. They should be able to make health glow in that home, and not darken it by a shadow of disease. They should carry hope, high moral sentiment and beneficence which sweetens the very atmosphere. Think not merely

of whether your sons and daughters are to teach Physical Culture as a profession. This may follow as an incident. Think of what it will do for them as inmates of the home.

Some say, "My daughter shall learn to play the piano." That is right and beautiful; it makes home pleasant as the birds do when they sing. It is a good thing, although I am sorry to say that nine-tenths neglect it as soon as they have a home of their own. Perhaps father gives, as a part of the dower, a fine new piano to grace the home; the piano is silent forevermore. Other music takes the place, sweeter in some respects, if not as harmonious.

Those who make the new music need health, intelligence, refinement. They need the presence of a mother whose every movement is grace; whose every point of bearing is dignity. The presence of such a mother, though she be silent in words, is a liberal education, for a true man or a true woman does more for the elevation of their children and the race by their presence than they can do by words or mere acts. "Put off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." In autumn I never see a bush burning with fire that does not consume, that I do not feel, "This is holy ground." If a bush, burning with the colors and the splendors with which autumn can paint it or with which a miracle can surround it, is a holy thing, how much more is the place hallowed by the presence of the soul which is the tabernacle of God? If a bush can express divinity by its colors of fire, how much more can the presence of the souls of men and women, concerning which the inspired writer heard a great voice out of heaven saying, "The Tabernacle of God is with men."

What can be more holy than the human body in which dwells the spirit of God? "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit?"

A proper system of physical culture leads directly to the development of divinity in human beings, fitting the body to be the temple of the Most High.

## Loyalty.

Julia T. King.

If you were asked what one element of character you most desire in a life-long friend, what would you say? I think, after due consideration of the many admirable elements which combine to make up character or "quantity of being," as Dr. Emerson so clearly states it, you would place as the corner stone of character building, *Loyalty!*

Let us consider what other elements Loyalty includes. Loyalty implies *faith in some person, cause or principle*. What would this world be without faith? It is impossible for the finite to understand, to logically define, or to explain the Infinite. We are ever seeking to unravel the mystery of life, to look beyond the dark abyss which separates this life from the life hereafter, and to ascertain the meaning of existence; but though the greatest men of all ages—philosophers and religious teachers—have given their lives to this problem, it has never been solved. Then why are we not discouraged, why do we not give up this daily striving after that which is nobler and higher? Because God has put into every soul a *faith* which cannot be killed, which ever points like the morning star toward the coming day. Paul says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Loyalty to God depends largely, I might almost say wholly, upon one's faith in Him.

If you would be loyal to a friend, you must have faith in that friend—an absolute *trust* a *belief* in his fidelity. In the political world there are some instances of unselfish loyalty to principle. If a man is willing to give up, if need be, the good opinion of the world for the sake of the *right*, for the sake of *principles* which his conscience tells him are for the welfare of all people, even though his constituents may disapprove of his action, that man has won the right to be called a *loyal* advocate of *Truth*.

Loyalty is not a trivial thing—an ac-

complishment practiced for the sake of amusement and gratification to light minds. It is the outgrowth of constant, faithful and unswerving allegiance to duty; it is of sturdy quality and will defend a friend, a cause, a principle in the face of powerful opposition. It does not recognize an unjust criticism, but gallantly affirms the truth. Loyalty is warm-hearted; is enthusiastic in its expression of appreciation; is not afraid to speak a helpful word when a friend is misrepresented, but unfurls its banner of allegiance and backed by the power of universal justice and truth, shames the would-be destroyer of his friend's good name. Such brave, heroic action clears the atmosphere of evil, and stimulates and creates strong, healthful tendencies. Who does not feel like bending his knees in reverence when in the presence of *personified loyalty*? The loyal soul is *unselfish*, seeking to uplift others and forgetting self in his love of friend, and what is more admirable in a rounded character than unselfishness?

Loyalty leads to *advocacy*. The greatest men in all history have been loyal advocates. Christ spoke not of himself, but of his Father in Heaven—"The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." Socrates had his Plato to advocate. The Disciples said: "Not unto us, not unto us."

Loyalty leads to a sense of *responsibility* for the welfare of others. If a person establishes the habit of defending the right, the beautiful, the true, he will do so at all times, having an ever-present consciousness of his responsibility. Out of this responsibility grows a deep, earnest and sacred *devotion* to

that which is highest and best, and through loyalty to a person, cause or principle, which, as I said before, is developed by faith, there is born that highest quality of the soul; *benevolence*.

1. Faith is the seed planted by God in the human heart.
2. Loyalty, the plant.
3. Unselfishness, the flower.
4. Benevolence, the ripened fruit.

Emersonians, let us make these general truths specific. Let us see if we can personify in ourselves the spirit of loyalty. I said in the beginning of this article that loyalty implies faith in some person, cause or principle. "Have we a *cause* to advocate." Every true heart responds to this question with an eager, enthusiastic "Yes!" "Yes!" "What is that cause?" The uplifting of every soul to God. "How shall we do this?" By preaching and teaching the Gospel of the new philosophy of education in oratory as taught in this College. Dr. Emerson has given to the world the result of his life-long concentrated study. He has originated a system of education which is destined to spread throughout the world, for it is based on universal laws, scientific, philosophical and religious; its final aim is the fulfilment of the highest possibilities of the soul through proper physical, mental, moral and spiritual development. "How shall we manifest our appreciation of these great truths?" *By going forth into the world as loyal advocates of our great institution and the system of philosophy and education which it involves and teaches.* Christ said to his Disciples: "Ye are my Epistles, known and read of all men."

If the College has meant new life, new light, I might almost say new birth, to you (as all will testify is a fact), it will mean the same to other souls, whom you, through your *eloquence, faith, loyalty and advocacy*, may inspire to come within its helpful walls.

## A Vermont Musical Family.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

*By kind permission of W. S. B. Matthews, Editor of "Music," Chicago, Ill.*

I have lately come into possession of information relating to a remarkable musical family in Vermont, which for many reasons I think worthy the interest of readers of Music. The Cheney family had a standing "upon the road" about forty years ago, being traveling singers like "The Hutchinson family," "The

tions; and, second, the active musical force. They were a race of singers, delighting thousands and acting as musical leaven in the communities where they lived, as they still continue to do until this present, for Chicago has two direct lirca! descendants of the old stock in the persons of Mr. John Vance Cheney, li-



ELDER MOSES CHENEY.

Peak family," and the McGibbeny family at present, except that the Cheney family traveled before the days when concert troupes went upon the road in a private car. Two features of this account are interesting: First, the vigorous personality which seems to have been handed down through several genera-

brarian of the Newberry library, and his beautiful wife, Mrs. Cheney. The account begins in 1776, the year of American independence, when a weakly child was born in an old garrison house in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 15th. His boyhood was passed in sickness and poverty; yet this weakling became a very strong man



and a fit descendant of the famous Mrs. Hannah Dustin, who killed ten Indians with her own hand. So feeble was the child that he remained with his mother while his father and brother were at work out of doors. He always saw the hand of Providence in his seclusion; for at the side of his mother he became thoroughly familiar with the Bible. As a boy he could repeat the most of Watts' psalms

could walk erect with his hat on. At twenty-four he married Abigail Leavitt and followed his trade as carpenter and joiner. Soon a series of peculiar experiences brought him to the ministry, and he began his career as a Freewill Baptist preacher. He did not remain with the Freewill Baptists, but he continued to preach the Bible as he understood it, and few men have preached and prayed



HON. MOSES E. CHENEY.

and hymns, and much of the New Testament. In later life it was rare that he was obliged to turn to the good book for a quotation. At about twenty a great change was evident in his physical constitution; he stood six feet and an inch in his boots, a strong man, who could fell two acres of heavy growth timber in two days, and so nimble withal that he could leap a line under which he

more for thirty consecutive years than did Elder Cheney in the New England towns, especially of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont. His striking appearance (he bore a strong resemblance to Washington) and his native power of pathos and humor, of logic and irony, made him a favorite speaker at all religious gatherings in the territory named.

Many stories are told by old inhabitants illustrating his varied powers as a preacher and a singer. After a long life of fervent usefulness he passed away as became a tried warrior for the right. His son, Hon. Moses Ela Cheney, was with him at the time of his death. "A few hours before he expired (his speech having been many days gone) his son Moses sang a portion of the 'Dying Christian,' beginning 'The world recedes and disappears.' Instantly his dying father seemed to be inspired; he had known the music and words long before the son was born, and when he came to the line 'Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly,' he raised both hands, neither of which he had been able to move for more than a week, and beat the time throughout to the end, and when the last words, 'O, death, where is thy sting?' were sung, shouted a loud and exultant 'Amen.' That was his last word."

Elder Cheney is of interest to the readers of this magazine because of his musical ability and that of his immediate family and of his direct descendants to this day. His son Simeon writes in his diary of the singing of his father's family as follows:

"It was no uncommon thing at our house to have afternoon and evening visitors; and nearly always before they left the family were invited to sing. Our family singing was considered very remarkable. As I look back upon it now I see that it was remarkable. Not that we were musicians of a high order, but because we were one and all born singers. We sang the old fugue tunes with wonderful power and spirit. We had the inspiration in us. It was always still the moment we began to sing. We sang without notes. There was not a poor or

a common voice among us nine children. Our father had a tenor voice, and nobody could excel him in spirit; our mother had an excellent alto voice and was a very sweet singer. My brother Nathaniel had the most startling voice in the family. When I now think of it and what he might have done with it I suffer in my feelings. I went some miles not long since to hear the great German tenor, Wachtel. I listened to him all one long evening, and, carefully comparing his voice with Nathaniel's, I am confident that it was in no respect superior to it. Nathaniel's voice was not only high and powerful, but it had a most interesting quality. He could sing with ease and power high C, octave above middle C, and with culture he must have easily sung E flat.

"Brother Nathan had a fine tenor voice, and was a charming singer of old-fashioned songs. He, too, would have made a fine solo singer.

"Moses, Joseph and myself had voices of about the same compass, but very different. My voice had a bass quality, while it was easier for them to sing tenor, though they could sing but a little higher than I. I was always called a bass singer, though I could reach G above the tenor staff with power and ease, and could sing A flat. In our concerts I always sang the basses. I have never known half a dozen men who could sing half as much bass as I could. When Professor Webb first heard me sing he told me that there was no such bass voice in Boston. Dr. Lowell Mason went a little further. He said to me, 'Mr. Cheney, you have the best voice I ever heard in America.' A well-known New York lawyer, who was a music lover and a concert-goer, said to me that, from first

to last, he had never heard so good a voice as mine in New York. 'Carl Formes,' said he, 'has more voice, but it is not so good.' I have said that we all had good voices, and that Nathaniel's was, to my mind, the most unique and striking; but, all in all, Elizabeth's voice and mine were probably the best voices in our family of singers. Elizabeth's voice was true to a hair, and I have never

and an exquisite ear for music. His love for music knew no bounds, and he was a constant singing-teacher throughout his life; also a tuner and repairer of organs, pianos and other instruments. His family of ten children had many uncommon singers and players among them, the best known of whom was Mrs. Abbey Cheney Crozer, for many years organist and choir-director in Upland,



MR. SIMEON PEASE CHENEY.

heard tones of greater pathos; her voice was strong as it was pure. I had no idea, when I lived at home, but that there were plenty of families that could sing as we did, but I have never found them. Nor have I found, in all my teachings, a single boy that had anything like the sing in him that I had when a youngster."

Elder Cheney's youngest brother, Israel Ela Cheney, had a beautiful voice,

a wealthy suburb of Philadelphia.

The Cheney family, who began concerting in 1845, consisted of five, four brothers and a sister, Moses, Nathaniel, Simeon, Joseph and Elizabeth. Hon. Moses Ela Cheney is the only one now living. Still active, in full possession of his acute native powers, he lives with his sons in South Dakota, faithful to the traditions of his life-long art and to the

memory of his gifted family. He has been an original and most useful teacher of the voice and of elementary music in general, and has also won fame as a unique lecturer on musical topics. A letter from him on musical conventions accompanies this sketch.

Nathaniel lived many years in Illinois. He came to the State in 1844, and died at Pilot Grove, at 76 years of age. The best known of his family is his daughter Ruth, the wife of the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Gustave C. E. Weber of Cleveland, Ohio.

Joseph Young Cheney lived his later years in New Hampshire and died there, a lifelong teacher of singing. He it was that carried the humor for which the Cheney family are noted to its highest degree. The hundreds of people that remember his power of mimicry and narration are united in the sentiment that they will not see his like again.

Elizabeth Ela Cheney, the sister in the concert troupe, received better musical advantages than some of her brothers. She was a teacher of the piano as well as of the voice, and one of the sweetest of singers. She died in Oakland, Cal., a few years since. Her only surviving child is Mrs. John Vance Cheney, now of Chicago, so well known as a teacher of piano and a lecturer on musical subjects. Both Mrs. Cheney's daughters are musical, the youngest now bidding fair to surpass all her ancestry as an instrumental executant. Elder Cheney's musical gifts have descended straight to her, not only undiminished, but augmented.

It remains to say a word of Simeon Pease Cheney. Enough has been quoted from his diary to give a general idea of the man. He was a lifelong teacher of singing classes, and a composer of sacred

music. In the later part of his life he became interested in the songs of the birds, and from summer to summer he reduced their songs to a musical notation. The result of his studies is a highly original volume entitled "Wood Notes Wild." His striking personal presence, his fire and limitless power of voice left an impression on audiences never to be forgotten. Mr. Cheney lived the best part of his later life in Dorset, Vt. He died in Franklin, Mass., May, 10, 1890, leaving two sons, both of whom are musical, one of them a teacher of rare merit in Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Albert Baker Cheney. The other son is John Vance Cheney, poet and essayist, and librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago.

Among the family papers are several which have historical value. The first to be cited on this occasion is a narrative written by Elder Moses Cheney in 1841 and printed in the *Musical Visitor* for January, 1842 (Boston). It is called:

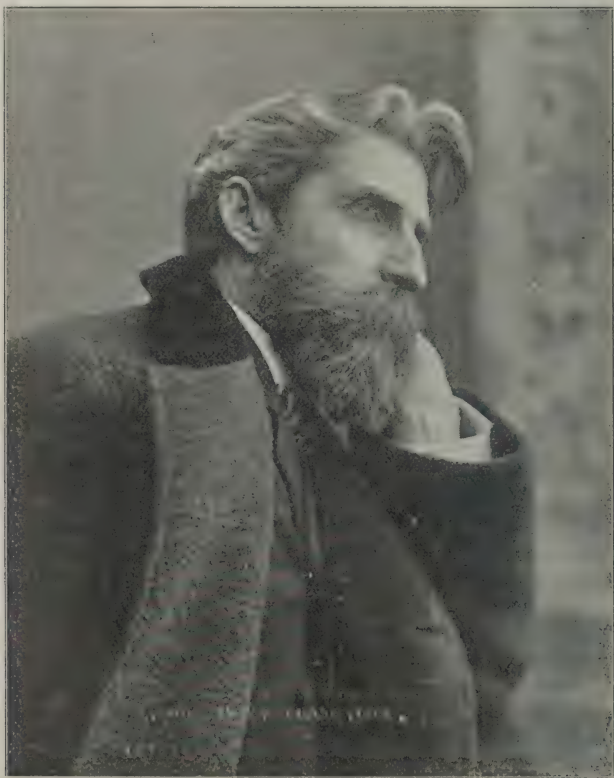
#### LEARNING TO SING IN THE LONG AGO.

I do not remember when I began to sing for the first time, but as long back as anything is recollected by me I was singing with my father and mother. To my mother, however, I am much more indebted for the first impressions on my mind in relation to music than to my father. Seven of the first years of my life were passed off, mostly with my mother, who was constantly singing to her little ones. Nothing like a pleasant, singing mother to learn little children to sing. I thank God for a singing mother and a singing father, and as little children are with their mothers more than their fathers, I am of a strong belief,



both from my own experience and observation, that much more depends on the singing mother than on the father. I cannot recollect of one case where a singing mother has failed of raising singing children. But I can at once call to

of an easy singer among them all, and all have arrived at the years of manhood. My own family are the same in number, with this difference, five are sons and four are daughters. All are of age and all are singers, and I trust all are yet



MR. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

mind many singing fathers who have raised large families without a single singer among them. I mean if the mother did not sing at all. My mother raised up nine children, four sons and five daughters, and not a single failure

alive. The mother of my children has been as easy and as natural a singer as any one of my acquaintances. I believe it rare that she ever took a child in her arms without singing to it. That was not all; singing was always interwoven

with all her domestic labors in the house. I make this digression of my narrative because it is what I personally know, both of my father's family and of my own. I now pass to notice my advantages in this science.

And it came to pass when I was about twelve years of age that a singing school was got up, about two miles from my father's house. In much fear and trembling I went, with the rest of the boys in our town. I was told, on the way to the first school, that the master would try every voice alone, to see if it was good. The thought of having my voice tried in that way, by a singing master, too, brought a heavy damp on my spirits. I said nothing, but traveled on to the place to see what a singing school might be. When we came to the house quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen had come and were coming to the school. This was the first school which I attended of any kind, with very little exception. I did not pay much attention to the scholars, but I watched the master closely. We were soon paraded all round the room, standing up to boards supported by old-fashioned kitchen chairs. I being the youngest of the company, managed to get the lowest seat, hoping thereby to be the last to have my voice tried. The master took his place inside the circle, took out of his pocket a paper manuscript, with rules and tunes all written with pen and ink, read to me the rules, and then said we must attend to the rising and falling of the notes. I shall take the liberty now to call ladies and gentlemen, and things, just as they were called in that school. And I begin with the rules as they were called, first:

## FLATS.

The natural place for *mi* is in *B*.  
But if *B* be flat *mi* is in *E*.  
If *B* and *E* be flat *mi* is in *A*.  
If *B*, *E*, and *A* be flat *mi* is in *D*.  
If *B*, *E*, *A*, and *D* be flat *mi* is in *G*.

## SHARPS.

But if *F* be sharp *mi* is in *F*.  
If *F* and *C* be sharp *mi* is in *C*.  
If *F*, *C* and *G* be sharp *mi* is in *G*.  
If *F*, *C*, *G* and *D* be sharp *mi* is in *D*.

These rules, as then called, were all that was presented in that school. The books contained only one part each, bass books—tenor books—counter books, and treble books. Such as sung bass had a bass book—he that sung tenor had a tenor book—he who sung counter had a counter book, and the gals, as then called, had treble books. I had no book. With all these things before the school the good master began, "Come, boys, you must rise and fall the notes first, and then the gals must try." So he began with the oldest, who stood at the head—"Now follow me right up and down; sound." So he sounded; then the boy sounded, and followed the master up and down, as it was called. Some more than one-half could follow the master. Others would go up two or three notes and then fall back lower than the first note. My feelings grew acute. To see some of the large boys, full twenty years old, make such dreadful work, what could I do! Great fits of laughing, both with boys and gals, would often occur. This scared me, and I was at my wits' end. Now my eyes were fixed on the master's mouth, if possible, to learn the names of the notes before he came to me. I saw all that was needed was to make just the same sound that he made; and it came to my mind that I could mimic every beast, and bird, and thing that I ever

heard make any noise, and it was no more to mimic my master than it was anything else. And then I had a firm belief I could do it. And I had only time to draw in a long breath, and blow out the flutter of my heart when the master came to me. "Well, my lad, will you try?" "Yes, sir." I looked him in the mouth, and as he spoke a note, so did I, both up and down. I did not wait for him to call the note first; I spoke with him. Now, by watching him so closely and observing how he spoke the notes, I had not only learned the names of the notes, but I had got also, by the form of his mouth, what name would come to as to speak with him. The master turned away, saying, "This boy will make a singer." I felt well enough. Then the gals had their turn to rise and fall the notes. "Come, gals, now see if you can't beat the boys." So, when he had gone through the gals' side of the school he seemed to think the gals had done rather the best. Now the rules were left for tunes. Old Russia was brought on first. The master sang it over several times, first with the bass, then with the tenor, then with the counter, and then with the treble. Such as had notes looked on, such as had none listened to the rest. In this way the school went on through the winter. A good number of tunes were learned in this school and were sung well, as we thought, but as to the science of music very little was gained.

At the close of the school, after singing the last night, we made a settlement with the master. He agreed "to keep," as then called, for one shilling and sixpence a night, and to take his pay in Indian corn at three shillings a bushel. A true dividend was made of the cost among the

boys (the gals found candles for their part), and it amounted to thirteen quarts and one pint of corn apiece. After the master had made some good wishes on us all we were dismissed, and all went home in harmony and good union.

Now, my benevolent father had given me a small plot of ground the summer before this school, on which I had raised nearly two bushels of corn. Early the next morning I shelled out the corn; my mother handed me a clean pillow case with a smiling face and helped me measure up the corn, good measure. I took it on my shoulder and away I carried it, four miles on foot, to my master. I knocked at the door, went in, took off my hat in one hand, made a low bow, reached out the pillow case with the other, saying, "Here is your corn, sir." The master took it with sparkles in his eyes, emptied it, and handed the cloth back to me. I made another low bow, came out, and went on my way rejoicing, singing along home. I should not mention how I took off my hat and made low bows if the practice among boys nowadays was not as much out of fashion as old fa sol la.

In the eyes of singers at this time, with the advance of the science of music for half a century past, this school must appear very insignificant indeed. But suffer me to express some of my feelings at that time. To me the whole movement of the school was of the brightest cast. Carrying with it, all through, from first to last, the most striking and affecting realities that I had ever been made to witness before, and I expected it was all that could be done in regard to the glorious work of singing for ages to come. A school! A singing school! O those words! Every other word vanished at

the sound. Think for a moment. A little boy at twelve years of age, growing up in the shade of the deep and dense forests of the mountains of New Hampshire, seldom out of sight of his mother, or the hearing of her voice, never saw a singing master or a musical note—seldom ever heard the voice of any human being except his own domestic circle, by the fireside of his father's humble hearth. Think of it! Now he is a member of a school—more, a singing school! Singing tunes by note! Singing "We live above!" Carrying any part all in the same high boy's voice. O that winter's work! The foundation of many happy days for more than fifty years past. The master, too! Ah, that blessed form of a man. His bright, blue, sparkling eyes—his sweet, angelic voice—his manifest care and love to his pupils—everything, combined to make him one of a thousand. Not long after his school was closed I heard that there were plenty of printed singing books in Boston, and that our storekeeper would have some to sell before the next winter. It was my whole concern to be ready, by the time they came up, to buy one. I would persuade my father to give me a stent, to hoe by myself, to gain time to peel red-oak bark, burn it, and save ashes for the purpose of buying a printed singing book. When the books came I was ready to pay in ashes. This I did, and then I owned a singing book. I looked at the rules with astonishment. I do not remember the name of the book or the author's name; but this I perfectly remember, it was a singing book. In my new book I had possessed myself of not far from one hundred new tunes. This was more than I ever expected to see. Now I could read but very poorly,

indeed, must spell all large words, and had it not been for singing I should not have been able to read at all. Singing did more for me by far in learning me to read than every other way of teaching. So on I went, studying my new book, and when I came to a hard name or word I would go to my mother, and in this way I made some progress.

In my book I found that notes had another name—Semibreve, Minim, Crochet, Quaver, Semiquaver and Demi-semiquaver.

I learned also that the semibreve was the longest note in singing, and that it was as long as two minim, four crochet, eight quavers, sixteen semiquavers, or thirty-two semidemiquavers. This put one link more into the chain of my understanding.

My new book taught me, likewise, more modes of time than one. In my school without a book I had only learned to beat up and down, but now I saw different ways, some two down beats and one up, another two down and two up. Some were slow and some fast. This swelled my mind a little larger still. So I went on, committing to my memory all that came in my way, until I had eaten that book up.

I attended some kind of a singing school every winter but two until I was twenty-one years old. Forty-three years ago, or the winter after I was twenty-one, I followed Mr. William Tenney, the best instructor that I had ever found. He taught every afternoon and evening in the week, Sunday excepted. When he left us he gave me his singing book and wooden pitch pipe, and told me to believe I was the best singer in the



world and then I never should be afraid to sing anywhere. He and myself could take any singing book that we met with and sing through as easy as we could read many other books. That was something then, and no small thing at this day. After this last school, from the time of my age, twenty-one, I have taught singing until I became fifty—that is, more or less from time to time. I still sing, for the more part of my strength lies in my voice. Twice in my lifetime have I lost my voice. Two fevers destroyed my voice for some months, but by constant trying to sing, brought it back with usual strength as before. And now, without boasting, blessed be the God of music, I have more strength of voice in singing than any man of my age that I have sung with for twenty years past. A great means, in the hands of my Maker, of preserving my voice, I am confident is simply this: I sing more or less every day. It makes no odds, summer or winter, rain or shine, cold or hot, by the fireside or on a journey, whether wind blows high or low, I sing. In prosperity or in adversity, joyful or sad, alone or in company, at home or abroad, I sing. And in such meetings where there are many singers, whether I know their tunes or not, I sing. This is all the way that I know of to preserve the voice, either of young or old. In this way, I pray God, I may keep on until "my voice is lost in death." And then,

"May praise employ my nobler powers,  
While life, and thought, and being last  
Or immortality endures."

MOSES CHENEY.

Another paper is from the pen of his son, Hon. Moses Ela Cheney, now living at Troy, South Dakota, being part

of a letter to his nephew, Mr. John Vance Cheney.

## THE ORIGIN OF MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

You know, perhaps, that the singing conventions, or "musical conventions," had their beginning in Montpelier, Vt., in May, 1839, and that your humble servant was the projector, and that they were continued yearly until five very successful conventions had been held. At every convention a committee was appointed to fix upon a town within the state for the next convention and give due notice in the newspapers. The five conventions under the organization were held at the following villages: Montpelier, 1839; Newberry, 1840; Windsor, 1841; Woodstock, 1842; Middlebury, 1843. In 1843 we appointed a committee of good men, of which Dr. Thomas E. Powers was chairman. I left the state in 1843 and the committee made no appointment for 1844. This ended the organization. Seven years later, in 1850, when I returned to Vermont to live, I found that musical conventions had been going on for some three or four years. Mason, Baker, Woodbury, Root and others were holding them; it was a new start. Plainly enough they had all rooted from the five conventions inaugurated at Montpelier in 1839.

I was then (in 1839) twenty-six years old. I consulted with statesmen of Montpelier as to how I could bring about the first convention. They told me a call must be sent out, inviting the attention of all singers in Vermont to the subject. I got E. P. Walton, Jr., to write the call, which he printed in the "Watchman." More than thirty men of different professions and from different parts

of the state signed the call. I have now here, in South Dakota, "The Vermont Watchman" of May, 1839, that contains said call to the singers. Of the signers to the call I am, I believe, the only one alive today.

While I am about it I will go a little farther back. E. K. Prouty, a broken merchant in Waterford, then a traveling peddler with a horse and wagon, came along with his cart and took me to Coventry. As he was a singing teacher there, we could meet some singers and have a great musical time. Very good Prouty was a fine singer and also a composer, ten years my senior. Afterward I used to meet Prouty, who kept me aroused to music, and soon I was teaching in Montpelier and leading the brick-church choir. I was in request as a teacher for all that I could do. Well, in 1836, Prouty was visiting his wife's relation at the capital. I chanced to meet him, and he was very eloquent on the subject of music. As we parted I said jocularly, "Prouty, we must have a musical convention."

I soon found myself seriously in thought on the subject. I spoke of it to Judge Redfield and other eminent persons, all of whom gave their approval. Judge Howes said a call must be issued, inviting the people to assemble for a convention. So I trained all my schools to the practice of unusual tunes, anthems, quartets, male quartets, duets and solos for both sexes. We used for secular music "The Boston Glee Book" and Kingsley's two volumes. We had more than 200 singers, half of them good and some very good. All could read music. Every one, I think, knew his or her part. The convention was held May 22 and 23, 1839. Thirteen clergymen were present

and thirteen questions were discussed, interspersed with anthems, tunes and glees. The singing came from three sides of the gallery, the church organ being in the centre. The Vermont musical convention was then and there organized by Vermonters. Lowell Mason knew nothing of it; Henry E. Moore knew nothing of it. The musical convention was begotten and born in Vermont, not in Massachusetts; in Montpelier, not in Boston. It was suggested, nursed and trained by Moses E. Cheney, not by Lowell Mason, who stated at our third convention, held at Windsor in 1841, that that was the first day that he ever stepped foot into Vermont. Our committee invited him to come to lead our singing. He came, bringing 200 *Carmia Sacras* just from the press, and the convention sang the new music. He said to me that Vermont was the second state in the Union in point of musical culture. He did not think it the equal of Massachusetts, but it surpassed all the other states.

(In a letter received from Mr. Cheney some years before 1890 he goes over a part of the same ground. The two accounts taken together settle the point that he wishes to make, namely, that he was the projector of musical conventions.) He says:

"Nothing of the kind and name of similar character and pretensions ever occurred before my first convention at Montpelier in May, 1839. The call was signed by more than a score of professional and legal men of various towns of Vermont. It was organized and officed by its own votes. Joshua Bates, president of Middlebury College, was elected president; E. P. Walton, Sr., vice president; E. P. Walton, Jr., secretary; Solo-

mon Durgin, treasurer; Moses E. Cheney, director; John H. Paddock, organist. The convention held two days. President Bates gave a scientific address on the second day. On the second evening the convention gave a concert, which put \$25.00 into the treasury. Thirteen resolutions were ably discussed by ministers, doctors, lawyers and musicians, and passed. The conventions were to meet yearly at such time and place as the committee appointed saw fit. In 1840 it was held at Newbury, 1841 at Windsor, 1842 at Woodstock, 1843 at Middlebury. A committee was appointed to fix time and place for 1844, but it never reported, and the organization was not continued. I left the state immediately after the last convention, held at Middlebury, and was five hundred miles away, in Buffalo, N. Y. When I returned and re-established myself in Vermont, in 1850, I found that musical conventions were rife in the old Green Mountain state, held or directed by Boston professors. My example of five annual conventions was followed pretty soon, and since then they have been perpetuated and have extended into all parts of the United States and into most of the cities. When Lowell Mason died, Henry Ward Beecher, or somebody, stated in the "Independent" that Mason was the father of musical conventions. Twenty years after our organization ceased Mason wrote me that the musical gatherings of Vermont, which we got him to direct, had never been eclipsed since, but were not called conventions then.

MOSES E. CHENEY."

The musical convention is as dead as the dodo; but the history of the dodo

would be of interest in any society of paleontological naturalists, and in our scientific moments we are nothing if not reminiscent.

The history of this remarkable family also illustrates another point in which all of us Americans have great interest, namely, the tendency of evolution. Here was a family as bent upon musical experience as any harpist of ancient Israel or minstrel of Greece. The best they had they sang. No doubt even in the early part of this century the Cheney ears would have kindled to the spirited and incisive march of a Bach fugue even more readily than to the rude continental parodies thereupon, such as the fugue tunes of our forefathers. And it is to be noted that the same missionary spirit for music pervades the stock to this day, only it finds its exercise in the higher forms of the art, about which Elder Moses Cheney perhaps knew absolutely nothing. It is likely, however, that the musical conventions which Lowell Mason conducted in 1850 sang at least one or more of the larger choruses of Handel and possibly the "Heavens Are Telling" from "The Creation," for an admirable selection of such choruses had been made by Mason at least ten years earlier—"The Boston Academy's Collection of Choruses." From Vermont to Boston in those days was a long distance, although the "Professor Webb" mentioned above told the writer that he himself had traversed the entire length of the state of Massachusetts (200 miles) in a stage coach in winter in order to play an organ concert in Albany, N. Y. With all his faults the American has musical tendencies which some day or other will make him a name in the world.

## Albert Baker Cheney.

ALBERT BAKER CHENEY is the singing son of the greatest singer of the Cheney Family. So fathered and so grandfathered, he inherited at birth the result of upward of the voice in the world. The story of his life is most interesting. His earliest remembrances of childhood are of a time when he stood beside his father



ALBERT BAKER CHENEY.

of a century of voice culture. We would certainly expect a revelation from such a descent, and we have it, for Prof. Cheney is today among the few truly great teachers at the piano and learned the great oratorios. His first selection was, "He was despised," from the Messiah. "Indeed" says he, "I do not remember the time when I did



not sing." At the age of ten he was before the public in concert, doing things beyond the comprehension of most lads of his age. The best teachers were secured for him, and when he was seventeen, he commenced his career as a teacher of voice and piano.

Some time now passes until, in his 21st year, we find him in California, in charge of the Piano and Voice Departments of Irving Institute at San Francisco. Here he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Owen, the great tenor who came to America on a concert tour with Carlotta Patti. With Owen he studied for three years, and gained many valuable truths which Owen had learned from the artists of the world. It is an interesting fact that Owen was born in the same city with Jenny Lind; that it was through her influence and financial aid that he became a great musician, and that the fundamental principles of his work were the same as those underlying the work of that great songstress.

At this time Prof. Cheney was not only a remarkable pianist, but he was called by Owen, the best baritone on the Pacific coast.

Even a descendant of the giant Elder Cheney could not, however, endure the physical strain of ten hours a day of practice and teaching, when it should be continued for twelve years. Prof. Cheney was at length compelled to relinquish his work in the West, and return to the old Vermont farm to rest. Here he rapidly regained strength, and was soon teaching again, in Rutland, Vermont.

It was at Rutland that he was found by Pres. Emerson, and after an examination extending through two days and most of the nights as well, he was invited to occupy a studio in connection with Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass. Here he remains, and the many pupils who yearly come under his tuition gratefully testify to his power as an artist, teacher, and true man.

The most striking characteristic of the Cheney family is, absolute equilibrium. Each seems to have found his centre of being and to move from it in perfect poise. Any one who has met Prof. Cheney, or heard him in a professional way, will recognize this quality in him. His singing and playing, both, seem to stand right out from the man, the embodiment of living thought.

This marked characteristic was the source of power in his ancestors. It has grown through the years until, in him, it appears not only as a fact, but also as a profound philosophy of the voice. Prof. Cheney has reduced to a science that which was an intuition in his father.

He has recently published a book called *The Tone-line*, which reveals the secret of the wonderful singing of the Cheney family, and sets forth principles by which this great power may be developed in others.



## Love and Logic.

"Old things are best," I tell my love;  
And straightway I proceed to prove  
My point with logic fine.  
Youth incomplete lacks what is best;  
Time seasons all, and gives it zest;  
As age to wine.

"Old times were best," I tell my love;  
The past is rich with treasure trove  
Of ballad, tale, and jest;  
Of ladies fair, and courtiers gay;  
Of knights and steeds in bright array  
At beauty's hest.

Old friends are best;" true worth finds proof;  
Tried stuff that makes the warp and woof  
Endures the wear and strain.  
For those who get a love or friend  
On sight, oft lose him in the end  
At fortune's wane.

"Old tales are best;" the heart brims o'er  
With what it holds of love and lore  
And songs of long ago—  
My argument seems builded well;  
Her smiles as on each point I dwell,  
Affirm "'t is so!"

And then becoming still more bold  
I tell my story, oh! so old,  
As men before have done;  
Then pause—the light of glad surprise  
Swift rushes to my Peggie's eyes—  
My suit is won.

Harry S. Ross.

## Smoothness.

*Second step in Evolution of Expression. Read before Senior Class, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1897.*

MRS. N. L. CRONKHITE.

In offering the last five-minute talk upon this topic, I am haunted with the idea that all the good things have been said. However, my interest in the subject will not permit me to come before you in an indifferent attitude, and so many things have clamored for expression that I have been obliged to sift from the much only that which may be uttered in the time allowed.

When we remove from one habitation to another there are many new adjustments to be made. A student of Emerson philosophy can imagine no change of this sort that is not in the line of progress, that is not a bettering of one's condition. The retrograde movement, the exchange of greater for lesser quarters, is that negative side of the question on which he does not dwell. We therefore assume that we pass from a small to a larger house, from inconvenient and meagre furnishings to modern appliances and comforts, from an obscure, remote locality, where we were shut out from sunshine, to sunny rooms in the typical Back Bay portion of existence.

As we enter our new home we bring with us the best of our old possessions, and, for the first day, are satisfied in knowing that they are safe and close at hand. We have not thought of order as yet, and consequently nothing is quite as it should be. We are not surprised at the juxtaposition of the most incongruous articles. At eventide of that first day we may find the stock of family groceries underneath the piano or the receptacle containing the kitchen utensils on the parlor sofa.

Another day, and all is changed. A law of the human mind constrains every thrifty housekeeper to set in suitable relative positions her belongings, plan for additional articles needed, make ready for coming friends, and begin to live in a manner suited to changed purposes. Order, which is Heaven's first law, asserts its sway in our dwelling.

A voice reaches a human heart, "Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul, As the swift seasons roll; Leave thy low-vaulted past." Each student here has heard this call. Did not you, my sister; did not you, my brother, when you entered this work, perceive the need of a "Temple nobler than the last," with better appointments?

How well I remember the morning when we moved in. We lingered with Mrs. Peerybingle in the kitchen to listen to the teakettle and the cricket; we helped to exterminate the rats and other vermin; we listened for the coming of those laughing blossoms; grew happy under the influence of our new neighbor, the cheerful Locksmith over the way; saw our fair cousin, Ellen, carried off by the bold Lockinvar in the afternoon, and sat up far into the night to listen to and help Mrs. Caudle in her garrulous plaint over the missing umbrella.

Another day is heralded "By faint auroral flushes sent along the wavering vista of our dream." New thoughts and purposes take possession of the mind, which find ready reporters in our voices. We see a waiting company of philosophers, statesmen and poets, to whom our guide, philosopher and friend, with his faithful assistants, is waiting to introduce us. In entertaining these new aspirations there comes to us "Continuity of thought, ready and steady before the

mind." A better discrimination is ours. A process of mental assimilation continues, making available our best resources. The transition from roughness and inequality to smoothness and pleasing variety brings our best thoughts down from those abrupt, inaccessible peaks on which they have been transfixed to the fruitful valley of contemplation, along which they flow in helpful currents.

Smoothness of voice is the surface sign of that inner harmony. It is not primal, but a recognized step in natural law, an early stage of the work of preparation for any desirable end. Its psychological attribute is life in affection. In physical culture it corresponds to that next step after position—hold. These are key words to storehouses of profitable meditation, and it is just here that I have had need to guard the torrent of thought which they must always suggest to the thinking student.

The unity of which smoothness is a symbol, is not death, not inanity, not uselessness. It is readiness, steadiness of every faculty, alertness, availability, health and usefulness. When in calm the surface of the ocean is smooth, glassy even do we think therefore its currents are arrested, its waters are stagnant? Not so, indeed. It is then alone that the navigator may discern the steady flow of equatorial streams toward the poles, carrying beneficent influences to frozen coasts, and discover the certain sub-current of cooler waters rushing into the overheated reservoirs most directly under the sun's rays. It is then the life with which it teems is studied, and its wealth is discovered and won from its depths to meet the needs of man. Thus the ocean of thought is most easily translated into healthful, life-giving expres-

sion when its surface betokens the serenity of even adjustment of mental and moral forces, mirroring the greater thoughts of noble minds, reflecting sympathy upon its patrons and evidencing propitious currents deep and direct.

Smoothness implies that order which, besides ministering to utility, as we have suggested, gratifies the aesthetic sense. It is rhythm. It is rhyme. It is melody. The theme and the hearer through its ministry hold right relation each to each, and harmonies are freed to flow from soul to soul.

It is fitting, therefore, in our practical college work that the song of the tea-kettle and the cricket is succeeded by the melody of the brook, and the music of the evening bells, which in turn deepen into the soul-satisfying cadence of the Twenty-third Psalm; that Mrs. Peerybingle's forethought and tact are rounded and perfected into the larger mission of the village preacher; that we turn from the sealed up mountain, where we saw the children of our imagination disappear, lost to us forever through our selfishness, our cupidity, our neglect, and wait in patience by the gate; that for the nagging and inconsistent Mrs. Caudle we substitute the dream of love and devotion typified by Araby's daughter; that the laughing spring blossoms are idealized into the soul blossoms of the Beatitudes; that the cheerful Locksmith, under more favorable social conditions and at a time of need, is evolutionized into a Wendell Phillips, helping not a few chance listeners, but a great nation out of the slough of despond into right relationship with its environments; that the martial spirit and rude haste of Lockinvar, in his lawless reprisals and brigandish claiming of his own, is refined and humanized into a just conception of the value of a patient estimate of a hundred years in human history, as a fitting preparation for the coming of the King of Glory.

## Emerson Day at Washington.

Miss King represents the Emerson College of Oratory at the National Congress of Mothers, Washington, D. C.

The "National Congress of Mothers," which convened in Washington last month, was probably the most notable gathering of women ever held in this country.

There were delegates from all parts of the United States, and they came in such numbers that the committee on arrangements was obliged to seek a larger auditorium in order to accommodate the great crowds.

Among the speakers were some of the most prominent women of America, including Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, who is at the head of 700,000 women; Mrs. Henrotin, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, representing 300,000 women; Mrs. Helen H. Gardner, and Mrs. Ellen Richardson, of Boston; Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, and many others whose names are household names in almost every home in this country. A request was sent to our College for some one to present before the National Congress of Mothers some thoughts on "Proper Physical Culture."

Miss King was chosen to represent us, and the result was most gratifying.

In the Washington Post there was a brief of the lecture, together with Miss King's picture, and the following complimentary expression:

"Miss King made a lasting impression on her audience by her clear and forceful presentation of the subject."

At the conclusion of the lecture the audience manifested their approval by long and continued applause, after which some one rose and desired to

know if Dr. Emerson had published a book on the subject of Physical Culture. Miss King replied by raising the Physical Culture book on high, and saying: "A clergyman, upon entering his pulpit, always has a Bible near at hand as his authority. I never preach, or teach Physical Culture that I do not have my Bible on the subject, which is Dr. Emerson's book on Physical Culture, this one."

One of the delegates rose and requested that Miss King should favor the audience with a recitation. She responded by giving that bit of philosophy in poetic form, "You Never Can Tell," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. When the morning session adjourned more than two hundred people surrounded Miss King, asking questions concerning the College, desiring catalogues, Physical Culture books, etc.

Our representative had the honor of being invited to conduct the afternoon overflow meeting, and introduce the speakers, also to repeat the lecture which she gave in the morning.

At the request of many of the delegates, and the president of the Congress, she recited in the evening, prefacing her readings with the remark that she was quite sure the urgent request which she had received to recite to the Congress had not come because of her individual fame, but because of the fame of the great institution which she represented—The Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. It is indeed a pleasure to know that through the influence of these thousand and more mothers, the knowledge of the existence of our College, and its educational value, will be carried to all parts of the United States and Canada.



Mrs. Ellen Richardson, a very prominent Boston woman, and one whose influence is felt throughout the country, delivered a lecture on "Character Building in Education," before the Congress.

She spoke of Dr. Emerson as one of the few great educators in the world.

While in Washington Miss King was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Warren, of Wyoming.

She was entertained at the White House, at the home of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, the loving woman through whose financial aid the realization of the Congress was made possible, and was the recipient of many other social attentions.

E.



### Our System.

To one who knows the Emerson system, "best" is its only criterion. Not only is it the best of all systems, the difference between it and the others is vast and radical. Our system is an orderly arrangement of all the natural laws governing oratory for scientific application in making orators. It is complete. Oratory is not a product of the mind alone. Its laws enter the physical and spiritual realms as well. Our bodies think and speak, and spirit pervades all. None of these departments can be, or is, slighted in our course. They are combined in a harmonious whole. No other system is similar to it. While its few minor details may be open to modification in the mind of its originator, the four divisions and their thirty-two sub-divisions are unchangeable. They are Nature's divisions, and natural laws do not change.

That our system is composed of natural laws is, in fact, Nature's system, makes extended argument for it difficult.

Nature's truths are always the simplest, and the simpler or more self-evident and fundamental a truth is the harder it is to defend. Take gravitation, for instance. Why does it work as it does? Why—because it does, because Nature says so. That is all the answer possible. Argument is blocked, and all that is left is experimental proof.

When Theodore Roosevelt rises to defend the reforms of the new Police Commission in New York city he is at a loss for argument. Why have crime, and vice, and bribery of all sorts been checked? Because it is right they should be. It is a simple, self-evident truth, and as such is incapable of further argument. All Mr. Roosevelt can say for direct argument is said, provided, of course, he is talking to an intelligent and moral audience, and not to the unnaturally depraved. The rest of his time will be given to a delightful relation of anecdote illustrating the old and the new methods. The comparison sets forth the methods and value of the reform, but it is all based on the one direct argument—right is right, because—it is right.

Similarly, when we say that our system is the best, it is the best because it is Nature codified, and Nature is best. The simple definition of the Emerson system—Nature's laws of oratory systemized and applied for students' use—is in itself the strongest argument of the completeness of the system. Why Nature always acts by these laws we do not know. That she does so act and that the laws are hers, the doubter must prove by empiricism alone, as in the case of gravitation.

It is not strange that we find our system difficult of statement to our friends. It is because our methods are so sim-

ple, Nature's, and because there is such a profound ignorance everywhere prevalent of what true oratory really is. Oratory is not a waving of arms and a lot of words and noise. (It is speaking barbed thoughts into the minds of others.) This is the kind of oratory we aim for at Emerson, and in the directest and truest way. The method is neither aimless nor roundabout, and the end is sure. Generally speaking, we study oratory for the purpose of becoming public speakers and readers. Here we have the WHAT and the WHY, but where is the HOW which must always in true psychical order precede the WHY? Here is the citadel. Other systems study *at* oratory objectively. We study it subjectively. While others strive to put on oratory by externals, we seek to grow it internally by emptying ourselves of all thoughts of oratory as oratory, of inflections, of articulations, and making ourselves freely subject to Nature's laws governing and bringing oratory. We study to induce oratorical states of mind, and oratory is the result. True oratory will never be present without the right mental states. Right mental states will never be present without submission to Nature's laws, which control such states. Nature cannot control unless the subject is free—body, mind and spirit. Therefore the only way to become an orator is to create such an atmosphere and condition of body, mind and spirit that Nature's oratory can control. The freer you are and the more it possesses you the less will you be conscious of its presence. You see only the thought and the audience.

We cannot do oratory. The more we try to do it the further are we from it. It does itself. We must induce it by

making ourselves its fit habitation. We must make its approach possible by smoothing the road and bridging the rivers. And how are we to do this; by our own efforts? No; by receiving without bustle its fore-runners, who already await and who will prepare all for its coming. Our work lives in being passive, and yet awake, subjective and yet alert. Remember, you are not studying oratory itself, nor Nature's laws themselves, not even those in the Emerson system. You are systematically laboring by means of various freeing exercises, physical, mental and ethical, to make your whole self such that these laws can control you and thereby make you an orator.

Have you attained this? Can you attain it? Do you get discouraged? Rome was not built in a day. Oratory is the highest art. There is no short cut; it is a life study. The highest is the hardest and the most valuable. You are now in the royalist highway. Never mind about getting hold of the laws; just let them get hold of you. Cheerful, patient, persevering, hard work will conquer, never fear.

S., '98.

Feb. 19th, 1897.

## The Coming of the Grecian Waist.

*By kind permission of the Ladies' Home Journal*

All that writers of different shades and abilities, and of both sexes, have written on the evils of tight lacing by unthinking women has had but little effect during these years. Girls, with more regard to looks than health, have gone right on and compressed their waists into a twenty or twenty-two inch measurement

regardless of consequences. It mattered little whether parents or friends warned them of stomach, lung, liver or arterial troubles. A small waist was the thing, and "the thing," however ridiculous it might be, they must have. Nor have women beyond the first blush of youth shown better judgment. The waist measure of a woman of fair height is adjudged to be twenty-eight inches, and physicians and specialists have repeatedly said that this measurement of the waist was actually necessary for the proper working of the internal organs. But was their statement heeded? Not a bit of it. Twenty-five and twenty-two inch waists continued to be just as numerous, and so were anatomical troubles, as some women soon learned to their misery, and realize to their greater sorrow today. The warning of red noses and flat chests had just a trifle more effect, but only because it appealed to the vanity of these women. The measurement was let out an inch or so, but there the reform stopped. The full waist, the comfortable breathing waist, was a thing yet to be achieved.

Now, however, Fashion herself comes along, and from her recognized seat of authority, Paris, has been issued the edict that she was mistaken when she counseled a wasp's waist for women, and that in reality it is a hideous thing, and no longer to be countenanced by women who follow her laws. Hence all the French dressmakers are discountenancing the slender waist. Fragility in that respect is to be rigidly avoided, they say, and the really lovely lines of Fashion's waist are those of the Venus de Milo, and of the Pallas, and of the Diana. The Greek women, these arbiters of Fashion claim, must now be taken as examples, and followed. Those women had waists of perfect beauty, these modern clothiers of women have suddenly discovered, and the cast of the future waist must be upon the Greek model. The beauty and the grace of the lines of the ancient women of Greece are now in the minds of all the Parisian women, and

the reform has not started in any lukewarm fashion, but has suddenly become the watchword and the rigid law. And so what writers, doctors and specialists without number have been unable to do, Dame Fashion with one edict has accomplished. Without stopping to dissect the folly or wisdom of the source from which spring the surest reforms in such a matter as this, women and men may well congratulate themselves that the reform has occurred, irrespective of how it happened or whence it came. *The same natural waist of woman is here, and the hour-glass variety has ceased to be except for those women who choose to be out of style.* And that number is not destined to be very large. The Greek waist is now "the thing," and, thanks to the Grecian women who knew a thing or two about beauty, it is a sensible one.



### Miss May Greenwood.

*Copied from the Woburn Journal.*

Perhaps it is not known to all who have heard Miss Greenwood sing that she is a very successful teacher of singing and voice culture. After years of careful study with the best masters, she has gained a wide experience, which is the best of teachers, and much valuable knowledge which she has the gift to impart.

She does not believe in having her pupils become mere imitators, for imitation is suicide; but realizing that the mind is master and all other agents obey it, she develops the voice by inducing right states of mind.

Miss Greenwood belonged to that very large class whose voices have been injured by incorrect methods of teaching, and many who belong to the same class are at present studying with her to overcome similar errors. Her pupils are as grateful to her as she is to Professor Cheney, from whom she learned this method of voice culture.

Anyone who has the good fortune to come under her instruction is especially favored.—X.

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"In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there brought  
you."



We are especially fortunate that in this, the last issue of the year we can present our readers with the pictures of the inhabitants of dear old "Elm Croft," the home

of our honored President in Millis.

Last May the exterior and some very fine interior views of this beautiful home were presented to our readers. By request we reproduce one of the interior views which may in a very limited way suggest the old saying that the house is always an expression of its builder.

Those who have never been enveloped in its generous atmosphere are not able to appreciate the beauty of its influence or form an idea of its architecture, as are we who have been more highly favored.

It is impossible in our short space to give an adequate description of this inspiring home with its immense lawn, its fountain, its broad acres and roomy barns, nor can we even suggest a tiny part of its architectural beauties. We can only say that from every room, every nook and corner even, is breathed such a whole-souled atmosphere of benevolence and magnanimity that did we not know, we would infer, that only the broad mind and loving heart of our great teacher could have designed it.

From its hospitable arms come to us each day during the college year fresh inspiration and renewed enthusiasm in the grand work of Dr. and Mrs. Emerson and Miss Blalock who are too well known and loved by all to need any word of introduction from us.

We are very fortunate in being able to respond in this number to the repeated requests that have come to us for Miss Blalock's picture. As it has never been presented in our pages before we know that it will be of especial interest to all who have ever been connected with the college.



As this last issue of the present volume of our college magazine goes to press, we cannot help but recall some of the very helpful and encouraging things that have been scattered along our editorial path this year. Not only have those in the college given us words of cheer and helpfulness, but from all parts of our country have come such enthusiastic letters of commendation as have warmed our hearts and have made us feel that our hard work is not in vain.

*"Each number of the magazine has come to me a well-beloved friend bringing fresh encouragement by the way rousing me always to nobler aspiration and more earnest endeavor."*

This is an extract from only one of the many encouraging letters we have received.

Our hearts speak, we thank you one and all.

The management for next year will be the same as the one just past with the addition of an Assistant Business Manager in the person of George McKie. If nothing keeps this board of managers from returning and taking up the work, we may expect far better results than were gained in this issue for they have been learning from the best of all masters—Experience.

However, experience, patience, diligence, and all the other virtues combined will not make our magazine a success in as wide a sense as it ought to be without the assistance of each and every loyal Emersonian.

First we must have money,—every man or woman who pays a dollar toward the magazine is an assistant editor. We cannot have a first-class magazine without first-class printing, engraving, etc.

Then, too, you can help in a literary way. Our alumni column this year may justly be compared with Othello's occupation, but the fault lies not with the editor.

It is your duty to report such items of interest to her. Our Normal Department, too, has had a long vacation. If each one of our alumni will consider it his and her especial duty to aid the editors in these departments, we shall be able to make our magazine a true representative of the principles of the philosophy of the education which it embodies.



As we announced in our first number, all the old subscribers have received the magazine this year.

No names have been dropped from our mailing list without notification from our subscribers. There are quite a number of unpaid subscriptions still out which it will be necessary to collect before the year's accounts can be closed.

It will be a great accommodation if all those who have not yet sent their payments would do so *immediately* and save us the trouble of sending out more bills.

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"This passing moment is an edifice  
Which the Omnipotent cannot rebuild."

# SUCCESS.

Lecture delivered by President Emerson before the Students of  
The Emerson College of Oratory.

*Stenographic report by Reba Norris. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*  
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We first form our habits and then our habits control us. We are creators of our habits, and then our habits are the creators of our successes or failures. When forming habits we hardly realize what giants we are forming. Shelley's wife once wrote a very powerful story, on the idea that a sculptor carved a colossal statue, and, by certain influences, caused the statue to become a man; that is, to be filled with life, but no soul was given it. Here was a giant which had no self-determining power, no sense of moral responsibility, therefore he was very dangerous. He became the destroyer of many, and finally the destroyer of his creator. So it is with our habits. We form them, we give them life by repetition, and sometimes they are of such a character as to turn and destroy us.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a person, after he has formed habits, is helpless in their hands, at least, measurably so. I would not, however, inculcate the idea that a person cannot change his habits, even though they be of long standing; but the difficulty in doing so cannot be imagined, except by those who have endeavored to change their habits. Therefore the first thing necessary to success in life is the *forming of right habits*. I shall not mention all the habits that we should form, but shall speak only of a few.

I. *Industry for useful ends* is one of the first habits I would wish a young person to form, for success is always the result of industry. A person may be industrious and yet never accomplish anything. A person who was one of the

most perfect failures that I ever knew, was always seemingly industrious but he never brought anything useful to pass. It was industry without calculation. This person thought that if he was only employed he was doing all that could be done. He was as busy as a bee from early morning to late eve, but that which was accomplished was of no use. One must be careful of the ratio of values in industry. There is only so much time and only so much can be done, so we should be very careful of concentrating our powers upon that kind of work which shall tell for the most.

II. The next habit one should form is *economy*. Every person must first establish, by careful calculation, habits of economy in regard to money and time. To begin with, we are assuming that there is a legitimate course which will lead to success; we are not giving any room whatever to luck. No one likes to feel that his success in life depends upon luck. We like to think that as important a thing as success is legitimate, that there is a road which, if a person walk therein, he cannot fail to find success.

Having assumed that there is a legitimate course to success, let us speak of the methods which point in the direction of this legitimate course. That person, other things being equal, who can make a dollar go farthest in its provision for himself and others has within himself a superior endowment looking towards success. I feel that every parent, no matter how wealthy he may be, should teach his children the value of a dollar; should teach them to calculate its relation to life. Children are

sometimes allowed to grow up and go out into the world without the slightest idea of the relation of a dollar to living. They have had enough; they have been provided for, and whenever they have wanted this or that, it has rested in their mind wholly upon the disposition of the parents whether they received it or not. The children who are brought up properly, think of how much that piece of lace costs; of what the money that buys it might buy of something else which is more valuable; and also of what it cost to get that money. No more important element in secular education can possibly be developed than economy, and that, too, as a habit in the mind.

Let us consider the other point of economy to which I have referred, viz., the *economy of time*. There are but twenty-four hours in each day; there are but seven days in each week; you must divide this time wisely or it is of comparatively little benefit. Who can calculate his time most wisely? Are we making a careful calculation of how we can divide our time so as to make it of the greatest possible value to us and to those with whom we associate? This is a very grave question. After studying it for a time and trying to practice it in the best possible way the mind develops a kind of habit of relating time to acts, of relating time to work, of relating time to pleasure, of relating time to everything. One of the things which distinctly marks the difference between civilization and savage life is regard for time. The savage has little regard for time; the civilized has great regard for time. Civilization counts everything by time, and in the ratio that each individual develops beyond savage life, intellectually speaking, he relates every act to time, and becomes—I will not say miserly of it, but very wise in calculating it.

I shall mention only the habits of Industry and Economy, because these habits are so related to others that if you touch these you touch the springs of nearly all the essential habits of life. Time is so related to event, means are so related to ends, that when a person recognizes this relationship he becomes a philosopher. A philosopher is not a man who merely has theories in regard to the origin and destiny of man, the government of God, the future state, or the previous condition of the human race. These theories may be true or false; they may be profoundly wise or otherwise; they do not make the philosopher. The philosopher is a man who relates all his acts to time, and all his work to useful ends. The person who is habitually philosophical in these two regards will be philosophical in everything else.

My early ideas of the philosopher were far from true. I thought that he knew wonderful things which nobody else knew. I confounded the philosopher with what was reported of the ancient magicians. My attention was turned to the study of Benjamin Franklin, who was said to be a philosopher. Now, I thought, I shall find out the secrets of the mysteries of life which lie beyond the ken of mortal beings; but to my utter astonishment, instead of my mind being led into the abstract, into the unknown and the unknowable, it was directed to the economy of the proper use of a loaf of bread. He, by careful study through his early life, was able to establish such philosophical habits in regard to economy of money and time that it secured his future success and made him a man of everlasting renown.

You remember, perhaps, the story of his attempt and final success in conducting a newspaper in the city of Philadelphia. He thought out carefully what he believed to be true, and then stated that

truth without any equivocation. In his sentences there was nothing which seemed to say to the rich, or the powerful, "By your leave, sir." He knew that the truth needs no apology for existing, but that it is the foundation upon which all things rest; that all things depend upon it, and that it depends upon nothing. Well, Franklin finally published a few paragraphs that much offended the wealthy patrons of his paper. They assembled together and said among themselves, "This Franklin is a very strong young man, and, if his paper can only be kept in our interests, it will be of great use to us, but these paragraphs are quite against this class of which we are prominent members." So these wealthy men finally chose a committee to wait upon young Benjamin to tell him that these things in the paper would not do, that he must stop them, or they, the class they represented, would withdraw their patronage.

Now Franklin showed that element without which there is no permanent success, viz., patience. He did not attempt to defend his position; he did not argue with them; he did not fly into a passion, but he simply turned and said, "Who are these gentlemen whom you represent?" They told him. Then he sat down and wrote an invitation to each one of them to dine with him on such a day at such an hour in his own apartments, which were not very extensive at this time. At the hour appointed all these men came, because they had a desire to use this young editor for their own purposes, and therefore they heeded the invitation and appeared at dinner.

By and by, when the dishes were on the table, he invited them to sit down. There was a plate for each person present; there was a large dish of what we call in these days hasty pudding, that is, a pudding

made of water and Indian meal, which they called in those days sawdust pudding; there were glasses, or mugs, for water; there was a spoon for each plate—this constituted the elaborate furnishings of the table to which these wealthy guests were invited. Mr. Franklin did the honors of the table by dipping out a sufficient amount of this sawdust pudding and passing it to each man's plate. He then helped himself and set the example by eating heartily. After he had eaten his ration, with apparently good zest, he looked around at the others' plates—there was the same amount of pudding as when he served them.

Now for the philosophy. He turned, looking first at the plates then at the gentlemen, and quietly and sweetly remarked, "He that can live on sawdust pudding and water needeth not the patronage of any man. At your service, gentlemen." They laughed, shook hands and went away, and Franklin went on with his paper. You see the force of all this; this is the practical philosophy which deals with things in life as they appear, thinking all around them, judging everything on broad grounds, looking at everything from the standpoint of a principle.

Franklin saw that by sufficient economy he could live and afford to tell the truth. He had studied the philosophers and found that all through the past they had placed great stress upon economy, seeing how little one could live on, so far as food and conveniences were concerned. They ever set the man above his incidents, so that he need not wear out his manhood in the little frictions of life.

Thoreau has been most useful to his fellowmen by reporting the experiences of his life in the woods. Here he set to work to ascertain by actual experiment how little, so far as expenditure of money was



concerned, was required to keep a person alive and healthy. His record on the subject has entered into the principles of domestic economy; from domestic economy is developed political economy, and through the coming ages the contributions of Thoreau will be of great value to the race. While he was living in this simple way he learned more of the life of nature than any other man has ever learned in the same length of time.

He looked down through the manifestations of nature into the very spirit of nature itself; he looked down through the habits of each animal of the forest and learned of the spirit that actuated it. If you want to know of the mind that manifests itself in nature, study Thoreau, the practical philosopher, the man of economy—economy resting on grand principles, not moulded by any sense of penuriousness, but by the sense of beneficence. He was studying the principles of economy not for himself but for the world, that the world might be blessed by knowing these great principles. If a young man or young woman is to start out in life to seek his or her fortune, let these habits of which I have spoken be studied as only a philosopher, or one with philosophical tendencies, can study them.

III. The next point I will mention which makes for success is *personal development* or personal culture. Can you have, can anybody have the faintest conception of the dynamic power that is potential in every individual? When I try to measure this power I stand appalled, it is so stupendous. When I study the biography of great men who have changed the history of the world, whose acts have made history, I see the possibilities in men. I read of a certain mighty character; I read of another and find he has gone beyond the former; I read of a third and find he has thrown a

circle around both of them, which he himself fills, until the mind wearies in attempting to follow the evidences of the mighty possibilities of man. Hence, I am led to the conclusion that all things are possible to him who has a sufficient degree of personal culture, a sufficient degree of mental and physical development which constitute the unit of individual being.

What can stand against such a one? Why, such a one has bridged, not only the streams, but the oceans, uniting continent with continent; such have said there shall be no Alps; such have tunnelled the mountains; such have reached up into the heavens, caught the lightnings, put their messages upon its back, let go the flying fire and it has obeyed them. The earth has known them for its masters; the seas have been obedient to them, while the heavens have bowed to their majesty.

Early in Cæsar's career he was taken captive by pirates; but he soon made himself master of their vessel. They danced to his whistle; when he had a slight headache he ordered them to stop their carousals and they kept quiet; when he told them humorous stories they must laugh. What gave him such power? The personality of the man. From childhood he was ever using methods of personal development, so that when he was a young man he stood without a peer in the majesty of his individual strength. Everything yields to the developed man because he is developed.

When I compare the power and influence of Cæsar with the power of Cyrus Field, who shot thought across the Atlantic Ocean, who showed the possibility of compassing all seas, whose shadow took the form of the Atlantic Cable—what is a Cæsar, who commands a handful of men at a particular time in a given period of the

world, with him who commands the ocean for all time?

In ancient times there was one who reached out his rod and the waters parted. In modern times there has been one who has exerted the rod of science upon the heaving deep with scarcely less effect, for Cyrus W. Field became so familiar with nature's forces that he was able to pronounce her secrets; she took him into her confidence and cherished him; she seemed to bid the sea to heave and swell and prepare her ways in obedience to his command, until to-day all the waters of the civilized earth are vocal because years ago he whispered into their depths.

Personal Culture! Personal Culture! I have no other ambition for you as students but to see results of personal culture, so that as you go out from this institution you will have the power of success in your brain and heart. Wherever you are you need not reach out for success, you carry it *within* you as the Kingdom of Heaven is carried in the christian's heart. In all your efforts nature will yield you her assistance, for you will be one with nature. We point to the success of our students as the best evidence of their culture.

We are not trying to make you ministers of the Gospel in any—shall I say denominational sense—but ministers of good news, or real gospel, everywhere. We are trying to so concentrate, so utilize all the studies here that together they may make for your personal development, so that whatever you undertake there shall be the mighty power of personality behind the effort.

Specialties you will follow ultimately, for this is the age of specialties; but what will stand behind those specialties? The mightily developed brain to think, the mightily developed heart to feel, the electric energy to execute. This is the person-

ality you must have; but remember that without culture you can never possess this unlimited power. Therefore, in all your studies, I would have you ever inspired with the idea that this gives greater weight to your brain, which is not only figuratively but literally true. Physiology teaches that the more highly cultured the brain the greater its weight. Every ounce of that weight added by thought! Think of it! Culture shapes it, develops it, dips down into the blood and takes up needed elements and packs them into the structure of the brain for thought to use.

What does your Physical Culture comprise? It comprises the development of those powers which are useful to the soul? First of all it gives us *health*. Health! who can measure its value? Secondly, it gives us *means of execution*. You have read in a classic poem the incident, false in fact but true in principle, connected with the journeys of certain heroes into foreign lands. By a certain magic power exerted upon them they became, at one time, incased in the bodies of swine. They had knowledge as human beings but had no adequate means of expression. The man incarcerated within stone walls is to be envied in comparison with them! While this narrative is false in fact, yet there is a principle involved which can be applied to persons whose minds are full of sublime thoughts, but whose bodies are unresponsive. Such are imprisoned, not in walls of stone but in walls of flesh. The individual who has taught his body to think, by cultivating it to express the highest states of mind, has lifted his body up out of the realm of the animal into the spiritual. His body has become redeemed, i. e., lifted from the animal kingdom into the spiritual.

Suppose a person, having undertaken a certain course in life which his taste has led

him to chose, should fail. There is but one cause for it—I would like to say it so loudly that all the world would hear—*lack of personal development in mind and body.* If you have this personal development, even though the world says, “You are doing this in an unprecedented way,” it is no matter; you are doing what you have power to do, and success gives precedence. It is not because a thing is old that it is powerful and becomes a precedent. It is because there flows out of one’s own nature an irresistible stream of power. Oh, for men, for women! Oh, for personality to be developed in each individual!

I fancy I can see such an individual leaning against the golden gate of success. Like the ancient adamantine gates, it is locked, and his pressing against it seems to cause no yielding of its mighty golden bars; but he adds weight of thought, weight of purpose, weight of inspiration, weight of a higher life, until he himself outweighs all gates that can be shut against him. Then without seeming effort on his part the gate yields. Like the great Greek hero, when marching on to conquest, he stops to untie nothing. This hero saw a knot tied in a most complicated manner concerning which an oracle had said, “He that can untie this knot shall conquer the world.” Many a hero had tried his skill, but had failed. When the Grecian hero, the supposed descendant of Hercules, Alexander the Great, approached it, he did not stop to untie it, but drawing his sword, he cut the knot and marched on to victory. So it is with the man who has personal power within himself. He needs not to stop to untie intricate knots that fate or circumstances have seemed to tie before him to hedge him in. He cuts through the knot and marches on to success.

If one is seeking for the highest personal

culture, he must develop the spirit of helpfulness,—helpfulness to the degree that it shall breathe through every breath. Nothing can be called culture that has not become an essential part, an integral part of the very life of the individual. The person of culture does not stop to think whether he has the spirit of helpfulness or not; he is that spirit.

IV. These things, of which I have spoken, being well established, the next thing to consider, as a means of success, *is the wise choice of a pursuit.* Let me act the oracle, for a truer oracle than that of mythological days will I prove in this case, because I can tell each one of you in what pursuit you are sure to find success. The Arabs have an old proverb which says, that in the day that a man is born his fortune is written on an iron leaf. I will read your individual iron leaf in which your fortune is carved, fixed and absolute. The secret of what you can do best is written in your own constitution.

There is something in you that can interpret this leaf, and that is *your taste*; your taste is the revealer. In the history of the human race, no person ever arose to eminence who did not choose that pursuit in life for which he had the highest taste. Is it not a pleasurable thought that you can succeed by doing faithfully and persistently that which you really like to do best? I do not mean that if you enjoy squandering your time in pleasure and dissipation that you will succeed by following your taste for this. This is an abnormal taste. I refer to the wise choice of a *pursuit.*

When I have looked at the crown of the artist, sparkling with its many jewels, I imagined that I coveted that crown. I have thought that I, too, would like to write my name among the Immortals as a prince among the great painters. Can I do it? No. Is it because I lack a keen

perception of color? I know of no one who can carry a shade of color in the mind longer than I can. Is it because I lack the perception of form? I doubt if I ever forget a form, and yet I shall never be a great painter. Why? Because my taste does not constantly impel me to practice the art. If I had a taste for it, I should be seeing everything in the light of the picturesque; I should always be practising in this direction, as you will find the great artists were ever doing from childhood. That for which I have a taste I have ever been at work upon. For half a century I have been studying and dreaming of the very work I am doing, and shall do as long as I live and I shall live longer for doing it.

Perhaps some of you will say, "I have always had a desire to do a certain kind of work, but I have seen a great many fail." Yes, but you will not. Nature loves her own, and knows her own. "But how do I know I can get a living thereby?" Because it is written in the constitution of things that "The ox shall not be muzzled while he treadeth out the corn." "But I do not see the way." Do you see the way to take the first step? "Yes, but I do not know where the second will lead me." Take your first step, and the very gods will pave the road for the next step. In other words, the poise you get on your first step will centre you in the second. There is no such thing as failure if you are following the pursuit that your constitution guarantees.

Poor Burns, delightful Burns, blessed Burns, divine Burns! He had the spirit of poesy in him, he had a taste for it, but he was set to plowing. One day in the field he saw a daisy. What did he do? He wrote a poem on it; he could not help it. He ploughed on a little further and disturbed the housekeeping of a mouse. He did not stop to kill the mouse and

curse him for presuming to eat his grain. No, he wrote a poem on mouse. What ever Burns touched he turned into poetry. Had he ventured on that idea in the start, had he not been restrained by his own worldly caution, by his wise neighbors, and by the shadow of his ancestors, he would have ventured on poetry; and, instead of dying in poverty and misery, he would have been well provided for. After his death his friends in Scotland erected a statue in honor of the great song maker of their land; his mother, looking out upon that stone representation of her son, said, "Ah, Bobby, you asked for bread and the world has given you a stone."

Ah, mother, there is a kind of justice in it, after all. Had you and all his friends said to him, "Write your poems and starve if you must; give up your farm, trust the genius that God has shaped every one of your bones to," you would never have had to exclaim amid your tears, "Bobby, you asked for bread and they have given you a stone." Bread would have come. I tell you your genius is harnessed to bread, doubt it not. Separate yourself from your genius and the bread goes with it and you go on to starvation.

I believe every person has a genius. I do not say that every one is a great genius, but every man and woman came into this world with a fee simple title to place and position. The eagle has within his physical structure and the nature of his instinct something that enables him to look at the sun and wing his way to the heights. His wings spread, he gives one bound, he commits himself to the air and mounts on high. So it is with each individual.

There are wings in each one of you: there is a genius there which was meant for something in life. Let no one dare hinder it. Cursed be the tongue that would say a word against it. Let not father prevent



you; let not mother prevent you; let no friend prevent you. Mothers, fathers and friends know not what they do when they stand in the way of children whose tendencies lead them in a certain direction. Plunge into the unknown, there is music calling thee. Plunge in, I say, and if you are called to walk upon the sea, a bridge will grow before you.

As Moses was leading the children of Israel out of bondage, he reached the place where there was a mighty sea on one side, opening its jaws with engulfing death, and on the other there were the mountains rising to the sky, over which he could not ride; but God called, "Move forward, Moses," and he put his foot down on the wet shore. "Go on, Moses," and he put his foot into the water; he looked and his foot was dry. "Step again, Moses, right into the water," and he stepped and it was water no more; so he marched on, rescuing himself and his brethren. Your genius is your master calling you out of the land of bondage. Stay where you are, thorns will tear you and there will be hedges in your way. Go out of the land of your bondage, and in going you will lead others to freedom.

I do not say that before a person knows his alphabet it is necessary for him to make a choice of a profession. Boys sometimes do these things, however. I remember when I was about four years old I went with my father up in town, as it was called, and as we rounded a corner there came over the hill a four-horse team, the driver sitting in front with a long whip in his hand that cracked like a pistol. "Father," I said, "who is that?" "A stage-driver, my boy." "I am going to be a stage-driver." Not long after that I made another choice. I saw a handsomely dressed clerk behind the counter; he was so fine, so neat, so spruce, that I imagined

I would like to be a clerk in a store. Of course these things were not calls of my genius, they were mere fancies.

I remember that my father said, "Well, if you are going to be a clerk in a store you will some time want to own the store and be a merchant, so you must study your arithmetic." Thus it furnished a present spur to make me apply myself to my studies. When your powers have been sufficiently developed a certain impulse will arise within you, which you cannot resist, that will point its iron finger along the road which your genius calls. With one desperate effort you may throttle that impulse, and say, "It is not wise, it is not best," but remember

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Old age comes on gracefully, with sweet smiles and blooming wreaths to that person who has followed his genius. He may not have the wealth of the world, he may not wear the coronet of a duke, but he has had his life.

If your genius calls, turn your back on wealth, turn it on friends, turn it on brilliant prospects, for there is a shining path along which all the forces of nature are urging you and will urge you. Follow it, and then your nerves will become quiet, your faculties will become harmonious. For such there waiteth a crown, and on that crown is written in imperishable jewels, "Thou hast realized that for which thou wast made." Oh, we are made for something, and that something is born within us, and from that something we cannot escape. God calls, and the soul should answer, "Lord, I am here."

## Glimpses of Foreign Shores.

*Extracts from letters written by Prof. Henry Lawrence Southwick to his wife.*

PARIS, July 7, 1896.

Paris, the most beautiful city in the world, stately, elegant and imposing by day and dazzling by night! And when I say night I mean night. When other cities are sleeping Paris is in her glory and Parisian life at its gayest. The Parisian evening begins after nine o'clock, is at its height at midnight and lasts until nearly two o'clock. Countless equipages dash along the streets; sidewalks are crowded with gayly-dressed Parisians. The cafes are brilliant with lights, glasses, ribbons and jewelry. Music is in the air, and thousands sit at the little tables upon the sidewalks eating ices, sipping wine or beer and chatting right merrily, while squares and parks and boulevards and avenues gleam and blaze with their circles and rectangles of lights. By day the cleanness of Paris impresses the stranger at once. Nearly all the principal streets are paved with asphalt, and in early morning every street is swept and then washed, while the sprinkler is at work all day until sundown. The buildings are the highest type of modern architecture. Paris is essentially modern. Of course she has her one or two old prisons, and a few old palaces and some ancient churches, but she does not like ruins for their own sake, and sees no beauty in crumbling walls and creeping ivy. So the old is either summarily demolished or so "restored" as to deceive those who do not know. Parisian love of neatness could not tolerate mold or dilapidation. Frenchmen and French women are clean, and I am told that this is almost universally true. In my exploration of the city I saw none of those dirty, ragged, unkempt men that are always to be met elsewhere, and not a half dozen dowdy women anywhere. There are between ninety thousand and

one hundred thousand horses in Paris. Everybody drives. The carriages, like everything Parisian, are neat. The harnesses shine, the drivers are well clad and are uniformly polite and seem to be very honest as a class. Prices are very moderate; horse and open carriage, fiacre, for fifty cents an hour. During the afternoon the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne are crowded with thousands of turnouts, aristocracy, visitors and the guilded youth of both sexes, all in handsome toilets, all gay, happy and in harmony with the serene sky and the waving branches of the countless elms and the shimmer of the fountains and the color wealth of the great banks of flowers.

I spent a great many hours in the Louvre, the greatest galleries of the world. I could not help wishing that America might borrow that treasure house for a few years and move it about from city to city, as an education for our people. I visited the Luxemborg gallery and also the great Cluny Palace museum where is displayed armor, shoes, dresses, utensils, banners, fabrics and articles innumerable representing every period of French history, the whole telling, as no book could begin to tell the story of the life of the French people since the Roman Conquest. I visited the Pantheon and Pere la Chaise, which together constitute a kind of Westminster Abbey for France, and I saw the tomb of Richelieu, who made a system, and of Mirabeau, and Rousseau and Murat, and Danton, who destroyed it. I saw, too, the tombs of Victor Hugo, Racine, Moliere, Rachel of President Carnot and of many of the great marshals of France. Then I saw the tomb of the great Napoleon under the dome of the Invalides, a magnificent and fitting monument for the greatest of all rulers of France.

## A RUN INTO SCOTLAND.

LONDON, July 13, 1896.

I have been at Edinburgh and over the great Forth Bridge, one of the engineering wonders of the world, and at Sterling, and through the Trossachs, and over Loch Katrine, the scene of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and over Loch Lomond, the pride of Scotland's lakes, and through Glasgow. Of course I have seen quantities of Scotch heather and brier roses and brakes and thistles and sheep. The Scotch lakes are pretty, and the bare hills and low mountains and still waters please one greatly with their peculiar beauty when the purple of evening is fading into the dusk of night. I saw several regiments of Highlanders, and much admired the picturesque dress, but the skirts are put on in such a way as to give the men a very curious effect of long waist and short leg. I felt much inclined to ask some of these men if they ever suffered from cold knees, until I reflected that this was all a matter of habit, and remembered the reply of the nearly naked Indian when asked by a white man if his body was not cold: "Is white man's face cold?" asked the savage. "No," was the reply. "Well," added Mr. Indian, "red man all face."

## ON HISTORIC GROUND

In my journey I went over fields of rich historical interest, as indeed one must do wherever he may journey in the Kingdom. Through Barnett, where the great Warwick, the king maker, lost the battle and his life; past Enfield Chase, that has memories of the Tudors and the Stuarts; by the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell, into Romsey Mere, that has memories of the Saxon camps of refuge, into Newark where Cardinal Woolsey lived in splendor; by the great York Cathedral, and several ruined castles; past Berwick, the scene of some of the most terrible conflicts of the wars between the sister king-

doms; Dunbar, where Queen Mary fled after the murder of Darnley, and Black Agnes defended the old castle, and on to Tantallon Castle,

"Broad, massive and stretching far,  
And held impregnable in war,"

the famous stronghold of the Douglasses, immortalized by Scott in "Marmion"; and near to Falkirk where Charles Edward, "The Pretender," gained in 1745 a signal victory over the troops of King George; and by the Field of Bannockburn, where Robert Bruce won the independence of Scotland.

None of this country is strikingly picturesque, but it has that quiet, thrifty, well-ordered, park-like beauty for which England and lower Scotland are so famous. Through Yorkshire, the land of Squeers and John Browdy, it is less rolling and more inclined to be flat, a fine grazing country. The English hedge, trimmed, and untrimmed is everywhere in evidence, and so too is English ivy and vine clad walls. Ivy covers many of the mansions and roses many of the cottages. Everything built here is built to stand, and a century old house is very far from being an antiquity.

## BEAUTIFUL EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh comes close upon Paris in beauty of architecture, and far excels her in beauty of location. She is built upon high hills, with deep intervening valleys, which are utilized for parks and gardens. Nearly all the streets are laid out in beautiful curved lines with intervening spots of green, and nearly every window in Edinburgh commands a superb view. The castle, of immense size, great antiquity and wealth of associations, is one of the great show places, as is also Holyrood Palace, containing the rooms of Queen Mary, the staircase where the ruffians entered who murdered Rizzio, the ante room where the deed was done, Mary's bed-chamber with her bed, and chairs and

glass and tapestry-covered walls, on which the tapestry is now crumbling with time. I saw her room, too, in the castle where her son, James I. of England, was born, and the spot where stood "The Heart of Midlothian," and the places where the great Marquis of Montrose and his rival, the Duke of Argyle, were successively executed, and their splendid monuments in St. Giles Cathedral—St. Giles where John Knox preached and where Archbishop Laud sought to set up Episcopacy and failed to do it. I inspected the beautiful Scott memorial monument which Ruskin called "a Gothic steeple set on the ground," but it is very beautiful nevertheless. I saw, too, the Burns memorial, and many curious relics of Burns, including articles he used to use and wear and some autograph poems. Edinburgh takes kindly to walls, battlements and towers and all her architecture, public buildings, court houses, churches, hospitals, colleges and prisons, and museums alike suggest modifications of castle-like effects in construction. The architectural features are, therefore, very striking without being obtrusive, and the irregularities of site, vale, hill and brook and splintered cliff, possess all the charm of picturesque contrast.

#### GRAND OLD WARWICK.

On my way back from Scotland I stopped a day in Carlisle, famous for its sanguinary scenes of border warfare, and stopped a few hours at Chester, the only walled city remaining in England. But one day could be had for Warwick Castle and the home of Shakespeare at Stratford, a few minutes ride from Warwick. Despite the fire, which destroyed a portion of it, and the ivy, which is slowly doing its sure but subtle work of destruction upon the remainder, Warwick Castle is yet one of the best preserved of castles, and because of its fine museum, splendid furnishings and

rare paintings, and the care with which the beautiful grounds are adorned and preserved by the wealthy family which owns the property, it is perhaps the most interesting of all English castles to visit. Although an old castle, five hundred years old at least, it has not been the scene of much desperate fighting, but has been the place of grand pageants and royal visits and is chiefly celebrated, perhaps, for the princely entertainment and high festivities provided for Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who had come into possession of the property and had laid out upon it great sums of money. Very great judgment was shown, however, in the construction of the towers, and much military skill in the devices for defending them against an enemy.

Like all castles, Warwick has its dungeons, and the walls of these have been written upon by prisoners. A villainous-looking hole in one of them leads down to the river Avon, into which the mangled bodies of the condemned were said to be thrown. The windows of the mansion house give glimpses of the old mill, and of the ruined arches and swaying ivy of the old bridge and the tall Scotch firs reflected in the placid stream. The Avon glides tranquilly along amid these sylvan beauties, and the squirrels frisk among the old elms and scamper across the castle walls. "Guy's Tower," one hundred and twenty-eight feet high, gives us a good view of the plan of the castle and of the receding windings of the river and across to Kenilworth, and over that rich and beautiful landscape upon which Shakespeare looked in days of old.

#### THE COUNTRY OF SHAKESPEARE.

While it would be neither fair nor true to say that Shakespeare is one of the prophets who is not without honor "save in his own country," it is nevertheless gratifying to observe from the records the



great proportion of American visitors who make the pilgrimage to Stratford.

The old birth-place, although much "restored," has been restored with reverent hand in the most careful and scholarly spirit, and by aid of an ancient picture. Some of the rooms are as they were in the days of Shakespeare's father, even to the very flooring. Others, while of new material adhere to the original plan, and so far as is possible present the original appearance. The chamber where Shakespeare was born is as it was when he saw the light, even to the old window which admitted it. Of course the furniture and the hangings which covered the bare walls are gone. Two of the living rooms with big fireplaces and stone floorings are much as they were. Another room has been made into a small museum containing documents, furniture and various articles said to be associated with Shakespeare. The gardens contain specimens of the flowers mentioned in his works. The property now belongs to the nation, and is zealously guarded and preserved. Visitors who are anxious to proclaim that "We and Shakespeare have been here," can now work off their enthusiasm by writing in a visitors' book. Formerly they scribbled upon the walls, and in the midst of the great host of butchers, bakers and candlestick makers may be found some precious autographs like those of Carlyle, Schiller, Dickens, Byron, Keene, Garrick, and many others. I visited the place, now a garden containing only ruined foundations, where once stood the home of Shakespeare's old age and where he died. I went to the old church and read his epitaph, and saw the stone near the altar containing the doggerel imprecation against "He who moves my bones,"—lines which the master poet probably never wrote, although they were certainly placed there soon after his burial. The real epitaph, also any-

mous, is on the wall over the grave, where is placed the famous bust made from a death mask, and giving what may be the correct idea of the manner of man Shakespeare was. The famous Shakespeare statue in Westminster Abbey, made very much later, is probably idealized, and while much "prettier," is less strong than the bust in the Stratford church.

#### ACROSS THE FIELDS TO ANN.

I saw the urn from which Shakespeare was baptized, and the parish register which gave his birth and death. I went to the fine building, consisting of an observatory, tower, museum, library and theatre, constituting the "Shakespeare Memorial." Here are more fine pictures and illustrations of scenes and characters in the plays, portraits of leading actors and actresses, among which I was glad to find and in prominent places those of Booth and Barrett. There are many rare editions, valuable autographs, fine busts, stained glass, and a very pretty theatre holding some eight hundred to a thousand people, where on each anniversary of Shakespeare's birth there is a notable performance of one of his plays.

I took "the path across the fields," which Shakespeare followed when he came to the pretty house of Ann Hathaway, which is supposed to look almost exactly as it did in the days of the wooing. Much of the old furniture is there, including the settle, the bed upon which Ann was possibly born, and the pretty garden where then as now the old fashioned flowers grew. The front door opens into a kitchen, as in the case of the birth place of Shakespeare. This kitchen is heavily timbered with stout oak beams, with walls of plaster and has a spacious fire-place, beside which are seen the "ingle nooks," the envied seats of honored guests. The whole "living room" or kitchen, is lighted by a low window at the back, through

which one may see the sunlight glistening upon the shrubs and climbing plants outside. "The beautiful cottage itself, as you look upon it from the street is thatched, half-timbered, and partly overgrown with creeping and flowering plants. The thatch is bleached by the sun. The white portion of the walls are weather stained, and the squares of timber frame work are gray with age. All is rustic, peaceful and in harmony. The whole scenery is of so serenely placid a character that one almost resents the obtrusion of a human figure into the picture" I sat in Shakespeare's chair and felt inspired. I drank of the well of Ann Hathaway's garden and felt refreshed. I would have sat upon the settle where William and Anne so often sat together and felt sentimental, but there was an obvious lack to make the illusion satisfactory, viz., *no Anne.*

#### DRIVING IN ENGLAND

I greatly enjoy my long drives, and take a good many of them. I can get good ideas of things and places and people and institutions as a whole. When time permits I can get at the "parts," and so on through the four stages. But my riding is always with a driver, who serves the double purpose of guide and historian, and also keeps me out of trouble. I should not dare to drive alone, for here vehicles turn to the left instead of to the right, and habit is so strong that I should have a collision in five minutes if I had the reins. It is all because here

"The law of the road is a paradox quite,

For as you are driving along, sir,

If you keep to the left you will surely be right.

If you turn to the right you'll go wrong, sir."

I have seen many notables in these drives, Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of England, and General Wollesley, Commander-in-Chief of the English Army, among others whom I saw at Hyde Park.

A feature which is very noticeable in

Europe, England especially, is the servant class. The English servant is a trained man, well informed, well dressed, well spoken, alert, most polite, knowing his place and exhibiting at all times in his deportment good discretion and much common sense. He corresponds in general style more nearly to our clerks at home than to our servants. I think our American housekeepers would fancy themselves near heaven if they could get and keep English conditions so far as the servant problem is concerned.



### Faust.

MELANIE RICHARDT, New York City.

#### PART I.

"A work of art," says Goethe, "can be comprehended by the head only with the assistance of the heart. The eyes of the heart see far more than those of the head, and if these be closely held by the poet's pen what better proof that the fruit of his long, long labor is of benefit to the whole world?" Goethe spent sixty years of his eventful life upon this intellectual phenomenon—not a moment too much, when we cogitate over the tremendous influence and excitement it has created—among the poor as well as the rich—among ignorant and philosophical minds! A precious lesson may be found for all who are wise enough to profit by another's experience. "Faust" is the political reproduction of Goethe's vicissitudes in life, and each character represents some one who has stood either in friendly or antagonistic relation to his life. He began to write this play during his student-days, and finished it just a few months before his death. Indeed, many a time he lost heart, and wanted to

give it up—his friends insisted upon its completion. He claimed it was no better than the "Puppet-play" given in the streets on fete-days, which had given him the suggestion. Goethe refers to it again and again as "a piece of his worn-out wardrobe"—"a cast-off serpent skin."

The play consists of "The Prologue" and two parts—the first contains the well-known story of "Faust and Marguerite"—the second of "Faust and Helen of Troy"—Mephistopheles is of vital importance in both parts. "The Prologue in Heaven" is taken from a scene in the Book of Job, where the Lord gathers the Heavenly host about him and finds Satan among them. The poet represents the three archangels Raphael, Gabriel and Michael, looking down upon our solar system and watching the sun in its journey. Raphael apostrophizes the sun which

"Sings, in emulation,  
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:  
His path predestined through creation,  
He ends with steps of thunder-sound."

Gabriel praises the beauties and wonders of the earth, with its alternating night and day. Michael concentrates his attention upon the mighty phenomenon of our earth and sings of the harmony which prevails in spite of storms. Finally the three repeat in chorus:

"Thy lofty works uncomprehended  
Are glorious as on Creaton's day."

Amid these scenes of celestial harmony Mephistopheles, the spirit of negation—the son of chaos—appears. To him the moral world is a most miserable place—he can see none of the universal splendor and brightness which the archangels see—he parodies their song and calls God to account for his miserable failure of the world:

"The little God o' the world sticks to the  
same old way,  
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day."

The introduction of Mephistopheles shows conclusively that the whole scene has a deep symbolic meaning and is most decidedly intended as a key to the interpretation of the drama. Vischer says Goethe must have reasoned something like this: "In the physical world an infinite succession of heavenly bodies are guided in their spheres by eternal, unchangeable laws, and their vast and complex order of manifold revolutions is maintained without the slightest jar or disturbance. Is it not equally rational to believe that laws as comprehensive and inscrutable are at work amid the seeming conflict and disorder of human existence, even though our vision be too limited to survey and our reason too shallow to comprehend them? As the gentle, uniform movement of the clay remains unaffected by 'the wrathful energy' of lightning, storm, and all other momentary disturbances, is there not in the moral universe, amid all individual sorrow, misery and destruction a steady, uninterrupted evolution toward a better state? Do not the many (i. e., the race) benefit by the bitter experiences or even apparent sacrifice of the few?"

While Goethe was not a philosopher, he embodied truths of such tremendous scope in his characters that wise men have ceased to attempt an explanation of them. Mephisto again tells God if He had not endowed man with that little reason which makes him "far beastlier than any beast," he could lead a much more rational life. It is then God asks him if he knows "Faust," and to which he replies:

"Forsooth, he serves you after strange devices:

No earthly meat or drink the fool suffices;  
His spirit's ferment far aspieth;  
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,

The fairest stars from heaven he requireth,  
From earth the highest rapture and the best.  
And all the near and far that he desireth  
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast."

Mephisto then offers a wager which God accepts—the prize is Faust's soul. If the devil succeeds in rooting out all the good in it, it is his, and the race is at his mercy; otherwise, it belongs to God.

The opening lines of the monologue represents Faust as a man of learning—soberly and earnestly has he waded through philosophies, etc.—given up youth and all its pleasures, and what has he gained? His friends are young and happy—he is old and crabbed—loved by no one. As a last resort he takes up the study of magic—he wants to explore the earth in its inmost being, that as a teacher of youth he may save himself the humiliation of dealing "in empty words," and talking of things of which he knows nothing. The beautiful apostrophe to the moon shows that the "scholar's" ardent spirit is not quelled by dusty folios:

"But would that I, on mountains grand,  
Amid thy blessed light could stand,  
With spirits through mountain-caverns hover,  
Float in thy twilight the meadows over,  
And, freed from the fumes of lore that swathe me,  
To health in thy dewy fountains bathe me!"

His hunger for a naked contemplation of Nature, undimmed by "the fumes of knowledge," leads to the conjuration of the earth-spirit, the personification of the life nature in its grand totality. Faust shrinks from the sight, and is incapable of knowing the spirit.

"Thou art like the spirit which thou representest;  
Not me!"

After its disappearance, Faust's exclamations are interrupted by the entrance of his famulus Wagner, who is the truest type of the dry, plodding and conscientious pedant. A strong contrast these two—the dry, sapless old parchment and the fervid, aspiring Faust! The one so shallow and so honestly satisfied with his shallowness—the other grieved by his limitations. Unable to comprehend the source of all being—hemmed in on all sides by the narrow barriers of his earthly conditions—he determined to make an end of it all.

"A fiery chariot, borne on buoyant pinions,  
Sweeps near me now! I soon shall ready be

To pierce the ether's high, unknown dominions,

To reach new spheres of pure activity."

He seizes the vial of poison, lifts it to his lips, when he suddenly hears the ringing of Easter song and bells. The tender recollections of childhood and home come to him—tears come to his eyes and "Earth takes back her child."

It is most natural that after so many defeats an impulsive temperament like Faust's should waver. 'Tis while in this condition that Mephisto makes every effort to gain Faust's attention and the great conjuration scene takes place. Mephisto characterizes himself:

"A part of the part, once all, in primal night.  
Part of the Darkness which brought forth Light,  
The haughty Light which now disputes the space,  
And claims of Mother Night her ancient place."

Mephistopheles gains temporary victory over Faust, inasmuch as the devil within him responds to the devil with-



out. He shows him Marguerite at the spinning-wheel, an innocent, pure maid who awakens in Faust all selfish passions. Heedless of her right, her happiness, her fate, Mephisto plunges both into ruin.

Their contract made together, they start to see "first the little world, and then the great." Mephisto takes him to Auerbach's cellar in Leipsic—he performs some magic tricks which amuse and terrify the merry company. Faust maintains a refined and supercilious air throughout the performance. Mephisto finds this a failure for his companion and departs for new scenes.

Before setting out on their journey, Faust complained of his scholarly appearance as a hindrance to his new life. Mephisto therefore conducts him to the "Witches' Kitchen"—here he drains the magic potion and loses scholarly shyness, refined disgust and even conscientious scruples. At the first sight of Marguerite he exclaims:

"Hear, of that girl I'd have possession."

When Mephisto pleads, he has no control over so pure a soul. He exclaims:

"Most worthy pedagogue, take heed!

Let not a word of moral law be spoken!

I claim, I tell thee, all my right;

And if that image of delight

Beat not within mine arms tonight;

At midnight is our compact broken."

Many commentators erroneously look upon Marguerite as an "ideal woman." This is a great mistake, for Goethe himself but wanted to show us the pure, innocent maid, so easily led into temptation by the wiles and snares of flattery. Her love for Faust was pure, and awakened in him the same pure love, if but for a few fleeting moments. The terrible intensity of the cathedral scene prepares us for the insanity which overtakes the

unhappy maid with her impending ruin. Whether the evil spirit who stands behind her, mingling his relentless voice with that of the anthem, be Satan or Mephisto, is of little consequence. It is the voice of her conscience which fills her with such dread. To help Faust forget Marguerite and her plight, he takes him through the chasm and ravines of the Hartz mountains—to the Brocken where the witches hold their meeting on Walpurgis Night. The scene grows more weird and uncanny. In spite of all this Faust is burning with anxiety for Marguerite. From the moment of his departure from the Brocken, the moral crisis in Faust's life is past; he begins to tread the upward path and Mephisto loses hold. Mephisto and Faust rush through the air on their black magic horses. They pass the Ravenstone or place of execution, where the witches gather the night before the expiation of a crime. They arrive at the dungeon. Mephisto plunges the jailer into a deep sleep, takes the keys and gives them to Faust. As he unlocks the door, Marguerite takes him for the executioner:

"Art thou a man, pity my distress!"

With touching simplicity tells him:

"And I am yet so young, so young!

And now Death comes and ruin!

I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing.

My love was near, but now he's far;

Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms  
are.

Seize me not thus so violently.

Spare me! What have I done to thee?

Let me not vainly entreat thee!

I never chanced in all my days to meet thee!"

Faust's entreaties are in vain—he resolves to carry her away by force. She resists him and feels that the punishment which awaits her is an expiation for her crime—the murdering of her babe. In

her child-like faith, she has consolation which is closed to Faust—she surrenders herself to God:

"Thine am I, Father! rescue me!  
Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me.  
Camp around and from evil ward me.  
Henry, I shudder to think of thee!"

Mephisto has entered to remind them the day is breaking, pronounces the stern verdict over her—but angel voices from above cry that "she is saved." Mephisto bids Faust to follow him! As he vanishes Marguerite's voice is heard calling "Henry, Henry!" Thus closes the first part of this great tragedy.

(Thanks due to Prof. Boyeson.)



## Ole Bull's Violin.

Dedicated to my friend Prof. J. Jay Watson.

Welcome, thrice welcome, little instrument!  
Down through the ages, well preserved  
with care,  
As tuneful still as when thy master lent  
His touch to thee with skill beyond com-  
pare.

Waking such strains as ne'er was heard be-  
fore,  
Enrapturing millions by his wondrous play,  
Winning a fame enduring evermore,  
While thou art still as tuneful here today!

Upon thy mission musical still go,  
Cherished by him whom the old master  
taught;  
To draw with skill, well nigh like his, the bow,  
Which from thy strings such harmony once  
brought.

And thou to him must ever precious be  
Thy master's gift unto his pupil dear;  
And never, never will he part with thee,  
Till he is called with angels to appear.

Even then, methinks, the harp they'll to him  
give,  
Will lack the power more love from him  
to win,

Long as he will among blest spirits live,  
Than Ole Bull's historic violin!

JOSEPH W. NYE.

Lynn, January, 1897.

The author of these verses, Mr. Joseph W. Nye, was eighty-one years of age Jan. 11, 1897. He was an intimate friend of our poet, Whittier. He called on Prof. Watson one afternoon and was royally entertained by him and his violin. This little poem was the result of his afternoon's pleasure. We are also permitted to publish the letter of presentation written by Ole Bull to Prof. Watson:

Valestrand, Norway, Europe, Aug. 10, 1868.

My Dear Friend Watson: In handing you this "Antonius and Hieronymus Amati" Cremona violin, I promised you in the United States.—(which promise you so kindly accepted in anticipation) you will not, I trust, be surprised if I entreat you to be careful of the rare instrument committed to your charge. You can safely trust your musical sentiments to this medium and to the genius of the brothers Amati, whose embodied spirits will console you in sorrow, temper you in joy, and bring blessed ideas and good tidings to all your friends and hearers. With best wishes I am your sincere friend,

OLE BULL.

P. S.—Will you also accept my favorite old violin bow, which I have used many years.



That book is good  
Which puts me in a working mood.  
Unless to Thought is added Will,  
Apollo is an imbecile.  
What parts, what gems, what colors shine,—  
Ah, but I miss the grand design.

R. W. E.

# "Responsibility."



## Senior Class Day Exercises.

SALUTATORY, PHOPHECY, HISTORY, POEM AND SONG.

### Salutatory.

EDWARD L. PICKARD JR.

Kind friends,—the class of '97 gives you all a hearty welcome.

The Roman emperor Nero is said to have expressed the wish that all his subjects had but one neck so that he might behead them all with one blow of his sword. We have no such bloody wish in our hearts regarding you; but we do wish that you had but one hand, so that we might show our friendly feeling by giving you a hearty Emersonian handshake. However, as that is out of the question, please take the will for the deed and accept our verbal greetings.

There are some present here to-day whose faces are unfamiliar to many of our number. We are very happy to see you, for your presence indicates that you are interested in some of us at least, and our individual members are so intimately related to the whole class, that their friends are also our friends.

We extend a cordial greeting to you, fellow-students of the freshman, junior and post-graduate classes. We have received the sympathy, the helpful advice and the inspiring example of the post-graduates ever since our entrance into these halls; and we have always felt that we had the hearty good will of the juniors and freshmen. We thank you for your helpful attitude toward us in the past and for the renewed expression of kindly feeling shown by your presence at this our family gathering.

Our beloved president and members of the faculty,—we esteem it a great pleasure and honor to have you with us upon this occasion. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh" you are welcome. We realize, in a measure, how much of what we are to-day is due to your untiring efforts in our behalf. When we first came under your care, you found among us many cases of that distressing malady called enlargement of the head; but you soon cured them by mild but effective treatments. Then as we lost sight of ourselves and saw difficulties looming up like mountains in our pathway, you guided us safely around or over them; and when at one time or another we have taken a vital slide into the quagmires of despondency, you have reached down and pulled us up again. Your continued effort has been to keep us in the straight and narrow road which alone leads to success. You have not only taught us your system of physical culture, of voice culture, and of expression,—you have also given us principles which will enable us to *live* better, you have elevated our ideals of true living, and have fitted us to cope with the practical questions of life in whatever form they may present themselves. "We are even poor in thanks," but we wish to express our gratitude for that which we have received, by precept and by example, at your hands.

This is the last social gathering of the

class of '97, and it is our purpose this afternoon to review the hard struggles and the pleasant times which we have experienced together; to look forward into the future which contains so much of uncertainty and yet of hope for us all, and to epitomize the principles and truths which we have been studying for the last three years

During this time we have been guided in our thinking by these our elder brothers and sisters of the faculty. We have been absorbing the truths which underlie and surround our system in its various branches. We have been enjoying ourselves to the utmost. Does that sound strange, enjoying hard and constant mental application? The statement is nevertheless true. Many people who come here to see our work are surprised at the amount of earnestness shown by the students, and some are even disgusted by the apparently meaningless exhibition of enthusiasm, and they naturally ask its cause. We can best satisfy their minds by asking them, in the true Yankee fashion, another question. Why does a child smack its lips and look pleased when you give it some dainty morsel to eat? The reply will be, "because it tastes good." Now our reply is much the same. We are being fed, physically, mentally and morally with food which leaves a good, wholesome taste in the mouth, and the sensations which we have are agreeable, and are sure to react upon our faces and upon our actions. I repeat, we have been *enjoying* ourselves to the utmost.

Can you wonder then that a feeling of deep regret comes upon us at the thought of our imminent separation from all that has been so pleasant?

But if you have tears to shed prepare not to shed them now. We do not intend to dwell upon our reluctance to sever the strong friendships which we have formed among our class-mates, nor upon the sin-

cere regret which we feel at going out from the helpful influence of our teachers. The cheerful side of the panorama is after all the truer; though it is hard for us to realize that at first. We do not expect to be cut off at once and forever from the associations which have become so much a part of our lives. That same spirit of altruism which has made us such a happy family here, will keep alive our interest in one another's welfare, long after we have left these walls, though we may be separated by many miles of country.

Our college magazine too will keep us in touch with the happenings at our Emersonian home, and through its alumni column we shall learn of each others' doings.

Besides, have we not reached the goal toward which we have been striving for the past three years. Moreover, while we have thoroughly enjoyed our course here, should we not anticipate still greater pleasure in imparting to others the truths which we have found so interesting and beneficial? "Ah yes," you say, "but your path will not be free from obstacles. You will meet with opposition on every hand, for your system is comparatively new and has not been generally received."

That may be true, but are the easiest paths always the pleasantest or the most profitable? Some one has well said—

"Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

We never worked harder than we have here at Emerson, and yet that has not prevented our being happy. That which has brought our joy is the very fact that we have met with difficulties and have *overcome* them.

There is much more satisfaction to be gained by developing strength in a weak person, than by increasing the power of one already strong; because the obstacles to be overcome at the outset are greater.



So it will be with us. If we encounter bitter opposition at first, and live it down by proving the value of our method, we shall gain far more glory, than if we enter a field where our principles have been taught before.

"Very well," you say, "but suppose you fail to convince people of the soundness of your doctrines. Are you not over confident?"

*We know no such word as fail*, and we have a reason for our confidence. For three years we have watched the workings of this system and have never been disappointed in the results. The growth which we have noticed in one another has surprised us, and the happy faces of our big-hearted teachers have proved to us that the reaction from their work has been beneficial to them.

Do you wonder then that we have confidence in the power of our principles to make themselves felt, and to bring joy to those who impart them to others.

We may not all be teachers of oratory; but whatever our occupation may be, our purpose should be the same—to uplift our fellow-men—to spread abroad the spirit of

responsibility for the welfare of others—the Christ-like spirit of helpfulness—which is the key-note of all our work at Emerson.

We shall not, therefore, allow the April element in our feelings to prevail over that of June; but shall cause the thin mists of uncertainty and regret to be "burnt and purg'd away" by the bright-sunshine of our faith and hope.

In the words of Macbeth we say again—

"At first and last a hearty welcome."

But do not fear, good friends, that we shall prove veritable Macbeths, and shall conjure up ghosts with which to frighten you; for although our historian may bring before you the shades of Shakesperian plays or of Websterian orations which we have ruthlessly murdered, and though our prophetess may bring unaccustomed visions before your eyes,—yet be assured they will prove quite harmless.

And now for the next hour "let us be joyful together"—let us be as one family and all *at home*. Once more, well met at Emerson.

## Class History.

CATHARINE MATSON TINKER.

The history of '97 contains in the records of its three years such an "embarrassment of riches" as material for the one who would seek to reveal its story that I am free to confess that the half can never be told.

Like the "Man of Imagination," our class has lived all lives and, through victory and defeat, through joy and grief, through failure and success, has made for itself a place in the larger history of this college.

We look back to its beginning with feelings of deepest pride and happiness, for it was on "one of these great days, one of those elemental occasions "in our

affairs that the class of '97 commenced its illustrious career. Doubtless "stars with trains of fire," "disasters in the sun," and other portents of like nature foretold its coming, but, be that as it may, upon the morning of October 16th, 1894, we were one and all drawn to this shining center of education—the Emerson College of Oratory, and since then the world, for us at least, has changed.

Shall we ever forget that first morning when we found our way through Boston's intricate streets to the college doors, from the college doors to the office, from the office to the large hall and there became enkindled with the enthusiasm which only

an Emersonian welcome can create? Suffice it to say that '97 (though naught but would-be Freshmen) was at home and, catching a glimpse of what was to come, felt an inspiration which has been one of its guiding stars throughout its brilliant course.

As a whole, we were then and there determined to amaze the world and—the class having been formed into divisions—we began our mighty work.

"The beginning only is difficult," it is said, and who of us in the last division but was inwardly thankful that Fate had not written his last name with a capital A or even a capital B, for upon such rested the responsibility of *commencing*. But, be it said to the credit of the first division, '97 rose to the occasion. Led on by Dr. Emerson, our commander-in-chief, the A's marched bravely to the front and, followed by a B. or two to set the *Ball* a-rolling, they fired that first shot which (if not heard around the world) awoke the dormant powers of every member of that class of '97, and introduced to one and all that dear old friend—the Cheerful Locksmith. All fears, all hesitation fled and, forgetting everything save "Varden," we transported all our hearers to that sunniest of spots—the Workshop of the Golden Key.

Before we were aware of it, we had taken the first step in the Evolution of Expression and the orators of '97, like the "millions of flowers hid under the ground" were really "beginning to grow."

One of the shining points in the early part of our oratoric course was the rendering of Byron's immortal poem "The Ocean." The roar and thunder of that mighty sea not only silenced all outside competition, but must have conveyed to any Western mind in the audience a most vivid and realistic impression of a storm on the Atlantic. One of our number (not so many *months* ago) added the

finishing touch to that poem, raising the question in the minds of the audience, "Is thy servant a dog" that he should thus sink into the ocean's depths "without a grave, *unkenneled*, unconfined and unknown!"

But matters of *deeper depths*, if possible, were in store for the Freshman Class. The old Revolutionary Days lived for us again in the speeches of John Adams and Edward Everett, and the patriotic zeal of each member of '97 burned with fervent heat. Already the dramatic power to come was budding forth, and in our untiring efforts in teaching the Pickwickians how to skate, and later in the wild joy of whipping the Schoolmaster-Squeers, there was no lack of dramatic action.

To the end of developing our powers did we, one and all, exert our energies and at home and abroad availed ourselves of every opportunity of practice. In our respective homes the imagination had full play and strange sounds proceeded from our rooms, strange sights were seen through half-opened doors, thus we can all sympathize with one of our number who, by the world outside, was quite misunderstood. In her daily practice of Shylock's impassioned speech she was overheard by a rather deaf old lady who could not fathom this apparent "rhyme without reason," and begged to know what it all meant, "this saying over and over three thousand *buckets!*"

Not to be convinced by any explanation, the dear old lady trotted off with a look upon her face that plainly said, "Far gone, far gone."

But the mental faculties of '97 proved to be sound and examinations were passed to that effect in those infallible measurers of one's wisdom—the blue blank books. How fittingly did those seemingly innocent examination papers exemplify the state of mind of our class at that trying time, for when did we ever feel more

*blue*, or when did our minds ever seem more *blank* than upon those occasions when somewhat of the learning gained in the past term must be set down in "words, words, words."

What interesting tales in English Literature, Psychology, Visible Speech and other branches of learning those books (no longer blank) might tell! What a deal of laborious preparation preceded their advent! About three days previous to this critical time we became lost in a maze of note-books which (the memory of what came between lines having faded) read like a Fairy Tale. Perhaps we never fully appreciated the value of relating the parts to the whole and to each other till, out of the scattered hints jotted down from a lecture, we tried to formulate correct ideas. It was but yesterday that in perusing one of my note books I came across this interesting item: "Tennyson—buried in Westminster Abbey—1200 years old." This is but an example of the numerous surprises which await one in preparing for examinations, and I would say to the classes that follow, that the art of taking notes is worthy of no little consideration.

But "Art is long and Time is fleeting," and now as we look back upon our college course it seems but the briefest interval between Freshman and Junior years, between Junior and Senior years, and in the vast field of our work we have but begun to glean. But for that work we gradually became equipped and at the beginning of the Junior year, the effect of the Physical Culture had added new strength to our powers.

Marvelous have been the results of the Physical Exercises and the tributes of praise which they have called forth have been many and unqualified—as can be certified by one member of our class who received, from one of the House Maids, this flattering testimony, "La, Miss, ye look as rosy as if ye had just come over

from the auld country!" and indeed we all felt that we *had* come from an old country to a New Country where our growth in spiritual as well as physical power should, in due time, reach its perfection.

A new country of untold riches was also discovered to us in the Perfective Laws. In these, the ecstasy of the poet, in his communion with Nature, became ours. In these, we looked up to the heights of the greatest orators—of Webster, of Phillips, of Beecher—and were inspired anew with the grandeur of their work. Step by step we ascended toward the pinnacles of their lofty thoughts and a broader view, a wider scope greeted the vision of the mind.

The dignity, the worth of the Perfective Laws were borne in upon us more and more till the expression of its sentiments took possession of our very being and added a value to our lives that we had not known before.

But failures and discouragements were not wanting in the upward march of the Junior class and upon one memorable occasion, the whole company seemed lost in gloom. It was upon the opening day of the winter term and a vacation of two weeks had dissipated the oratoric forces of the entire class. One after another rose to address the audience and either failed completely to remember the words of the text or made a futile attempt to express what few vague thoughts were uppermost in his mind. At last one of the loyal young men of the class mounted the platform and with resolution depicted on every feature, exclaimed, "Let us rejoice that we behold this day, let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of this auspicious morn." Though the "honorable member" was quite guiltless of any intended injury, we have never quite forgiven him for that bit of irony.

It was also in the Junior year that—with halting and uncertain steps—we approached the "Shakespeare Field." To portray the princely Hamlet, or the murderous Macbeth, appeared to us to be in the realm of the impossible, but above all, to present the weird and uncanny witches of Macbeth seemed little short of the miraculous. But upon every fair day as well as "in thunder, lightning, and in rain" did we put forth unceasing efforts in that direction and finally achieved results which—though rather suggestive of the concerts of the feline tribe—were in every respect quite unusual.

Shall we ever forget one early presentation of the Witches where the Weird Sisters—failing to vanish in the proper conventional style and, truth to tell, rather confused us to the exit—rushed boldly into the arms of Macbeth, causing the astonished Thane of Candor to doubt the veracity of Banquo's statement when he later remarked that they were mere bubbles of air. But like the brook, we might "go on for ever" in telling of the varied and wonderful achievements of the Junior year, which—almost before we realized it—gave place to the Senior year.

Inspired as ne'er before, '97 deepened the lines of its previous work.

Through reflecting on the great truths, it progressed to lecturing upon them; through absorbing philosophy it advanced to teaching it and in the Normal Work blossomed anew the joy of imparting to others that which had so filled our souls.

What may we predict for the fourth year which waits to crown the labors of our class? What may we say of the coming day that is to complete the history of '97, building for us a temple still "nobler than the last," and opening to us deeper and deeper paths of Life?

Our college is to us a School of Living—a school for the developing of character of the highest rank and in this college—

home—this home of the soul—we strive ever to be true men and women. We seek first for the Kingdom of Heaven, and we know that all things will be added unto us. Oh, the priceless gifts which these three short years have brought to us, for to study and love and express the thoughts of earth's greatest has been the privilege of this class and above all to breathe in, to incorporate into our very selves some of that nobility of character which has radiated from this platform to one and all.

There was a time in the formation of this planet when, as we believe, it changed from a molten condition into a solid state and folded into the rocks and hills are the finger prints of the Almighty. There was a time in the formation of our characters when a similar change took place and, folded into our lives and souls, is the grand influence of Dr. Emerson.

What this influence has been to us, words cannot tell, and we can only go forth and, through deeds of love, bring some of its blessing into the wide, wide world. And, oh, blessed assurance! Wherever we may journey, wherever we shall be, we can never be severed from the college.

Like Irving's voyage, "we drag a lengthening chain at each remove of our pilgrimage, we can trace it back, link by link and we feel that the last still *grapples us to home.*"

The responsibility and the hope lies with us to connect humanity with this home till Christ's kingdom shall be to all men and "His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven."



"This world's no blot for us;  
Nor blank; it means intensely and means  
good.

To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

*Browning.*



## Class Poem.

CORA E. BUSH.

On a part of the ocean beach  
Lives a seer our race to teach,  
Who asked of me to go with him  
To a blue and distant mountain rim.

And there in vision did I see  
What all the world may have from me.  
In cities great beneath us lay  
Wearily struggling through the day

Men and women bent with toil  
In commerce fierce unceasing broil,  
Looking with strained and eager eye  
For self-good fancied there to lie.

Among them did we see a youth  
Who in earnest quest for truth  
Saw flashes of some higher life  
Away from all this night of strife.

When he chased WITHOUT with quick delight,  
Fair forms of blessing to his sight  
They vanished and with puzzled mien  
The youth did not the meaning glean.

Fair women bound in custom's laws,  
In which blind eyes could see no flaws,  
Forbidden glories all Divine  
Through the distorted form to shine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then saw I that this noise and strife  
Was but the surface of man's life,  
While far below in that calm deep  
The beauty of the soul doth sleep.

And heard them underneath it all  
Clear melodies uprise though small  
At first in minor strain  
But swelling to a grand refrain.

"O could they once but know," I cried  
The powers in them that now abide!"  
When Lo! as comes to need of flowers  
Refreshing dews and sun and showers

There walked with them in quiet grace  
With light of power upon each face  
Students, who saw thro' outer guise  
The beauties of the soul arise.

I saw them teaching there a few  
The old philosophy so true  
That one must look to the WITHIN  
True power and peace and joy to win.

These gave the glad truth unto others,  
As in a family of brothers,  
Holding the vision high and fair  
Aloft for all those far to share.

Wider became the skirts of light,  
Growing in radiance to the sight,  
And as the lily's form doth make  
Of its own beauties life partake.

So fairer now the cities grew  
With joyous rosy children's crew;  
With grassy lawns and fountains played  
Where former poetry had strayed,

Shackled men and women bound,  
Burst chains that held them to the ground  
And stood erect with God-like mien.  
In freedoms state of king and queen.

And in the sun-kissed fruitful field,  
Where flowering boughs their fragrance yield  
As though the flesh must fairness win  
In tune with symmetry within

With harmony I saw them swayed  
Which doth the universe pervade,  
Giving body, soul and mind  
Which stronger grew till they divined

With brightning eyes from spirit's fire,  
As on the hills those standing higher  
Receive the first light of the sun,  
The Truth! Humanity is One!

## Prophecy.

MARTON SHERMAN.

"I sent my soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-Life to spell."

But my soul returned with a different  
message from that brought to the old Per-  
sian poet, it returned to tell me that the  
future of my classmates was an open book,

and I had but to read.

Cause and effect have an inseparable  
relation we are told, and knowing the  
causes that have been at work in your  
lives in the past few years, I need no  
magic spectacles, no knowledge of palmis-

try, no drop of ink from the sorcerer's pen, to tell me what the effect will be. For the first time in many of our lives we began to realize three years ago what Life truly means, what *Responsibility*, our glorious class-motto, is capable of including. Some of you had realized it before I know, from the beauty manifest in your lives when we first knew you, but to a portion of us at least it was a new awakening, which is to sweeten and strengthen as the years go on.

As to whether your lives in the future are to be units, or fractional parts of one, I hardly *dare* to say; for in this epoch of time many share the opinion of the one who said, "Courtship is bliss, but marriage a blister." But this I will say, that our women are to be new women, they are to ride bicycles and legislate, and the fame of '97 is to be complete only when one of her number is Madame President of the United States. They are not to be new women in the ridiculous acceptance of the word, but new women in the grand uplifting of body, mind and soul. Our men are to be new men also, and the two are to walk together up the broad stairway of growth, each helping the other toward perfection. You have in your possession *principles of life* that can be applied everywhere, so you see it will really make no difference whether you are married or not, therefore I prefer to draw the veil over that part of the future.

We cannot but be happy; resources within ourselves have been developed to such an extent, that no outward change can touch the calm happiness within. Your mission in the future will be to make others happy, not happy because the birds sing and the flowers bloom, but happy because something is being awakened within, a spirit that wishes to labor and endure for others, and is happy even when the days are dreary, because the sun is shining in the heart. You are to help

others to discover the soul that dwells in them, and teach it to grow. Your lives are to be active and energetic, there is to be no time for worry or vain repining, and every moment is to be precious, not alone that you may help yourselves, but that you may help others. Some of you may have that sweet pleasure of guiding and caring for little ones, and you are to succeed there. You have learned what a divine thing the infant mind is, what it will mean to have the development of such a precious charge in your hands, and you will be faithful to the trust. Many of you will teach, and your happiness there will be so great that I cannot measure it, for you are to teach mind, body, and soul, and not mind alone. You are not to pour in, but to cause something within to blossom forth. Others of you will influence the lives of men by the thoughts you give them from the platform or lecture-room, and there it will be your privilege to make others happy by disclosing to them the spiritual and the helpful in literature and art. I like to think of you all as teachers, because all life is teaching, whether it be in the class-room, in the home, or among men. "Character teaches above our wills," and the subtle influence of our lives constantly exerts its effect in the school-room of life.

The truths that have been borne home to us with the utmost sweetness are that all success in life depends not on what we do, but on what we are; that true happiness comes from within; and "that to enter the kingdom of Heaven a man must take it with him." On these truths you are to act, seeking ever to fulfill them in your own lives. Each one of you is to find his place in the world, each one is to be wanted, each one is to be needed, to make up the grand whole.

There has never been a time in the history of the world when men were so anxious to discover the secret of true happi-

ness as now, when the mere externalities of life were so distasteful, and when all felt the need of a nobler, truer living, devoid of artificiality. The world is therefore ready to receive the message you have for it, and the ardor of your young souls will not be hardened by any lack of receptivity among men. You are going forth in a happy time, to preach the gospel of true happiness. The message you are to take to the world is your manifest soul, for sooner or later it comes to all of us that in our art a man's works cannot be seen apart from the man.

You are to aid in vast changes—changes in the ends of education—in the slow but sure realization of what true education must contain, *the building of character*, not as an accidental accompaniment but as a positive aim.

You are going forth equipped with the means of saving life, principles of health and exercise that are to work miracles when applied to the aching world. Verily, when '97 is in its full sway, the tongue of the dumb shall sing, the lame and the halt shall walk, and the soul shall rise to unheard-of heights of power.

I would not have you think for an instant that I mean your life here is one thing, and that it is to be different in the future; neither that it is a power gained for eternity without more work and striving. Our life here is merely a moment in the vast tide of years, it is not the fulfillment, but the tiny seed sown on fertile ground. The cause is ever to be found working in the effect, and the full attainment is to come after whole years, after whole existences—who shall say? The familiar thought, that we are but echoes of the soul of some great one in the past, is a beautiful and precious one. It lies in us to make our lives ready to be the echoing chamber of the wisdom of life's sages and the goodness of life's saints. If we form a part of an age over which the

waves of thought pass without finding a soul ready to re-echo them, it is our own loss.

But you, the class of '97, are not to stand insensible to the ringing thought of earth's great, in you it is to be reproduced, and I even dare to say, reproduced in a fuller measure. The beauties of earth are to be appreciated and understood by you, and your eyes are to be trained to see in the tiniest thing in Nature, food for thought of the grand work of the Creator. You are not to pass a flower by without reading its lesson. Life is after all only what we make it, and you are to make it richer and nobler than has been dreamed of before.

If we believe that the hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire, then all effort will have its root in character, grow through character, and end in an attempt at the perfection of character.

You have been taught to search for the philosophy of every subject, and so you are to become philosophers, philosophers of everything, even of life; for life too is to be studied, it is not to be accepted without thought, nor lived without serious reasoning as to the wherefore. As there are realms of thought yet unpenetrated, so there may be heights of the soul yet unreached, you are to ascend into those heights, and light the way for others to pass still higher. O, the wonder of life that is to be yours! O, the grandeur, the beauty, and the joy! It is well you cannot see what is in store for you, it is not meet you know how the future is to love you, "it would inflame you, it would make you mad." My faith in the glorious future of our class is as bright as the sun at noonday, there are no mists to cloud it, all is radiant, clear light.

I promise you that you are to have the gift of remembrance bestowed upon you for all time, remembrance of a great influ-

ence that has wrought upon your characters—your career here in the College. You are never to forget it, no matter where your life may find its allotted path, and there is to be a secret clamber of your heart ever sacred to thoughts of the college. Presiding over this chamber is ever to be found that one whose life has been the fulfillment of what Sidney Lanier grieved had never been done, who has "lived and sung, that Life and Song might each express the other's all." With him are to be found those others who have helped each day to make our lives here a glimpse into a fairer and better world. But life is not to be all rose-colored as this life has been, and we have been armed with strength to endure the thorns that prick and the winds that blow, for though our life here has been one of pleasure, it has been one of constant work.

And so I prophesy for the class of '97 not wealth nor fame alone, but happiness, pure and lasting happiness. And this is the richest gift I can bestow upon you, for it will include all else, if it is what I truly mean by happiness. It will mean hard unceasing work, a devotion of self to the welfare of others, a calm sweet faith in the power of good, an altruistic spirit, a healthy body which no gloom can penetrate, a mind that is to encompass the world's mysteries, a sense of infinite re-

sponsibility. Of what comfort would it be to you if I were to tell you that you were to be known throughout the land, that your books were to be widely read, that you were to influence the growth of the universe, unless I promised that you were to be happy? As your happiness is to come from work and not from ease, from discouragement as well as from success, from poverty as much as from wealth, all of these so-called happy futures can and may be yours. But I promise you a happiness of the spirit, an inner joy that cannot be disturbed, a constant bubbling of that spring within us whose depths cannot be sounded, and whose shores cannot be traversed.

I wish I had this happiness here in my arms to give you now, so that you might never forget that you are to be happy, but it is something I cannot gather, it is too vast for any arms to hold except those of God, and I cannot give it to you anew, because you have always had it. It was your birthright, and though you have but just discovered it, it is to be yours always. I only ask you to remember that you have it, and never to slight it nor pretend it is not with you, but to recognize it, and glory in it.

You have learned the secret of true living, it is yours, and you are to possess it forever.

## The Responsibility of the Educator.

*"Noblesse Oblige."*

BY HARRY S. ROSS.

(Stenographic report by Reba Norris.)

In coming before you this afternoon we, as your representatives, make no attempt at oratorical displays, in the accepted meaning of the term, but we come to say a few things that we have on our hearts, in a plain, simple, sensible sort of a way. The thoughts that I shall present to you this afternoon I have headed The Educator

and his Responsibilities. I do not know in just what dress I shall clothe those thoughts. It may turn out a song, or it may turn out a sermon, but I shall endeavor to speak to the class of '97 as to educators.

The teacher has a post of responsibility and honor; for unto the teachers to-day as



unto the Many-teacher of old shall come the wise ones of the east, and from the west, bearing precious gifts.

You have been studying here these past years to fit yourselves to teach—to teach in the broadest sense in some way or other. In the home, in the primary school, in the college, the university, or wherever you are you must forever teach; and so I speak to you as Educators. The educated man is one who stands for something. Stands? Yes, that is the very word, because the first thing that we learn in the philosophy of this college is to stand aright, stand erect, to be on the *qui vive*, on the alert, and the truly educated man, the man who is educated in body as well as in his mental faculties must stand for something. I like those old Hebrew tales that tell of the days when the earth was young, when men who stood with their feet upon the earth had their heads in Heaven. I tell you there is much truth in those stories. If we stand with our heads among the stars no need to hitch our wagons there. We shall breathe that pure air of Heaven which shall inspire us to nobler lives and noble deeds.

Many men who are educated as that term is often applied, greatly resemble Darwin's anthropoid ape. That is, they have educated the brain but not the physical body, and the great majority of men to-day act as though they had not yet learned to stand rightly on their hind legs. That is what we first learn when we come to this college, to stand rightly and to stand for something. Classmates of '97 we are living in a grand age, an age that is called this and that; a few years ago it was called the age of steam, then the age of electricity, and it is now called the age of science. Ah, yes, it is more than that. It is that age which includes all these and more. It is the age of education, it is our age. To-day I hear the trampling of a

mighty army going forth. It is an army greater than was ever led forth by the kings of old. We read of the Grecian and Persian kings whose vast armies were as the sands of the sea, but they pale into insignificance before the trampling of this mighty host to-day. It is the army which is pouring forth from our public schools, our academies, and from our colleges. It is an army whose weapons are not carnal; it is an army that believes that the ballot is mightier than the bayonet; that the sword of truth is keener and will cut deeper than any Damascus blade. We believe that enlightenment will put to rout all the forces of darkness.

This is a children's crusade also. I hear the pattering of tiny feet coming forth from the Kindergartens and the primary schools, as the doors swing open wide. From the grammar schools, from the preparatory department, from our academies, they march forth fifteen million strong. From our colleges and universities one hundred and fifty thousand more are marching. From our professional schools one hundred and fifty thousand more, until the very land reverberates with the trampling of twenty million feet marching on and on ever up to storm the heights where ignorance and superstition lie embattled, and it is to you who are to be commanders in this great army, you who are to be out on the picket line, who are going to keep posts of duty and of danger that I speak. It is a grand and glorious work to be enrolled in this company, and as this army sweeps on legion after legion, battalion after battalion, generation after generation, what can they not accomplish? Can you not read the signs of the times? Are not the heavens telling that the mind of man is rousing to a consciousness of its powers, shaking off its old inertia, and taking giant strides towards its higher possibilities?

Now it has been thought by many that

a college education is the grandest thing that can be given to man, and whoever has gone to college has all that; but it is not so. The products of many of our American institutions are proof enough of that. It does not prove, simply because a man has gone to college and carried away his sheepskin that he is an educated man. There is many a poor father who has invested all his money in sending his son to college, who gets a very poor return. I can see a picture of this hard working old man out in the field at the farm work, eagerly expecting his son whom he sent to college. Presently he sees coming up the road a nondescript something. He cannot tell what it is, but as it nears him he recognizes at length this prodigal son returning. Looking at his son he exclaims in the words of Aaron to Moses when the children of Israel raised up the golden image "Behold I poured in the gold and there came out this calf."

But that is not all there is of our colleges and universities. These are all doing a great and noble work, but it does not simply follow that because one has a college education he is truly educated. To be educated in the mind alone is not the summum bonum of education, but he who is developed in all his powers, mind, soul and body, is the truly educated man. The truly educated man is one who has his brain and body under the ready control, and in the willing service of his highest soul powers. That to me is the educated man. And now as I speak to you as Educators, as those who are educated in the truest sense of the word, there are three things which I would like to emphasize. They may seem to you trite, they may seem like truisms, but they can never be emphasized enough. You hear them day by day from this platform, and yet I would repeat them, possibly put the thoughts in some new form, or dress.

There are three elements that we must

count on as educators, and the first is: *we must have and we must give enthusiasm.* That is the foundation of it all. When the old Greek said that the man has enthusiasm that meant that he had *En Theos*, that God was in him, was working out through him, that he was not a self-impelled man, but there was something in him which he could not resist, which was carrying him on, which was impelling him whether he would or no. So I say if you have the true enthusiasm within you, if your souls are shot through with Divine truth you will be truly enthusiastic. I do not mean by this enthusiasm that which vents itself in the spread-eagleism of elections or in the blatant blare of the tin trumpet, but that which finds its highest expression in work, work, work ever. Be ye seekers after truth, and ever widening paths will open up before you. Let the truth possess you, and it will make you free, and if you have built upon the truth your teaching will be successful. Your scholars will not always be saying to you, "Give us proof, proof, proof." No, because you have followed out the fundamental principles which have been taught you in this college, and you feel sure that what you have builded is not placed upon the sand, but upon eternal truth, and that will inspire you to greater and nobler deeds.

Archimedes of old wished he had a lever long enough that he might move the whole world. Ah yes, but we need something to stand on before we can do that. Let us have that sure and firm foundation of truth, and then with the mighty lever of enthusiasm we may swing the Himalayas to old Ocean's profoundest depths. Yes, swing nation after nation, generation after generation into higher, nobler realms of thought, and that is a greater achievement than to move worlds. If you build upon the truth your scholars will receive you, they will feel that you have something

that they want, and they will look up to you as guide and teacher. They will not be always calling for proof because truth carries its own evidence with it. We want such an enthusiasm as finds its highest expression in work. We want such an enthusiasm as old Cato had when at eighty years of age he began the study of Greek. Ah yes, and as Goethe had when life, "fallen into the seer and yellow leaf," found him finishing his great work on Faust. I well remember when I first went to college seeing an old professor, who had more than finished his four score years, who was decrepid and unable to move, who must be wheeled about in a chair, who always had a dictionary of a foreign language stretched before him on a little rack so that he could read without turning his body. After eighty years of age he had begun the study of the Zulu language. I tell you that is what enthusiasm is, that is the enthusiasm that makes a man work.

If some pleasant Sunday you have gone out into one of the cemeteries of this city you may have found an old headstone, and you have seen written upon it these words, and they are words that seem to contradict the old saying of speaking nothing but good of the dead, "He was ever an enemy to enthusiasm." Well, I think the best thing we can say about such a man is that he is dead; in fact I do not believe that he ever really lived to taste life in all its fulness. We want enthusiasm which starts with the gulf stream of our youth, and shall flow far into the Arctic region of our lives, warming and animating it. Browning's Old Grammarian is in striking contrast to this man. He was a man who had followed the pursuits of life until that age when other men were ready to die. Then he began to live. They came and found him "racked with calculus," they found him poring over those books that were the very life of him, and they extended their pity, but he did not need it.

He stepped right out over their pity and went on, and when that man died there was but one place that was good enough for him, and that was that he should be buried on the mountain top, where the earliest rays of the sun should gild his tomb, where clouds formed, meteors shot, and the arrows of lightning were hurled earthward. That man had enthusiasm.

If we have discovered the well-spring of enthusiasm, and classmates I think we have, we have found the spring for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain, and he who deeply drinks of it lives deeply and lives long.

There is another element which comes into a liberal education which must be taken account of, because it is a most essential thing, and that is: *you must take account of the element of Time*. It takes time to develop enthusiasm in your pupils, it takes time to unfold character; it takes time to do anything that is worth doing. Do not hurry. All the great achievements of the past were not done in a day. All "The glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome" came not in any one emperor's reign, but in many. Do not hurry, do not feel oppressed with the sense of rush and bustle which is in our nineteenth century civilization. That cry which is ever fretting us, "Haste thee, haste thee, keep time to the fastest music!" If we shut our ears diligently to that, and keep our eyes fixed on the goal, then it doesn't matter when we reach it so we reach it in the right way. The long race is not to him who runs fastest the first 100 yards, but to him who strikes an easy steady pace with his eye fixed on the goal, and never falters until he reaches it.

I takes years of physical growth to develop the cradling until the time when he shall express his sentiments at the polls. Look at that little babe in the nurse's arms! Who would think what a won-

drous power, what great potentialities there are concealed in that little feeble, wailing, bit of brain and body. He has just come into this world of ours and understands nothing about it. For his eyes and ears are still tuned to the vibrations of another world far beyond our ken. We wonder what use that little innocent, helpless babe can ever be. But give two score years' training, and to what may he develop? Possibly a Shakespeare, who with one dash of his pen may set the whole world thinking. It takes time to do all these things, and do them well. God is not in a hurry. Our old mother nature gives us many fine examples, which we would do well to copy, showing that it does not do to hurry things, but is better to wait with the patience with which she waits. Evolution comes by slow degrees, never by rapid vaults from peak to peak. God once said to a naked soul. "Go down unto the earth beneath and dwell within the grovelling flesh until time be old"; it obeyed and dwelt in the brute, wallowed in the mire, writhed with the serpent, burrowed with the mole, till at last the dim eons waked it to aspire. What then? Then it wound up its tortuous way slowly, eon after eon, until at last it clothed itself with human vestments, and still it seeks, and upward climbs toward the highest peaks, nor frets to know what form it yet shall wear." It takes time for all of these things. Avoid such schools as promise a liberal education in two years. Beware of such schools as will make you teachers in one year, send you out fully equipped to do a teacher's service in the world. Such an education is the wood of the palm that grows up in the hands of the Indian juggler. When we build we want a firm foundation, sure and solid, built upon the oak which has stood upon the hillside and wrestled with the storms of a hundred years and never bowed its head but to rise again, and once more send forth its chal-

lenge to the wintry blasts. I look forward to the time when the Post Graduate year shall be incorporated into the regular course in this school, and when the students who come here to study shall look forward to a four years' course of study and nothing less. It takes time to become cultured. Culture is not a veneer. Culture is something that grows within us, it is from within out. It is not the "what knows" in education, but "what is" and "what does." Our schools must turn out students who believe more in quality and quantity of being, than in multitude of acquirements. There is more pleasure in the pursuit than in the getting. What one of us after he had overtaken his sometime ideals was ever satisfied? What one but was dissatisfied and wished to press on to higher ideals. What mineralogist is there who in searching for specimens would want to find every one with a label telling its class. What botanist in looking over the flowers would want to find printed upon each petal the species and genera of that flower? No, he would rather search it out for himself. There is pleasure in the pursuit, in the getting it for himself more than if given to him by any one else. What student is there who would want to have every passage of Shakespeare elucidated at once, told just what Shakespeare had in his mind? No, you would rather work it out until it becomes a part of you. The best things in literature are like deepest lodes of purest gold, to be dug for with the mattock and spade.

The lazy man says, "The world owes me a living," but he forgets that he has to collect it. He thinks the good fortune that comes to his neighbors is "sheer good luck." He forgets that whatever good fortune comes to us comes because we have worked hard, because we have industriously applied ourselves to our studies, or our daily tasks. Who would be born with a silver spoon when by a little effort



on your part you might earn the golden one? And so it is with wisdom. There is no philosopher's stone to change the baser metals into gold. There is no philosopher's stone which can transmute these rudiments of education into the riches of wisdom at once. No, it is work, work, work. There is no royal road to learning. The road to success slants as straight from the humblest peasant's cot as from the prince's palace towards the heights where wisdom sits enthroned, and every one in this land is just as free to follow that road as his brother. Rank, wealth and distinction have no place here. It is simply he who will apply himself industriously to *work* that will accomplish these things. We read in that grand book of old of a king, one of the great ones of the earth, who built a temple of surpassing magnificence, and as the stones were fitted into place of that mighty temple there was no sound of hammer. As stone after stone was fitted into place, as tier after tier reared its head aloft in the air the workman went about his work silently, and there was no sound of builders' tools heard, and so it is in the building of character. There is no sound heard, and yet there is rearing a mighty building, and when we take cognizance of this fact, that with enthusiasm and through the element of time we shall accomplish these great things and build our characters for ourselves, then it is we have come unto a plane of higher knowledge; then it is that that newer and greater temple of oratory shall be built in the hearts of all the Emerson students and shall stand four square with domes, and towers and minarets pointing heavenward. And so it is that by these struggles, these laborious climbings that we must reach the heights where wisdom sits, for

*Wisdom is not reached at a single bound;  
For we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.*

There is another element which we must take account of in our education and that is the one represented in our class motto, *the element of Responsibility*. There is a great responsibility laid upon you as teachers and educators. You are sponsors for all that is given to you. You are educated, and as I said, the truly educated man is he whose brain and body are under the ready control and in the willing service of his highest soul's power. And with responsibility which has come to you there comes a feeling that you must do something for the world. There is a grand old motto which I like to think of, "Noblesse Oblige." Many noble knights of old have fought under this sign, and so you will go forth fighting under that. Nobility brings its obligations, Noblesse Oblige. Whatever has come to you in this school, whatever you have received from any teacher in the past, has laid its obligations upon you, and you are bound to render some account for that. It is to you, to whom these talents have been entrusted, that I say, "Do not hide them, do not bury them in a napkin, but put them out at interest. Be ye among those who shall build for themselves monuments of grateful remembrance in the hearts of men. Beecher puts this most beautifully when he says, "We should so live and labor in our day that whatever has come to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and what has come to us as blossom shall be carried on to the next generation as fruit; and this is true progress." I am richer to-day than any man who has preceded me. All the accumulated wealth of the ages is poured out for me. All I have to do is to reach out for it. The toil of hands rough and strong, the activities of brain keen and clear, the sweet and enduring sympathy of noble men and women who have given us hope and inspiration, is mine, all mine, if I do but accept it, for

"I am the owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

All these things are mine if I do but outstretch my hands to receive them; and receiving these things, what an obligation there is laid upon us that we should render a true account of our stewardship. Noblesse Oblige. We have a responsibility, then, that is given us to add to the inheritance of generations yet unborn. We must pass on that which we have received, and it is our duty to the world to leave it better than we found it, to leave something more for those who come after us. Edward Bellamy says: "Every man's endowments, however God-given, are but the measure of his responsibilities." If you get easily what others must agonize for, the greater is your responsibility in using it. We are not to be mere sign posts standing stark and stiff beside the road and saying, "This way leads to Parnassus." No, we are co-pilgrims, palmers on the way toward the sacred mountain where wisdom is enshrined, and we say to every one, "Come and join our ranks, go with us, and we will do thee good." We cannot simply stand and point, but we must go along and show the way, and whatever has been given to us, whether it be nobility, greatness, gifts, talents, these are all laid upon us as a great responsibility. We should cultivate this feeling. All this develops the true man.

What we want in education is not more elaborate courses of study, but inspiration and aspiration to plan courses for ourselves. We may have courses of study very carefully planned out for us, but it is not how many hours you shall put on this study and how many on that, that is true education, but it is coming in contact with these noble truly educated men and women. Shakespeare, the best educated man of all time, the man whose foolish-

ness far surpasses the wisdom of most men, has put this saying into the mouth of a clown, "There is no darkness but ignorance." You are to go out as torch bearers. You have lighted your torches from the altar of wisdom that is ever burning, and you are to go out to dispel this darkness. Be ye *men* and *women* and ye will be educators. If we stand for something we educate all with whom we come in contact. Garfield's idea of a liberal education was this, that he might sit on one end of a log with that great educator, Mark Hopkins, sitting on the other end. Then he should become truly educated. It was not that there should be any long course laid out for him, but that he might come in contact with the man who was an inspiration. There is not one of us here who would not be glad to join the peripatetic school of Socrates and follow him about Athens, whether under the shade of the trees, or as he discoursed in the busy market place. There was no prepared curriculum, but there was the man and it is that we should seek for when we seek a liberal education, and it is that which has brought us to this school. We have such examples before us every day in our course here, true and noble men and women, and it is the inspiration that we have received from their lives that makes us what we are. True education has as its handmaidens inspiration and aspiration. It is not a mere maw cramming with facts and figures that makes educated men, but the man that is truly developed in all his powers, and when we have looked for this and found it, words fail to describe such a man, but we are obliged in the words of Schiller to say, "Ein mann- Ich kaun nicht mehr sagen." This and nothing more, for it despairs of description.

And now taking into account these three elements: the Divine enthusiasm which we must have to stir others, that element of

time upon which we must depend, and not try to hurry our education, and the responsibility that is laid upon us, I appeal to you if there is not a great work for us to do in this world. We go out to-day with our hearts very full. Our lives have been very pleasant here. We are very loathe to leave this Institution, but there is a work in the world for us, and we are eager to be about it.

We have no set phrases of farewell to-day. We do not come here to make this a tearful meeting but a time fraught with gladness. We come to say that we are glad that we are going forth with something to give the world that will help to make it nobler and better. Edward Everett Hale says that "the best part of a college education is the fellows you meet there." I say yea and amen, and I would add that this includes the faculty of both sexes. To our Faculty we have nothing to offer in the way of apology for work undone. We can simply in the words of that great man, Ralph Waldo Emerson, say: "New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones which the noble can bear to offer or receive," and whatever we have left undone we cannot apologize for, but we can go on and try to achieve better things. We have studied under your guidance these past three years; we have sat at the feet of a great teacher and we are going out to be his representatives, to be his apostles, known and read of all men. We are going out to present great truths which he has represented to us, and it is in basing our lives upon these that we feel we can succeed.

Classmates of '97, our lives these past three years have been passed most pleasantly, as beside a joyous life giving brook. We have followed it in all its windings in and out, by nook and pool and shady dell, by golden shallows that glinted back the sun right merrily, where the stream sang to us in its own sweet way, and along the

fragrant banks where "wild flowers, thick set, wooed every passing hand to gather them." A feeling of kinship and hearty comradeship has come to us as we have journeyed on together.

We have formed friendships here which shall endure for all eternity, but to-day the stream widens. We can still clasp hands across its flood, but to-morrow it widens. Some of us can come back another year and we can still call to one another as we journey on, but that will soon pass. We shall be widely separated, but in all this we are bound toward the same goal. We are ever moving on toward the ocean to which the stream is flowing. The world is large: let us not lose sight of each other in the crowd. Hold these things in mind. Is there not an inspiration and an aspiration for us to do something and be something in the world?

Ornate and golden in the glow  
Peaks rise on peaks, clear in the sight;  
Heraldic rays whose sheen of light,  
Elate and strong, pursues the night  
Long resting in the vales below.  
The darkness flees, the rising tide  
Exultant sweeps the mountain side:  
Onward then press, till far and wide  
Night yields her sway to glorious dawn.

We hear this ringing call far up the heights. Classmates, will ye take the way?



## Class Song of '97

WORDS BY EMILY LOUISE MCINTOSH.

MUSIC BY MARGARET KAY.

*Man's rank in the world is determined by his service to the world.* — CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

Our leader's words ring out to us,  
We felt their truth profound.  
He showed us how from lowest self  
We gain the noblest ground.  
Our lives increase in daily power,  
If we but look on high  
And live for truth in every hour;  
Yes, live! If need be, die!

*Refrain.*

Raise, raise the standard high  
 On the upward way!  
 Men and women we would be,  
 Growing, in truth's day!  
 Rise, rise! for "Height is power,"  
 Bring us daily near  
 Helpfulness and helpfulness,  
 For all we meet, good cheer!  
 The highland plains are light and broad.  
 We march in loyal line.  
 Our brother's help is love to God—  
 Thus grows this life divine.  
 The daily needs, the darkened lives,  
 We find, and make them glow—  
 By loving deeds our own soul thrives,  
 Thus toward the heights we go!

*Refrain.*

No branch has life without the tree.  
 No truth shines without light—  
 So here we pledge our loyalty  
 To him who makes truth bright.  
 "Our brother's need"—We flash these words  
 Across the heights above  
 And strive to keep, till all look up  
 And know that *God is love!*

*Refrain.*

*All are needed by each one  
 Nothing is fair or good alone.*

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



## The Day at Millis.

MAUDE MASSON.

Although Saturday, May 1st, did not rise a "clear, bright, stirring, golden day," there was for us, as for Scrooge on that Christmas morning long, long ago, "no fog, no mist, no night," and we wondered as we swung along to the station how in this world any one could have abused Boston weather. We exchanged indignant comments at first, and then our indignation expanded into a benevolent commiseration for those who do not understand Boston weather, who cannot see the absurdity in expecting it to be hum-drum every-day weather, as though there were but *one* "set" and its "ideas" to be considered. We praised the weather; we

thought it delightful weather, and by all odds the most unselfish weather in the world.

Like Scrooge, we wanted to speak to everybody we met. We were sure they were all excellent people. Indeed we had much to do to keep from shaking hands with them, whether they would or no, and when we finally reached the station we felt moved to wish our friends a "Merry Christmas."

How exceedingly good looking they all were in their new spring hats. We never realized before that spring hats could be so pretty. The little fat man in the corner thought so, too, as we could well tell by his look of wondering admiration. We chuckled with delight to hear the same little man say to his friend "going to be a fine day after all, old mau; I think the sun's coming out."

A shrill whistle, and here is the train, and a mass of human joyousness tumbles in. The hour *en route* is passed in greetings, songs, and vigorous class calls, and before we know it we hear the shout "Millis" and see an embodied welcome in the form of our honored President, and we all tumbled out as speedily as we had tumbled in. Our exclamations of joy swell into cheers, in the midst of which the band strikes up, and we see Dr. Emerson leading, with his buoyant step, in the direction of that home which we had come to visit.

What a procession it was; it seemed as though the first of it was receiving the hearty congratulation on the steps before the last of it had fairly left the station. Finally, however, the handshaking was over and we proceeded to "take possession," some of the lawn where the band made "merrie musick" for the dancers, some of the cosy nooks and corners and great easy chairs, which the open fire made doubly inviting, while others hastened to the barns, to make the acquaint-



tance of the glossy-backed, benevolent-eyed cows, and the horses, that made us think of George Eliot and "The Mill on the Floss," while yet many others sought out the spot near a luring clump of trees, where "the ground-pine curled its pretty wreath," and came back looking as though each one were a veritable Queen of the May.

In good time came the lunch, and during this part of the day's programme there was no lag of spirit, although all were trying to forget that the good byes must soon be said. Ah, these good byes; they have been the theme of how many songs, and yet, has any poet sung all the aching pain of the human heart when it says "good bye" to scenes and faces that are dear.

As the hour drew near we counted the minutes as the miser counts his gold, especially those of us who knew that this must be the last day in the nest, and that henceforth we must fly by the strength of our own wings toward that white light of truth which gleams always right ahead. Our hearts filled with earnest prayer for strength to *front* aright, for who of us knows not that all along the way are artificial lights, of such brilliancy as to dazzle our eyes, so that our feet know not the way, and wander off into paths that grow more tangled as they proceed. Did not each one of us find courage in the thought of that one whom we all know, who stands calmly poised, with one great arm pointing toward the true way, while the other reaches forth to those whom it would serve?

And now the last hand-shake is over, and we dare not linger longer, for soon shall we hear the relentless shriek of the train, and already, many of our number have reached the station. We hurry along, our thoughts busy with things that our words do not express. Soon the train comes puffing in, and still

thoughtfully, we find our seats. As the train pulls out from the station we see a carriage full of benevolence, which is waved to us by the strong hands that we know so well, and in our hearts we say with tiny Tim "God bless us, every one."



## The Southwick Literaries.

The Southwick Literary Society has presented to its members and friends the past month, two rare treats.

On March 22nd Mr. Leland T. Powers, the celebrated impersonator, appeared before us in his delightful interpretation of "Lord Chumley." Mr. Powers' reputation is as wide as the continent and it is not too much to say that, in his special line, he has no peer. He was greeted by an audience that filled Berkeley Hall. The intense interest with which his hearers followed each change of character and scene, and their spontaneous response to every climax, gave the strongest possible tribute to his genius as a dramatic impersonator.

The name of Jessie Eldridge Southwick will attract an audience anywhere, but with especial delight do Emersonians gather to hear this noted artist, to whose accomplishments and womanhood they owe so much of inspiration to all that is best in art and in life.

Mrs. Southwick gave a recital on the afternoon of April 22nd in Berkeley Hall. The selections, of the most varied character, were all from standard authors, an example in itself. In the awful pathos of the "Sleep Walking Scene," or the amusing "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," the dramatic fire of the "Chariot Race," the exquisite tenderness of "He and She," or the delicacy and beauty of "The Cloud," Mrs. Southwick was always greater than the thing she did, satisfying the listener as only an artist can satisfy. Higher ideals and strengthened purposes must result, in many minds, from this recital.

I. L. C.



MISS ANNE BLALOCK.



## Commencement Address.

BY PROF. B. F. KIDDER, PH.D.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, members of the faculty, students of the Emerson College of Oratory and friends:—

I count it a great honor and a sacred privilege to stand before you on this occasion, and bring you a message from my profoundest conviction and my inner spiritual experience as a student of the Emerson Philosophy of Education.

I am to speak to you to-day on "Power to Become." Power to become what? What you will. The possibilities of the human mind are boundless. But remember—

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;

But we build the ladder by which we rise

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,

And we mount to the summit round by round."

All evolution, development, progress, call it what you will, all moving forward toward the goal of being, follows the same general law. Every perfect acorn is a potential oak tree. It is said that under a powerful microscope the oak can be seen in the acorn—roots, trunk, branches, bark, leaves, everything. Under suitable conditions it will unfold its life and become a tree.

Notice these great essentials in the evolution of the oak: 1. The inherent nature of the germ, the acorn; 2. The environment; 3. The law of development. And by law, here and everywhere, we mean simply God's way of doing things.

All growth is from within. Every germ will unfold its own nature. A toad stool could not be made to develop into an oak tree if allowed two eternities in which to do it, because it has not the inherent nature of the oak.

On the other hand environment is essential to development! The acorn would

remain an acorn, dry up within its shell and perish alone, if soil and moisture, heat and light, did not furnish it a sphere for action.

Why and how the acorn becomes an oak tree God only knows. It is sufficient for us to know that it is so, when conditions are fulfilled.

What is true of the acorn is also true, in a general way, of human life and the human mind. The boy is the potential man. He is not the real man, although he, too, often fancies that he is. Let us thank God that we were endowed with mind; that, in the realm of moral and spiritual possibilities, we were created acorns and not toadstools. But let no one imagine that, because he was endowed by nature with potential oakhood, therefore his real oakhood is assured. Real oakhood is possible only when we surrender ourselves to the great end of being, burst our shells, strike our roots downward, and send our larger life upward to drink of the dews of heaven, resist the storms, bask in the sunshine of God, and by slow processes of development become what the Divine Creator designed that we should be.

As students of oratory, you have consecrated your minds to their highest, noblest ends; for oratory is the divinest of all the arts. In my application of the principles which govern development, I shall confine myself to-day to the sphere of your chosen life work.

I. Let me speak of *the orator's environment*.

1. In your life in this institution you have found yourself surrounded, first of all, by an atmosphere of helpfulness. You may not have been able to define it, but



you have felt it. You have realized that the animus of Emerson College work is not that of rivalry but of co-operation. The growth of one has meant the growth of all. On occasion, some of you may have encountered from some obscure source, an unsympathetic criticism. But such a criticism never came from a member of the faculty, never came from any true Emersonian student. And it has been my observation that unkind criticism has never injured either Emerson College or a single one of its earnest and faithful students. All such criticism has simply come back, like a boomerang, upon those who hurled it, and they have perished by their own hand, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Will you find these conditions repeated in the outer world, where your work is to be done? I answer in the largest sense, yes; because God is in that outer world. It is true that society is organized too largely on the basis of rivalry. And you will doubtless receive some unkind criticism. Every true orator has encountered, at some time in his career, the fiercest opposition. But one of those orators, the apostle Paul, speaking for himself and for all who are filled with his spirit, said: "None of these things move me." There is a spirit of helpfulness which is above the reach of criticism, and infinitely stronger than all opposition or discouragement. Every true soul feels its power. That spirit of helpfulness is the spirit of truth and right. It has become incarnate. Every true orator feels himself in closest sympathetic touch with the pure and good, not only of his own time, but of all time—past, present, and future. He belongs to a holy and invincible brotherhood. The victories that he wins are not for himself alone, but for humanity. And when he suffers, if suffer he must, it is not for himself alone, but for others. There is an encouragement and power in these

things that the world knows not. It is one of the manifestations of the presence of that Divine Comforter which Jesus promised to His disciples, the Holy Spirit, Guide into all truth, Giver of power, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeketh Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you."

That Divine Spirit is the most important part of man's environment. Our right relation to that Spirit is the real "key to the situation," the condition of all abiding success. The scheme of evolution which leaves that Spirit out is cold and barren and lifeless. It fails to explain the facts in the case. It knows of no power adequate to draw out and mature the spiritual life of man.

2. In your work in this institution you have come into touch with the great minds of the past and the present through the study of literature. You have traversed with them the high and holy regions of thought. You have learned to deal, not with words, but with living realities, spiritual vivities, and their vital relationships as they have passed before the mind. In your life work as orators,—and I use the word in its largest sense of teachers, preachers, lecturers, public readers, wherever you may seek to apply the principles which you have learned in this college,—you will, I trust, keep a no less intimate acquaintanceship with the great minds of literature, but you will also be called upon to deal with things at first hand. You will be compelled, more and more, to think and act for yourselves. You will find yourselves taking part daily in life's comedies and tragedies. You will become makers of history. You will walk in the midst of conditions like unto those from which the world's greatest literature was made. Your essential environment will not be so much fields and forests, brick and stone, flesh and blood, as the

great realities of the world of thought and moral choice.

3. In your work in this institution you have not only been helped yourselves, but, from the first, you have cultivated the spirit of helpfulness toward others. You have been surrounded daily by those who could be encouraged by your words and actions. In your life work your environment will consist largely of the presence of those who need your sympathy and help. "Ye have the poor with you always, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good." The wrongs of the down-trodden and oppressed call for a voice to plead their cause. Louis Kossuth was such a voice for Hungary; Edmund Burke was such a voice in England a century and a quarter ago; Daniel O'Connell was such a voice for Ireland; William Wilberforce was such a voice for the slaves of the British dominions; Wendell Phillips was such a voice for the enslaved and oppressed of our own land; Henry Ward Beecher was such a voice for humanity in the largest way. Every true orator is such a voice, chosen of God. And humanity's call to those who have an ear to hear was never more urgent than in this closing decade of the nineteenth century.

Such an environment as this—divine and human—is calculated to draw out the powers of the mind to their fullest development, if the soul of the true orator is within us.

II. Let me speak of the orator's inner life. The orator is simply man or woman. Every normal human being is a potential orator. But, some potential orators, like some potential oak trees, never burst their shell. The acorn bursts its shell and begins to reveal its oak nature when it is placed in the moist, warm soil. The human soul begins to reveal its latent power when it allows itself to be acted upon by the Holy Spirit of truth, by the realities of the moral and spiritual realm,

and by the subtle power that awakens human sympathy. The true orator within us never begins to emerge into actuality until the higher nature of the soul begins to respond to God and truth and humanity.

1. The orator's first great impulse is *benevolence*. Well may the apostle declare: "He that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; he that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." He who does not speak from the standpoint of benevolence cannot voice divine truth. A young man or young woman may seemingly have made a good start in his or her profession. They may have won not a few laurels before the public. But if their prime motive has been a selfish one—either the mere accumulation of money, or the winning of fame—they have not yet begun the career of the real orator. He that "spake as never man spake" first of all loved as never man loved. And the greatest of the apostles of Jesus Christ declared: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. There is a no counterfeit that can long deceive men. There is no power except divine power that can work the works of God

2. The second great impulse of the orator's mind is *obedience to the truth*. He hears a voice within his soul, the voice of right, the voice of duty, and obeys it. It is the voice of God calling him out of the narrow self life to live for others. Abraham heard such a voice and went forth to become the founder of a great and peculiar people. Moses heard such a voice and became the deliverer of his race and the founder of a civilization whose fundamental principles are to-day embodied in the laws of every civilized country of earth. Paul heard such a voice and said: "Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel." Savonarola heard such a voice and preached

repentance to the Florentines. Martin Luther heard such a voice and answered his opponents at Worms with these memorable words: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise: God help me." Jesus, the incomparable One, came into this world to "bear witness unto the truth"; and He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name that is above every name." And that same spirit of obedience to the truth controls the mind and soul of every true preacher, every true teacher.

3. Another controlling impulse of the orator's soul is his *faith*, his *unquestioning reliance upon the power of the truth when rightly presented*. He speaks not for himself. His warfare is not at his own charges. He relies not upon any subterfuge; but upon that which is invincible and eternal. His weapons are spiritual. His victories are spiritual; and they are won on the battlefield of the human mind and soul. The ancients understood this. We find the principle strikingly set forth in early Greek story. Ulysses, the hero of the Trojan war, was to pass the island of the Sirens. He knew that many a hapless sailor, charmed by their music, had been lured to his death upon the reef which skirted their island. He would listen to their songs; but his moral life was not sufficiently fortified against their power. So he gave explicit directions as to the course of the ship, had the ears of the sailors stopped with wax, and caused himself to be bound hand and foot to the mast. At length the song of the Sirens was wafted to his ear across the wave. He yielded to its spell, and wrestled with his bonds. He called in vain to his sailors. They heard no sound; and the ship was kept to its course. Ulysses was saved, after a fashion; but his mind suffered a terrible spiritual defeat. At

length Orpheus passed that way. Before reaching the island of the Sirens, he began to play and sing. The Sirens listened. The music was divine, incomparably sweeter than any which they could produce. They felt its power; and, for very jealousy and rage, hurled themselves down the cliffs and perished. What physical prowess could not do, the invisible powers of truth accomplished. The higher nature triumphed over the lower nature. The spirit of truth prevailed against the spirit of error. But it was not truth in the abstract, but truth in living form, truth in motion. On such a weapon as this the orator relies; and, in the end, he is never disappointed.

III. Let me speak briefly, in conclusion, concerning *the law of development*.

1. The human mind, like the human body, and like the acorn planted in the soil, grows by the things it feeds upon. Its development is from within; but it must receive and assimilate enormous quantities of matter from without. How important, then, that the soul should have the right kind of food! How essential that the ideals before the mind should be true ones! How essential that the teacher, the preacher, the educator, of whatever name, should study to show himself approved, rightly dividing the word of truth! The result is character, life's one supremely sacred and enduring product.

The hall of learning, the platform, the theatre, the church, will all eventually be judged by the same standard. What ideals does each hold before the mind! "By their fruits ye shall know them." This institution is being judged by the kind of teachers and readers and public speakers it is sending out. Its marvelous growth has been due, not to the influence of money, not to any artificially created prestige; but to the fact that it has been able to supply the world's felt need in this great department of culture. You will be

judged, not by your diplomas, but by your power to serve. If you are to become pre-eminently useful in your chosen work, you will need to drink constantly and deeply at the fountains of truth.

2. The instructors in this college know full well that a student cannot successfully work in a step beyond that up into which his mind has grown. This law is universal and infrangible. *What you do will depend upon what you are.* Some years ago the authorities at Washington desired a painting that should represent the embarkation of the Pilgrims. The elder Prof. Weir undertook the task. The first canvas had received the last touch which his hand could give it; but, with an artist's instinct, he knew that he had failed. The critics pronounced the groupings perfect and the coloring faultless; but the *faces lacked expression*. Humiliated, but resolute, he returned to his task. He reread the history of the Pilgrims and their times. He studied more deeply than before the motives which actuated them. He re-examined sacred scriptures, the power behind their moral life. If he would correctly represent them, he must see what they saw, feel what they felt. During the course of this study, he was led to change his own religious views. He gave up his skepticism and became a Christian. The power that touched the canvas now was a new power. The artist's brush was inspired, because his soul was free. The faces no longer lacked their true expression. And the painting hangs to-day in the rotunda of the Capitol of the freest nation on earth, a lasting tribute not only to the genius of the artist, but to the fact that *there is a divine power which frees the fettered hand. No artist can work beyond his own inner spiritual experiences. If you are to present the truth, with power, to men's minds, that truth must first pass through your own soul.*

3. The limit of the soul's growth, the

measure of the true orator's power, will be marked by the degree of his abandonment of self to truth and goodness and God. No other being ever spoke with such power as Jesus of Nazareth. No other being ever so lived the life of God on earth. This was the source of his power. Standing in the synagogue of Nazareth, at the beginning of his ministry, he said: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." Jesus Christ is the world's greatest teacher of moral and spiritual truth; and he is the world's greatest teacher of oratory. The more we have of his mind and Spirit, the more shall we speak as he spoke. Well might John declare in his gospel: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." We marvel at the transformation of the rough block of marble into an "Apollo Belvidere," or a "Laocoon," or a "Moses of Michael Angelo," or a "Venus de Milo." Had we been permitted to look into the artist's studio as either of those great works was well advanced, we might have pronounced it already perfect; but the artist's mind saw diviner possibilities in the marble, and so he wrought on, till the statue seemed to speak as by the power of a living soul. The artist lived in his work. His soul was the real creator. The marble yielded itself to his transforming power. So man is like the rude block quarried from the hills. His essential life is spiritual: and the great moulder of the human mind is the Divine Mind. The orator can reach his divinest possibilities only by a perfect surrender of self and all his faculties to the transforming power of God and his Christ.

You count yourselves happy that you were ever directed to Emerson College of Oratory. If you are faithful to the impulses which your minds have received here, you will appreciate more and more



as the years pass the fact that you have had these privileges. The fountains that have been opened in your minds are everlasting fountains. I speak as one of your number. With deepest affection I place a laurel upon the brow of this, our Alma Mater. Personally I feel that I owe more to this man (Dr. Emerson) than to any other of the great educators with whom it has been my privilege to come in contact. And, in saying this, I believe that I voice the feeling of every true Emersonian student. But let us not forget that he has not only given us the stimulus of his own great mind and soul; but, more than this, he has led us to the source from which his own larger life has been supplied. He has constantly pointed us to Christ as the great Teacher. He has been the channel through which those great and helpful truths which constitute the Emerson philosophy of education have come to our minds; but the source is divine. He has been chosen of God to interpret to us the divine order of things in bringing the human mind to its highest development.

We have only just begun to grow. Day by day and year by year we must be earnest workers together with God if we would reach the goal of living. And let us never forget that the goal is not here. In the spirit of prayer and in the strength of holy purpose, let us, with the poet Holmes, call upon all that is within us:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

## The New Woman.

M. EDEN TATEM.

Two hundred years ago, one bleak December day, after long dreary tossing upon a wintry sea, underneath leaden skies,

there landed upon the rock-bound coast of Plymouth a small company, weary and worn with the perils of a tempestuous voyage, but unfaltering in purpose, sublime courage and that love of liberty from which was to spring a mighty nation. And as the women, ere they turned away to make a new home in a strange land, standing on that desolate shore with its back-ground of cold, gray sky, strained their eyes over the dreary sea toward the mother country they would know no more, did they then gaze through the dim vista of the future and behold a nation, great in the strength, industry, ambition of its men, and in the moral courage, purpose, and aspiration of its women.

What a powerful factor in human life, environment is! Who can doubt that the subtle but all-powerful influence of the new country, with vast realms still untrod except by the foot of the savage, its broad sweep of hill and valley, the wild freedom of its trackless forests and rugged shore, first gave birth to that germ, which through long centuries grew slowly, steadily, so silently that none could mark "nor change, nor throe," until in the nineteenth century, an era marked by intellectual development, freedom of thought, great scientific discoveries, gradually unfolding through its long chain of evolution, there burst forth the spirit of our Puritan Mother! But with the greater power, the greater ability to meet life grandly, with a future brilliant in promise, and weighty in responsibility—all of which heralded the coming of "The New Woman."

Though gradual the growth of woman's sphere, it had been irresistible. Proving that great reforms and progress are the result not so much of revolution as of evolution.

For years, outwardly meek, though inwardly rebellious, the girl of the family,

when not engaged in household duties or in the embroidery of impossible roses and antediluvian birds, casting her eyes meekly down had demurely folded her correct little hands in their correct little black mitts, in the correctly conventional style and while the boy was sent away to college to gain a broader knowledge for the battle of life, she was obliged to content herself, in the words of Mrs Malaprop, "with a little ingenuity and artifice," to carefully avoid all mental contact with "inflammatory branches of knowledge, and the handling of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments." If she ventured to hint a desire for a little less of the ice-cream soda and a great deal more of the bread and butter of intellectual repast, she was promptly assured that "such things didn't become a young woman," that such a departure would ruin her mission in life—leave her to "wither on the parent bough," for no man would have the moral courage to regard a "blue-stocking" in the light of a possible twin affinity; that nature herself, dear mother nature with her intense dislike of waste and her eternal vigilance in making both ends not only meet but "lap over," had carefully prevented any tendency on the part of women to follow the example of a revered though much maligned maternal ancestress, who tasted too freely of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, by making the feminine brain several ounces lighter in weight than that commonly accorded to the "lords of creation."

Then arose a few women who coming to the Rubicon, crossed it, and the more timid ones following their courageous leaders brought up the rear. Colleges, public offices, business life, professions, all opened to the magical "sesame" of woman, and none were more ready to lend their hearty approbation to this broadening of woman's sphere, when she had once proved her abil-

ity "to command, to obey, to endure," than men. A man always wants "*facts!*" Confront him with the most sublime *theories* in existence, and he will smile down upon you with bland and profound condescension as who should say—"She thinks the 'moon is made of green cheese', far be it from me to use my massive brain and superior mental acumen in dispelling any such harmless little illusion." Confront him with *facts* and *proofs*—he lowers his lofty crest in submission, and victory is yours.

Nor was the evolution of the New Woman confined to America, but across the sea came encouraging voices and inspiration.

In literary life, George Eliot with her wonderful genius was revolutionizing, elevating, purifying the novel, giving the whole world, higher ideals, nobler aspirations, keener, deeper knowledge into the life of the soul. From Paris, that center of beauty, gayety, fashionable life,—where women led a mere butterfly existence—a few hours of light and brilliancy, the light growing dimmer with the gradual fading of beauty, then the dread decree "*passee*" and darkness, there came messages penned by the hand of George Sand, not so great in pure strong influence as those of George Eliot, but having a brilliancy, a scope, a power of delineating the joy, pain, passions of human life, which belong only to the great artist. In sunny Italy, Mrs. Brownning, that woman half-spirit, who sang her perfect songs into the hearts of the people.

Then we have our own dearly beloved Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Phelps Ward, Lucy Larcom, Louise May Alcott, Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Burnett, Margaret Deland.

Who can estimate the influence of women at the head of our colleges, who have shaped and directed toward noble ends, hundreds of young lives.

mong the names of those who studied the mystery of the heavens and listened to catch some of the echoes of that wonderful melody, the "music of the spheres," astronomers gladly accord a place to Maria Mitchel and Caroline Herschel.

Thus far all was comparatively serene, but when women showed inclinations to branch out into the lecture-field, the medical profession and law, *Mr. Grundy* raised his hands in horror, and *man-kind* tore its hair, figuratively speaking. Terrible warnings were hurled at the heads of those meek and unoffending members of the "gentler sex," and one famous man, a well-known literary critic, rising one night at a public dinner made the following pathetic statement;—"gentlemen, there are no real women in the world any longer; they are simply ideas! Why, gentlemen, a man might fall in love with half a dozen of them and—never know it!" In justice to the gentleman, however, it is only fair to add that his faculties were not so superlatively obtuse as he imagined, inasmuch as three weeks afterwards he fell in love, and *knew* it, with a noted woman journalist, *ideas* and all, married her and since then so far as the world knows life for him has been "one grand sweet song."

In spite of prejudice woman has steadily gained fame and success not only in business life but in all the leading professions including medicine, chemistry, law, journalism, civil engineering, architecture, sculpture and many other branches too numerous to mention.

Perhaps nowhere has woman's influence been more vital and far-reaching in the public life than in the lecture field.

How much good has been accomplished by women like Frances Willard, Ellen Foster, Mrs. Ormston Chant, Mary Livermore, women who devoted their lives to the work for which some of you are fitting

yourselves. For you, as New Women, will go forth from this college not only as teachers and readers to interpret the works of the greatest authors, but some of you doubtless will be called upon to speak directly from your *own* minds and hearts to the world that needs you so much

"To bring the truth to other hearts, minds and lives, to change for good the mental habits, conduct, character of others, to hold to their convictions of what is pure, right and true"; to make the world a little better, brighter, happier because you have lived in it; "to believe that eternal power is infinite and ever moving toward the right; the good, the pure, the true—that is an orator." That is what the New Woman is to do in Oratory.

We cannot speak any higher than we live. I would have you realize, members of the Freshman and Junior classes particularly, the conviction has been brought home to me so vividly this year that life and art are *one* and inseparable! That the quality of my work depends upon the quality of my life, that as I cheapen myself and live less truly, so my work will be less pure and strong.

In that beautiful story "The Light That Failed," Rudyard Kipling writes: "When you begin to think about success, the effect of your work, to play with one eye on the gallery, you lose power, touch, everything. Instead of being quiet and giving every power you possess to your work, you are only fretting over something that you cannot help nor hinder for a moment."

"But thy neighbor is above thee, thou say'st"; what is *that* to *thee*? His soul is not your soul. You stand or fall by your work, remember, and no human being can make or mar you. How often we say: "I would like to be a great actor, a great dramatic reader, a great novelist, a great musician." Ah, do we

think what that means! It means the sacrifice of self; it means that we count no loss too great; it means hard work, undiminished ardor, lofty ambition, true living; it means that we stand ready to struggle, to suffer, to endure; it means that we hold our work as something so great, so holy, that we can say to the "half-gods"—go! That the "gods may arrive."

To be willing to take time to grow, to patiently wait until the power that lies within us shall have opportunity to expand, to deepen, to direct itself—to "wait on the soul." For it is

"In the hush of the valley of silence  
We dream all the songs we sing,  
And the music floats down the dim valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to men, like the dove of the deluge,  
The message of peace may bring."

When woman shall have awakened to a realization of her tremendous responsibility, her boundless influence for the highest and the best, the sublime work which she can accomplish, then will begin to dawn the redemption of the world.

The New Woman is beginning to realize what Charles Lamb meant when he wrote "Every woman must have reverence for her own sex." The time is coming and the New Woman is helping to bring it, when there shall be that general love, protection, regard of one woman for another woman's divinity, so that in her presence no man will dream of uttering a slighting remark or of casting a stone at another woman who is absent. And this is above all, when there shall be in the attitude of one woman to another, less of the spirit of criticism and that injustice which kills, more of the Christ-like love and mercy. The New Woman is to elevate womanhood in man's eyes, so that he will instinctively bare his head as readily before a charwoman as a society queen and hold in re-

verence every woman he meets, "not because she is noble, not because she is beautiful, not because she is pure, though all that is good—but because she *is a woman*."

The Home Life,—Here is Woman's greatest work, most sacred mission. Language seems so poor and inadequate, does it not, when one tries to express what that word "Home" means. The New Woman will bring all the wealth of a higher education, broader experience, richer life, in making the true home what it really is—a kingdom where the woman reigns queen, beloved and worshipped by her subjects.

"For if the father be the head and hands of a family, the mother is the heart; no office in the world is so honorable as hers; no priesthood so holy; no influence so sweet, strong and lasting."

Before the New Woman there stretches a brilliant future growing brighter and brighter as she moves ever onward, upward toward that ideal of her heart's desire—

"A Perfect Woman nobly planned."



## Morning Talk.

PRESIDENT EMERSON.

(From a student's note book.)

There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this city, which has been doing Divine work for a good many years. To know the history of that society, and the work it has done, is to know that God is, is to know that the influence of Jesus Christ has been exerted in this world to some good effect. The test of a person's humanity is the way he will treat animals and the way he thinks about them. Talk about the animals not having similar thoughts, similar feelings to what we have. Study them, study them, and you will learn ten thousand times as much of what



God meant when he made animals; of what mind is, that it is one throughout the universe; and you will learn much more that will be profitable than any scientist has ever learned through what is called vivisection, cutting the animal to pieces while it is living and conscious. Oh, the treatment of animals is too dreadful to be recited!

However, there is a law for the protection of animals in Heaven. It is written also on the human heart. It has become to some extent written on the Massachusetts Statute books. We want to do everything we can to aid in this grand work. You are going out not merely to be teachers of exercises, teachers of some definite department of education, but you are preparing yourselves to go forth as mighty influences in the world to promote good, to promote humanity, that the world may be happier, that there may be more happiness on the face of the earth. What a privilege to live to produce more happiness upon the face of the earth. Now what do you suppose is the name of the man who has been most instrumental in all our humane legislation—who is the animating spirit in the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the "Humane Society," and the editor of this paper, "Our Dumb Animals"? ANGELL. God bless him, he is an angel. He is an Angell not only in name but in character. His years have been full of work, and the good that man has done can never be estimated by the multiplication table. Nothing but the recording angel in Heaven can ever tell the good that man has done. His years have been full and they have been many, and now he is marching on beyond the three-score years and ten, using his last strength in this great work. He has, in years gone by, visited institutions of learning, been called upon to speak in the greatest institutions of learning in this country, and he has re-

sponded with great energy and greater heart. He can do it no more, but out go these messages of love. I feel when I see this, "Our Dumb Animals," as though that impulse which sends out these papers was started in the bosom of Deity.

We want to carry forward these messages. I could not let these papers be distributed without saying a word. I want you to feel my heart in these papers, in this paper called Our "Dumb Animals." May I say one word more? Try to get people to subscribe to this paper. Mr. Angell has not asked us to get a single subscription. He has appointed no agent to come here to get subscriptions. That is my own suggestion purely, because you will be compensated many fold by reading the papers as they come to you monthly. Only fifty cents a year, and they may aid you to do a vast deal of good in the world. The paper says, "We speak for those that cannot speak for themselves." Such speaking is required.

May the students in this college ever be ready to use their talents in such a noble cause.



## Our Work with the Children.

A few words in the last magazine concerning the "Emerson Philosophy" as taught to the little ones, was of special interest, and the fuller explanation promised in a later issue will be anxiously awaited.

If I may be allowed to speak from my own experience, I would like to mention the many happy surprises that have come to me in class work with the children as they have caught so quickly and eagerly some of the principles of our method.

I have sometimes heard the remark from those not well acquainted with our system, that "the Emerson method may be all right by way of teaching, but if you wish immediate results you must try the

old-fashioned way." Would that all such might see the really marvelous results that we often find even among those newly taking up the work. By just a few words the little mind is turned upon the subject in such a way that the eye sparkles and the whole being is on the alert to give out to the others its new acquirement. In such a case the class immediately recognizes that something of interest is transpiring, and every eye is turned toward the speaker. Quick results? Yes, often instantaneous ones cheer the teacher of this grand method.

I have found it an advantage during the physical period to have different ones lead the class with the various exercises. The responsibility of guiding the others in these exercises fixes them more accurately in their own minds for home practice. The finding of something new in the old is often beautifully illustrated with the children showing a growth that is most gratifying.

Then in the voice work the child ear is quick to distinguish between mere noise and a pure tone. If a beginner pours forth a volume of noise regardless of the true thought of the author, it is quickly noticed by the others, as a frown or anxious gesture will betray.

Object lessons we find of great advantage. For instance, in the voice work, I asked what was the sweetest sound they had ever heard. "The song of birds" was the reply; whereupon we placed a stuffed humming bird that the room afforded upon a little twig. With eyes fixed eagerly upon it and imagining that it was singing its sweetest song, their attempt to present the beautiful bird tone was more than gratifying.

Indeed this work with and for the children is fraught with great satisfaction, giving the advantage, as it does, of laying the right foundation instead of being forced to tear down before we can

build up, at the same time saving them from the toil later on of "learning to unlearn what they have learned amiss."

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds,—if we imbue them with right principles . . . we engrave upon these tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

SADAI PRESCOTT PORTER, '95.

### Mrs. Southwick's Book.

The little volume entitled "The Emerson System of Voice Culture," which has been so earnestly desired, has at last appeared and has already found a warm welcome with several hundred students. It supplies a long felt want, for it systematizes and puts in concrete form for the students that which they have hitherto had to compile for themselves from lectures.

Its exterior presents a very neat and tasty appearance with its delicate green-gray covering, but the interior claims our attention and absorbs our interest.

As the author states in the preface the "book is a setting-forth of President Emerson's original system of exercises for the cultivation of the voice." It is comprised in four chapters,—

I. Principles of Voice Culture.

II. Elementary Lessons.

III. The Higher Development of the Voice by the Application of First Principles.

IV. The Relation of Technique to Rendering.

The little volume is a treasure to all who possess it; it is intensely practical and highly valuable, not only to student and teacher alone, but to any and all who are interested in the development and cul-

ture of the human voice. The principles on which the system is based are so clearly and concisely arranged and explained that any one can understand and practice them with beneficial results.

Every sentence contains a power of suggestiveness; in fact there is something to be read between the lines, around the words and between the syllables. It will abundantly repay the most careful study.

Mrs. Southwick receives the gratitude of all who are earnestly seeking a true system of voice culture.

Ed.



## Senior Dramatics.

The play of the Merchant of Venice was presented by the class of '97 on the morning of April 30, in Odd Fellows Hall, before an audience of upwards of a thousand people, while many more for lack of even standing room were forced to turn away.

That there is an upward institutional as well as individual, "Evolution in Expression" is evidenced by the advance, in general standing, of this class over all predecessors. The certainty, ease and finish with which the parts were uniformly taken, in this production, was characteristic of the general strength of the class.

Three parts, which were obliged to be filled at short notice, were admirably taken by Mr. Chas. M. Holt and Miss Sadie A. Holt.

The cast of characters was as follows:

### ACT I. SCENE I.

|          |                      |
|----------|----------------------|
| Antonio  | May Belle Adams      |
| Salarino | Christina Cameron    |
| Salanio  | Ethel M. Lamson      |
| Bassanio | Alice L. Butcher     |
| Lorenzo  | Della Countryman     |
| Gratiano | Hortense A. Matteson |

### SCENE II.

|         |                 |
|---------|-----------------|
| Portia  | Marion Sherman  |
| Nerissa | Margaret Randal |
| Servant | Minnie Hanson   |

### SCENE III.

|          |                       |
|----------|-----------------------|
| Antonio  | Marion Waterman       |
| Shylock  | Edward L. Pickard, Jr |
| Bassanio | Emma Moor             |

### ACT II. SCENE I.

|           |                 |
|-----------|-----------------|
| Launcelot | John C. Merrill |
| Old Gobbo | Mabel Sawyer    |
| Bassanio  | Lizzie Hayward  |
| Leonardo  | Minnie Hanson   |
| Gratiano  | Agnes Hersey    |

### SCENE II.

|           |                    |
|-----------|--------------------|
| Launcelot | Susie L. Heywood   |
| Jessica   | Inez Louise Parker |

### SCENE III.

|           |                       |
|-----------|-----------------------|
| Lorenzo   | Harry S. Ross         |
| Gratiano  | Charles W. Paul       |
| Salarino  | Charles D. Rice       |
| Salanio   | Edward L. Pickard, Jr |
| Launcelot | John C. Merrill       |

### SCENE IV.

|           |                  |
|-----------|------------------|
| Shylock   | Lucy LeFurgey    |
| Launcelot | Susie L. Heywood |
| Jessica   | Inez L. Parker   |

### SCENE V.

|          |                   |
|----------|-------------------|
| Gratiano | Helen Moorhouse   |
| Salarino | Ida H. Thomson    |
| Lorenzo  | Blanche M. Fallon |
| Jessica  | Olive M. Palmer   |
| Antonio  | Helen L. Bennett  |

### ACT III. SCENE I.

|          |                  |
|----------|------------------|
| Shylock  | Charles D. Rice  |
| Tubal    | Adell A. Casler  |
| Salanio  | Edith H. Farnham |
| Salarino | Arleen Hackett   |

### SCENE II.

|          |                     |
|----------|---------------------|
| Bassanio | Grace E. Aspell     |
| Portia   | Sara A. Neill       |
| Gratiano | Ernestine Witherell |
| Nerissa  | Emma F. Patch       |
| Lorenzo  | Edna C. Clark       |
| Jessica  | Helen Davies        |
| Salerio  | Lillian Cairns      |

### SCENE III.

|           |                 |
|-----------|-----------------|
| Lorenzo   | Adell L. Casler |
| Portia    | Arleen Hackett  |
| Jessica   | Minnie Dewsnap  |
| Balthazar | Minnie Hanson   |
| Nerissa   | Marion Baxter   |

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

|          |                     |
|----------|---------------------|
| Duke     | Susie B. White      |
| Antonio  | Harriet Matthews    |
| Bassanio | Ellen E. Dole       |
| Gratiano | Alice M. Osden      |
| Shylock  | Ned Fowler          |
| Portia   | Effie Hagerman      |
| Nerissa  | Ethel Lamson        |
| Salerio  | Mary P. Brown       |
| Salarino | Ernestine Witherell |
| Clerk    | M. Elizabeth Stace  |

### ACT V. SCENE I.

|           |                    |
|-----------|--------------------|
| Lorenzo   | Lillian Thompson   |
| Jessica   | Grace Ringle       |
| Stephano  | Minnie Hanson      |
| Launcelot | John C. Merrill    |
| Portia    | M. Ella Ball       |
| Nerissa   | Jeannette Harris   |
| Rassanio  | Arleen Hackett     |
| Gratiano  | Frances McConville |
| Antonio   | Mrs. Cronkite      |

## Post Graduate Day.

A literary and dramatic entertainment, representative of the graduate work of the college, was given in Berkeley Hall on the afternoon of April 27.

Lack of space only, forbids mention of individual successes. The close attention of the audience throughout the play, despite the lack of stage settings or costumes, was a distinct triumph for the dramatic ability displayed.

In the following programme two changes were necessitated—the omission of Mr. White's work, and the substitution of the rendering of "Phœbe's Ambition," by Ida M. Page, for the reading announced.

Piano Solo—Soiree de Vieux, No. 6—Schubert-Liszt  
M. Florence Holt.

Address by the President. . . Annie M. Morse  
Extemporaneous Speaking.

W. Hinton White. Daisy Grace Earle. B. C. Edwards  
Physical Culture. . . Leader, Blanche L. Keating  
Ella E. Gibbs. . . Sadie A. Holt. Sara Mann  
Elvie E. Burnett. . . Ida M. Page.

Reading. "Pippa Passes." Browning  
Winnifred W. Metcalf.

Oration. "The New Woman." M. Eden Tatem

Drama. "The Violin Maker." Jerome K. Jerome  
Cast of Characters:

Taddeo Ferrari (a master violin maker), C. I. Schofield

Filippo (a cripple, apprentice to Ferrari), C. D. Workman

Sandro (apprentice to Ferrari), C. M. Holt

Giannina (Ferrari's daughter), Maude L. Gatchell

C. W. P.



## The House That Try Built.

ALICE F. TOURTELLOT.

The people of Sloth village awoke one morning and rubbed their sleepy eyes in amazement. A newcomer had appeared in their midst, and one more unlike their lazy, indolent selves, can hardly be imagined. Lithe and active, he moved about among the workmen he had brought with him, giving an order here, answering a question there, with an unmistakable air of

*business*, long unknown in Sloth village. A few of the inhabitants gathered about the spot to watch the unusual proceedings. Among the first of these was old Dame Curiosity, and by the time her friend Gammer Gossip came hobbling along, she was ready to volunteer the information that the newcomer's name was *Try*, and that he had decided to settle and build a home for himself in their midst.

Surely Sloth village had need of a dweller like *Try*. Of much natural beauty of situation, it had in its infancy given promise of soon rising into importance. But its ruling spirit was one Squire Indolence, and under his influence it had steadily deteriorated, until its very roads were grass grown, its fences tumbled down, its windows broken and stuffed with rags, and its once pretty dwellings occupied by those who had driven away nearly all the best people. Such was the condition of things when *Try* entered into possession.

He stood now, dressed in a red jacket, knee breeches, low shoes, and a queer sort of cap on his head, hard at work. He had not entered upon this undertaking without his good master workman, Determination, and his close friends, Patience and Perseverance, to aid him. He found that he had first to clear from his land the rubbish which had gathered there during the years that its former proprietor, Idleness, had lived upon it. Then the foundation of his house had to be enlarged and strengthened. Mortar of Diligence was used for a cement for the foundation. Brown stone of Knowledge, brought from a distance, at much trouble and great expense, formed the body of the house, and the roof was made durable with the slate of Thoughtfulness.

*Try* was a long, long time building such a house as this, and he was often tempted to give up his plans, but his good friends, Patience and Perseverance, were always



at hand to strengthen and encourage. At last in beautiful simplicity and grace it stood in the midst of its extensive grounds.

But long before this a strange transformation had begun in Sloth village. At first the people had gathered about to watch the progress of the building, but finding both Try and his workmen men of few words, they soon left this off! Then young Mr. Impulsive, living next door, had the dividing fence straightened. Later he followed this up with more extensive improvements, and his example was followed by young Mrs. Thoughtless, who had lately been married, while as for such men as Squire Indolence, and his friend and crony, Doo Little, finding themselves very much lost in this atmosphere of improvement, they shook the dust of Sloth village from off their feet, and, we trust, were never heard of more. Their places were filled by friends of Try, and others who were now attracted to the place, until at last *Try village*, as it was now called, became the pride and boast of the country.



### Alumni Day.

The Annual Alumni Day of the Emerson College of Oratory was Wednesday, April 28. The usual banquet was served at Young's Hotel. Prof. Southwick as president gave a few words of welcome, and suggested that these meetings might in the future afford an opportunity for the teachers who were already in the field to tell in words of wit and wisdom of their experiences, as a help to one another, and especially to the younger graduates who were just buckling on their armor. Dr. Emerson, the only speaker of the evening, was then introduced and spoke as usual from his own heart right to ours. No meeting would be complete without his hearty, helpful words.

The conclusion of the evening was an informal illustrated stereopticon lecture by Mr. Frank E. Buker on "Egypt." Mr. Buker presented his valuable and instructive thoughts to us in such a bright and attractive way that everyone present voted that this innovation in the way of entertainment was a complete success.

There was a larger number present than at any of the preceding meetings of the association, and all signs are hopeful for its future.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were, for

President Henry L. Southwick.

Vice-President, Charles W. Kidder.

Sec'y and Treas., Frederic A. Metcalf.

The Executive Board were the same as last year.



### Our Departed Ones.

The old saying that "in the midst of joy we are in sorrow" has proven true in our college life this year. In this last term, almost at the close of a most happy year, a year of great growth in everything that tends toward a higher plane of existence, our hearts have been saddened by the death of two of our most earnest students: Mr. Ernest Grout from the Freshman class and Mr. W. H. Weaver from the Junior class.

From the many pleasant things said of them by President Emerson before the student body, we select the following as helpful to all.

#### MR. GROUT.

It is hard to say what is in our hearts when we are all feeling so sad at our loss in his going from us so unexpectedly. He was one of our jewels. A high and holy spirit seemed to emanate from him as a

lasting influence. Though in the college so short a time, he was a shining illustration of the fact that a crown of success awaits those who apply themselves to fundamental truths. Remembrance of him has a setting among the jewels of our thoughts. Though his life was short in this world, he has left an influence that is immortal.

MR. WEAVER.

In the midst of our gladness shadows will come. Never a summer so fair but there will be clouds, and so it has been with us here in the fact of Mr. Weaver's having passed away after a few days' illness. I am glad that I can remember only pleasant things of him, as the members of the Junior class would individually and collectively testify that he was a sweet spirit, sympathetic, always pleasant. He had a grateful spirit that seemed to dominate his life, a great deal of reverence, a strong religious nature. He will be missed not only among us, but he will be missed in the church where he was a constant attendant, in the social meetings where he so often spoke well and feelingly.

It will do us good to remember him, and to remember Mr. Grout of the Freshman class, as long as we live, because their memories will ever be sweet, will ever be inspirations to us to go forward in the same spirit in which they were moving, in which they would have ever lived in this world, in which they are now living and rejoicing in the world above.

Miss Kurzenknebe has a few words to say on our first page of advertisements that may interest Emersonians.

Our music-loving subscribers are also invited to scan the same page.

## Personals.

One of the ever-to-be remembered events of the spring term was a joint debate between the Kidder Debating Society of our college and the Boston Y. M. C. A. Congress. The challenge was sent from the Congress to us, and three young ladies, Misses Barnes, Packard and McDuffy were chosen to meet three of the young men's brightest speakers in public debate in Association Hall. The evening came, the hall was crowded, and of course the young ladies were victorious, winning honors for themselves and for the society. The question was,—

Resolved:—That poetry has exerted a stronger influence over the affairs of mankind than oratory.

The Boston papers published lengthy accounts of the debate together with the pictures of the contestants, and the papers in Chicago and other large cities gave it honorable mention.

\* \* \*

A very pleasant social event of the term was a reception given by George Henry Galpin of the Junior class. Coming as it did in the midst of the final examinations and the general hurry and rush that always comes at the end of the year, it was even more enjoyable by contrast. It gave a renewed enthusiasm for the remaining examinations and left such pleasant impressions as will cause us always to remember our genial host and charming hostess, his mother.

\* \* \*

Miss Grace Maud Bronson, class of '94, is meeting with great success in Bridgeport, Ct. At an exhibition of Physical Training where many systems were displayed. Miss Bronson directed a class of young ladies, who interpreted the Emersonian system in Greek costume. It was very beautifully done.

Miss Mattie Josephine Atkins, O.B., of the class of '92, has accepted the position as teacher of physical culture and elocution in the public schools of Leadville, Colorado. She has the department of physical culture and oratory in the high school, and is superintendent of physical culture in all the schools of the city. She has about fourteen hundred pupils in physical culture and one hundred and sixty-five in elocution under her charge. She also gives special instruction in these branches to the teachers, numbering thirty-five. In addition to her other work she gives private lessons. Miss Atkins is meeting with splendid success. On March 13th there was an oratorical contest between some of Miss Atkins' pupils from the high school and some pupils from another high school in the state. Leadville won the contest. It was the first oratorical contest in which Leadville had ever competed with another city. Miss Atkins has introduced the "Evolution of Expression" in her elocution classes.

\* \* \*

Miss Anna Van Valkenburg, ex. '97, has been teaching very successfully in Randall, N. Y. She has also been successful in giving recitals.

\* \* \*

Miss May Greenwood who has applied the Emerson Philosophy to the art of singing has been meeting with great success all the year. Her last triumph was with Mr. Murphy in his work. Among the many meritorious things said of her singing by the press, we quote the following,—"Miss May Greenwood was the soloist at the armory; she charmed the immense crowd with her sweet, full, mellow voice."

\* \* \*

Miss Sylphie Walton has been teaching in the Bishop Hopkins Hall School and also the Vermont Episcopal Institute.

Her work has been most satisfactory, again demonstrating the truth and beauty of the Emerson System.

\* \* \*

Miss Emma E. West is meeting with unqualified success in New York City. She has work in three of Gotham's best schools and in addition does much lecturing and private work.

\* \* \*

Miss M. Ruth Burbank is truthfully presenting the Emerson Philosophy at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. She is winning laurels for herself and the work,

\* \* \*

Miss Sadai Prescott Porter has charge of the summer school of oratory and physical culture at the Chataqua Assembly, Ocean Park, Old Orchard, Maine.

\* \* \*

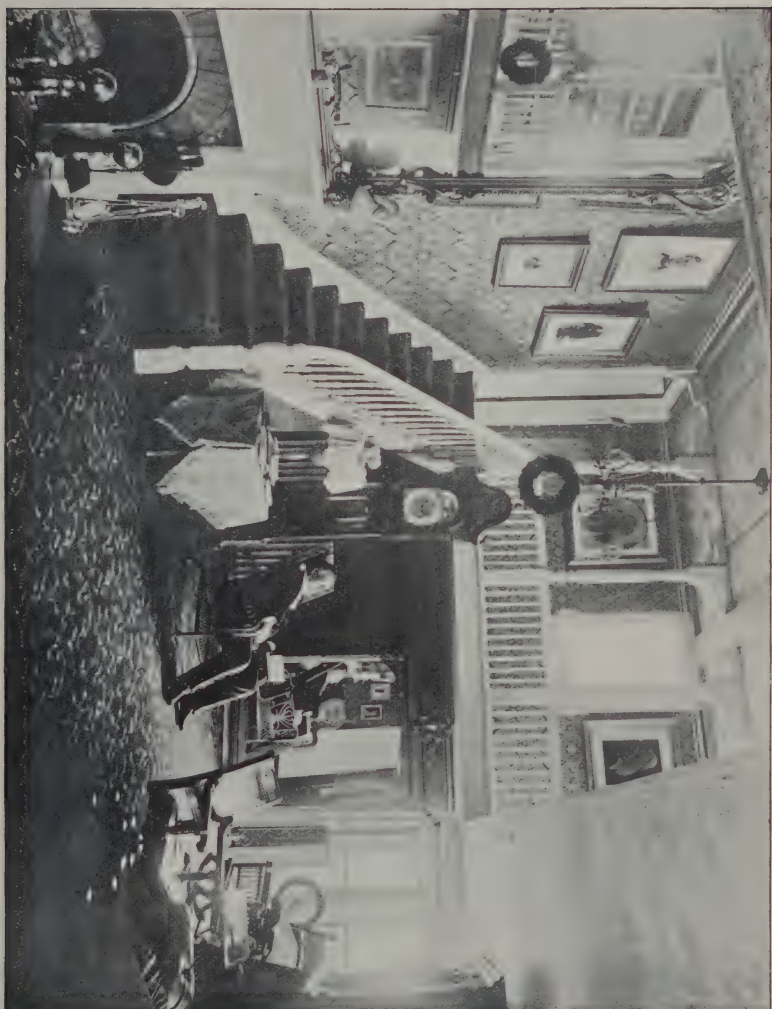
Miss Elsie Powers has been and is doing exceptionally fine work in the Normal School at Indiana, Penn. Her work should be an incentive to all Emersonians to take the four years' course.

\* \* \*

Miss Sadie Lamprell is teaching in the Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston, Pa. Her work was received so well she was obliged to have an assistant. Miss Bessie Parker has been assisting her.

\* \* \*

Probably in no other college can a greater range of ages be found in any one class than with us. The class of '97 is bounded by students eighteen years of age, and by those whose children and grand-children came to see them graduate. One member of the class stands at the middle of five generations; each one of this number being a hale, hearty representative of good health, high thinking, and right living.



THE LIBRARY AT ELMCROFT.









PROF. WALTER B. TRIPP.

# Emerson College Magazine

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No. 1.

## Emerson College Magazine.

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"What hidden music dwells within our souls,—  
Whose wondrous sweetness never outward rolls,  
But sings within our nature's inmost shrine,  
Producing gladness like a joy divine.  
Yet how much better if each nature knew  
Just how to give expression, grand and true,  
To that which struggles for its life within—  
'T would sweeten life in this world's weary din."

Greeting.

ONCE more we extend a hearty greeting to all Emersonians wherever they may be, and especially to those far and near who are helping to make our pages worthy exponents of the great philosophy and deep underlying principles daily developed in this college.

Though some have gone out into active service, many of you have just returned from your respective homes, which are not only scattered over our own broad free country, but even over foreign countries, as Sunny Australia, troubled Armenia, and others send us representatives. You have each a peculiar environment and view things from an individual standpoint. For this reason we want your hearty co-operation; we want *your* perspective on

these educational matters. This magazine is entirely a students' publication, and to you there is always an "open sesame" for articles, discussions, verse, and everything pertaining to literature or education.

In addition to help in this way, you are doubtless invited by your business manager to aid in the matter of finances. *Remember that every person who pays a dollar for the magazine is one of its editors.*



The general scope of the magazine this year will be the same as formerly, only of course we must bear in mind our watchword of progression and not only keep up the high standard of excellence attained in years past but seek and reach higher rounds in the ladder.

We are more than encouraged by the prompt returns received from our contributors. Our inspiring President is as usual all helpfulness; two articles have come in from Dr. William J. Rolfe, who is so well known in the literary world; an article from Rev. Solon Lauer, the author of that exquisite gem "Life and Light from Above;" another from our much loved Dr. Dorchester, though it came too late for this issue, is in the editorial drawer and will be one of the attractions of the second issue; and many other excellent things have been sent to the Editor-in-Chief.



We are glad that it is possible this month to publish the very pleasing and helpful address given before the close of last year by Dr. Benjamin F. Read-



shaw, of Buffalo, New York, but which, owing to so much commencement matter, was crowded out of that volume. What was last year's loss, however, is this year's gain.



#### Our Frontispiece.

It is, not only a great pleasure but a supreme satisfaction to present our readers this month with an excellent half-tone portrait of Prof. Walter B. Tripp. All who have come under his influence, or have been benefited by his careful, thorough, and thoughtful teaching in the class-room, and all who have been so fortunate as to meet him in his public reading or lecture work, know him to be an inspiring artist, a most helpful teacher, and a genuinely true friend.



#### Changes.

We miss some faces from the Faculty this year.

Henry Lawrence Southwick, who for several years has been secretary of the college, besides holding a professorship in the department of Shakespearian interpretation and dramatic action, is at present in Europe.

Prof. Frederic A. Metcalf and his wife, Winifred Woodside Metcalf, are presenting our work in Manhattan, Kan.

While we must regret the departure of these friends from our midst, we are glad to welcome the new-comers.

Miss Elsie Powers and Miss Sadie Lamprell are now regular teachers, and Miss Maude Masson is assistant to Dr. Dickenson.

There is also a change in the management of our magazine. Harry S. Ross, who so ably conducted the executive department and was thoroughly active and helpful in every department

of the work, was called to a position. We have in his place George McKie, who is endeavoring in every way to make the work fulfil its standard and take a step in advance.

There is no great change in the student body, except that the class of '97 is replaced by a very large class for 1900. In fact the college was never so large at this time in the year as now.

Another change is in our college bookstore, which is no longer under the management of Mr. Grigg, but of Mr. Sherman. In addition to the same line of books and typewritten recitations, Mr. Sherman also has an excellent new portrait of Dr. Emerson, neatly framed, and two styles of pretty college souvenir spoons.



#### To Our Subscribers, Old and New.

Now that the editor has welcomed you, and has told you of the many good things upon which you may feast during the coming year, of course you want just a word from the business office.

The magazine, in its printing and engraving as well as in its literary department, will be better than ever this year.

We *promise*, as usual, six numbers, and, as in the past few years, will, if possible, publish a seventh.

Now for the point. In handing over our printing and engraving to the best artists in these lines in Boston, we incur a largely augmented expense account. As every college magazine, of necessity, depends upon the former students of the institution for its main support, so we depend upon you who receive this first number as the rock upon which we may build during the present season. Help us by sending in a prompt subscription and by interesting your friends in our common cause.

GEORGE M. MCKIE,

*Business Manager.*

Wholeness.\*

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Edmund Noble. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

I COULD think of no more fitting subject with which to begin the college work of the year than that of the oneness or wholeness which acts through all parts of the universe. The word "universe" is derived from the Latin *unus*, meaning "one." Everything in theology, everything in material science, and everything in philosophy points to the *one*. Although the manifestations are diversified, the one is forever the same.

This idea of oneness being a fundamental principle of the universe, it must be repeated in each individual organism, else it cannot properly be called an organism. For example, the human body is diversified in all its parts, yet all parts represent the one individuality. In the universe, though nature may be manifested in suns and planets, yet it is forever the one, and that man is most profound who brings his thought into proper relationship with this oneness. All power in every organism comes from this oneness.

Unity is a vital principle in art and in the philosophy of art. Variety in unity, or unity in variety, is another essential principle. Without variety there could be no unity, and without unity there could be no variety; in every organism they are co-existent, co-dependent. The word "unity," when applied to art, means that the whole is manifested in each and all the parts. If there is any part in which the whole is not manifested, there is lack of unity — the part is not a living thing. In the most perfect specimens of Greek statuary this principle of unity is per-

fectly illustrated. The whole design can be read in the posture, in the eye, in every feature, in every line, in every muscle. The hand is saying as a hand just what the eye is saying as an eye; the foot is saying as a foot just what the shoulder is saying as a shoulder. They all speak the same language, but in diversified forms, according to the organization of each part.

How is this unity, or oneness, secured in the development of an individual? By the control, in the form of concentration, of all the forms of power which he possesses. The power of one part by itself is very inefficient. A ray of light is effective, to a certain extent; but when all the rays are converged there is unity of action. Then it is that the power of light is fully manifested. If the rays of light be converged through the proper lens, viz., the sun-glass, and made to react upon a substance, they not only reflect the nature of that substance but they also affect that substance, most materially. By thus concentrating the rays of light, it is very easy not only to burn the surface of a board, but even to burn a hole through a two-inch plank.

This principle of concentration illustrated by the rays of light is also true in its application to the human mind. Psychology classifies the activities of the human mind as: intellect, sensibility, and will. It is when these three activities are concentrated — when the intellect has been held upon a subject until emotion and will respond — that the man is powerful. Some people seem to think clearly and beautifully,

but to what end? They read philosophy and poetry year after year, and yet they gain no intellectual momentum—there is no added weight to their personalities. The cause is to be found in a lack of proper concentration. When a person concentrates intellect, emotion, and purpose upon his study then every drop of his blood weighs a ton. Nothing can stand against the power of such a man.

Let us notice this principle of concentration in its effect upon *the health and strength of the body*, because the proper education of man deals with him in his entirety,—intellect, soul, and body. Any system of education which leaves out the education of the body is like a cracked bell: there is some noise, but no harmonious reverberation. The Greeks rested all their education upon the education of the body. I do not mean that the body was educated to the exclusion of the mind, but that in all their work the mind was related to the body. The old Greek painters studied life, not death. In modern times we have studied death much more than we have studied life; but in their religious worship and processions they appealed to the whole heavens, and thanked God that they lived. In these same early days the Hebrew prophets proclaimed the promises of God unto His chosen people: that they should live long in the land which the Lord their God should give them; that the pestilence which walketh by noon-day should not come near them; that disease should stand afar off.

I have previously stated that the Greeks never separated any form of education from the health and beauty of the human body. All our institutions of learning are being awakened to the importance of this subject. To-day there is great diversity of opinion as to the methods by which the human body

is to be made healthy and beautiful, but very soon all will agree upon certain fundamental principles; and from this time forth the idea that the education of the body must not be regarded as a thing separate from the education of the mind will become one of the chief factors in all systems of learning. The oneness of man will be taken into consideration in all systems of education. I do not prophesy this as a wild fancy that flits through my brain, but I see everything tending this way. Within the past fifteen years there has been an awakening on this subject of physical education like the awakening of the spirit of the Crusades in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Great reformations do not come by spasms, but they come like tidal waves; and this is the wave that is passing over the world to-day—not passing to be gone, but to roll on forever.

All the best forms of education, whether physical, intellectual, or religious, have first been projected by one, or at most by a few minds. In process of time these principles have become organized into a system. The day is coming when man shall be educated as a unit—when education will not consider merely the intellect, but will consider the intellect, soul, and body. When this is done, the intellect will be developed much more rapidly than in the past. So the time will come when physical education will not be sought as a separate end, but it will be united and related to education of the mind. This relationship in education must be developed and maintained. It is this relationship that you study here; you learn that the education of the body goes hand in hand with the education of the mind. I simply sketch these points in passing, for they will be taught and emphasized in the classroom and in your individual work.

Let us note what I mean by exercises of the body in its relation to the mind. If the body is exercised independently of the impulse to exercise which should originate in the mind and be imparted by the mind to the body, the body is not strengthened, but weakened. The best illustration of the ability of the body to endure exercise will be found where the impulse to exercise comes from the mind. Watch little children at play. Can you, as an adult, take as much exercise during the day as that boy six years old takes? You may say to yourself, "I am stronger than the boy, and of course I can do it." If you try it, I assure you that before the day is over you will find yourself utterly exhausted. It often appears, to our great distress, as if the boy would never get tired. But there is an important lesson being taught when that child is annoying us by his everlasting activity. Instead of blaming him, say, "Now is my opportunity to see how the body can endure exercise under the impulse of the mind." The boy at play never exercises a part at the expense of the whole. As he steps on one foot, notice the undulation that goes through the whole system, which relates this one manifestation of energy to the whole body.

There is no one kind of manual labor the performance of which makes it absolutely necessary for a man to use all the parts of his body in relation to the whole body, therefore we look to education to establish this relationship. When this is done, the laborer will be able to lift more, to carry more, to endure more; for it is determined in the constitution of the body that every part should always act in relation to the other parts. A laborer performing his task lames his back. This is usually in consequence of his having violated the fundamental principles of exercise.

He was not using his back in proper relation to the other parts of his body. If this proper relationship existed he could have lifted more and he would not have been conscious that he had a back.

People say of farmers or mechanics, "They do not need physical education; they are getting enough exercise already." But they are not getting the exercise of the part which is active, in its relation to the other parts of the body. Let us watch the child again. He is educating himself all the time. Yet there comes a period in his life when, presto, change, he becomes a slave of labor. All labor is slavery when a man feels that he is compelled to do it, and he has no impulse corresponding to it in his mental life. A Vermont farmer can do more work in a month than a slave could do in three months, and yet show no muscular lameness as a result of the work. It is because the farmer lays his own plans, and there is an impulse in his mind to execute them; so he works under the influence of this stimulus all the time. That throws the body more or less into proper relation with the mind and with every part of itself. The power that comes from the unity of the action of the body has not been adequately computed. I do not know any one who could compute it or make any comparison of the power of the body when acting according to this unity, with the power of that same body when acting out of unity.

Let us next consider this subject of unity or wholeness in its relation to the *Voice*. Into every tone of the voice the whole body should enter; then vocal exercise becomes a potent factor in securing the health and activity of the whole body. When a person considers his voice as a thing separate from himself, and goes outside of himself to



build his voice, the result is a dead voice and a dying body. The whole body must be and is in every good tone of the voice. The moment the voice is considered and educated as something *outside* the body, the effect upon the entire constitution is injurious. The voices of some speakers suggest not only the relation of the body to the soul, but the relation of the soul to the universe. It seems as if all good, all truth, all life, were combined in tone and were reporting themselves in that individual's voice. The sound calls no attention to itself, because it is the most natural of all sounds. The great speaker puts the whole of himself into every word he utters. What is the entire individual that is thus being reported in the voice? Who can tell what man is? We can tell what his conditions are, or what the conditions of certain individuals of the race are, but when we think of the Son of Man as representing the potentialities of the race, where are its limits? "Man's thought reaches to the remotest stars." He is a being actually without limit in time or space. "When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

This same oneness or unity enters into everything in life. There is a passage in Holy Writ which says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." That is, whatever you do, put your whole self into the doing. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, whatsoever any part of thee findeth to do, do it with all thy might. Let the entire individual be concentrated in that one act. Then what beauty, what fidelity, in the act!"

People talk a great deal about what we should eat. They say that a certain kind of food has more nutrition in it than another kind has. This is all

very well; I talk on these matters sometimes myself; I feel justified in doing so. But there is a higher duty than the duty of selecting the right elements, and that is to eat *with all your might*. If you would have your food do you good, put the whole of yourself into the eating it. When I was a little boy I suppose I liked to eat, but after I became excited over my studies I forgot how to enjoy my food, so I had what was called dyspepsia; and for twelve years I was a slave to indigestion. I didn't enjoy my food; I didn't want any; I had a miserable time after eating. One person told me to eat one thing and another told me to eat another thing. One said that I ought to take cereals; another advised me to eat raw carrots. A scientist, who had tried it himself, counselled the weighing of food and taking only a certain quantity every day. The waste of the human body had been calculated, and it had been found that a man required just so much nutrition to supply so many ounces of waste. I did not carry this idea very far, but far enough to be convinced that it would not work. One day I found myself reading Scott's Waverley novels, and if ever there was a man who could describe a good appetite and show how a man eats when he has that appetite, it was Sir Walter Scott. We must make ourselves have an appetite, not by taking a little tonic now and then, but by creating in ourselves a relish for our food. I think I have a right to speak with some authority, for I was an invalid for many years; now I have so much health I do not know what to do with it. I am bubbling over with it like a boiling spring. In gaining my health, one of the first things I learned to do was to put my mind into the relishing of my food; that is, to eat with my might. I see people sitting down to the table and

saying, "Oh, if there was only something on the table that I liked!" Stop trying to find something to which your palate will respond. Rather say, "Here, Mr. Palate, you shall be made to like this thing; it is the thing I ought to eat; make me enjoy it," and your palate will obey.

In regard to the matter of sleep; some will sleep nine or ten hours and then not be rested, while others will sleep four or six hours and be perfectly rested. This difference is due to the fact that one sleeps rapidly, while the other does not. As a general thing, a person who acts all over, works all over, and thinks all over, will sleep all over. Look at that little child. It is almost bedtime, but he is flying around as if bewitched. Another moment his head droops, and he is fast asleep. Morpheus says, "Be lively when you are awake; I will nurse you when you are asleep."

Let us next consider this principle of concentration in relation to the intellectual powers. Unity is the great law of thought as well as of life. Added intellectual power comes from continued concentration. Upon a pack of cards? No; *upon valuable subjects*. It is just as easy to count the stars as to count the spots on cards. The latter may result in a certain kind of intellectual cultivation, but the study of the stars lifts a man's thoughts on high and expands his whole being. *Intellectual power depends upon concentrating the mind upon valuable subjects*. When the mind is fully concentrated upon a valuable subject, the same result is achieved as when one commits himself to a great steamer that is launched upon the mighty deep. He is subjected to mechanical and natural forces, which will carry him forward without his effort. So it is with the intellect. When it is fully concentrated upon a subject, it will carry one safely

into the harbor of truth without his conscious effort.

Let us consider the relation of this subject to the study of oratory, because this is the subject you are now studying. Some people think that the study of oratory means learning how to make gestures, and recite pieces, etc. This is not the study of oratory at all. These are *incidents* in the study, but that is all. *The study of oratory is that which develops the powers of the individual in the right way*. The student of oratory must first concentrate his mind upon the truth he has to utter, until the truth takes possession of him and he lives it. Disaster and disaster only awaits that man who attempts to preach a thing before he has lived it. I do not refer merely to the preaching of the Gospel, but to all preaching. I say that disaster awaits any orator who attempts to promulgate a thing before he has lived it, — before it has become his actual, spontaneous, daily life — his breath.

The student must not only concentrate his mind upon the truth until it becomes a part of his being, but in addition he must relate that truth to the audience. Contemplation of the truth awakens the man to a higher life; concentration upon others in relation to that truth awakens the power of oratory. It was years of practice of these fundamental principles that made Webster the orator that could lead a nation and shape its destinies. First, he laid out his case; then he concentrated upon it, he matured it, he made it part of his mental structure; then he related the mind of the jury to that truth, and the jury gave him the verdict.

I cannot close without saying a word in regard to the relation of this subject of unity to character. There are some people who think that in order to succeed they must do so at the expense of character. Such display an atheism that

Voltaire never dreamed of; such ignore the existence of God. The Bible says: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." That which will make a man succeed on the golden streets of the New Jerusalem will enable him to succeed on the granite streets of Boston. God's government is one, from the centre to the periphery of the universe.

The most direct way to improve character is to continually concentrate all the mental powers upon the right ideals. Continually concentrating upon these ideals will gradually cause all the powers of the mind to hold and reflect them. In your study of oratory, I say to you, Hold the thought supremely in the mind while speaking. In the study of the singing

voice, the tune must be held in the mind while using the voice. In the development of all the parts of our being we must hold the ideals before the mind while we are acting. We desire to cultivate patience; when nothing disturbs us, when we have nothing to do, and nobody is doing anything to us, how easy it is to be patient! But when we are putting forth every endeavor against obstacles, and when everything seems to be working at cross-purposes, then it is that we must hold patience as a guiding star before the mind; then we must allow patience to take possession of us. Character is developed by concentrating the mind upon the right ideals while in the midst of energetic action.

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## The Gospel of Health.

REV. SOLON LAUER.

THE greatest cry of the world to-day is for health — not religion, not wealth, but health. Christianity has been called for nineteen centuries a gospel of salvation for another world. In my opinion, Christianity is first of all a gospel of life and health for this world, here and now. The kingdom of God for which Jesus wrought was no dreamy, mystic heaven in the far-off skies, but a kingdom on this earth, where health and joy, peace and plenty, should abound for every soul. According to his own words, Jesus came that the people might have life, and have it more abundantly. Healing the sick and forgiveness of sins were one and the same work with him. The mediæval idea of health was that it is inconsistent with holiness. Jesus was no invalid. If he fasted forty days it was for a special purpose. After that, he ate with publicans and sinners; and we know that publicans

and sinners usually set a good table. I believe that he was a man of splendid physique — not a pale and effeminate individual, such as most of the artists have made him, in their efforts to reveal his spirituality. On one occasion he seized a whip of small cords, and in righteous indignation overturned the tables of the money-changers and drove them from the temple. This was not the act of an invalid, pale and thin from much fasting, but of a robust man who, even on the physical plane of life, could command the respect of his adversaries. If I were to paint a picture of Jesus, it would show him with a physique like a Salvini, a form that should tower in physical majesty over the crouching forms of the sick and debilitated around him; a man whose presence should reveal the possibilities of physical as well as of spiritual manhood; a man whose voice, when roused by a right-

eous wrath, could suggest the lion's roar, but when stirred by love could tremble with deep and powerful feeling, like the tone of a mighty organ. No pale and emaciated reformer could have gained a following among the robust and sturdy fishermen of Galilee. John the Baptist came clothed in a camel's skin, and eating locusts and wild honey,—a wild son of the desert, whose very tread spread terror around him. Jesus must have been a man of somewhat similar temperament, though doubtless with a deeper baptism of the spirit. We have discarded some of the traditional conceptions of Jesus. It remains for us to abandon this which pictures him as a physical weakling in order to exalt his spiritual nature. We have been told that in the millennial age the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. In the perfect man, the lion and the lamb are united. In the traditional pictures of Jesus we see the lamb, but not the lion. Let us correct our conception, and join strength with tenderness.

The relation of a correct conception of Jesus to our own life will be evident if we consider to what an extent our ideals of manhood are shaped by the reported life and teachings of Jesus. For centuries the Christian world has looked to him as the embodiment of perfect humanity. For centuries men have studied the pictures of him which artists have given us. Thousands, eager to attain a higher plane of life, have fasted and mortified the flesh, and after years of painful effort, have attained invalidism instead of sainthood. We want not to crucify the body, but to sanctify its powers by consecrating them to divine and spiritual uses. We want not less life, but more; but we want it guided by divine love and wisdom.

The trouble with gross and animal temperaments is not that they have too

much life, but that they devote this life to physical ends. Let higher ideals dawn on the mind, let the heart be warmed with a great love for humanity, and these vital forces will overflow the banks of selfishness, and enrich the fields of humanity. In the stress and strain of modern life we need sound bodies and strong nerves. He who would engage in any great work for mankind must have first of all good health.

It is our moral duty to convince ourselves, and to teach our children, that health and religion are as one; that the laws of the body are as sacred as the laws of the soul; that obedience to Divine Law is the prime condition for health and happiness. Health is not merely a luxury; it is a necessity. It is not merely our privilege, it is our duty, to be well. Disease afflicts not only its victim, but all who come in contact with him. The Christian virtues cannot thrive in a sickly body. A church that stands for morality must stand also for health; for the two cannot be separated. Sickness is sin. Health is the result of obedience to the divine laws which rule the body. Let us recognize the relation between thoughts and acts; between states of mind and conditions of body. Let us know that fear, hatred, envy, malice, discontent, are as much opposed to health as they are contrary to virtue; that peace, purity of thought, content, love, aspiration, adoration, are as beneficial to the body as to the soul. Beautiful thoughts, thoughts of the perfection and glory of life, are fountains of health. Let us drink deep at these fountains. Let us believe in God not only as the Maker of heaven and earth, but as the Maker of human bodies; let us believe in His presence, in not merely the order of the stars and the growth of plants, but in the vital processes of the human body as well.



Let us not believe that the Divine Life has withdrawn itself from any portion of its creation, but that it dwells in the world to-day, and in man, to heal his

diseases, comfort his wounded and be-reaved heart, and fill him with the splendor of the Perfect Life.

*San Diego, Cal.*

### Dr. Readshaw's Address.

*Dr. Emerson, Faculty, and Students of the Emerson College of Oratory:—*

It is both a great pleasure and a sweet privilege for me to stand before you to-day, within the walls of this powerful centre for the production of an all-round personal development, and to express my deep interest in the work of this widely known college of oratory. Some years ago, through the personal teachings of one of your former graduates, I was brought, for the first time, into sympathetic, responsive touch with this grand source of radiative enthusiasm for the development of all that is best within us. The physical regenerative processes made possible through the natural system of physical culture taught in this college were productive of such great and permanent changes in my own case that the enthusiasm and the interest then developed have abided with me, and have also caused me to do my own little missionary work, in teaching and lecturing upon the Emerson system of psycho-physical culture.

So far as my own individual observation has extended, I have found that in every case where persistence in practice has been kept up, and enthusiasm for the work sustained, splendid physical and psychical results have been attained; for that same development of will-power essential in doing these exercises enables its owner to give greater concentration of attention to mental pursuits. The aim to reach that higher idealism for the control of self,—to make the body the pliant, spontaneous, easily re-

sponsive instrument of the soul's best thought and desire; the attempt to secure this close earthly approximation to the freedom of the beautiful spiritual life beyond, so that the soul can express itself as it feels; the enlargement of one's personality; the development of the entire man into a noble manhood; the struggle for the perfection of our own natures,—all these unite us in a common purpose, and hold us together in our efforts to extend the life-broadening work of this institution.

We are living in an intensely utilitarian age—an age of realism. The white-pencilled finger of that modern search-light, experimental psychology, is being applied to the successful revealings of the complex, subtle problems of the brain and the nervous system. Instead of careless observations and guess-work regarding the mysterious action of the soul's servant, the brain, the utmost care and self-sacrificing labor are now being expended in the psychological laboratories, in order to obtain single facts, to get closer to nature, to hear and to interpret her voice. Every alleged fact, every statement, must be brought as evidence.

Taine, in his "History of English Literature," says: "When you consider with your eyes the visible man, what are you looking for? The man invisible. The words which enter your ears, the gestures, the motions of his hand, the clothes he wears, visible acts and deeds of every kind, are expressions merely; something is revealed beneath them, and

that is the soul of the man. An inner man is concealed beneath the outer man; the second does not reveal the first.

"You look at his house, furniture, and dress; and that, in order to discover in them the marks of his habits and tastes, the degree of his refinement or rusticity, his extravagance or his economy, his stupidity or his acuteness. You listen to his conversation, you note the inflections of his voice, the change in his attitudes; and that, in order to judge of his vivacity, his self-forgetfulness, or his gayety, his energy, or his constraint.

"You consider his writings, his artistic production, his business transactions or political ventures; and that, in order to judge, to measure, the scope and limits of his intelligence, his inventiveness, his coolness; to find out the order, the character, the general force of his ideas, the mode in which he thinks and resolves.

"And yet, all these are but externals, are but avenues converging toward a centre; you enter them simply in order to reach that centre which is the *genuine man*,—that mass of faculties and feelings which are the inner man."

Still, while through these modern methods of exact measurement and nearness of approach we are thus securing a more perfect knowledge, a closer intimacy with the soul's instrument, we must not forget the soul's own idealisms. "The same law which rounds the dew-drop governs the soul."

And so we must be true to our best and highest ideals to keep us moving onward.

The late E. Carleton Sprague, of my own native city, in an address before our Liberal Club, beautifully and eloquently said: "It is not well for us to compare ourselves with our neighbors. It is better for us to compare ourselves with our highest ideals; and the best thing of all

is, to set our faces, and to press onward to those ideals, although they be afar off, and although it be with faltering steps. Let us imitate the mariner, who, notwithstanding they are unapproachable, steers his vessel by the stars."

And so in all of your work here, not only is there a closeness to the simplicity of nature's methods; not only are you taught that true power of expression, or soul freedom, must come from the inner individuality manifesting itself along freed psychological lines; but a beautiful charm is given the more severe scientific aspect of this work by the fine, high idealism, by the spirit of helpfulness, which pervades every department of your college curriculum.

Too often the bruised sensitiveness associated with the finest talent crushes its owner.

John Fiske, of Harvard, has spoken of the lengthening of the period of infancy as being the one great distinguishing factor between ourselves and the lower orders of animal life. Animals of the lowest order come into the world, and at once are physically adapted to their environment; while man must pass through that long period of infantile tutelage, reaching at least beyond his thirtieth year, before he is mentally, morally, and spiritually adapted to the fine adjustments, to the ever-increasing exactions, of our modern, complex, high civilization. We need more time to build higher ideals and to get closer to them. We need more time to develop the body and brain into a higher state of responsiveness to meet its external environment and to carry out the behests of its soul.

This freeing of self, this letting one's self go, with no loss of personal force from an embarrassing repression, is one of the results of the work of this college. Back of all this we see the supreme sovereignty of the will, and also that de-

lightful intellectual abandonment to the theme felt and presented. When individuality and character are strong at the very centres of our natures, and the channels of expression are free, then what comes from us is not artificial, but is as natural as the exhalation of a flower.

The world needs to be taught these great psychical truths, especially this spirit of charity and helpfulness to others. To the physician, in sacred confidence from unfortunate beings, the deep minor chord of the soul's agonizing griefs, and the sounds of fierce temptations and conflicts upon that unseen battle-field of life, are sounded. At such a time these lives, stirred by our charity, touched by these (to them) golden moments of sympathy, try to recall the better portions of their wasted lives, "like some beautiful soul who has scattered by the way the unstrung pearls of her precious necklace, and returns to gather them one by one."

Dr. Clouston, a Scotch physician, writes: "You Americans wear too much expression upon your faces. You are like an army with all of its reserves engaged in action. The duller countenances of the British population betoken a better scheme of life. They suggest stores of nervous force to fall back upon, if any occasion should arise that requires it."

This non-excitability, this presence at all times of a power not used, I regard as the one great strength of our English people. The other intense expression of face gives one a sense of insecurity. The American face carries too much expression; they take too seriously the trivial affairs of life. The British as a mass show a better mode of life, in which physical power and nerve force are shown to a better advantage than in the nervous, excitable, rushing, fast-eating American.

A well-known foreigner, looking at one of our high-strung, well-educated American women, who was brilliant and brainy, but lacked physical stamina, said that she reminded him of "bottled lightning."

An observant Frenchwoman, in discussing our restless American women abroad, also critically remarks: "When they come here, they want to look under the gravestones; the exterior of things is not enough for them: they want interiors and they adore underground passages. From the time they leave their native shores they never sit back. When they are driving, they sit forward on the edge of the seats. They seem to think that in this way they are propelling the horses, and that by so doing the destination will be reached quicker."

In all this, as your system of physical training has taught you, there is too much force at the extremities, and not enough controlled, reposeful power at the centre.

The great mass of cultivated as well as uncultivated people of to-day need at least a practical working knowledge of those great fundamental truths of expression of which this college is the leading exponent in America.

The conservation of personal energy; how to attain the strongest personal impact of individuality with the least expenditure of unnecessary force; the spirit of helpfulness; the desire to do good to others; the encouraging spirit which causes others to develop their own possibilities; the making the most of ourselves,—are some of the lessons which, as students of expression, impress themselves upon us.

The termination of that general enlargement of soul life, when the bond of union between itself and the body is severed, has been beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

The end of human life is the breaking of the mould around a masterpiece of Art,—the last thing done by the Master. When a great artist finishes a masterpiece, he breaks the mould around it and sets it free. So at death we see the perfection of the life of one of our number. That Great Artist, whom we

call by that imperfect name God, has broken the mould around our departed one, and set him free.

With all my heart I bid the work of this institution continued prosperity.

“Words are lighter than cloud foam  
Of restless ocean spray;  
Vainer than the trembling shadow  
That the next hour steals away;  
By the fall of summer rain-drops  
Is the air as deeply stirred;  
And the rose-leaf that we tread on  
Will outlive a word.

“Yet on the dull silence breaking  
With a lightning flash, a *word*,  
Bearing endless desolation  
On its blighting wings, I heard.  
Earth can surge no keener weapon,  
Dealing surer death and pain;  
And the cruel echo answered  
Through long years again.

“I have known *one word hang, star-like*,  
O’er a dreary waste of years,  
And it only shone the brighter  
Looked at through a mist of tears;  
While a weary wanderer gathered  
Hope and heart on life’s dark way  
By its faithful promise, shining  
Clearer day by day.

“I have known a spirit calmer  
Than the calmest lake, and clear  
As the heavens that gazed above it,  
With no wave of hope or fear;  
But a storm had swept across it,  
And its *deepest depths* were stirred,  
Never, never more to slumber,  
ONLY BY A WORD.”

## On the Study of Shakespeare.

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT.D.

IN regard to teaching Shakespeare, one-sided men are apt to be both dogmatic and intolerant. A certain editor will have no æsthetic criticism in his books; but, not content with quietly ignoring it, he must indulge in a sneer at those who differ from him by calling it “sign-post” criticism, which “turns the commentator into a showman.” Another editor, who has done much excellent work in this line of æsthetic criticism, would have little else than such criticism in a school edition of Shakespeare; and he is most volubly severe upon those who think proper to give more notes than he does. To do this is “exegetical incontinency,” “needless and obstructive annotation,” “an inordinate fecundity of explanation” (verily, these be parlous

words!), etc., etc. All “variorum comment and citation” is likewise “tolerable and not to be endured,” being hardly of any use or interest save to those who are making, or intending to make, a specialty of Shakesperian lore. “But,” he adds, “of the pupils and even the teachers in our schools and colleges, probably not one in five hundred has, or ought to have, any thought of becoming a specialist in Shakespeare. To such students a minute discussion or presentation of various readings must needs be a stark impertinence; and its effect, if it have any, can hardly be other than to confuse and perplex their thoughts.”

Now, in my view, these are only two opposite extremes of critical bigotry; and I do not feel called upon to defend



my own method, which combines æsthetic and "variorum" criticism, against attacks from either quarter. If the teacher or the student wants only notes of the one kind or of the other, or if he simply wants fewer notes, he can select his edition accordingly; it would be a mistake for him to use mine if another seems better for his purposes.

Let me say, however, that I have a better opinion of the teachers in our schools and colleges than to think them incapable of understanding and discussing "variorum" citations. These textual questions are of interest to every student of Shakespeare, and my experience as a teacher has satisfied me that they may be profitably discussed even by boys and girls in school. Indeed, it sometimes happens that these babes in criticism are quick to see what is hidden from men reputed "wise and prudent." Their young eyes discern the simple truth through all the dust that successive generations of learned editors have raised in their quarrels about it. Of course there are many of these textual problems which neither the student nor the teacher could solve without critical aid; but after the critics have worked out their various solutions, it is an insult to the teacher, if not to the average student, to say that he is not competent to weigh the comparative value of these solutions. But, says the editor whom I have quoted, give only "the last results" of textual criticism. In nine cases out of ten there *are* no "last results" which the critics will agree in accepting; new answers are suggested for the old questions, but they do not settle the questions. In such cases I may select the answer that seems to me the best and give that alone, or I may give several answers and let the reader choose for himself. The latter I believe to be often the better course even for young readers. In school work the teacher

may be trusted to decide when it is profitable to discuss the various readings with his class, and when not. The private student is not likely to dwell upon them unless he is interested in them; and if he is interested in them, I believe he can study them to advantage.

I hope no *teacher* needs to be told that the notes are *not* intended to be assigned as lessons to be learned and recited. They are to be used precisely as the notes in a school edition of a Greek or Latin author are used. I take it that no teacher requires a pupil to commit these all to memory, or calls them all up in the recitation. The *text* of the author is the lesson, and the pupil is expected to show that he understands the text. He is to use the notes in preparing for the recitation, so far as he needs their help, just as he uses his grammar and lexicon, and other books of reference. The teacher may, of course, at his discretion, require the pupil to study certain specified topics or points in the notes, and to be ready to answer questions upon them; but, if he does this, it will be as a means of elucidating and illustrating the text.

And this reminds me to say that in the notes I have always kept in view the wants of teachers, students, and readers who have access to few Shakespearian books, and for whom a concise summary of the illustrative material in the leading editions and commentaries will, to a certain extent, supply the deficiency. When I first began to teach Shakespeare in school, the one edition I had was Moxon's, in one volume, with Campbell's introduction, but no notes at all; and no better or fuller editions, and no Shakespearian commentaries or criticisms whatever, were accessible to me. I know how thankful I should have been for an edition like this, how much I should have learned from it myself, how much it would have helped me to teach

others; and I know that thousands of teachers and students are to-day no better off for books than I was then. I believe they will thank me for bringing within their reach the condensed results of the research and criticism of many editors, the substance of many big and costly volumes in cheap little ones like these. Many teachers who have no lack of books are hard pressed for time, and will be grateful to me for saving them the trouble of hunting through volume after volume for what they want. In schools, moreover, even if there is a good library, it is impossible for all the members of a large class to make systematic use of it. Each pupil needs many of the books all the time he is preparing his lesson, but there are perhaps twenty or thirty others who want them at the same time. It is a great convenience for the pupil, as for the teacher, to be comparatively independent of books of reference.

In the text I retain archaic words, like *moe*, the possessive *it*, etc., because they are distinct *words*, and not mere orthographical forms of words. According to the early editions — our only authorities — they are the words that Shakespeare wrote; and we have no more right to change *it* (possessive) to *its* than to change *his* (neuter possessive) to *its*.

We are told that the retention of these archaisms is "no better than sheer idolatry or dotage of the old letter." I cannot answer this better than by what Dr. Ingleby says in Part II. of his "Shakespeare; the Man and the Book." After referring to the manner in which passages are often "re-written, or at least re-modelled or re-cast," he adds (p. 12):

"Most modern editions of Shakespeare come under this censure, and, whatever may be the opinion of ordinary readers of the bard, it must be owned that in the matter of editorial un-

faithfulness the student of the English language and English literature has a genuine grievance.

"Let us take an instance: suppose the student were desirous of ascertaining what use (if any) Shakespeare made of *it* = its, or *sith* and *sithence* = since; or whether he sanctioned the somewhat rare construction of *no is*, *no has*, for the negative interrogative; or the interjectional use of *that* — how few modern editions will help him! *It* (genitive) and *sith* are often banished to the shades; and *No had?* is superseded by *Had none?* It is often a matter of some importance to support from one author an induction which has been made from another. But if the only editions to which the student has access do not present the peculiarity in question he is led astray in proportion to his confidence in the edition he consults."

Dr. Ingleby goes on to illustrate "the wretched result of all this unintelligent and unconscientious editing" by an instance given in Hon. G. P. Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language" (see the American ed., p. 586, foot-note), which I have not space to quote here, but which shows strikingly how a teacher or a student may be balked for want of an entirely satisfactory text of Shakespeare.

This modernizing — in point of fact, falsifying — what the poet wrote is the more inexcusable because these occasional archaisms cannot seriously perplex or annoy even the "common reader." A glance at the note makes them intelligible, if he does not care for their history or linguistic relations. Not unfrequently, however, it happens that he gets really interested in learning more about them — and I believe he enjoys Shakespeare none the less for it.

Those of us who have had experience as teachers know only too well how little can be accomplished in the study of

Shakespeare in the most liberal allowance of time that can be got for it in an ordinary school or college course. A little taste of the "sweetness," a little glimpse of the "light," which are the reward of long and loving devotion to our poet, are the utmost that we can give our young friends before they have to leave us; and our aim must be to make this little so enjoyable that they will not be willing to drop the study after they have left us. But we are told that there should be neither *study* nor *recitations* in school classes in Shakespeare; that the pupils should not even be required to read the play before the exercise; that it is enough to have them "breathe, think, feel, with the author, while his words are on their lips and in their ears;" enough to be "simply growing, or getting the food of growth"—being fed, as it were, with a spoon. To require them to *study* the poet will, it is feared, prevent their *enjoying* him. On the contrary, I believe that the road to a genuine appreciation and enjoyment of him is *through* study. It is better to

travel it on foot than to be carried over it in a "coach." In walking over a mountain path in Switzerland, where the "pansied turf is air to winged feet," all exertion forgotten in its own exhilaration and only giving a keener zest to the enjoyment of everything in earth and air, you may sometimes see a tourist "doing" the region, borne along in a *chaise à porteurs*, listless and half asleep, while a professional guide or *commis-sionnaire* drones out to him the well-worn description of the route. Would you change places with him? Would you give your enjoyment, won and heightened by labor, for his lazy, somnolent, stupidly absorptive satisfaction?

"The study of Shakespeare," says our critic (using "study" in his no-study sense), "should be a pastime, a recreation, a delight." A delight it should, indeed, always be; and if really a study, it will prove a delight with which no mere pastime or recreation can ever compare. If these books of mine, rightly used, do not help to bring this about, they fail of their purpose.

### Cupid Victorious.

ELLEN MIRIAM KURZENKNABE.

ONCE when passing leisure hours  
 Seeking joy among the flowers,  
 Near a rose of red so deep  
 I found Cupid, fast asleep.  
 Just as I was bending low  
 To relieve him of his bow,  
 He awoke, and with great art  
 Pierced his arrow through my heart.  
 How he laughed and danced in glee,  
 As I begged him set me free!  
 "You," he said, "I've caught at last,

And I mean to hold you fast."  
 The little scamp I tried to race,  
 But he was quick, so swift his pace.  
 He led me over torrents deep,  
 In tangled woods, o'er mountains steep,  
 Down the valley, through the dell,  
 Until my wearied body fell.  
 I soon became refreshed and gay,  
 Content to let him have his way.  
 Thus it was that true love stole  
 The power to reign within my soul.

Jan. 17, 1897.

## Second Part of Faust.

MÉLANIE RICHARDT.

MANY commentators erroneously believe that this Second Part was but an afterthought, which gave Goethe an opportunity to circulate new artistic conceptions, — the result of his Italian journey. Not at all. The contract twixt God and Mephisto requires a more satisfactory completion. Goethe, who is one of the scions of "Realism," could not and would not be satisfied to have Faust totally in the hands of the devil, and terminate all his aspirations in moral ruin. Faust is a type of the human race, who had been strengthened and purified by Mephisto's temptations.

The laws of nature would have cursed the race for ever and ever had Faust's fate been terminated in Part First. In the opening scene of the Second Part, we find him tossing restlessly to and fro on the green turf. Marguerite's fair face haunts him day and night. Remorse is driven away by a throng of elves, who lull him to sleep by their song. At dawn they disappear. Faust rouses himself, and thus hails the morn: —

Life's pulses now with fresher force awaken  
To greet the mild ethereal twilight o'er me;  
This night, thou Earth! hast also stood unshaken,  
And now thou breathest new refreshed before me,  
And now beginnest, all thy gladness granting,  
*A vigorous resolution to restore me,  
To seek that highest life for which I'm panting.*

Mephisto is deeply grieved at Faust's condition. True happiness cannot be found in the gratification of the selfish impulses of passion. Faust has concluded that the nobler impulses and the harmonious development of the

powers which nature has given us bring *real* happiness, therefore Mephisto has lost his hold. He decides to take Faust to the imperial court, where confusion reigns supreme. High functionaries appear before the young emperor with their complaints, — the treasury is empty, the army is about to desert, all forms of lawlessness abound. Even the emperor's pet, the court fool, has had to be carried from his royal presence in an unconscious state. Mephisto enters shortly after this, makes use of the confusion, and slyly takes the fool's place. With disgusted mien the emperor asks him if he too must make complaint. Bowing low, he tells him happiness can only be found in his royal presence, and offers a remedy for his financial disasters. The emperor accepts, and immediately arranges a masquerade carnival to celebrate the return of prosperity, intended as an allegorical representation of society and government.

Faust, up to this time inactive, now takes the part of Plutus, symbolizing *real* prosperity in opposition to Mephisto's deceptive show of wealth. He conjures the destructive element of fire, which nearly consumes the emperor and his court. Convinced of Faust's power, he demands he shall conjure up the shades of Paris and Helen of Troy. Mephisto refuses to aid him, and is forced to confess he holds no sway o'er pagan phantoms, but tells him if he will descend to "*The Mothers*" (the secret creative forces of Nature) he will obtain the charm and be able to bring Paris and Helen to the light of day.

Faust has learned the value of science and knowledge, "the highest



strength that abides in man." By his desire to reach the goal, typified by Helen, he has been forced to return to the slow and patient methods which he once rejected in anger. Faust and Mephisto visit the old study and find their dear old Wagner in his laboratory, among kettles and retorts, in the midst of alchemistic researches. He is gazing into his retort, where his mixtures are seething and taking upon themselves strange forms. Suddenly a little sprite, Homunculus, appears, who leads Faust and Mephisto (the latter much against his will) to the Classical Walpurgis Night. Mephisto only follows Faust to Greece in order to keep his contract, but, much to his surprise, he finds congenial company in the Griffins, Sphinxes, Sirens, Lamiae, etc., and permits Faust to follow his own inclination. Faust at last meets the Centaur Chiron, who gives him a satisfactory answer in regard to Helen of Troy. He accompanies Faust to Perseus, where the nymphs and river-gods invite him to bathe in their cool waters. He then carries him to the wise Sibyl Manto, who shows him in her temple a descent to Hades, where, by the aid of Persephone, he succeeds in approaching Helen.

The third act of the Second Part was once published separately, and was known under the title of "Helen: A Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria," and was not intended for the play of Faust. The seam which joins the gap is glaringly visible, particularly to German minds — 't would have been better had it continued its independent existence. The first scene opens with Helen's return from Troy. Mephisto, who during the Classical Walpurgis Night has assumed the form of one of the Phorkyads, an ideal of female ugliness, greets her upon her entrance into the palace. During a quarrel twixt the

captive maidens of Menelaus and Mephisto, she attempts to escape — horror, at the sight of him, has taken possession of her soul. He attacks her, charges her with various misdeeds, and at last reveals to her Menelaus' intention of sacrificing her and her maidens for her infidelity with Paris and the woe she has brought upon the Greeks. Mephisto changes tactics and tries to gain her confidence. He describes Faust as a Cimmerian knight of the North, "cheerful, brave, bold and nobly-formed; a prudent man and wise as few among the Greeks," who is prepared to save her from the rage of Menelaus. Hearing the sound of trumpets announcing the approach of her spouse, no choice is left her but to flee with the Northern demon. Faust greets her in the attire of a German knight. Lynceus, who had neglected to announce her approach, so dazzled was he by her beauty, stood by his side bound in chains, condemned to death. Faust states the facts of the case to Helen and places his warder's life in her hands, who with womanly grace and pity forgives him. Here Goethe makes a fine contrast in the position of woman among the Germanic Nations in the Middle Ages (*Frauentheum*) and the Greeks. In the homage of Faust and his warder Lynceus to Helen he represents the romantic idea of love (*Minne*), which differs so strongly from the sensuality of the Greeks.

So enamored is Helen with Faust, she calls him to her side, offers him her hand, and willingly becomes his betrothed. Euphorion, the winged son of Faust and Helen, represents the genius of modern poetry. With lyre in hand, he rises from the earth with songs — his parents listen with delight and anxiety commingled. The higher he climbs into the mountains of Arcadia, the wilder and more intense his songs. When he reaches the high-

est point of the Peloponnesus he surveys the whole of Greece, and the holy ardor for freedom inspires him :—

No, 't is no child which thou beholdest,—  
A youth in arms with haughty brow !  
And with the freest, strongest, boldest,  
His soul is pledged in manly vow.  
I go !  
For lo !  
The path to glory opens now.

And hear ye thunders on the ocean ?  
From land the thunder-echoes call ?  
In dust and foam, with fierce commotion,  
The armies shock, the heroes fall !  
The command  
Is, sword in hand,  
To die : 't is certain once for all !

He throws himself into the air, his garments bear him up for a moment, but soon "a beautiful youth lies at the feet of his parents."

In this sprite, with his enthusiasm for Greek liberty, and sad death, Goethe commemorates the memory of his beloved Byron ; he even adds in a parenthetical stage direction : "We imagine that in the dead body we perceive a well-known form ; yet the corporal part vanishes at once, and the aureole rises like a comet toward heaven."

Helen follows her child into the shades of Hades. Faust tries to hold her in his arms, but sees her vanish — only veil and garments are left to him. Phorkyas declares even these are priceless :—

Hold fast what now alone remains to thee !  
The garment not let go ! Already twitch  
The demons at its skirts, and they would fain  
To the nether regions drag it ! Hold it fast !  
It is no more the goddess thou hast lost,  
But godlike is it. For thy use employ  
The grand and priceless gift, and soar aloft !  
'T will bear thee swift from all things mean  
and low  
To ether high, so long thou canst endure.

As Faust once had risen from the sensual into the æsthetic world, he now rises from the latter to the world of moral action. To further this goal, he

returns to his fatherland and takes part in the political life of the nation, and in his ripe old age lives to see the fulfilment of his great plans for the improvement of the world.

In the first scene of the last act the poet introduces an aged couple Philemon and Baucis, who own a small cottage and a plot of land on a hill. The possession of this hill is of importance to Faust. He offers a more valuable piece of property in exchange, but they refused to accept any of his proposals. Since they stood in fear of him because they thought he was a sorcerer, he sends Mephisto to try his persuasive powers. He burns down cottage and chapel, and when Philemon and Baucis see the flames they die of fright. When Faust hears of their death he curses the violent deed. Though unwillingly, he was the cause of their ruin.

By this worthy couple, Goethe typifies the conservative element in society.

At midnight Faust stands on the balcony of his palace gazing at the ruins, which still flicker feebly, when four phantom women appear,— Care, Necessity, Want, and Guilt. Faust retires into his palace and closes the door, but Care slips in through the key-hole and prepares the way for her brother, Death. She breathes upon his eyes and blinds him. In a brief review of his life, Faust has but the one regret that instead of trusting in the slow and healthful process of Nature, he had resorted to the aid of magic :—

Stood I, O Nature ! man alone in thee,  
Then were it worth one's while a man to be.

Mephisto, who knows the end must come, calls to his aid the Lemures, infernal phantoms, who, in anticipation of their victory, dig Faust's grave outside his palace window.

Too intent is the old man for his goal to have any sorrow for bodily infirmity ; he gives free vent to his imagination ; the

future in all its glory reveals itself to him. He falls dead to the ground and the Lemures consign him to the keeping of Mother Earth, whom he loved so well. Faust's upward flight from earth is symbolized by three holy anchorites,—Pater Ecstaticus, Pater Profundus, and Pater Seraphicus.

At last we see the angels soaring in higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal remains of Faust, triumphantly proclaiming his redemption :—

The noble spirit now is free,  
And saved from evil schemings ;

Whoe'er aspires unweariedly  
Is not beyond redeeming.  
And if he feels the grace of Love  
That from on High is given,  
The Blessed Hosts, that wait above,  
Shall welcome him to Heaven.

Mephisto has lost his wager and the human race is saved.

This little taste of the most wonderful of wonderful dramas of human philosophy, which it has been my happy privilege to give you, will no longer let you wonder why it took Goethe sixty years of his life to write it.

### The Southwick Literary Society.

THE first meeting of the season was held on the afternoon of October 29.

The president, Miss Julia T. King, quickly dispatched the routine business, the following board of officers being elected :—

*President*, CHAS. W. KIDDER, '89.

*Vice-President*, MARY B. MERRITT, '97.

*Secretary*, MAUDE M. BOADWAY, '98.

*Treasurer*, JENNY E. EDDY, '99.

The new president introduced Mr. W. Hinton White, E. C. O. '96, of Melbourne, Australia, who has twice before entertained the society with his popular stereopticon lectures on Australia and New Zealand. On this occasion a new and even finer lecture was presented, entitled, "In Neptune's Realm—The Prose, Poetry, and Tragedy of the Sea."

The lecturer is eminently qualified to deal with this subject, for he speaks from personal experience, having been two and one-half times around the world.

The scope of the lecture was comprehensive. The evolution of naval architecture was traced, from the primitive

dugout to the modern "Ocean Greyhound;" from the Roman galley to a "White Squadron" iron-clad. English and American yachting was described. The sailor's and the fisherman's life at sea and the manner of modern ocean travel were explained. Pathetic accounts of perils and sufferings on the deep, and thrilling stories of heroism and self-sacrifice, were given. Natural phenomena, such as icebergs, aurora borealis, and sunset effects were presented. Incidentally some of the finest poetry in English literature was rendered. Bits of refined but irresistible wit and humor frequently refreshed the audience.

Over one hundred pictures were presented, many of which were gems of beauty. Pictures of yachts, instinct with life and grace; Arctic views, marvellous in dazzling brilliance of color; and scenes resplendent with sunset glories, fed and satisfied the æsthetic cravings.

Two full hours were thus delightfully spent by those fortunate enough to be present.

Responsibility: a Query.

INEZ L. CUTTER.

THERE came to earth a soul: from whence —  
 who knows?  
 Shadowed it was by sin inherited.  
 Within the squalor of a slum it dwelt,  
 And fed, aye flourished there, on what it  
 found;  
 Moved, breathed in vice, and when to man-  
 hood grown,  
 The time when dreams, ambitions should be  
 best,

Obedyed its impulse: shocked the world with  
 crime.  
 Men reared to purity and worthy lives  
 Pursued this soul; asked reason for its sin,  
 And finding in such mind naught they could  
 read,  
 Upon death's sea, dark, mystic like itself,  
 They hurled it forth. A picture fraught with  
 gloom?  
 The days paint such. Who is accountable?

Psycho Vox.

A CLARION note, the herald of a new era in the educational world, has come down to us in clear, strong, and triumphant tones. The soul's voice speaks to us *from the soul*, and brings a message which will still ring on, echoing and reverberating through the ages to come.

Such is "Psycho Vox" — a scientific, complete, and concise text-book on the true education of the human voice, based upon the scientific and philosophical principles which Dr. Emerson has been the first to announce and systematically apply to any form of education. It is a book which not only every Emersonian, but every *thinker*, will greet with glad and grateful appreciation. Its place in the college, among the graduates, and in the world was vacant, and it is born of a long-felt necessity.

It is a book of vital interest and inestimable value to a teacher of any branch of education, and no teacher of oratory or of the singing or speaking voice can afford to be without it. The principles which we have formerly been able to grasp in a general way, we now have scientifically and systematically applied to the subject, and the result is a teachers' manual on voice culture, re-

markable for its clearness and precision of statement and the practical, tangible form in which are set forth the scientific and philosophical principles underlying the Emerson system of voice culture.

The graduates of the college will find it a source of happiness and satisfaction in more ways than one. With this text-book as a direct guide, they will gain in their pupils more definite and valuable results in overcoming incorrect habits in the use of the voice, in establishing correct ones, and in the consequent beneficial effects upon the health. It will give to them an added power in their teaching, and will bring added compensation, financial and otherwise.

It is a book not only to teach by, but to live by. Dr. Emerson says: "In this treatise I shall consider the human voice as the natural reporter of the individual, his character, his physical and mental states. . . . It is a fatal mistake to consider the voice as something separate from the man. The true voice is the soul incarnated in tone. . . . I would never teach voice; I would never teach oratory, if words were not in their true nature divine things; if they were not forms of the spirit and of the soul!"



We would like to quote from more of the many letters of high praise received from alumni and people of note, but for want of space give only the following:—

Rev. I. J. Lansing, of Scranton, Pa., writes in substance:—

It was my pleasure, this summer, to see a copy of your new book on voice, and the suggestions which I gained have been very helpful to me in preaching. I have thought much of what you say of thinking of the voice as an ever-expanding and luminous globe, moving in a forward and downward curve, and have gained better results in using my voice than ever before. The matter of expression is a constant and interesting study to me.

Our Rev. E. O. Jameson, Boston, says:—

I have read "Psycho Vox" with feelings

of delight and admiration. The language is so choice, transparent, and expressive; the style so exact, comprehensive, and beautiful! In short, the entire presentation is a marvelous combination of the popular and the technical in a most attractive and interesting form. And the mechanical finish of the book comports well with its admirable contents.

Rev. J. H. Ecob, one of the most prominent ministers of Denver, Col., writes:—

I have read "Psycho Vox," and believe in it most heartily. I am sure Dr. Emerson has gone to the root of the matter, as he always does. The book is ahead of the times. What true Seer is not? But in the hands of a sympathetic teacher it must be a great power. I was especially interested in the "picturesque voice." That is so true, yet so new!

M.

## The New Life of Tennyson.

WM. G. WARD.

THE Emerson College library was one of the first libraries in Boston to possess the new life of Tennyson, by his son. It is a wonderful book. Though it is worthy of many pages of attention, I have only time for a single feature.

No one who is familiar with the writings of Tennyson has ever doubted his spiritual insight, and his deep spiritual convictions; but there is an additional satisfaction in seeing them stated in prose, as a man states his deepest belief privately to a friend.

In speaking of the Holy Grail, Tennyson said to his son, "The Holy Grail is one of the most imaginative of my poems. I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the reality of the unseen. The end, where the king speaks of his work and of his visions, is intended to be the summing up of all, in the highest note, by the highest of human men." The lines are as follows:—

"Let visions of the night or of the day  
Come, as they will; and many a time they  
come,  
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,  
This air that smites his forehead is not air  
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—  
In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself,  
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One  
Who rose again: ye have seen what ye have  
seen."

"So spake the king: I knew not all he  
meant."

In commenting on this, Hallam Tennyson records: "He said to us again with deep feeling, in January, 1869: 'Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me; when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, God and the spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the spiritual is the real: it belongs to one, more than the hand and the foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only

imaginary symbols of my existence, I could believe you ; but you never, never can convince me that the I is not an eternal reality, and that the spiritual is not the true and real part of me.' These words he spoke with such passionate earnestness that a solemn silence fell on us as he left the room."

In this same volume John Tyndall calls the attention of the biographer to the fact that these ideas had long been a part of Tennyson's convictions, for he (John Tyndall) found in his own possession an account of an interview with Tennyson thirty-five years before his death, in which he expressed the ideas

which he published twenty-eight years later, in the poem called the "Ancient Sage : " —

And more, my son ! For more than once  
when I  
Sat all alone, revolving in myself  
The word that is the symbol of myself,  
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,  
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs ; the  
limbs  
Were strange, not mine — and yet no shade  
of doubt,  
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self  
The gain of such large life as matched with  
ours,  
Were Sun to spark — unshadowable in words,  
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

### To an Autumn Leaf.

GEORGE HENRY GALPIN, '98.

CEASE thy fluttering ! for Thought hath said,  
" Forbear."  
For thou art all that thou could ask or be ;  
Comes not thy life from all the stately tree  
That, wanting such, were scorned of every air  
Which, loving dark, green boughs, would linger there ?  
Shunned by the traveller, whose ascending  
prayer

Of thankful praise is sweeter than the dew  
Thy fresh heart drinketh from the glorious  
heaven,  
Cease thy poor grief, rejoice, and be thou  
true  
To thy one law and end, which God hath  
given,  
Knowing that *great* in His omniscient seeing  
Is but the filling full of individual being.

### The "Short-Cut" Home.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

I REMEMBER a woodland pathway  
That wanders over a hill ;  
It winds neath the hazel bushes  
And crosses a laughing rill.  
It is hid from the glare of the sunlight  
By branches that interlace.  
It is far from the dust of the highway —  
Such a cool, delightful place !

The sweetest songs under heaven  
The birds in that woodland sing ;  
And the many shy flowers of the forest  
Their delicate odors bring.  
And the secret of the pathway  
For the little ones who roam ?  
The charm it holds for the wand'r'er ?  
It is the "short-cut" home !

Animation.\*

MARY FRANCES TICE.

THE natural method to be employed in the study of expression has been discovered by Dr. Emerson to consist of sixteen steps, called the Evolution of Expression. Evolution is now universally conceded to be the natural process of development. This is the process to be pursued if we wish to study any science or any art by the true method.

Oratory or vocal expression is placed upon a scientific basis, when we consider it akin to all the other arts, as a product of evolution. He who would understand oratory must delve beneath the surface; disabuse his mind of the old notion that it is an assumed manner, gesture, tone, to be put on or off as the occasion may require. He must with clear brain and open heart go to natural law and watch its effect upon universal life. He must turn his attention to the human mind, observing its manifestation through intellect, sensibility, and will; and then, by relating his former observations to the latter, he may begin to appreciate the conditions necessary to the evolution of expression.

And what will his observation reveal to him? He will find that the first activity of the human mind manifests itself on the plane of life, with no definitely outlined purpose apparent. Therefore in the early stages of civilization, when the mind came to express itself in art forms, the result was simply a manifestation of energy, crude in outline, and usually of immense proportions. This period was known as the colossal period in art, and to this period our topic confines us, as we are now to study animation, the first step in the evolution of expression.

What do we mean by animation? Is

it a cause or an effect? How does it express itself? Animation is an effect manifested through the voice, attitude, gesture, of a person whose attention has been given to some object of interest, with the idea of interesting others in this object.

The activity necessary to produce animation is that of the intellect and sensibility. How can this mental activity be excited? Though the activity of the intellect is first in the natural order of development, animation is often wholly absent in the expression of even highly intelligent people. Oftentimes this is owing to the fact of a failure to realize that their speech should be used to effect other minds. Note the animation expressed in the voice of a child, as he describes some new game or play in which he wishes his companion to join. He is not only interested himself, but he wishes especially to interest his friend, and the result is pure animation. Again, who has not heard a book-agent, an auctioneer, yes, even a street-vender, report more animation of voice and body than many a speaker who has come before his audience to discharge some public duty. The former convince and make a sale because they have interested the public in what interests them; while the latter fails to win his audience because he was perfunctorily performing a duty.

We have now led up to the point which makes plain that a certain intellectual state of mind is necessary in order that animation may result. Then comes the question, How induce this state of mind? It cannot be manufactured from without; it must be born from within. The subject or object must

\* Paper read before Senior Class.

be held in the mind as a whole; a mental picture must appear sufficiently distinct to arouse deep interest; and then, when the speaker is so filled with his subject that he desires to have others share the mental picture with him, he speaks with a degree of spontaneity which brings animation into his voice.

How shall we know when the criterion of the first step has been fulfilled? We shall know it by watching the effect of the speaker's words upon the audience. If the speaker holds the attention of his audience he will arouse their interest, and this will so react upon himself that his voice will naturally report animation.

We must not underestimate the importance of holding a strong mental picture while working on the first step in evolution, for the imagination begins to act even in this early stage of development. It is the active imagination of the child often which brings perfect animation into his voice while he reports some fictitious occurrence, as real to him

as if it had actually happened. Those who deem the cultivation of the imagination of minor importance are neglecting a principle of psychology which we must concede to be a principle; namely, that "whatever good comes to the mind through any one of its functions is shared by all the other functions of the mind."

Oratory is not an acquired art, but the induced expression of definite states of the mind in obedience to the natural law of evolution. Oratory may be made the avenue to education, if by education we mean a process of unfolding, a development from within.

Expression, being a universal power, is necessary to evolution; indeed, the central principle of development is the power to express. Let us remember, also, that expression does not depend wholly upon the spoken word; for, as a modern writer says: "Every gesture, every play of the feature, every act, is speech—animation itself is the materialization of the intangible life."

## A Plea for Rational Dress.

ANNIE BLALOCK,

*Teacher of Physical Culture and Oratory, Emerson College.*

"Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord."

REASON is a mental attribute which belongs to the human race; it is regarded by psychologists as the highest faculty of the mind; it enables a person to contemplate and weigh objects and things, to draw conclusions, and to act in obedience to those conclusions.

"A plea for rational dress," i. e., a plea for reasonable dress—an appeal to women to turn this highest faculty of the mind, viz., the reason, upon a subject which means life and power. Contemplate this subject with me; weigh it; draw the inevitable conclusion, and gov-

ern every action in accordance therewith.

This is distinctively woman's age. Signs of her gradual emancipation greet us on every hand. From being the recognized and unresting slave of man, she has come to be regarded as an essential and potent factor in the active affairs of civilization. A few marks of her slavery still exist, and chief among them is her dress.

Nature proceeds in her processes of development upon the line of economy. When there is no longer need for an organ, she ceases to create it. We can



rest upon the universal principle of nature in the evolution of the race, for when women no longer feel the need of their present modes of dress they will no longer create them. When woman has reached that point where her own mind has been called into activity and she takes her rightful place side by side with man, in the rank and file of bread-winners, her garments will be changed to meet her changed conditions.

Divine and beautiful necessity will regulate these things.

A blind adherence to the god of fashion to-day holds the civilized world in its mighty grasp, as Moloch of old held his innocent victims. This exists because it meets some demand in human conditions.

In every human soul is implanted the innate desire to be beautiful; but as the human race has developed the ideals of beauty have changed.

It was the custom or style for the savages to paint their faces and wear rings in their noses — and this they did, following out the desire, born in them, to be beautiful. Now that the race has ascended a few rungs in the ladder, we can look back upon their ideals and see how false they were.

As the march of progress moves steadily onward and human beings become educated in the True, the Beautiful, the Good, ideals will become more and more exalted.

One needs only to glance at the fashion-plates of the past three decades to realize the caprices of fashion and to see how far away we still are from the natural. Civilization has been ever leading us away from nature. With the conceptions science and religion have given us of nature, it is no wonder that it is desirable for education to lead us away from it and establish the artificial as ideals in the minds of the young.

Nature has been regarded as malevolent, capricious, working not for us, but against us. The soul has been regarded as something separate and distinct from the body; and the only way to become spiritual was to crush the physical.

Drummond's latest and grandest contribution to the scientific world has revealed the higher truth that nature is beneficent, that every string which vibrates in the chorus of the universe is tuned to altruism — otherism.

Dr. Emerson, in his contributions to the educational world, has revealed the fact that nothing is true education which does not recognize both body and soul. They cannot be divorced. They are never to be separately considered. Attempt to divorce them, build up a theory of education upon this assumption, and you will find that nature will give it the lie.

The body is but the expression of the soul; it is the agent which the soul uses, the medium through which it moves out upon the world.

"For of the soul, body form doth take;  
For soul is body and doth the body make."

It is therefore of the utmost importance that we should realize that what we do to the body we do to the soul.

Slavery to fashion is the result of mental slavery. When the mind is fully liberated, the body will be liberated.

There is so much to be said on the hygienic side of this subject that my hand is palsied when I attempt to write.

Improper and unhealthful garments cause or promote nine-tenths of all the ills that womankind is heir to. One needs only to consider for a moment the structure of the human body to see the inevitable consequences of tight clothing upon the delicate organs in the trunk of the body.

Think for a moment of the exquisite texture of the heart, lungs, stomach, and liver. Think of what it would be to be

seized, dragged into a prison, and have clasped about the body a coat of mail, and every instant have the garment drawn a little tighter, tighter, tighter. It is a revolting picture, and yet in the name of fashion we do that which suggests this form of torture; and because nature is kind and in some way accommodates herself to close quarters, and the individual lives on, we vainly think, "Oh, tight clothing does no harm!"

What would the organs say if they could be summoned as evidence? The stomach would cry, "Room, my lord;" the liver would say, "Yea and amen;" the heart would say, "Listen to my rhythmic beat and know that it is I who hold the citadel of your physical being. Let me do my work unhindered. Lift the walls of my bony cage." Alas, these are silent witnesses, and the only evidence they bear of their ill-treatment is a devitalized brain and an enervated body.

The law of compensation obtains throughout the universe. "What ye sow ye shall reap." Sow limitation in the physical organism and ye shall reap mental limitation and physical ills.

Women, however, will do anything, suffer anything, to be beautiful. The question is, What is beautiful? For the proper answer to this question turn to nature, who must ever be our teacher.

American women have so persistently deformed their bodies that the perfect mold of nature is seldom seen.

The life and habits of the Greeks enabled them to reveal to the world almost ideal physical perfection. So it is to their statues, the despair and delight of all ages, that we turn for proper education in regard to woman's form.

Study the outline of the Venus de Medici, or de Milo; hold the soft undulating curves below the bust and over the hip as a constant object before the mind; then turn to a fashionably cor-

seted female form of to-day and watch your own sensations. What a shock the æsthetic sense receives!

Ignorance lies at the basis of all this miserable slavery to fashion,—ignorance of proper ideals, ignorance of the laws of health and beauty, ignorance of the sacredness of the human body, which the inspired writer has called "the temple of the Holy Ghost."

Many men desecrate the altars of their being with tobacco and rum; the Chinese women desecrate their bodies by deforming their feet; the American women ape the Parisian ballet-dancers, and bind their waists.

One cannot think earnestly about this subject without seeing that it is a moral question—one that seriously affects the moral welfare of the race.

"Fashion's slaves!" How suggestive! What, are the days of slavery not over? No, my friend; not so long as you allow fashion to be your master. Fashion, master! What a capricious, unreasonable master he is!

Forsooth, who is it that says a certain season, "All women to be considered stylish must wear a huge hump on their backs in the shape of a bustle, or they must wear enormous hoopskirts, or the hump must be transferred from the back to the shoulders, or, perchance, the sleeves must be so tight as to render use of the arms almost impossible"? Did it ever occur to you that if a thing is truly beautiful in the spring of '86 it would be beautiful in the spring of '96? Is beauty ephemeral; is it a mere caprice? Our fashions are never truly beautiful, and thus they restlessly shift—shall we not say eagerly seeking for the ideal?

The fashions are not so unreasonable as they were even in the days of our grandmothers, and certainly there was never such a strong sentiment against unhealthy garments as there is to-day.

Woman's mind is awake on all subjects, and as she comes more and more fully to the possession of herself she begins to consider first the chains that bind her, and to rid herself of them. When a demand is made upon a muscle or an organ, it must be liberated, and out of the very necessities of the case woman's dress becomes free. We are thus led to see that back of every effect there is a cause, and that outward manifestations are the report of inward conditions.

In the less civilized races woman has been man's drudge; while throughout a larger portion of the civilized world she has been considered as an ornament to adorn his home, for him to use according to his own peculiar fancy. She must have no will of her own, but be ruled by the superior will of her lord and master. Few demands, other than social, were made upon her, and, as a matter of course, her clothing adapted itself to these conditions. The custom being once established that woman's dress should be thus and thus, it became almost impossible to liberate herself from it, for "we yield to custom as we do to fate." A few daring souls during the past century, keenly alive to woman's needs, have ventured to raise their voices in protest — but alas, all too often their voices have been lost amidst the noise of the multitude! But if one soul reaches a certain height it is easier for others to follow. The way has been cut through the trackless forest, and others can easily tread the path. Thus one by one the beacon lights of advanced thought

have been lifted, and we young women of the present generation may walk easily through the illuminated way to liberty and freedom.

In the image of God we are made — think of the Divinity expressed in the human body! It is the despair of all artists to reproduce it in form and color. It is the crowning act of creation, fashioned for the utmost beauty and power. Think of the exquisite adjustments of the internal organs! How silent their processes! While we are still lost in amazement at the wonderful perfection of the physical organism, let us turn to the mental or spiritual part of our nature, which uses these physical agents as its hands and feet.

Human beings have a dual nature; they are linked inseparably to the material world, but their essential environment is spirit. Through their minds they become linked to universal forces; they become one with the power which holds the planets in their orbits.

If this be our place in the great gamut of being, is it not wise to study ways and means of increasing our power?

If the soul uses the body, and the body alone, for its medium of expression in this world, shall we not preserve, educate, and cultivate this medium?

"It requires only an army of girls animated with this noble purpose to declare independence in America, and emancipate us from the decrees and tyrannies of French actresses and ballet-dancers. Girls! you yet can, if you will, save the Republic!"

### Exchanges.

It has been impossible to mention the very many excellent exchanges received this month. In another issue we hope to send a word of greeting to each and all of you. We are most happy to wel-

come the *Ladies' Home Journal* to our list this year. It is always teeming with helpfulness, and the Thanksgiving number is especially helpful and useful.

## Personals.

Miss Mary E. Woolsey is teaching in a private school in Everett.

Clayton D. Gilbert, class of '98, is at present teaching in Milwaukee, having private classes, and is an instructor in the Manning School of Oratory.

Walter B. Swift, whose fine article on photography, beautifully illustrated with his own pictures, added to the attractiveness of one number of our magazine last spring, is now a regular student in Harvard College. We are glad to see him in the Saturday class, however.

NEILL — BRIGGS. — Miss Sara A. Neill, 116 Apsley St., Germantown, Pa., or Miss Florence E. Briggs, 4937 Rubicam Ave., Germantown, will be pleased to receive addresses of former Emerson College students in the vicinity of Philadelphia, with a view toward organization.

Miss Junia M. Foster, class of '98, presented the Emerson system of physical culture to interested audiences in the far West. From several very complimentary press notices we quote the following concerning the readings she gave in Longmont, Col. "Miss Foster has evidently had good training, which, together with natural talent, has made her a fine elocutionist. She possesses a sweet voice and has the power to enter into the spirit and feeling of that which she would present."

Some very flattering press notices have been sent us in praise of the very fine readings given by Edith May Root this summer. We quote from one. "Her recitations were admirable in rendition and artistic in interpretation. Her grace and power of expression and appreciation of what she is reciting give evidence of remarkable promise as an elocutionist."

A great delight came to all in the college this month through the visit of Miss Blood, of the Columbia School of Oratory in Chicago. It was our desire to share some of the good things Miss Blood said in her address to the students with our readers, but it has been impossible to do so. We hope soon, however, to give you a message from Miss Blood's pen.

MRS. H. H. WEYANT (LILLIAN T. HOWE, CLASS OF '92). — Williamsburg has a remarkable woman in the wife of the Methodist minister [Rev. H. H. Weyant]. Sunday he was unable to preach, and the people were a bit surprised on entering the church to find the pastor's wife in the pulpit. She read the scripture selection, offered prayer, and when it came to the singing, played the organ and led the choir. Then she preached a good, practical, wide-awake sermon, thus filling all the important church duties except passing the contribution-box. — *Northampton Daily Herald*.

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## Alumni Columni.

Mary L. Wood is in Washington, Pa.  
B. C. Edwards has gone to Normal, Ill.

Madeline Hart Tuttle is at St. Albans, Vt.

Susie N. White has a position in California.

Fred Mason Blanchard was called to a fine position in the University of Chicago.



Abigail M. Jack is teaching in Forsyth, Ga.

M. Eden Tatum is teaching in Owensboro, Ky.

Sara Adele Neill is teaching in Philadelphia, Pa.

Marion Sherman has a position in Forsyth, Ga.

Grace Hart has a position in Hopkinsville, Ky.

Agnes Olin Hersey is teaching in Pittsfield, Me.

Harriet H. Mathews has a position in Augusta, Me.

Effie May Hagerman is teaching in Columbia, S. C.

Minnie Dewsnap has private classes in Medford, Mass.

Annie M. Morse is at Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Edna Louise Sutherland is reading with the Boston Rivals.

Caroline T. Conkling has gone abroad for an extended tour.

Chas. D. Workman has opened a studio on Tremont St.

Alice Moore has been called to a fine position in Denver, Col.

Alice M. Osden has accepted a position in Weatherford, Tex.

Della Viola Countryman is teaching at her home, Rockford, Ill.

May Belle Adams is teaching at her home, Ashburnham, Mass.

Christina Cameron is teaching in the Keble School, Syracuse, N. Y.

Alice L. Butcher is reading and teaching in the vicinity of her home.

Caroline Otis is teaching in the Friends' School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mabel G. Sawyer is teaching in the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa.

Harry S. Ross is presenting the Emerson work in Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

Emily Louise McIntosh has taken the place vacated by Miss Hornick, in Dean Academy, at Franklin, Mass.

John Merrill has opened a studio for the exhibition and sale of Venetian Iron-Work on Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Hinton W. White has added another lecture to his repertoire, and still continues to lecture, making his home in Boston.

Elizabeth M. Stace is teaching in the Wadsworth Normal School, Wadsworth, O. She is also giving readings, successfully.

Winifred Woodside Metcalf is with her husband at Manhattan, Kan., assisting in the department of oratory and English.

Albert Armstrong is still in Boston, and occasionally visits the college. He is meeting with pronounced success in his reading of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." After his visit in Scotland, he ought to be able to give it the ring of truth.

It may be of interest to those out in the field of labor to know the names of those who returned for postgraduate work. They are: Ella M. Ball, Harriet E. Bolles, Mary C. Breckenridge, Cora E. Bush, Anna Julia Gurnsey, Minnie K. Hanson, Mabel Henderson, Elizabeth W. Lord, Mary Bass Merritt, Emma A. Moor, Helen Isabel Moorehouse, Emma Francis Patch, C. W. Paul, C. D. Rice, Lillian P. Thompson, Catherine M. Tinker, Marion Waterman, Mrs. M. C. Wilson.





PROF. SILAS A. ALDEN.

# Emerson College Magazine

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In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed,  
In halls, in gay attire is seen,  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below and saints above;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.—*Scott.*

### Our Frontispiece.

It gives us great pleasure to present our readers this month with an excellent half-tone portrait of Prof. Silas A. Alden, whose faithful, efficient, and earnest teaching has endeared him to the many pupils who have been fortunate enough to come under his influence. He has been especially favored in that for seventeen years he has been closely associated with such a man as Dr. Emerson. Having been a member of the first class when the school began in Pemberton Square, he has continued all these years to study and teach with Dr. Emerson, making a specialty of voice and physical culture.

In addition to his teaching, he is at present pursuing a complete four years' medical course in the College of Physi-

cians and Surgeons. This greatly adds to the value of his teaching, as it enables him to instruct his pupils how to apply the physical exercises to various pathological conditions. To one who has had even a limited experience in the classroom, the value of such a knowledge is unlimited. It is to be regretted that so much of this work has made it impossible for him to carry on his public reading and other oratorical work. From his many personal letters and press notices we quote the following: "Professor Alden is one of the finest readers ever heard in this section. He is very modest and unassuming, but none of our best readers have excelled him."



As promised last month, we publish an article from the pen of Dr. Dorchester. Owing to lack of space it has been impossible to publish it *verbatim*, which is a matter of real regret to us as it is so excellent an illustration of the fourth step in our Emersonian philosophy as applied to humanity; but enough has been given to bring us again in touch with the man who was recently so great a source of inspiration to us. While we express our gratitude for this kindness, we are sincerely hoping that it will be repeated in the near future.



It seems wise to mention the fact that we have an alumni column started for the year. It was well started in last issue, but the editor is racking her brains to discover how to keep it going. The alumni, especially those in distant places, are always eager to receive in



formation of classmates and friends, and are not slow to express their disapproval when the column is omitted. They are superlatively careless, however, or perhaps I would better say modest, about sending items for the column. Alumni, far and near, young and old, great and small, please remember that neither the editor nor her assistants are omnipresent, and though she may have an over-mastering desire to win your approbation in every department, it will be an impossibility in this one without your hearty co-operation. Please send all items by the first of each month.



At the close of this first term of the year, it is fitting that we pause for a moment and think where we are and what we have accomplished. The seniors will at once feel the force of this statement, for they realize that the time is all too short ere they will receive their diplomas, and will be known and read of all men as exponents of the advanced theories of education they have been studying. It also applies with equal force to the juniors and the freshmen. Each hour holds its opportunity, which we must grasp if we would have it, for once gone, it never returns. Then let us do our work so thoroughly here and now that we will not feel the need of props of any kind when our speech and voice building is erected. We are exponents of the higher and, we firmly believe, the true education; we are taught that it is a growth, an unfolding, an evolution, of our own power, rather than a *plastering-on* of certain accomplishments. We have never been forced into parrot-like repetition of technical drills, because from the higher mental and spiritual plane we know that the same and far higher results are gained much more rapidly by inducing right states of mind. And not this only, but a double result,

for the mind itself is developed by inducing these states. If, after graduation, after having thoroughly mastered these and the other great principles underlying our philosophy, we should deem it advisable or necessary to take private lessons of some one who is an advocate of the old school, would it not seem a return from the luminous arc light of the nineteenth century to the wax-candle or tallow-dip of our forefathers? Though such instances as the above are recorded in history, it is true they are in a blissful minority, and only occur when the work in the classroom has been done superficially, or when one has failed to comprehend the philosophy. With these thoughts in mind, let us review the work of the term just past and make some genuine resolutions for the approaching term.

"Let us do our duty, and pray that we may do our duty here, now, to-day; not in dreamy sweetness, but in active energy; not in the green oasis of the future, but in the dusty desert of the present; not in imagination of other where, but in the realities of now."



"God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race."

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THE Mind has planet-motions,  
And re-revolves its year  
About its Sun of Truth-light  
Now far removed, now near;

Could we but time its orbit-turns  
And gauge its thought-dominion,  
Such base would yield the parallax  
Of farthest fix'd opinion.

S. P. GUILD.

## The Dramatic Element.\*

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

*[Stenographic Report by Edmund Noble. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]*

IF at this hour I should consider the drama, I should give a lecture on dramatic literature. I want to look deeper than this; I want to consider the dramatic element in human life. The word "dramatic" has been so much associated with the theatre that people think it has reference to the theatre only. The theatre has attempted, with more or less success, to present the dramatic; but when we fully understand this element, we shall see that the theatre, at most, is only one phase of the subject. A play that is merely a theatrical show, no matter how startling it may be, does not interest the public long. People care nothing about a blare of trumpets, but they do care about human life; and so far as the theatre has served this purpose, just so far has it had prosperity.

There has been a great deal of discussion on the subject of the theatre,—whether it is right or wrong, righteous or unrighteous. Moral and religious anathemas have been pronounced against it; but plays have ever been, and probably always will be. People have gone to the theatre when they have expected that if they did not repent that very night they would go to perdition; still they took the risk. These people who went to the theatre under moral and religious protest went because they loved to see human life portrayed, and they found it better portrayed on the stage than elsewhere. There is something good connected with the theatre, and the stage rides on the something which is good. It does not succeed because it is evil, but because there is something good in it.

I want every person early in life to get the idea that nothing in this world succeeds because it is evil, for it will affect their careers very much. Mankind as mankind does not love evil because it is evil. If any person, thing, or business has succeeded for a long time, it is because there is good in it; it may be that there is more evil than good, but there is *some* good in it. The angel of the Lord promised that, if there should be found ten righteous persons, or even less, in that place which stands in all history as the synonym of iniquity,—namely, Sodom,—God would not destroy it. There might be many thousands in that city who were doing evil, but if ten were doing good it would be saved.

I want to probe this matter of the stage a little further. I am not a stage man; that is, in the sense of the theatrical stage. I believe there is a stage that is grander, vaster, and nearer human hearts than the theatrical stage; that is, the stage of human life,—the conduct of men and women. Many students come to this institution with the view of going on the stage. I have followed this policy in regard to them: I have not denounced the stage, but have said to them that ninety-nine out of every hundred—nay, that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand who have determined to go on the stage will avoid it if they are given a sufficiently broad education. So, instead of antagonizing the stage, I have done the best I could to educate people to be so large, so broad, so powerful, that they could not be squeezed into it. Of those who come desiring to go on

the stage, there may be one out of a thousand who is eminently fitted for that business. This one is going there, and the more education you give him the surer he is to go.

This love of the dramatic is the love of our fellow-beings. When this love takes its highest form in an individual, he willingly lays down his life for mankind — for foes as well as friends. This love of humanity exists in the constitution of man, and for this reason he is interested in human life. One philosopher, writing of the power of the theatre in England in the sixteenth century, says, "It was an age in which people loved human beings, and plays dominated the century." When I first read this I could not see that it was true, but the authority of the man was so great I did not dare to say he was mistaken. In seeking to find the hidden meaning of his statement, incidentally, being interested very much in horses, I began to study the class of men called horsemen. I observed them to see if they loved their horses. If they loved horses they would be kind to them, would they not? I found that some of these horsemen were as cruel as death to their horses. The love for their horses took the form of curiosity.

That period in which the people were most interested in the theatre presents a bloody page. In England, even under the so-called Christian queen, the people showed no indication of love for humanity. Persons may be very much interested in conscious beings, and at the same time be very cruel. Some men who are interested in horses would like to cut them to pieces to see how they are made. The philosopher says that during the sixteenth century people were more interested in human nature than they had been before. Yes, it is true that they loved human nature, but they loved it as a study. Some people

love the lower animals, and love them so much that they believe in vivisection. I look forward to the time when vivisection will not exist, except as the name of a dreadful something that persons with more curiosity than brains or heart practised in the nineteenth century. There is no excuse for it. Suppose a student learns some curious thing by it; he has lost more than he has gained. It has produced more ignorance than wisdom, more blindness than knowledge. The impulse which, in the beginning, prompted the study might have been love, but it was love that moved "in a mysterious way, its wonders to perform." The interest of humanity centres in humanity. The interest of the human soul centres in the human soul.

All persons enjoy a good story, but if the story has to do merely with the incidents of a man's life, no matter how wonderful they may have been, you do not follow the story with interest. Story-tellers are orators in their way, and I have found that he who interests us most is the one who does not tell us different incidents, say *about* General Washington, but who presents us George Washington himself. There are many stories told about Napoleon which may be true or false, but if they present us that colossus, and not the mere incidents of his past, we are interested. This same principle is true in art. A person may have gained perfection in the technique of oratory, and we may be interested at first in his performances, but we do not care to see him again. The technique of his art was used as an end and not as a means; it was not used to present the life and spirit of his subject, therefore it was wrongly directed. People go again and again to hear a man who interests them in that which makes them live more largely. The critics may say, "Such a man is not an artist; he does not know anything about technique." The popu-

lace will say, "Technique to the winds; give us a man who can make us feel something." The populace have instincts which lead them to be interested in the things of the soul. The Greeks understood this idea. A story is told of a certain master celebrated in sculpture who one day stepped in to see a young artist who had just finished a piece of statuary. He found him turning the statue, trying to get a favorable light on it. The old master said, "Do not be so careful to obtain the right light on your statue here, for, young man, it is the light of the public square which will test the virtue of your art." A critic would rarely pronounce on a statue in Greece until it had been placed before the populace. Their instincts would draw them to it if it was excellent. There is a kind of divine impulse in the instincts of men.

A portrait painter will tell you that you must portray the individual—his character; that you must get his expression. An amateur might say, "I have carefully copied every feature, every wrinkle." The great artist will laugh at such ignorance, and say, "That wrinkle is not the man; it is but an incident. Incidents are valuable only so far as they can be utilized in representing the life of the object or subject." In art it is only the soul the world is interested in; art is for the service of the soul and for the purpose of representing it to other souls. If this be true, why are people interested in a landscape painting when there is nothing of human life shown in it? The soul of the artist is in it; that which you see in mountain and valley is the soul of the artist. You are looking for a moment through his mind. No great artist ever paints literally. He brings before you what he, as an individual, sees; and forever, after looking on that painting, you can see things in nature you never saw before. That grand landscape painting, without any of the

incidents of human life in it, is highly dramatic because it represents the soul of the artist,—because it represents what he saw. The great artist carries a landscape in his mind, and when he puts it upon canvas he paints what that landscape said to him; then the picture is vocal with human thought and feeling. When crowds of people flock to see a great painting it is to see an expression of that which was in the soul of the artist.

It is this same love of the dramatic which gives fascination to the novel. Novels interest us in just the ratio that they represent human life. If we care for Dickens and Scott, it is because they present human life. Cooper's novels, in which he describes the aborigines of North America, will be classic because he has put a soul into the North American Indian. He has not merely presented incidents and facts concerning them, but he has presented the real life of the Indians.

A historian is great, not because he gives the record of many battles, of the number of lives which were lost, of the years in which the battles were fought, and so on, but because he puts human life into the pages which he presents.

Shakespeare is taught in this college, not for the purpose of representing his plays upon the stage, but because he excels all other writers in representing the many phases of human life. The universal interest in the drama illustrates the interest which all have in human life. People are not interested in the peculiar forms of human life, but in whatever represents human life as human life. They are not interested in stories of kings as kings, in masters as masters, in slaves as slaves, but they are interested in them only so far as they represent human life.

Art does not deal with the literal, but with the suggestive. In Boston some



years ago, an actor was playing, with great success, the rôle of an Irish character. The theatre was crowded night after night. An Irishman, commenting on the performance, said, "I think it is very foolish for people to pay so much to see a man play the part of an Irishman. Why, I would exhibit myself for half the money." Yes, but it was not an Irishman as an Irishman they wanted to see; it was human life in this form, represented by an artist.

During the past week the junior class has been studying Cicero on "The Power and Influence of the Orator." He says that we must know mankind and know what moves and affects mankind as mankind. Mr. Beecher could present more human life in an hour in his preaching on Sunday than any theatre could present in three hours, and Mr. Beecher filled his church.

Mr. Beecher was fond of riding upon a locomotive, and on one occasion he turned to the engineer, who he supposed did not know him, and said, "My friend, do you ever go to church?" "Oh, yes," replied the engineer; "when I am in New York I go to Beecher's theatre." Beecher's church was not a theatre, but everybody instinctively felt when he stepped into the pulpit that the curtain which hides human life was lifted, and they could see men and women representing human life in different forms. Mr. Beecher put all his power into the service of Christ,—into the service of humanity,—and this was one of the secrets of his great success. If a man can introduce human life into his sermons, lectures, poems, or novels, he becomes irresistible. The multitude will yield to him because he carries millions of people in himself, and the lesser crown always yields to the influence of the greater.

Jesus Christ was the most dramatic preacher the world has ever seen. Study

his words in the New Testament, and you will find them highly dramatic; that is, dramatic in the sense of their representation of human life. He had a class at one time; there were twelve in that class. They studied with him to learn how human life was related to certain doctrines he taught. They went out preaching these doctrines, and prominent men said, "They are turning the world upside down." What levers were they using? The levers of human life, placed across the fulcrum of human hearts. Oh, rise against them, ye Sanhedrin, ye Wise; rise against them, Herod and Pontius Pilate; rise against them, ye iron legions of Rome; but you will all fail alike, for these men represent God and human life! They represented the conduct of life dramatically, for the purpose of showing man that the higher conduct is best. Life with which to present life; character with which to present the ideal!

The sorrows of thousands spoke in Chatham's voice when he pleaded for the colonies in America. Some attribute his success as an orator to the thunder that was in his voice. Ah, but what was in the thunder, that muttering of thunder that had travelled three thousand miles to reach his voice? It was the sufferings of three millions of people in the American colonies. When Burke impeached Hastings before Parliament all the people present were in tears. What was in his voice, which was ordinarily somewhat insignificant? The sufferings of the millions in India, the cries of the bruised, the beaten, and the tortured of India.

When Webster spoke he carried off the verdicts from the mightiest courts of America, and when he lifted his voice in Congress the whole nation trembled, some with delight and others with dismay. What was in his voice? The interests of the people in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, his native State? Yes.

What else? The interests of the people in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and every other State of the Union.

It has been very generally believed that the days of the power of oratory are past; and with a firm conviction that this was true, delegates were sent from all the districts of the country to Chicago about a year and a half since. There the wise men from the east, the west, the north, and the south came together to consult, all agreeing that the country must have a safe coinage. Out came a man who made just one speech in favor of silver — is the day of oratory past? Mr. Bryan, you did not get votes enough to make you President of the United States, but the President who was elected came in through a very narrow pass.

What did Mr. Bryan do? He presented to the convention a picture of humanity crucified, and they threw up their hats and nominated him as their candidate. O Mr. Bryan, I thank you for proving to all the world that oratory is still a masterful power, and never greater in its influence than now.

Every lesson you have had since you entered this college has been more or less dramatic,—that is, the whole college is engaged in the study of human life, its proper conduct, its needs and how to supply them. In the sense the word “dramatic” is often used, that is, theatrical, you have not had a lesson and will not have. Your first lesson in

the “Evolution of Expression” was a description of human life under certain circumstances. In the literature class you study human life under varying circumstances; in the rhetoric class you study how to use language in human interests; in the psychology class you study the laws which govern the human mind. You never need to study the dramatic except in its widest sense. We wish to lift the banner of the dramatic in its wide sense only. The study of the dramatic is as broad as human life, as deep as the human soul. It relates man to his fellow man and to his God. It is the very basis of morals and religion; it rests on the doctrine, “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” How can you do unto others as you would have them do unto you? You cannot *be* others, but you can imagine how *you* would like to be treated if you were poor, if you were hungry, or if you were shivering with cold; then you can do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Your ability to obey this important commandment rests upon this power of the imagination; that is, upon the dramatic element. Who is the most successful minister of the gospel? Not he who can most accurately describe in words the crucifixion; but he who has the power to make you *see* the blood, the crown of thorns, and the dying agony, and relate this vision to the life here and to the life hereafter.

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### The Overtone.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

THE dominant note of the strain is low,  
Uncertain it strikes on the ear, and slow  
As sound of woe.  
Ah, but heed not the note alone,  
List, list for the overtone!

His life is keyed to a sad, low strain,  
Sorrow he knows, and sin and pain,  
Yet I would fain  
Heed not the tremulous moan;  
Sweet, sweet is the overtone.

Hints on Teaching History.\*

W. J. ROLFE, LITT.D.

THE teaching of history is generally a perplexing task, except to those who conduct it in the bad old way of merely requiring the pupil to commit a text-book to memory. This method is not entirely obsolete in these latter days. Not very long ago, in a New England country town, I visited a high school, the master of which was a graduate from one of our smaller colleges. He was very proud of his class in English history, and its work had been highly commended by the "committeemen" who had witnessed it. I happened to be present at one of the recitations, and had to admit that it was "remarkable in its way." The teacher began by calling up one of the boys, who, without any further question or direction, started off with a fluent repetition of the first paragraph of the lesson. This had been committed to memory from the book, and was given absolutely *verbatim*. I had a copy of the book in my hands, and could detect no variation from the letter of the text. Another pupil was then called upon, who continued the narrative from where the first had dropped it, and went on to the end of the paragraph, or until the teacher said "Enough." Others followed, in no regular sequence, until the lesson was finished. If a pupil hesitated or blundered, he was stopped at once, and another was called upon to take up the broken thread of the story. Of course this necessitated close attention on the part of those who had not recited; and those who were relieved from anxiety on that point appeared to be engaged in keeping track of the rest. The teacher had a good measure of personal magnetism, and had succeeded in exciting no little emulation among his pupils. They

evidently felt the same interest in the recitation that they would have had in a game of ball. As a competitive exercise in the gymnastics of memory it was not bad, but as instruction in history it could hardly have been worse.

Just how the teaching of history should be managed in elementary schools I will not attempt to say, nor will I add other examples of "how not to do it." I wish simply to refer to the use of historical fiction and poetry for awakening or increasing an interest in the study.

When I was twelve or thirteen years old, and had just entered the high school, the master occupied a vacant half-hour one day by reading to us the story of the combat of the Christian and the Saracen, from Scott's "Talisman." It was a delight and a revelation to me. I had read nothing of Scott's then, and knew nothing about the days of chivalry. The story opened for me a new world, with which I longed to be better acquainted; but I did not dare to ask the teacher to lend me the book, or even to inquire the name of it. It was not till a year or two later that I found out what it was, and that it was fiction and not sober history, though founded upon the latter.

It was about the same time, or earlier, that I came across Cowper's poem of "Boadicea" in one of the few books to which I had access out of school; and that also I found equally fascinating and stimulating. Macaulay's "Armada" stirred my soul like martial music when I became acquainted with it later in my boyhood. These poems, and others like them, made history more attractive than fiction — unless it was fiction based on history, like Scott's novels of that class.

\* From "The Elementary Study of English," by permission.

The mention of Macaulay reminds me of the charm I found in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," which came out when I was fitting for college. Certain critics, of whom the late Matthew Arnold is perhaps the most noteworthy, tell us that the "Lays" are not poetry; but on that question I am content to be wrong with John Stuart Mill and "Christopher North" and Henry Morley and Edmund Clarence Stedman, if they *are* wrong, rather than to be right with Matthew Arnold, if he *is* right. I may quote Stedman here, as perhaps saying best what these excellent critics agree substantially in saying: "Lord Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome' was a literary surprise, but its poetry is the rhythmical outflow of a vigorous and affluent writer, given to splendor of diction and imagery in his flowing prose. He spoke once in verse, and unexpectedly. His themes were legendary, and suited to the author's heroic cast; nor was Latinism ever more poetical than under his thoroughly sympathetic handling. I am aware that the 'Lays' are criticised as being stilted and false to the antique; but to me they have a charm, and to almost every healthy young mind are an immediate delight. Where in modern ballad-verse will you find more ringing stanzas, more impetuous movement and action? Occasionally we have a noble epithet or image. Within his range—little as one who met him might have surmised it—Macaulay was a poet, and of the kind which Scott would have been first to honor. 'Horatius' and 'Virginia' among the Roman lays, and that resonant battle-cry of 'Ivry,' have become, it would seem, a lasting portion of English verse."

Every teacher who has used the "Lays" with his classes can testify that boys enjoy them heartily. They are particularly well adapted for collateral reading in the study of Latin on account

of their subjects and their many allusions to Roman customs and habits.

There is much truth in what Macaulay said about the writing of history before he tried his hand at writing it himself: "History should be a compound of poetry and philosophy, impressing general truths by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents. While our historians are practising all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. . . . The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as the reason. It would be not merely traced upon the mind, but burned into it."

I venture to say that to most of us the portions of English history that we think we know best, and that seem most real to us, are the portions included in the plays of Shakespeare; and when we visit old-world scenes of historic events, it is often the poet rather than the historian to whom we feel most indebted for the interest they excite. When we stand in Wolsey's Hall at Hampton Court, it is Shakespeare's Wolsey of whom we think; and the visionary throng that fills the magnificent room is that which the poet assembles there in his "Henry VIII." At Bannockburn the patriot is perhaps more stirred by the poet than by any historian of the battle.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse  
The swain whom *Burns's* song inspires!  
Beat not his Caledonian veins,  
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,  
With all the spirit of his sires,  
And all their scorn of death and chains?

History merely writes the obituary of the dead past; Poetry calls it back from the grave, and makes it live again before our eyes.



## The New Philosophy of Education in Oratory.\*

MAUDE MASSON.

My subject for this morning is "The New Philosophy of Education in Oratory," as illustrated by the work and teaching of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson, president and founder of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. It will be impossible in any discussion of the principles of this work to leave out the man who has formulated them into a system, nor shall I attempt so to do. The work is the man. The *use* of these principles in education is new in his hands. The principles are old as time. Every great thinker has rested his thought on them, but no other great educator has recognized them as the true constructive forces in *any* educational plan. In speaking for this work, therefore, I would not be understood as not speaking for the man. Neither do I concede that any other man has so far recognized these principles in education as to build on them a practical working plan. That all education points toward the spiritual man I will admit; also, that there is a general recognition of the fact that the activity of the intellect is quickened by the highest activity of the affections toward good; but I find no other educational system recognizing this truth as the corner-stone of intellectual development.

Dr. Emerson has said, "The foundation of oratory is the man," and in these few words we find the key to his great philosophy. This text may be applied with equal force to any branch of education, and to any calling in life, for the work can be no greater than the man.

"Why has Dr. Emerson chosen oratory as a field in which to plant his principles?" may easily be asked; "the area is not great enough, the need is not great

enough;" and finally it may be said, "Orators are born, anyway, and cannot be made." Let us see. How great is the orator's field? As great as the world. How great is the need of oratory? Just as great as is the need of the mighty thinkers who can tell what they think. Is the orator born? Yes, and he frequently dies without having come into possession of his powers, because he lacks the opportunities which make him their master. Would we dare to say that because one is born with his soul set to music he is therefore a musician? No, we are too wise not to know that the Beethovens and Schumanns are first born and then made, and that the little Norwegian girl with the wonderful possibilities in her voice would never have become the Jenny Lind who sang comfort into the hearts of millions of people but for the hours which she devoted, under careful guidance, to the mastering of her powers. We have to-day too great a reverence for education not to recognize the weakness of this argument that orators are born and not made. We know that power of any kind is a growth, and realizes its fulness only through a constant and *loving* adherence to the *true* principles of development.

We begin, then, with the assertion that a systematized education is necessary in oratory, as in all other branches of education. We believe, too, that the need of this study is a universal need, one which is felt without being understood.

It will be well, perhaps, to say something of what the term "oratory" implies as we use it. To many the word stands for a peculiar style of eloquence which they have seen illustrated in some

\* This lecture was given by Miss Masson, last summer, at Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua, Me.

particular man or men, and one is an orator to them in so far as he exhibits a tendency toward this style. But the orator is one who has something to say, and says it in a way to awaken thoughts and feelings akin to his own in the minds of his listeners. He has something to say; he is filled with it; he cannot keep it to himself, he must tell it to others. This desire to communicate his thought to others will lend *animation* to his style; the readiness of his thought—for to be filled with it he has lived with it—will lend *smoothness*; his wish to convey the value and depth of the thought will bring a certain form and quality of voice known as *volume*; and so are all the qualities of voice and style induced, naturally and easily, by some state of mind. Present the right objects of thought and demand their expression while the mind is yet full of them, and you cannot fail to attain some form of eloquence as a result, and the form will be a true form. I would be understood as using the word "eloquence" in its largest sense, as "that art or talent by which the discourse is adapted to its end." I may say that I have here mentioned the first three steps in Dr. Emerson's "Evolution of Expression," the study which involves the technique of his system of teaching. Each of the remaining thirteen steps is, as are these already mentioned, the necessary result of the activity of some attribute or combined attributes of the mind, and each is an evolution from the step which precedes it. Nothing is learned, nothing is taken on from without. It is a gradual unfolding, a leading out of the natural powers of the individual. We believe this unfolding to be necessary in dealing with the conditions of this life, and that many men and women fail to realize the success which they deserve, because they have not learned the use of their powers of expression.

What we acquire is valuable only in so far as we can use it. The power of the philosopher is a double power when the philosopher is an orator. The great philosopher molds the thought of his day and of successive generations. The great orator leads this thought into action. He stirs the souls of men, makes them the soldiers of truth,—for the great orator is ever the servant of truth,—willing to follow it, to fight for it, even in the jaws of death. What gave Demosthenes his power over men, making him at one time the ruler of all the States of Greece? It was this power, greater than all others in man, the power to touch into life the noblest impulses and purposes of the human heart, by pouring through the tones of the voice the eloquence of a great soul. It was not the voice that did it; it was the man in the voice. The voice at best serves only the office of the reporter. Jenny Lind lives in all hearts to-day, and will continue to live, because her voice was not cultivated as an end, because the voice knew itself as a servant. The hours of practice were given that this servant might execute with skill every command, great or small, of his master, the soul. Demosthenes was a failure until he realized that the man must be in the words. This realized, he sent forth the wonderful power whose vibrations we feel to-day. Truth was in the man, truth played upon the key-board of his soul and the voice uttered the song, and they who listened recognized and responded to the tune. The love of truth is in every heart, even as the love of home. We may wander into foreign lands and seem to forget. We may even force ourselves into the belief of our forgetfulness, when suddenly something touches that chord which has been for so long silent and the heart throbs and pants to know its own again.

The orator is one with the power to

touch this chord. He plays upon the strings of our hearts, and we follow whithersoever the music leads, without asking to understand its harmonies. It is enough for us that we hear.

How sacred is this power, how important that it is looked for and revered in all young people! "I wish you," Dr. Emerson has said to his students, "to think of oratory as a very serious matter — a matter that admits of no levity. I wish you also to bear in mind that the orator is one who has studied, one who has developed character and all that character involves; that oratory is the result, not of a special talent, not of a special kind of genius, but the result of the sum total of the man and his powers; that the great orators have been the most earnest of men — men who loved truth, who loved justice, who loved honor, who loved *men*, who loved God, and that these loves made them the orators that they were."

I fear that to-day we do not enough consider the value of this power. We have been frightened into a belief that the study of oratory is the study of nonsense by the artificiality which in many instances we see masquerading under the name of oratory. We are apt to fling the word "superficial" in the direction of any institution for the study of oratory; and let us say "fling away" and "amen" when the aim is at the teaching of meaningless forms, ridiculous tricks for the voice and body. True oratory, however, is none of these. True oratory is an outward expression of an inner life. It is potential, in degree, in all of us, and has been a necessity since the beginning of time. "It is not enough that men write. Men have written the Bible, but men must also preach the Bible. Christ — and he was the greatest of orators — sent out his disciples to go into all the world and *preach* the gospel." We love and reverence books, and none too highly. They are, some one has said,

"a shouting of men's hearts from the housetops;" but it is a shouting heard as in the distance compared with that which reaches us through the living tones of man's spiritual reporter, the voice.

"The voice is the natural reporter of the soul," and yet, for the most part, these reporters are in such poor practice that we can give but a faint guess as to the deepest qualities of the soul, without an endless probing. The shorthand reporter knows that only constant practice will give him skill; so it is with this other reporter, the human voice. It must be taught to utter. We might say of this power of utterance, "The great majority of us seem to be minors, who have not yet come into possession of their own; or mutes, who cannot report the conversations they have had with nature."

Singing-teachers tell us to-day that every individual has a singing-voice, and the only business of the teacher is, first, to find that voice, and then make a clear passage for it. It then rests with the individual to supply the voice with freight. The tones will carry their charge to its destination, the hearts of men, without meeting any obstacle. They can do this without the singer's knowing that he has a diaphragm, a glottis, or a larynx if the teacher so understands the laws of mind and body, and their relationship, that these things are out of the student's way before he knows he possesses them.

Each individual is also an orator. I do not mean to say that he is an orator as other men have been orators, but each in his own way is an orator, and he wants and needs no one else's way. I mean by this that each individual has the power, potentially, and in some degree, to influence others for their good, through this wonderful medium of tone. It matters not what the occupation may be, whether selling dry-goods, preaching the gospel, or teaching; in any case

there is an equal need of a well-developed and skilful reporter. Every legitimate walk in life requires us to use *habitually* the voice which reports us at our best. Spiritual development, material success, both wait, in large measure, on this power of tone.

When I first felt the power of expression to be a necessity to me, I went to a somewhat celebrated teacher of elocution and told him that I wished to learn to express myself as beautifully as I could. He occupied the time during the first lesson in endeavoring to show me the movements and peculiarities of Mrs. Siddons when on the stage. I paid him two dollars and a half for this entertaining exhibition, and thought that it might have been more interesting to have seen Mrs. Siddons. I admired the things which she did, very much, but I thought that while they were probably very becoming to her, they were decidedly unbecoming to this man, and I had no hope of wearing them any more gracefully than he. I possibly wished I were Mrs. Siddons, but I was n't, and falling short of that, I had no wish to appear as one of those imitative creatures which, while they are our near kinsmen, and very amusing, nevertheless make us feel "creepy." I did not return to the exhibition of Mrs. Siddons, but I did return to my search for the truth in this matter. I felt the value of the human voice, and that all might attain more or less freedom in the use of this instrument of expression.

The tendency has been to train the voice through a series of mechanical exercises, to *imitate* the forms through which orators have expressed certain thoughts and feelings. Listening to the results of this cultivation, we feel that we are being deceived, and naturally consider the subject to be one unworthy of pursuit by an earnest, truth-seeking student. In this way the study of oratory has become disassociated in the minds

of many from that which is considered educational. They do not look far enough. Looking deeper, we see that this branch of study is true, is necessary, and is, therefore, a powerful element in the development of the entire individuality. We mistakenly call people educated when they have penetrating mental eyesight if looking in one direction. The educated man sees what there is in every direction.

As men and women we know neither the powers nor the uses of our own voices. "What is anything worth," says George Eliot, "until it is uttered? Is not the universe one great utterance? Utterance there must be to make life of any worth. Every true Pentecost is a gift of utterance."

Dr. Emerson has chosen this field because this is the field that needs him. He has started in on different principles from those which are generally termed true. Instead of beginning at the outside and endeavoring to reach the centre, he has begun with the centre. Instead of working with forms, he works with the spirit which makes the form. He knows man's resources to be all within himself, and that their development must be from within. Where others have placed before the mind a certain thing to be done, — as a particular tone to be given, or a gesture made, — he has placed the thought which will induce the tone or gesture. To be educated in this direction, or in any direction, does not mean that we understand certain things only; we must *be* those things. "Education," says Dr. Emerson, "is that which introduces man to his own native powers; that which puts him in communication with his own highest powers, and thereby makes those powers available. The chief end of education is a correct estimate of value, and a corresponding choice."

Again he says, "There is no other



power on earth or in heaven, nor among the individualities of heaven,—this side of Deity himself,—that can elevate you as much as can your own mind.”

He recognizes no other power in education but mind. God made the body, giving it a master, the soul. The mouth, larynx, muscles of respiration, etc., are all under the control of this master. They will obey his commands and none other. The endeavor has been, and largely is, to make the servants dictate to their master. To reduce voice-culture to a conscious manipulation of the vocal organs is to make the form and then try to put life into it. But no, the spirit makes the form. “Certain mental states will produce definite effects upon the vocal organs. The mental states operate directly, through the cranial nerves, upon the vocal organs, and instantaneously change their activity.” It is impossible to teach voice-culture by dealing directly with the vocal organs. All the vocal organs act in right relations to each other in obedience to certain states of mind. The muscles also which control respiration are affected and controlled by states of mind. It is the work of the teacher to ascertain what states of mind produce certain effects, and *how to induce these states of mind*. The understanding of these two things involves the true method of voice-culture.

The methods through which this system works to induce desired states of mind in a pupil are definite and technical. It will not be possible, nor would it be true to my purpose at this time, to endeavor to illustrate these methods. I merely wish to emphasize the fact that this philosophy of teaching is not a series of ideas floating in thin air. It rests on the laws of the mind, and has for its aim “the natural development of man, through such methods as are demanded by his entire organism.” These methods are tangible and practical. It may seem to the careless observer that they

are not there because they do not assume unnatural proportions and so become conspicuous. The machine, moving with a power that appals us, calls little attention, at first, to the methods of its construction. We are impressed by a certain power; back of the machinery is a propelling force, some force of nature, which causes the machine to live. Of what use is the ponderous iron body of the steam-engine without the steam, the power that gives it life. If, however, we examine the steam-engine, we will find that it is constructed after a very definite method, and *just* the method which serves to utilize the power that propels it.

We need to get closer to nature if we would understand true methods of education, and if we would understand what she would have us study. Dr. Emerson has formulated this system of education through expression, in the realization that one of nature's laws is expression. He has also realized that the subject has not been understood, and thus has failed to take its rightful place as a necessary part of true education. In his book on voice-culture, which has just been published, he says, “The study of eloquence has been to a great extent a sealed book. It was observed that when the orator spoke on a lofty subject his voice became grand, and was called ‘orotund.’ When he spoke on common subjects his voice became simple; this was called ‘pure tone.’ When he spoke on subjects of mystery and sublimity his voice became ‘aspirate orotund.’ All these things were noted, and teachers of oratory said to their pupils, as the orators used the orotund, aspirate, pure tone, etc., ‘We will teach you these forms of voice.’ When Webster spoke of the value of the Constitution of the United States, and used an orotund voice, as only a Webster could, was he thinking of his voice? No, he was thinking of convincing his hearers of the great

value of the Union. Shall I affect people as did Webster by using these tones when reading a passage from his speech? No; the human soul says, 'I will respond to anything genuine, but I can never be impressed, though I may be amused, by those who try to imitate the genuine.'"

We can *voice* Webster's thought only in so far as we can *think* Webster's thought. Would you have a beautiful voice? Then must you learn to pour through your tones the noblest impulses of the soul. All can accomplish this end, through practice, under right guidance.

Only an earnest investigation of this work, its methods, and its aims, can give any adequate idea of the importance of its place as an educational factor. The power that it wields for usefulness and good cannot be estimated. The possibilities of its results are as unlimited as the possibilities of the human soul, for the voice, when physical restrictions and limitations are removed, is but a manifestation of the soul. In the institution which I am here to represent, it is taught that true education and true religion are one,—that there can be no real intellectual growth in any soil but that of brother-love. Dr. Emerson has therefore declared the corner-stone of a solid educational structure to be universal love, or what George Eliot has so happily termed "the catholicism of the universe."

The results of this work are amazing

to those who do not understand the methods by which we work. They surprise least of all, perhaps, him who saw them in the distance, when he launched this new theory of education. Only those who have steered a new thought through the stormy billows of prejudice and tradition will ever realize what has been endured by the man whose success we share and enjoy to-day. He may claim, with confidence, the respect and reverential love of all who have benefited by his struggle.

With him who has given us our plan of work, we believe that man's intellectual faculties can be quickened most easily and surely by an appeal to the higher qualities of his being. With the light of this philosophy of education upon us, we believe in man's possibilities as never before. Instead of the ever-tightening pressure from without, which threatens to extinguish the Divine spark within, there is an ever-increasing inner radiation of that light by which our minds see their way to their own expansion. We are warmed by the sunshine of our own hopes. No discouragements are great enough to discourage us, no sorrows great enough to sadden us. There is no longer joy for the fortunate and misery for the less fortunate. In the light of this new reasoning we see new chances, new ambitions, a new Heaven.

### The Power of a Mother's Voice.\*

CHARLES S. CARTER.

A MOTHER sang to her child one day  
A song of the beautiful home above;  
Sang it as only a woman sings  
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came  
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;  
It took him back to his childhood days;  
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day  
In an angry voice, that made him start  
As if an arrow had sped that way  
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,  
And was tempted and tried, as all men are,  
He fell; for that mother's angry words  
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

\* In Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

## Wendell Phillips the Orator.

M. FRANCES HOLBROOK, '98.

"WHEN I was a boy of fourteen years of age," said Wendell Phillips, "in the old church at the North End I heard Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, 'You belong to God,' and I went home after that service, threw myself on the floor of my room with locked doors, and prayed, 'O God, I belong to thee. Take what is thine own. I ask this that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me; whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it.' From that day to this it has been so. Whenever I have known a thing to be wrong it has held no temptation. Whenever I have known a thing to be right it has taken no courage to do it."

Here is the key-note to the life of Wendell Phillips; here his life principle, the cause of his fearless energy, his clear-sightedness, his grandeur of character, the cause of which his noble life devoted to high purposes is the effect.

As the eternal hills stand immovable and mighty while the storms of ages beat about them, so Wendell Phillips stood while wrong had no power to tempt him, and right no need to urge him. He belonged to God.

Phillips's oratory began at the age of four or five, when, perhaps "feeling the push of his clerical ancestry," he preached to an audience of chairs, less responsive listeners than those he had in later years. Once his father asked him if he did not get tired of those daily sermons, and he answered, "No, Papa, I don't get tired; but it's rather hard on the chairs."

He was studious and quiet in the Latin School, and in Harvard College he

was a member of the most exclusive clubs, suggesting the Cavalier and not the Puritan, a recognized leader of the aristocracy, with hardly a flavor of democracy, and it seems impossible to believe that a few years later he would become the champion — the saviour — of a down-trodden race. It seems impossible to believe that when his first speech in college should have been against the organization of a temperance society (which, by the way, he killed), he should afterwards become one of the strongest advocates of temperance.

He was then in the dream of youth. He only needed his attention called to suffering humanity to arouse him to action, to arouse his latent powers — his love of justice.

This was done one day by the shoutings of the Garrison Mob, composed of "gentlemen of property and standing" (Phillips's Beacon Hill associates) who were going to hang the abolitionist, but instead sent him to jail as a disturber of the peace. On this day Phillips strolled out of his School Street law office to learn the cause of the crowd and noise on Washington Street, and when he went back again his life was changed. It had received its impetus. From that time on he put into practice the principle of his boyhood — it needed not courage to do right.

It was divine action on the part of Wendell Phillips when he threw himself body and soul into this unpopular cause, and his devotion to it to the bitter end was nothing less than divine.

Surely "he moved in solitary majesty," renouncing all that birth, education, and fortune had given him, knowing their value, but feeling only the

responsibility of his relationship to God — to humanity.

If any one doubts the statement that great men make great occasions let him follow the life of Wendell Phillips from the moment he awoke from his splendid dreams down the years of his life to the close of the Civil War. Without him there would have been no civil war — not that he advocated war, but justice.

If any one doubts the power of the purpose in oratory let him follow Wendell Phillips in his struggles with mobs, and worse still, conservatives, for audiences. Near the beginning of his career a meeting of Concord conservatives had been called to vote him down. They jeered at him and called him a stripling, and warned him against "insidious and exciting oratory." He had been sitting in elegant ease at the back of the room, and his reply was a masterpiece and an oratorical triumph. He began with:—

"I do not care for the criticism upon my manner of assaulting slavery. In a struggle for life it is hardly fair for men who are lolling at ease to remark that the limbs of the combatants are not arranged in classic postures.

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"If I enter into the Holy of Holies, what do I find written there? 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped to thee; he shall dwell with you, even among you.' I throw myself upon the bosom of Infinite Wisdom."

At the close he says: "And to you, my young friends, who have been cautioned against exciting topics and advised to fold your hands in selfish ease, I would say, Not so — throw yourself upon the altar of some noble cause!

"To rise in the morning only to eat, drink, and gather gold — that is a life not worth living; enthusiasm is the life of the soul!"

It is easy to imagine the young souls

that took fire that night at these true Emersonian principles. He had others also, as evidenced by the following advice to a young collegian:—

"I think practice with all kinds of audiences the best teacher. Think out your subject carefully. Read all you can relative to the theme you touch. Fill your mind, then talk simply and naturally. Forget altogether that you are to make a speech or are making one. Absorb yourself into the idea that you are to strike a blow, carry out a purpose, effect an object, recommend a plan; then, having forgotten yourself, you will be likelier to do your best. Remember to talk *up* to an audience and not down to it. The commonest audience can relish the best thing you can say, if you say it properly. Be simple, be earnest."

"In a public speaker the physical advantages are half the battle."

Surely he had them, for it is said of him that his pose was easy and natural; every change of attitude was a new revelation of manly grace.

Rev. Carlos Martyn, in his excellent book, "Wendell Phillips the Agitator," says, "He made many more gestures than he ever got credit for, but they were so subordinated to the thought, and so illustrative of it, that they eluded attention and seemed only parts of one whole."

"The key-note to his oratory lay in the fact that he was conversational," says one. "He seemed only to repeat in a louder tone what he had just said to a familiar friend at his elbow."

After Phillips reaped the fruits of his work of years in seeing a grateful people freed, his efforts did not cease. True it is, to know one thing well is to know its kindred and its neighbor. He learned well the injustice of the slavery of the negro; then his sympathies were turned toward that other slavery (political though it be), of women. Temperance,



Labor and Capital, in short all of the vital crying wrongs to humanity, found in him a sympathizer and advocate.

"Regal with a royalty beyond that of kings," he reached out his hand to the negro and lifted him; he sent up his voice for the oppressed on all sides and

helped them. Blessed power and purpose of oratory and orator, both belonged to God and humanity.

The words he spoke over Garrison's coffin may fitly apply to him:—

"Serene, fearless, marvelous man, mortal, with so few shortcomings!"

## Extract from a Sermon

BY REV. DANIEL DORCHESTER, JR., PH.D.

"For we are members one of another."—*Eph. iv. 25.*

WE are all fractions. There is only one integer in the universe, and that is God.

The great worlds are arranged into systems, and the music of the spheres is that of borrowing and lending. This self-same law of mutual dependence that is revealed in the heavens above and in the earth beneath is revealed in human society.

Cheap land and high wages in America have drawn from Europe the largest emigration of people known to history. Cholera in Hamburg and Russia two years ago sent a thrill of alarm throughout America, and famine in India to-day awakens the sympathies of the world.

The spiritual activities of society have a similar interaction and interdependence. Indeed, development, whether individual or social, is as truly a matter of connection as of natural force. We talk about self-made men, but, in the strict sense, no man was ever self-made; he is made in part by society. It would be difficult to determine which helped the other the more, Luther or the German language, Laplace or mathematical science, Watt or the science of mechanics. The Renaissance in Italy was transmitted to every country in Europe; the Reformation in Germany helped generate constitutional and industrial liberty in England and republican liberty in the United States; it has over-

thrown absolutism in Europe and Japan, is knocking at the doors of China, and is working mightily for greater achievements of social and industrial freedom all over the civilized world.

Though the individual cannot be separated from society, he, nevertheless, is himself a cause. He develops in a civilization bequeathed by his ancestors and grafts his powers upon his inheritance. But he must, in a certain sense, shape his own career if that career is to be truly significant and helpful. Indeed, the prophets of humanity mold society more than they are molded by it, because they sing of higher ideals than contemporary society knows. "In great personalities," Browning says, "God stooping shows sufficient of His light for those in the dark to rise by."

It must be evident to all that this law of mutual dependence, which is so essential to the well-being of society, is only partially realized in even the most civilized and Christian country of the world. As a consequence, there is much suffering and evil. England thought that she could exploit Ireland in the interests of her own industrial development and expanding commerce, but in the last fifteen years she has been compelled to devote more thought, more treasure, and more solicitude to Ireland than to any other part of her empire. Why? Because Ireland's anarchy is a

constant menace to England's peace; because Ireland's destitution is a drain upon England's wealth; because the Irish question involves the larger one of British federality and the very perpetuity of the British Empire. The Home Rule Bill was a tardy and partial attempt to heal a suffering member.

Similarly, we here in the United States thought that we could roll our burdens upon the negro while we strode along in our career of prosperity and greatness. But to maintain the Union we were compelled to take the slave by the hand, recognize him as a man, and lead him along with us. The head could not advance so long as the feet were in chains. And not until we take the negro along with us educationally and socially is there any further progress possible.

Society cannot be sound, still less progress, while any member is in distress. The part where the most strain is felt to-day is the industrial or economic member. Our ideals demand not only food for the body, but food for mind and soul, the enrichment of every human life to the utmost; the social body can be satisfied with nothing less. There is unrest in the world; there will be and ought to be until this ideal is realized.

The operation of this law of mutual dependence has been interfered with by the attempt to abstract man as a gold-hunting animal from the rest of society, and make his self-interest, defined as the desire for material wealth, the controlling principle of his economic action.

Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws of war, named fair competition and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that cash payment is not the sole relation of human beings; we think, nothing doubting, that it absolves and liquidates all engagements of man. Tennyson, describing the corruption of English mer-

cantilism, asked: "Is it peace or war?" and answered: "Civil war, as I think, and that the viler as being underhand, not openly bearing sword."

I regard the following tendencies as gracious: private capital is passing into associated capital, and associated capital has already in some cases become public or national capital. Labor is combined into trades-unions; these unions are in turn amalgamated; alliances like co-operation and profit-sharing are formed. These tendencies are gracious because the principle of all association is sympathy. Whatever benefit any one has received from a labor union or a trust is due to the fact that the antagonisms of individuals or groups are subordinated to the common interest. The larger the organization, the more its members are taught to find their personal interest in that of the whole.

The social agitations that are so conspicuous to-day are not local, but universal. Everywhere there are the same grievances, the same aspirations. Are men worse off to-day than ever before? No, they are better off; and in proportion as the yoke that weighs them down becomes lighter they become more aspiring. The achievement of religious liberty made them eager for political liberty, and political liberty made them just as eager for industrial liberty, and ever gleaming before them is the perfect liberty given only by the Son of God. Man ever finds himself in the presence of a loftier ideal because the Christ has come; nay, the Christ is *ever* coming, — "the matchless man that leads the spiritual history of the race," breaking its oppressions, moderating, refining its passions, stirring it with a fuller, diviner life.

And, in general, is it not true that whatever we hoard we waste? That alone increases which we scatter abroad. Quickened another's mind, and your own

intellect shall prolong its life. Ease some burdened heart, and your own shall gain immortal rest. Show the weak how to become strong, the vacillating how to become stable, the complaining how to be content; send a ray of heaven-born faith into a darkened mind; awaken holy yearnings in impure hearts.

Some of the love necessary to the performance of such social duties as

these we already have. By exercise and prayer it may become as mighty as the love that animates an archangel's soul. Even in Jesus Christ there was an increase in love.

Let us study our dependence on one another; for this interdependence of men is the highway of our Lord to the salvation of the world.

### Relation of Emerson College Work to Home.\*

EL FLEDA FERRIS.

FROM Home the imagination takes its material to create that new whole, Heaven. Heaven is simply our ideal of Home,—a place where sin is more securely shut out and purity shut in, where we have gained our perfect freedom through obedience to truth, and our hearts are quickened to love and appreciate each other more. *Home* is a little sub-station of Heaven, a branch department. God is establishing His kingdom on earth by the help of the fathers and mothers. His kingdom is coming as a thief in the night; it is growing up silently out of the thousands of homes where the principles of truth are nourished. Home is the preparatory school for life's work. There the foundations of character must be laid, and the child prepared for the part he is to play in the world's history.

What a glorious responsibility then rests upon the mother as the constant teacher, guide, and example! She is responsible to her country, to humanity, and to God for the tiny bundle of possibilities that has been entrusted to her. *Her aim*, then, is the "development of the personal power" of that little individual,—the *development of personal*

*power*, the aim of the Emerson College work!

Then how important that she should know the great principles underlying the work done here! How necessary that she should understand nature's laws of evolution! She is responsible for the development of a human being physically, mentally, and morally. How important, then, that she should know that man is a unit and must be educated as one; that the body is to be developed to serve the soul; that the voice is to express the highest states of mind; and that the soul itself lives upon what it does for others!

The mother must understand that education is from within; that it is to enable a man to realize his possibilities; that it is *not* an adding to but an unfolding of the mind. She must know that there is no true education which does not involve growing. And she must be careful not to benumb the unfolding mind at the outset by dictating to it, but she must invite it out along the lines of the child's own organism. She must obey the divine laws of growth written in the structure of the mind.

The mother must be an orator, too,—

\* Paper read before senior class.

one who knows and loves the Truth and *lives* it. And children placed in such a spiritual environment will never become "creatures of circumstance" in its material sense. They will draw their happiness from within, from a deep, inexhaustible source.

She must bend all her energies to the development of the great end of education, — character; and she must know that character comes only from holding the mind upon the right objects of thought *while acting*.

Is it not inspiring to think that she can teach her children the laws of God's

government, and that the same teaching that will cause them to succeed in the next world will bring the highest success in this? What a blessing to these little heirs of the ages to teach them the true technique of success, — love and service to others! That authority is the power to serve!

Will not her noble work be worth the consecration of her life?

Then let her soul's watchword be "the highest culture of body and soul in loving service to others," and the light that shineth farthest away will shine the brightest at home.

### Words, Words, Words.\*

REV. SOLON LAUER.

LET us cease this babbling and set ourselves earnestly, prayerfully, to realize but one sentence of this that we utter so glibly! I hear the preacher of words say, "Man is the offspring of God." Hold, vain babbler; clatter on noisily no further, but stop and repeat that one sentence until thou hast begun to see the meaning thereof! "Offspring of God!" and dost thou repeat that lightly, and heed it no more than any common thing? Hast thou breath for anything further when thou hast pronounced these holy words? Have thy hearers ears for any other words? Surely they would not, if they had ears for these!

O this noisy clamor of preaching and teaching! These easily uttered words, not worth the breath they cost us! We are indeed like parrots that have been trained to utter words without sense of their meaning. A man should most prayerfully study words, lest he utter any single one of them in vain. Words are holy things. Woe unto him that uttereth them without thought! The least word in all our language is a sacred thing; in it may be found all mysteries.

"Man:" how lightly do we pronounce that word! How is it not bandied about, and profaned, and coupled with low things! and yet how holy, how sacred a word; not any word greater in all language!

I should like to hear a sermon of one word; that word so pronounced that all other words should be suggested. Why do we use so many words? Is it not because we cannot rightly utter one that we babble so many? The "Word of God;" why do we not say the "words of God"? Is it not because we instinctively feel that if God were to utter but one word that would include all words? This word "word," what is it? Have we ever found its true meaning? Have we ever perceived that it is the symbol of thought, that it is the manifestation of somewhat divine and eternal? John says: "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Of this, all was born, and without it was born not anything. In it was Life, and the Life was the Light of man."

*San Diego, Cal.*

\* Extract from a sermon.



## Evolution of Expression.

JOSEPH GAYLORD.

By evolution we mean a development, or growing. By expression we mean a human being whose mind and body are acting in a certain way at a certain time and in a certain place. By evolution of expression we mean a human being, a person, growing, or developing, from one form of mental action to another, and from one form of expression to another, the second form in each case including the preceding form. Then the concrete object which we have to deal with in evolution of expression is an individual person whom we may observe, or, in case that person is one's self, may experience. There are, then, two principal ways of finding out that there is an evolution of expression and what the order of this development is. One way is to observe persons who are expressing, and notice the order in which the forms of expression appear, and from the order of expression to infer the order of mental action. We may also get the testimony of those who are expressing as to what the order of their mental action has been. We may also use the words which are expressed along with the other forms of expression as the key to the mental action. In our own cases we may from introspection learn what the order of the appearance of our mental powers has been. In the case of an individual person the evolution of expression begins at birth, or before, and ends only with death. This is not only the development of the individual, but there is also an evolution of the race which is similar to that of the individual. Not only is this an evolution during the life of the individual, but it is also the guiding principle in dealing with each new object.

Evolution of expression, then, refers both to the mind and to the body, and in reference to the body it refers both to gesture and to the voice. We have, then, a person using his voice, his body, and his mind, and developing in these uses. We need to notice that all of the powers of the mind are used to a certain extent in each grade of development. That which distinguishes any grade from another is the prominence of certain activities. The same is true in reference to voice and gesture. A grade in development is characterized by a prominence of certain forms of gesture, or certain characteristics of the voice, rather than that any of the characteristics are wanting. Dr. Emerson has introduced steps into the evolution of expression. Now a step in evolution of expression is not like the steps of a ladder, or of a stairway, but rather points of reference, or points of testing in the ascending of an inclined plane. Strictly speaking, there are no steps in growth. Growth is a continuous, enlarging process, so that when we speak of steps in the evolution of expression we mean certain grades in this development, which for convenience we consider somewhat separately from the other grades, as we might consider the height of a tree and all its other characteristics when it is one year old, and again when it is two years old. Yet in a sense we find that as the individual develops there is a certain centering of all the powers now around one power, then again around another, and again around another, and so on, so that there is in the very development itself some ground for this distinction of steps. Concretely, by a step in the evolution of expression we mean

an individual person using his mind in a certain way, and expressing his mental action by certain forms of movement and by certain qualities of voice.

#### STEP I. — ANIMATION.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to a concrete object and to an audience.
2. Interest in this object, in the audience, and in one's self.
3. An impulse to express.
4. A certain confidence.

##### II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) New movements.
  - (2) Faster movements.
  - (3) Radiating movements.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Animated.
  - (2) Radiating.
  - (3) With an upward tendency.

#### STEP II.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Continued attention to a concrete object and to an audience.
2. Affection directed toward the object and the audience.
3. A longing to express.

##### II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Continuity in movement.
  - (2) Presenting of surfaces.
  - (3) Length of line.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Changes in pitch.
  - (2) Smoothness.

#### STEP III.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention concentrated and enlarged.
2. A choice of an object because of its value.
3. A desire to present the valuable object.

##### II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Larger movements.
  - (2) Establishing of axes.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Centre.
  - (2) Certainty.
  - (3) Volume.

#### STEP IV.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to details.
2. Intelligence in reference to the details.
3. A desire to instruct.

##### II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Precision of movement.
  - (2) Details of movement.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Form.
  - (2) Forming the elements.

#### STEP V.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to parts successively and distinctly.
2. An interest in these parts.
3. A desire to get others interested in the parts.

##### II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Freedom of movement.
  - (2) Presenting of surfaces successively.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Changes in pitch.
  - (2) Slide.

#### STEP VI.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to living parts, or to the activities of the parts.
2. A strong affection for these parts.
3. A desire to make the parts attractive to others.

##### II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) A vigorous presenting of several surfaces successively.
  - (2) Long lines.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Speed in the slide.

#### STEP VII.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to the value of the parts.
2. A choice of parts according to their value.
3. A purpose to have others choose the valuable parts.

##### II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Intensity.
  - (2) Directness.
  - (3) Establishing of axes.
  - (4) Enlarged movements.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Certainty.
  - (2) Centre.
  - (3) Swells.

#### STEP VIII.

##### I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention in imagination to groups of parts.

2. Intelligence in regard to these groups.
3. Desire to produce striking effects.

## II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) A tendency to centre the gesture.
  - (2) Fulness of gesture.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Variety.

## STEP IX.

## I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to the service of the parts, or to the relation of the parts to the whole.
2. An interest in the service of the parts.

## II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Establishing the centre of the body.
  - (2) Variety in movement.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Volume of voice with variety.

## STEP X.

## I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to the relation of living parts to the whole picture.
2. A delight in these parts as related to the whole.

## II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Strengthening the centre and freeing the surfaces; that is, unity in variety.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Unity.

## STEP XI.

## I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to the beautiful service of the parts.

## II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) Unity in the presenting of many surfaces.
  - (2) Large, valuable movements.
2. Voice.
  - (1) Melody in the voice.

## STEP XII.

## I. MENTAL ACTIVITIES.

1. Attention to the pictures according to their values.
2. An intelligent choice of the most valuable pictures.

## II. EXPRESSION.

1. Gesture.
  - (1) The beginning of a system.
  - (2) Contrasts.

## 2. Voice.

- (1) Contrasts between melody in voice and absence of meaning.

In the first step we work to secure the influence of the general idea of a selection, to get this influence at work in the life of the teacher, in the life of the pupil, and in the life of those in the audience. In the selection of "The Cheerful Locksmith" we work to get the cheerfulness of the locksmith into the lives of these persons. In "Lochinvar" we work to get the chivalry of Lochinvar. The law of growth is, that whenever an activity has been shared with another the one who shares it gets the most growth out of it; that is, to put it in another way, what one would have in his own growth he may best secure by trying to bring that into the growth of another person. We go from one step to another by fully expressing the activities of the first step. The expression of the mental activities of one step causes a returning influence upon the mind which carries the mind over into the new step, and this is true throughout the whole course of development, so that each step includes the preceding step and is somewhat more.

In the whole of the first volume we deal with the general forms of consciousness, and objectively we deal with the whole, which means the general impression of an object, or some general aspect of a character. In the second volume we have to do with the feelings, with the upward-tending emotions. Objectively we deal with the parts which have been derived from a previous whole. In the third volume we have to do with the selecting power of the mind, with the will. Objectively we deal with the parts which have already been secured, in their relation to a new whole, which may be formed by a synthesis of these parts. In the fourth volume we have to do with the intellect, which deals with

the parts as they are related to each other in a universal system.

The working of the activities of a person, in the first volume, may be conveniently illustrated by cases of friendship. We first become acquainted with a person by seeing him or hearing him. We become interested. If he is a good person the interest becomes affection. If he is worthy, the affection, if it is expressed, soon leads on to a choice of that person many times and in many places. If the person is also intelligent we very soon become intelligent with reference to those things which this person knows.

The second volume may be conveniently illustrated by cases of analysis of a plant. We first have the plant before us as a whole. Then we notice, say, the roots, then the stem, then the leaves, then the flowers. At first these parts are somewhat distinct. We soon notice that there is life in every part. Then we soon realize that some of the parts have more value than others, the leaves being of less value than the root, or the stem; and we find at the same time that the whole life of the plant may be studied in the parts. Then lastly, we find that all of these parts taken together constitute a group which may be what we call the plant.

The third volume may be illustrated conveniently by taking a family. We have a group of persons related together, first, as the law would say, in a logical way, in such a way as to require definite relations of each member to the fam-

ily. But we soon realize that not only are there these definite relations, but that there are life relations existing between the members and the family. Then we come to the thought that each member of the family may sustain a beautiful relation to the whole family, may be a part which shall render a beautiful service to the family. Then by considering various families we soon realize that some families come nearer to our ideal than others, and so we make a judgment of relation of values according as a family is near or far away from our ideal of what a family should be.

To illustrate the fourth volume, we can take no illustration that is less extensive than a universal. The whole human family considered as composed of individuals who are related to each other in a universal system gives us an illustration of this fourth volume. Not only does each individual bear a relation to the whole, but each individual also bears a relation to each other individual, and this relation is a relation of meaning, a relation of ultimate worth and import. To say that I am a member of the human race, and that I owe duties to the human race, is to speak in terms of the third volume; but to say that I am related to my neighbor as a brother to a brother, because we have one Infinite Father, is to speak in terms of the fourth volume. Every meaning in the fourth volume is a meaning that leads on to the Absolute, to the Infinite. The fourth volume is the volume of philosophy.

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### The Southwick Literary Society.

THE second meeting of the current year occurred on Friday afternoon, November 26. This was the occasion of a musical and literary entertainment quite up to the usual standard of rare and

finished artistic excellence that marks these popular events.

An expectant audience crowding the great hall to overflowing met the artists, Prof. J. Jay Watson, Miss Annie A. Wat-



son, Mr. G. B. Hunter, Miss Hunter, and Miss Elvie Everett Burnett.

Professor Watson has not only a national reputation, but he has won laurels in many countries of the Old World. Not in this fact alone, however, lies the reason of his perennial welcome among Emersonians, but that into each of his music-seasoned violins, and into the guitar touched into life by his genius, he breathes his best self in each successive number. Nay, more, he draws from the instrument the combined strains of newly awakened sweetness and the reinforcing, harmonizing vibrations with which it is charged from many years of exquisite manipulation. In his direct, sympathetic way he makes the audience see again his great master, Ole Bull, who lives still in him, his favorite pupil.

The presence of Miss Watson is a

benediction, whether she cause the piano to seem the ideal instrument, the guitar to express its special message, the beloved violin to voice those soul-flights of her imagination, or if she but let one note the light in her pure, cultured face. If Hercules proclaimed his godship in his very presence, so does her personality epitomize ideal womanly attributes.

The reader must needs have been a superior translator of human moods who could gain encores so enthusiastic as those given Miss Burnett. She surpassed all former efforts in dramatic effects, in comprehensive and pleasing variety, and in artistic unity.

Nor time, nor space, suffice to adequately report the gratitude extended to each and all for inspiring vistas of achievement.

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## Experience.

ELLEN MIRIAM KURZENKNABE.

THE one we love we cannot always wed,

And life is not the thing we mortals think;

Time rules the world, and we, ere hope is fled,

Must learn the bitter cup of life to drink.

Great are the burdens we, each one, must bear;

With tears we give away what we would keep.

God help us, for we need Thy tender care,

Thou gentle Shepherd of the wandering sheep.

A strain of music, or perchance a child,

A golden sunset, or a tiny flower

Can fill our souls with thoughts and mem'ries  
wild,

Or cheer us in a listless, dreaming hour.

What might have been—ah me! I dare not  
think—

Life now is changed—God knoweth what is  
best.

May we perform our duty and not shrink,

But humbly trust His wisdom for the rest.

Oh, blame us not, kind friends, if we appear

Sometimes too harsh, sometimes too gay and  
bright;

The grief lies deep that we are forced to bear;

Who knows our soul, or who can judge us  
right?

The brightest smile oft-times a sad heart hides,

And tears are often shed in deepest joy;

A child most oft the greatest bliss derives

From some old, cherished, mutilated toy.

Judge us, my friends, by what we try to be,

Not what we are, for that, alas, is small.

On earth 't is but the outward sign we see;

In heav'n the mists shall pass, revealing all.

## Relation of Science to Art.\*

MABEL HENDERSON.

SCIENCE is organized knowledge. Art is the employment of means to accomplish some desired end; the adaptation of things in the natural world to the uses of life; the application of knowledge to practical purposes,—to human need.

Science and art may be said to be investigations of truth; but science inquires for the sake of knowledge, and art for the sake of production. Professor Munsterburg says: "In science an attempt is made to relate every object with every other object. Art always isolates objects."

At first thought, art is associated in the mind as painting, sculpture, then architecture, music, and literature, both prose and poetry; and so it may go on to all "expression of inner perceptions to outer revelations;" for this is the province of the artist,—to make over his discoveries and experiences to other minds.

Thus art is the term appropriated to the products of the imagination. Thus all productions may be said, in a broad way, to be art. Throughout the history of civilization, the requirements of society have stimulated the ingenuity of its individual members to invention of arts, constantly progressing with the progress of the race. The necessary utensils for the household, the immediate relations of life, have produced the articles adapted to the need. Then from the personal or family production was that to meet the larger requirement of the sect or clan.

But we will confine ourselves to the fine arts, in which the mind or imagination is chiefly concerned, as opposed to the industrial or mechanic arts, in which the hands and body are used more than the mind.

To apply it very definitely: in painting, see how scientific knowledge makes it possible for the artist to give us his thought in form. The analysis and synthesis of colors must be understood by him; the combining of pigments; perspective; fidelity to the truths of natural law made known to all. There must be a recognition of facts,—that in a spring scene there will not be men harvesting grain; or, as I once saw, in a picture supposed to represent life at the bottom of the sea, a *red* lobster, brilliant in hue, lying among the rocks and tangled grasses of this submarine view. The poor artist should have known that lobsters were far from red in their natural state, but he painted them as he saw them in the shops, ignoring the scientific knowledge, simple as it was in this case.

See what knowledge of anatomy, of form, of proportion, is needed in sculpture! How must the principles of gravitation be understood for the perfect poise found in the works of the great masters!

In architecture all is based on the knowledge and combination of the materials to be used. The cathedral is to be built; from the foundation to the topmost spire, the architect must build in a scientific manner; the arch, the buttress, the column, must be fashioned according to law. Physics, chemistry, mathematics, are applied.

In the musical world, all great productions are based on laws relating to musical form. The nature of sound must be understood. The science of music,—harmony, counterpoint, musical notation,—all these are mastered by the great minds who have given us immortal works. It is no mere chance, no setting

\* Lecture before postgraduate class.

down of a melody without form or reason, but all guided by scientific principles.

The symphony, the sonata, every composition, has a distinctive form to which the mind of the composer adjusts his thought,—his inspiration.

In prose and poetry, as in painting, there must be the recognition of natural truth. A vast amount of data from all sources is necessary to the writer of to-day. Years are spent in acquiring accurate information regarding some phase of life to be described. A close observance of nature and of nature's laws is what the world demands.

The great truth of evolution is that upon which all our work here is based. "The Evolution of Expression" and "Perfective Laws" are based on the natural development of the mind,—according to law. In the "Physical Culture," the first aim is "the highest condition of health and beauty through such exercises as are *authorized and required by the laws* of the human economy."

You see I can only barely touch upon these great subjects, which will suggest unlimited fields to your minds.

Thus we see that science is the basis of all art in the highest sense, for then

the productions are according to great universal truths. But mind guides all. It has been said, "Art is dependent on two conditions: delight in the artist over some discovery of inner truth, and an impulse to share that delight with other minds."

In a critical exposition of Hegel's *Æsthetics*, the author says: "Art, as the product of the creative activity of man, cannot be taught except in its technical rules; for the interior and living part is the result of the spontaneous activity of the genius of the artist. The mind draws from its own abysses the rich treasures of ideas and of forms."

I cannot close without referring to Emerson's "Essay on Art," which is so rich and suggestive. One thought which appealed to me particularly, because it is that toward which we are working here,—the creation of the ideal in other minds,—is this:—

"Art should exhilarate, and throw down the walls of circumstance on every side, awakening in the beholder the same sense of universal relation and power which the work evinced in the artist; and its highest effect is to produce new artists."

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## The Emerson Chorus.

A CHORUS has been organized among the students of our college, with Mr. Everett P. Johnson as director. Its purpose is individual growth through the study of the best choral work. The rehearsals, on each Thursday afternoon, have already afforded much pleasure and profit to the hundred or more members of the organization. It is hoped that with the

beginning of the next term many new voices will swell the chorus.

Mr. Johnson comes to us from Oberlin College and Conservatory, having graduated from that college with the class of '97. He has travelled much with the Oberlin College Glee Club, and has had quite an extended experience in choral work.

## Exchanges.

THE Christmas number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* comes to us with a wealth of information and amusement. It contains excellent stories from such artists as Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary E. Wilkins, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and others.

*The Pingry Record* is a bright little sheet; it presents a very neat appearance exteriorly, and interiorly a decided loyalty for its institution and alumni.

*The Bethany Collegian* contains a very thoughtful essay on "Friendship" and a fine paper on "The Spirit of Democracy." It is well to fill the pages of a school publication with such matter rather than so much that aims to be funny but succeeds in being rather stale.

A new exchange comes to us in *The Criterion*, from the Columbia, S. C., Female College. The work is done entirely by the young ladies of the college, and well done, too. We extend you a cordial Emersonian greeting, and sincerely hope to welcome some of your bright editors into our alma mater.

*The University* (of Vermont) *Cynic* is well managed and arranged and, its athletic articles especially, well written. The article entitled "The Jew in Fiction" is quite interesting, but hardly goes far enough. The writer states that the one element which has removed sympathy

from Shylock is the "pound of flesh," seeming to forget Shylock's own words:—

"How like a fawning publican he looks!  
I hate him for he is a Christian,  
But more for that in low simplicity  
He lends out money gratis."

Then, too, to get Shakespeare's full conception of the Jew we must not omit that sweet Jewess, Jessica, to whom Gratiano gives the highest praise of which his rattlebrain is capable,—“Now by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew,”—and of whom Mrs. Jameson says: “In another play, and in any other companionship than that of the matchless Portia, Jessica would make a very beautiful heroine of herself.”

*The Lebanon Valley College "Forum"* comes to us, a welcome friend in a new form. An extract from President Roop's opening address, "The Open Door," is especially helpful. Would that our space permitted us to copy it.

*The Normal Vidette* opens with one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, "Crossing the Bar," a good beginning. It also contains a good dialect attempt,—“The New School-Marm,” and a well-written paper on “Human Capabilities.”

*Pennington Seminary Review* contains a fine article on “The Southern Negro.” The article, coming from a Southerner seems most liberal.

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## Personals.

Miss Ellen E. Dole, '97, is teaching and reading in the vicinity of her home, Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. Blanche Fallon is achieving marked success in her work of teaching,

reading, and lecturing at her home in Dallas, Tex.

Mrs. Mattie Spencer Wiggin, '97, is contemplating a visit to California with her husband.



Miss Carrie A. Butters, '96, is teaching at the Young Ladies' Seminary, Northfield, Mass.

Lizzie Hayward, '97, is introducing Emerson work in Yarmouth Academy, Yarmouth, Me.

Helen Gertrude Davies, '97, is spending the winter in Toronto with her father, Sir Louis Davies.

Edward L. Pickard, '97, is giving proof of the value of Emerson principles as applied to business.

Adelle L. Casler, '97, is teaching oratory and physical culture in the Young Ladies' Seminary, Freehold, N. J.

Gertrude D. McBrien is teaching with much success in Fort Worth University, Texas. *The Fort Worth Press* speaks flatteringly of a recent recital given by Miss McBrien.

Annie Morse, '96, was compelled to call an assistant teacher, so large was her department of oratory and physical culture in Christian College, Columbia, Mo. Ida Maude Page, '96, is her able co-worker.

B. C. Edwards writes of the busy hours and pleasing success of his work at the Normal Illinois University.

Mrs. Grace Aspell-Dunn, '97, is keeping up an active interest in her work by giving readings and lectures on physical culture before prominent clubs and societies in New York State. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Dunn is in Fort Plain, N. Y.

Their many friends at the college were glad to receive a visit from Harry S. Ross and Emily Louise McIntosh, both of '97. They are teaching near Boston, and were able to spend Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving at the college. Both Miss McIntosh and Mr. Ross carry with them the impress of success.

We were happy to receive a flying visit, not long since, from Hon. John Temple Graves, of Georgia. Although he was in the hall only long enough to greet Dr. Emerson, still those who were present felt the warmth and sunshine of his presence. We are still hoping to receive a promised visit and lecture from him.

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### Alumni Column.

The list of the postgraduate class published in last issue was not complete. We are glad to add the names of Miss Witherell, Mrs. Netty L. Cronkhite, Mrs. Alice W. Emerson, Miss Allen, Miss Gould, Miss Greenwood, Miss Low, Miss Keating, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Annie W. Kidder, Miss Luscomb, Miss Mann, Miss Noyes.

Miss Edna S. Clark, of Barre, Vt., and a member of the class of '97, passed quietly away Saturday, November 27, of typhoid fever. She had been ill but three short weeks when death came to her in this form. As an Emersonian she was an earnest student, always seeking to

attain the highest and accomplishing that end. Miss Clark will forever remain in the minds of those who knew her as one of the truest and purest of women.

At the Woman's Convention held at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, in September, Mrs. N. L. Cronkhite was appointed State superintendent of the Department of Social Science. In addition to her work with the postgraduate class, she is busy gathering data for presentation in coming lectures, and believes Emerson College the best place in the world for studying its value in detail and *in toto*.





"ELM CROFT," THE HOME OF PRESIDENT CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON, AT MILLIS, MASS.

# Emerson College Magazine

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## Emerson College Magazine.

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mail matter.*

In the long run fame finds the deserving man ;  
The lucky knight may prosper for a day,  
But in good time true merit leads the van,  
And vain pretense, unnoticed, goes its way.  
There is no Destiny, no Chance, no Fate,  
But Fortune smiles on those who work and wait  
In the long run.

In the long run, all goodly sorrow pays;  
There is no better thing than righteous pain.  
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days  
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.  
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,  
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend  
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,  
Though undervalued by the hosts of earth;  
The great eternal government above  
Keeps strict account and will redeem its worth.  
Give thy love freely, do not count the cost;  
So beautiful a thing was never lost  
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known;  
The eye of truth will penetrate the night,  
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,  
However well 'tis guarded from the light.  
All the unspoken motives of the breast  
Are fathomed by the years and stand confessed  
In the long run.

Greeting.

THOUGH our magazine is not issued  
until the middle of the month, and a  
New Year's greeting so late as this may

seem out of place, we cannot help but  
extend it to each and all who are within  
the radius of the helpful influence that is  
constantly emanating from our great  
leader and his worthy corps of assistants.

There are many causes for happiness  
in the editorial sanctum at the beginning  
of this year. First, we are able to present  
a magazine which is not, as heretofore, a  
constant source of mortification on  
account of poor printing. From the  
Everett Press and Suffolk Engraving Co.  
only work of true excellence and artistic  
merit can be expected. Then our con-  
tributors have been most prompt and  
willing, our treasury is in a healthy con-  
dition, and from our subscribers come  
such words of cheer as spur us on to our  
best effort. To show our appreciation of  
your many kindnesses we publish a few  
extracts from the many letters received:—

From far Idaho we hear: "I would like in  
some small measure to tell you what the maga-  
zine is to me, so far away from all culture and  
intelligence. I could not teach without it. It is  
a fresh inspiration and help each month. I find  
it more helpful every year, and shall look forward  
to the first number of a new volume."

From Vermont's green hills: "I enclose here-  
with one dollar for your magazine. I pay this  
most gladly, for I make no better investment in  
literature. A single one of Dr. Emerson's  
lectures is worth many times the price of a year's  
subscription."

From sunny California: "I am always glad to  
receive the magazine and read news of the dear  
Alma Mater and the wise and good words of its  
teacher. I wish the magazine full success, as it  
deserves. It is a beacon to guide souls on the  
stormy sea of life to a refuge of peace and  
truth."

We thank you one and all, and are  
resolved this year to be more worthy of  
your commendation, to aspire to greater



things and make a more valiant effort to realize our ideal.



#### Our Frontispiece.

"Old things are best." To all except those of the Freshman class the beautiful home which is the subject of our frontispiece is an "old friend." Many times has Elm Croft opened its hospitable arms to receive the pupils of this college, who always insist that the last time is the best of all. The house is a small part of what we know as the home of our President, and we regret that the immense lawn, the fountain, the roomy barns and broad acres, cannot be included in the sketch. If it is true that the house is an expression of its builder, it is only necessary to spend a few hours in Elm Croft to realize that its architect is a person of broad sympathies, of benevolence, of magnanimity. May heaven's richest blessings be showered on you, dear old Elm Croft!



#### A Resolution.

If you haven't made all your resolves for the new year, it would be most helpful to you now and forever to make one in connection with our college library. It really seems impossible to suppose that some of those choice books have been standing there for months, and some of them for years, extending an invitation for examination without once receiving acceptance. But such is truly the case, for of the six or eight volumes recently interviewed by the editor in search of information on a vital subject, not one had the leaves cut. The books are well selected, and especially so in the department of fine arts. Why not resolve, then, to take "little journeys in the world" — to go on long voyages of discovery under the fair skies and along the rugged coasts of other climes, with the Emerson College Library for our guide?

#### The Symposium.

In this issue of the present volume we begin a "Symposium on the World's Oratory and Orators," which it is hoped will prove not only a most interesting but a very helpful addition to Volume VI. We are indebted to the various encyclopædias and histories for our material, and to our contributors and students for the labor required in its production. In this issue we present the subject under four heads: "Oratory in Greece," "Oratory in Rome," "Oratory as a Cause of the Crusades," and "Oratory in the Renaissance." These subjects have been handled by Miss Henderson, Mr. Paul, Mr. Ross, and your editor. We are promised a contribution for the symposium from our friend Rev. B. F. Kidder, Ph.D., of Brooklyn, from Mr. Albert Armstrong, and from many others whose earnest efforts cannot fail to insure success. The object of the symposium is to stimulate a fuller comprehension of the magnitude of the subject toward which all the studies of this college are directed. By tracing its influence through history, a deeper realization is gained of its power as a factor in the civilization of the world. It is easy, and but natural, to charge the student of oratory with exaggerated opinions of the importance of this theme. But a little investigation will justify the words of William Matthews: "The history of every country and every age teems with the miracles wrought by this necromatic power." We have not sought to treat the subjects exhaustively, but suggestively, to give ideas and outlines in a way to awaken a desire for a more detailed knowledge.

In treating the subjects of Greece and Rome, only passing mention of Demosthenes and Cicero was given, because so much has been said of these master orators; but the work and influence of other orators who were able representatives of their day have been presented.

## The Teacher and Some of His Characteristics.\*

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

*[Stenographic Report by Edmund Noble. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]*

INASMUCH as the majority of the students before me, without doubt, will be teachers, it is not unbecoming for me to speak on this subject. Some of you will become teachers in public schools; some in academies and State normal schools. Others will become teachers in colleges and universities, and still others will be private teachers, or teachers in private schools. The calling of a teacher is among the noblest and in some respects *the* noblest of callings. We are indebted to the great teachers, not altogether for what we know, but for what we are. When God became manifest in the flesh it was as the teacher. Therefore, when thinking about teaching, do not think of those who have belittled their office, but think rather of those who, like Paul, have magnified their office. Look forward with expectation backed by determination to magnify your office. Let teaching be evermore thought more highly of because you teach — because of what you carry into it; for you will find in it only the development of the seeds of what you carry into it.

The teacher first of all requires a *thorough knowledge of his subject*. He does not need to know his subject merely that he may pass an examination in it, or that he may repeat what a teacher has told him or what he has found in books; all these things are required, but in addition he needs to make the subject part of himself, so that wherever he is there is that subject. He should see it in its relation to all other studies and to life itself. To-day a great deal is said

about specialists. We should ever remember that the successful specialist is the one who knows the relation of his own specialty to other things. The teacher of oratory needs not only to know what is specially found in oratory, but he also needs to know its relation to other forms of education. For a free summary, he needs to know its relation to the human voice, its relation to physical expression, for physical expression, when natural, is only the expression of the indwelling mind; i. e., of the activities of the mind. Gesture is not a special and separate thing, to be learned like a game of chess, checkers, or cards. It is not simply so much pantomime. Pantomime as pantomime, that is, learning to make up voice and gestures which are supposed to represent certain emotions, has nothing to do with true expression. True expression is spontaneous, and results from and betokens an activity in the mind. There is an explosion in the brain, and the impulse it generates thrills along through the nerves connected with the muscles, thus causing expression. Learning to make gestures is not learning to talk with the hands as a deaf-mute talks. Gestures should be as natural as the fruit which grows on yonder tree; that is to say, it should be according to the nature of that tree. An orange expresses the nature and life of an orange-tree, but if you tie an orange on a spruce-tree, the orange will not be an expression of that tree, for when the string is removed the orange will drop off. So it is when any person learns a set of artificial gestures. You must

not only learn the relation of oratory and the teaching of oratory to gesture as a means of expression, but you must also learn its relation to the soul itself.

If a person is teaching psychology, pedagogy, rhetoric, or philosophy, he needs to know the relationship of these subjects to other branches of study, for they will throw light on the thing he is teaching. It will also enable him to take proper rank with teachers in other branches. You are to join with others in teaching in colleges and universities. If you do not know what they are teaching, and what methods they employ in their teaching, you cannot relate their several subjects to the subject you are teaching; therefore you will be isolated and alone, and your students will be isolated and alone. If a person knows the relation of his subject to other subjects, he can teach his pupils to know his specialty in the light of all other subjects. I would not dare to teach any branch in relation to other branches if I did not know essentially what other teachers are doing in these branches and what methods they employ in teaching them. A teacher who instructs clergymen, for instance, should know from actual study what clergymen require,—what their thoughts, purposes, and aims are,—and he should also know the definite methods which will enable them to actualize their purposes and aims. Unless he knows these things, he cannot teach them oratory. I have seen many ministers robbed of their eloquence by being taught elocution by persons who did not understand their needs. If a teacher understands the needs of man, and the definite methods by which his powers may be developed, he can aid the potential man in becoming the actual man. This is all the teacher can do. Plato, who claims to have learned from his teacher, Socrates, says that the true teacher is

the one who helps the truth to be born in the mind of the student; he does not put it there, but helps what is already there to be born.

We need especially to have scientific knowledge of methods of teaching; i. e., a knowledge of pedagogy. The study of pedagogy rests primarily upon the study of the laws or definite activities of the human mind. You cannot make the mind act in any way that your own notions may dictate, because there are certain ways in which the mind can and will act. The fiat of the Almighty, the Creator of the human mind, in his wisdom and omnipotence predetermined that the human mind should act according to certain laws. If a teacher attempts to teach regardless of these laws he will not develop the minds of his pupils. These laws are fixed—he cannot suspend them; he might as well think of suspending the law of gravitation, he might as well think of preventing the fall of yonder boulder by means of a thread, or he might as well try to stay Niagara in its onward career, as to think of suspending a law of the human mind or of interfering with any law in accordance with which the human mind learns a particular subject. The teacher must be a servant of his pupils according to law, namely, the law of their minds; therefore he must take great pains to learn the laws of the human mind. I have been asked by those who have not studied the subject why psychology is taught in this institution. I reply, "The students are going forth to teach, therefore they should know the laws of the human mind; they are entering a kingdom, the laws of which they should know." In ancient times, before men became bigoted, whenever a dweller in one land went to dwell in another land, the first thing he asked of the people was what gods ruled over that land. They might have replied, "Do you not

know what gods ruled over the land from which you came?" "Oh, yes; but I am in another kingdom and I want to know what gods rule here." So when you enter the mental kingdom you enter a kingdom that is governed not by gods nor men, but by the Almighty himself, and you want to know under what laws and by what methods God Almighty administers his government over this kingdom. If I am to enter your mind to assist in polishing it, to assist in developing it, I want to know the laws by which it can be developed, or I shall fail to do good, unless it is by a mere blunder. Sometimes people blunder into helping others, but they are just as likely to blunder in the wrong direction as in the right. In the development of the human mind we do not want to depend on accident.

The teacher must not only know the laws which govern the human mind as taught in psychology and pedagogy, but he must also know them by observing their manifestations in others. If he does this, he will know human nature both scientifically and by observation. If I could have but one, I would choose the observer rather than the one who had learned entirely from books; — however, both are needed in order to make the solid teacher. The two sciences I have named, psychology and pedagogy, are commanding the interest of the best minds in the world at the present time, not merely in the United States, but in England, France, and Germany. The thinkers and philosophers of all ages have given their attention to these sciences. More than two thousand years ago Socrates, Plato, and Xenophon were interested in the study of the laws of the human mind. In Plato's discussions on the subject of rhetoric he did not dwell upon the skill of the rhetorician, but upon how the human mind acts in relation to speech. Thus from Socrates and Plato up to the present time this

subject has engaged the mightiest minds.

Man in his early development was superstitious concerning the government of the world. Later he began to study the material manifestations of law. This study will never be given up, but to this has been added the study of the human mind. The philosophers look into the heavens and measure the distances and movements of the planets. With reason resting upon observation, they look not into the material heavens where planets rise and nightly reflect their sidereal light, but into that other kingdom, the human mind. On a clear and beautiful night when we step out into the open air and look up into the heavens at the stars, thinking that they are so many worlds, many of them larger than the one upon which we stand; when we learn that what seems to us a square inch of the Milky Way contains millions of worlds, we say, "O God, Creator of the heavens, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" As if God were answering back we may hear the whisperings of modern science say, "O Son, behold planet beyond planet, system beyond system, extending to a great central system which itself is moving round some more distant centre still, — canst thou ask what thou art that God is mindful of thee? Let me tell thee thou art greater than them all, for the human mind is greater than the thing which it contains." What did Herschel's mind contain? It contained all the systems of planets which he studied. Then Herschel's mind was greater than those systems. O Herschel, canst thou measure distances so immense and count stars so numerous? Then thou art greater than those distances and those stars. Thy mind is not limited by those spaces, and though you know the enormous distances which separate them from the earth, and from each other,



your mind is greater than all which can be observed by the most powerful telescope.

Let us notice some of the characteristics of the teacher. One of his characteristics is *love of teaching*. In the majority of towns, near a large village or city, you will usually find horticulturists; but as a rule, not more than one in fifty is crowned with success in his pursuits. It may not be due to the fact that he has not read books on horticulture, but it is because he does not love the business. The per cent of teachers who succeed is not very great. They may get a living, but what have they done for their pupils that the books without the teacher could not have done? There is a success that follows character, that opens a vision to the young mind, that quickens all their impulses toward learning; which not only instructs, but prepares the mind for instruction. But the per cent who achieve this large success is not very great, and the reason is due to the same cause as the failure of the horticulturist,—they do not love their work. If a horticulturist does not love flowers, does not love to see them bud and bloom; if the flowers are not made part and parcel of his soul, he is not successful in growing them. Flowers and plants know who love them; this is literally true, because if a person does not love flowers he will not care for them, and consequently they will not grow under his hand. Unless you love to teach you are not likely to succeed. Sometimes a person thinks he would not like to teach, and says, "Oh, I could not think of spending my life shut up in a schoolroom." Ah, my friend, what and where is your schoolroom? It is not so many square feet of walls, not so many books, but it is a room that is in the *souls* of the children you teach. I repeat, these are your rooms; go in and furnish them. A person cannot tell

whether he likes teaching until he tries it. Therefore I say to every one, "If you have an idea that it is possible you will teach, prepare yourself." I find many young persons have the idea that they will teach for a while, as a stepping-stone to something else. One wishes to be a lawyer, so he teaches until he gets enough money to start his office. Another wishes to be a clergyman, so while he is taking his preparatory course he teaches simply in order to get money. He does not intend to make teaching his life-work. Do not engage him unless he looks upon the teacher's function as the highest thing in life for him. As a general rule—there may be some exceptions—I would not hire a teacher to use the minds of my children for a stepping-stone. Bring everything there is in your soul to your teaching. Only the lover of the mind and its unfolding is the teacher, as only the lover of flowers is the horticulturist.

The inspiration of the teacher is not in the fact that teaching is a business, but it is in seeing the mind unfold. This is my glory; this is my reward; this is my happiness. There is nothing this side of the music of the spheres that can inspire me so much as seeing your minds unfold. I cannot put anything into your minds, but I can put objects of thought before your minds until they open. In one respect teaching is like fishing. You may throw your hook into the water, but you cannot catch the fish unless they open their mouths. So you may carry your subject to your pupils, but unless you can get them to open their minds they will receive no benefit therefrom. It belongs to the teacher not merely to present a subject, with his knowledge of it, but to present it in such a way that the pupil's mind will open and receive it. It is easy to tell a student facts about a study. Others, who are not teachers, can do

this if they have knowledge of the subject, but teaching involves something more than this. You must bring such a quickening power to bear on the mind of the student that his mind will open and receive the truth. The student must be enthusiastic. How can this be secured? By saying to the student, "Wake up; be enthusiastic"? The more the teacher says this the more stupid the student will be. He may by his own manner start an impulse of enthusiasm, but it will not continue long; the students may catch it for a little while, but the fire soon burns out, and they cannot be aroused in the same way again. Those who are to be teachers must believe with all their souls *that truth in the mind is the begetter of enthusiasm*. If the mind of the pupil is fully concentrated upon the truth he will be enthusiastic. The teacher, viewed from the outside, may be dull and even stupid in manner, and yet if he can so present a truth that the minds of his pupils will act upon it, he can create a tremendous enthusiasm among them. People speak of the intellect as being cold: there is nothing in this world so hot as intellect; at least, it sets all the other powers of the mind on fire. It is the match which sets the emotions ablaze. I believe that if the right object of thought is placed before the intellect of the pupil his intellect will become active, his emotions will be aroused, and enthusiasm will come as a natural consequence.

The next characteristic of the teacher which I will mention is that of *belief in his pupils*. At first, pupils catch their faith from the inspiration given them by the teacher. If he believes in them they will believe in themselves. To parents I would say, If you would have your son noble, believe him to be so; never doubt him. If you feel doubts springing up in your mind, crush

them; for remember that the activities going on in your mind will soon communicate themselves to the mind of the child. I believe there are many children who are first swerved from the road of truth and virtue because their fathers and mothers did not believe in them. There is nothing else which will make a boy so manly as to believe in him; to let him know that you believe in him, — believe that he will put forth his utmost effort to become great and good. If we investigate the conditions of those who have gone down to ruin in this world, we shall find a large per cent of them might have been saved if somebody had believed in them. It is all very well to place guards and restraints over children and people, but it is not by guards and restraints that we are to teach — it is by faith. The Bible says, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." You cannot please him as a teacher unless you have faith in his laws as manifested in the human mind.

Very often a boy is stupid because his parents and teachers have no faith in his intelligence. That which made Henry Ward Beecher the great preacher he was was largely due to the fact that his father believed that he had intelligence enough to become something more than a common sailor. Young Henry had reasoned to himself something like this: "Here I am, fourteen years old, and I can't talk plainly; nobody understands what I say; if I am sent on an errand it takes a person a long time to understand what I came for. My tongue is so large I can never talk plainly, so I might just as well go to sea and become a sailor." Henry's father was a successful teacher, so he knew how to guide Henry's mind. He said to him, "Sure enough, why not become a sailor, Henry? However, you do not want to remain a common

sailor forever; you want to be an admiral sometime, and in order to hold that office you need to study." Henry, inspired by the idea of being an admiral, cheerfully took up his studies in a preparatory school; and that night the father, in conversation with his wife, said, "I will make a preacher of that boy yet." If Dr. Beecher had said, "Oh dear me, has it come to this, that my boy should want to be a common sailor? Why, his sainted mother, just before her death, consecrated him to God, and prayed that he should become a minister," the world would have been deprived of the greatest pulpit orator since St. Paul.

Many teachers seek to suppress their pupils. The devil was never suppressed; he has that elastic quality which enables him to bound the higher when he is suppressed. The teacher should put high and noble thoughts before the minds of his pupils. When this is done watch the effect, and you will see the crooked becoming straight. If you take this course with your pupils, all their higher faculties will respond. I have heard teachers say that the worst pupils to deal with were those who are conceited. Those who feel this way think that the first thing to do with such a boy is to "take him down." Why, I rather enjoy it when a boy, young or old, comes to me with a great deal of conceit. When his conceit is flowing, I step in on the tide of it and get at him through that very quality. In that conceit there is a kind of ambition. Put the right object before his mind and he will say to himself, "Now if I learn that, I shall have something to be conceited about." Before the boy finishes that study somehow the conceit oozes out, because the truth comes in to take its place. Remember, teachers, that the straight road to humility is through scholarship.

We will now consider the higher traits of the teacher's character. The first trait I will mention is *pure-mindedness*. A noble character looks for the pure and sees it. If he looks out upon the landscape he sees flowers, not weeds. If there are weeds in that landscape, when seen through his eyes they change to flowers. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." They are seeing him every moment, because it is the law of human nature to find what it looks for. If we look for purity we will find it; if we look for vileness we will find it because we have put a mote in our own eyes.

Another of the higher characteristics which I wish to dwell upon for a moment is *rising ideals*. The teacher's ideals are constantly rising. Following one ideal points him to higher ones. A traveller climbing a mountain must ascend one elevation before he can see the next; when he has reached that he sees how to wind his way to the next as it then arises before his vision. If a person will but follow the ideal which he perceives he will be enabled to climb to another still higher, which in turn will become only a step from which to view the next table-land above.

Another characteristic of the teacher is *the sense of responsibility for the welfare of others*. The constant exercise of this sense will at last develop a habit. The teacher need not say to himself, "Oh, now I will be responsible for everybody else," but by working for others the sense of responsibility is developed.

The next characteristic of the teacher which I will mention is an *all-conquering love*, not only for his students, but for all conscious being. Some teachers think the only way to govern their schools is to make their pupils fear them. If a teacher takes this course, he does it because of his own fear of his pupils. Those who take this attitude

are constantly looking out to see if their pupils are not doing something wrong, and the pupils are very apt to gratify them. For this fear the teacher should substitute an all-conquering love for his pupils. The scriptures speak of a love that casteth out all fear. The true teacher loves his pupils so much that he is not afraid that they will not study, that they will not do the right thing. The day of the whipping-post has passed from the government, and the day of the rawhide has all but passed from the schoolroom. The teacher must have a love for his pupils that knows no discrimination. The teacher is always asked to be impartial; the real teacher is impartial. If his own children are in the class he has no more interest in their welfare than in the welfare of the other children. The main root of every great enterprise is love.

*The great teacher is the great man;* is the man who lives with an eye single to the glory of God. What is the glory of God? The welfare of his children. It is not the hymn of praise sung by a chorus of men and women; not a hymn sounded by a church organ nor by trumpets of the redeemed; it is the welfare of his children. He who has an eye single to the welfare of all with whom he comes in contact has an eye single to the glory of God.

I should like to leave in your mind this text and what it suggests: "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John . . . they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus" (Acts iv. 13). Jesus was not with his disciples long enough to tell them everything; therefore most of his teaching was what he gave them by his presence. Their minds grew by being in his presence. This is the great thing in the teacher. His pupils are helped by the instruction he gives them;

they are helped infinitely more because they are with him. "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus," not from the things they said, but because of their characteristics.

Character teaches above our wills; therefore it is not so important what you study as with whom you study. The thoughts and purposes which stir the depths of the teacher's soul will ultimately become the pupil's outspoken word and committed act. The teacher may for a time conceal his inward life from observation, but look on his pupils and they will reveal it. Christ said to his disciples, "Ye are my epistles, known and read of all men." The teacher bears fruit, and his fruit is in the life, conduct, and success of his pupils. If he lives under the command of the highest law and thereby rides upon the powers of the universe and is carried upon these powers as in a chariot, then his pupils will ride in the chariot of success.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, and you cannot help it. What you are others will be who come into contact with you. The teacher must live on the Mount of Transfiguration if he would reflect the light of the highest. What I have said in regard to the teacher is true of every other individual. I have only used the teacher as representative of the laws of human life; for in one sense or another we are all teachers. These deep spiritual currents, these rising waves within the soul, flowing through us to other minds, are ever reaching out and onward. See that ocean wave; it seems as if you could watch it until it reaches the shore. Not so. The water itself does not move onward; it responds to an impulse given it and then imparts its impulse to the water next it, and so the motion proceeds, the water remaining, but the waves going ever forward. The same principle is true of the human soul.



When one man's soul is exalted by the perception of a great truth this exaltation strikes the next soul, then on to the next, and so it goes—never stopping, because humanity never ends. The shore of humanity is only in eternity, and even there it finds no limit, but goes on forever. One of the greatest scientists of this country, President Hitchcock, once said that he who moves a particle of air with his finger moves all the air on the globe. The one particle moves the next particle to it, and that moves another, and so it goes on until the influence is spread all over the planet. Nor is this all. There is the luminiferous ether whose vibrations travel through space. So these influences go out to the remotest boundary of the universe, even through eternity; and standing as we do in the midst of the sea of being, an action which takes place in us becomes an impulse in others, and from others it goes on endlessly, duration without limit.

At the close of the lecture Dr. Emerson offered some remarks on the subject of Christmas presents:—

In this institution, some years ago, I endeavored to establish a custom concerning Christmas presents. To whom should we give Christmas presents? *To those in absolute need.* "The poor have the gospel preached to them." What

does the word "gospel" mean? It means good news. What is good news to the poor? Let us see. There is a hungry child,—what would be gospel to him? What would be good news to him? There is a boy who wants something to eat, or he wants to be clothed. That boy wants to look as well as other boys. Think of him there; how bare and cold his little feet are! This year it seems as if Providence had kept away the cold somewhat because of the poor. They have no money to buy fuel and warm clothing. Just think of it; fuel and warm clothing! While you are warm they are shivering. To your friend who is well dressed and comfortable, who is suffering neither hunger nor cold, you are about to make a present worth a dollar, ten dollars, or possibly thirty dollars; it may be it is only ten cents; but think what that money would do for those who are hungry and shivering. You are in a great city. It is said that one part of the world does not know how the other part lives. Perhaps you do not realize how much suffering there is; but seek some means of letting the God who made you know that you are following his Son in carrying out the ways of love and good-will to men; and if you do this to your best ability the morning stars will again form a chorus of song of "peace on earth, good will to men,"—and especially to the poor.

### Enwakened.

M. FRANCES HOLBROOK, '98.

A WORM crawled up on my arm one day  
As I sat neath the leaves in June;  
With a shudder I brushed it away  
And killed it — ah! what had I done?

I idly snatched a leaf from a tree  
And tore it all into a shred;  
For I did not pause to think — ah me!  
Of the trembling twig that bled.

I stole an egg from a robin's nest,  
So beautifully blue, and fair;

I hushed a song and brought unrest  
To a mother-heart. Did I care?

Not till Love with his wondrous wand  
Touched gently my blind eyes for me,  
And said in a voice of kind command,  
"Open them, dear, and see."

Then I saw life on every side,—  
A soul in the worm, and leaf, and bird;  
Through Love, with his wand all deified,  
I saw, and felt, and heard.

## Symposium: The World's Oratory and Orators.

### Oratory in Greece.

LUELLA PHILLIPS.

Whom shall I set so great a man to face?  
Or whom oppose? who's equal to the place?  
—ÆSCHYLUS.

How many right royal memories and associations flock into our mental consciousness at mention of that word, Greece! How like magic we seem to be transported into another clime and age! We are near Mt. Olympus, and stand in awe and wonder while in our imaginations the gods are thundering out their commands even to the elements themselves. We recall the wonderful feats of her heroes, and accompany Hercules in his wanderings. We remember with reverence that it is the home of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, that here the arts and sciences first received the nurture which has so abundantly enriched the world, and we indulge in "great expectations" as we begin to trace the history of its oratory and orators.

Owing to the fact that early Grecian history is enveloped in the clouds of myth and fable, and excellent authorities differ so widely as to dates and names, it is somewhat difficult to trace the influence of oratory systematically and exhaustively. It is only necessary, however, to glance at the biographies of some of her great men to be convinced that the country so rich in the exponents of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture is equally opulent in its masterpieces of eloquence.

A glance at the physical features of the country, noting the high mountains and small enclosed plains open to the sea, helps to an appreciation of some of the characteristics of the inhabitants.

Such environments, naturally tend to produce a bold, adventurous people, who were lovers of liberty. Glancing again at the history of the nation, observing how many attacks were made on its liberty, and the wars occasioned for its defence, and remembering that *the love of liberty is the mother of oratory*, we find ample occasion for the exercise of this art.

The vivacity and sensibility of the Greeks seem to have been much greater than ours, and to have given them a higher relish for oratory. They aspired to a more sublime degree of eloquence than has since been acquired. Theirs was the vehement, passionate kind, by which they endeavored to inflame the mind, and hurry the imaginations away. In these times, too, the orator had greater scope for his powers. The laws were few and simple, and the judges were vested with larger powers, and governed to a great extent by equity and common sense, so that an advocate had larger opportunity for the display of his eloquence than if he were hedged about by strict laws.

Originally, oratory was not an artistic acquirement, but a natural power, without which it was impossible to conceive a man of intellectual mark in the community. As the affairs of public life became more complicated, there were greater demands; a special preparation seemed necessary, and schools were founded which gave theoretical instruction in the art.

We are told that the first men who reduced oratory to a system capable of

being taught appeared among the Sicilian Greeks, who, according to ancient history, were distinguished for their keenness of understanding and their love of disputation. The Syracusan Corax (500 B. C.) is supposed to have been the first to prepare systematic rules for forensic speeches, and preserve them in a manual of rhetoric. His pupil, Tisias (480 B. C.), and after him Gorgias, further cultivated it and carried it to Athens. The practice of oratory had been familiar in Athens and throughout Greece long before this, but it had not been reduced to technical rules.

Pericles was a conspicuous representative of the art in Athens, and it was further cultivated by the Sophists, whose instructions were enjoyed by those Athenians who desired to become expert in public speaking.

Every citizen of Athens who aspired to take part in public affairs was required to have some skill in this art, and an Athenian audience looked upon public debate as a trial of proficiency in a fine art. Hence the speaker, no less than the writer, was a student of finished expression, and oratory had a pronounced influence on the structure of literary prose. "In a Greek speech, the main lines of the subject were ever firm; they were never lost amid the flowers of picturesque luxuriance."

Oratory, more than any other of the arts, was intertwined in its growth with the genius of the Athenians and with their constitution, so that every progress of culture was at the same time a step in its development.

Antiphon was the first Athenian who, besides imparting instruction in the art of oratory, applied it practically to speaking in assemblies and courts, and published speeches as patterns for study. He was the first of the "Ten Attic Orators." Androcides, the second

of the number, displays a style that is still uninfluenced by the teachings of the age. Lysias is the first really classical orator of the age; "his style was pure, highly figured, copious, smooth, and strong," with a perfect mastery of the common language of every-day life.

Isocrates is reckoned as the father of artistic oratory; he was a master in "the careful choice of words, in the rounding off and rhythmical formation of periods, in the apt employment of figures of speech, and in everything which lends charm to language." Among his numerous pupils was Isæus, who is said to have followed Lysias in his general method, though he shows a more matured skill in the adaptation of oratorical resources. It was in Isæus's pupil that the highest point was attained, the greatest orator of antiquity, and, in fact, of all the ages — Demosthenes.

Next to Demosthenes comes his political opponent and enemy, Æschines. Some of the finest specimens of language are found in the orations of these two artists. The famous contest on the "Crown," between Æschines and Demosthenes (330 B. C.), gave occasion for the masterpieces of the two orators.

The number of the "Ten Orators" is completed by their contemporaries Hyperides, Lycurgus, and Dinarchus. They regarded oratory as the mastery over the employment of all means which can serve to produce a decided conviction in the listener. Theirs was a noble work, and nobly was it carried on until the nation was obliged to render up its liberty.

As we have found our ideals in nearly every branch of education in this land of romance, as it has furnished to the world its greatest poet, philosopher, and sculptor, it has also furnished its greatest orators.

## Oratory of Rome.

CHARLES W. PAUL.

THE early Romans were a rude and comparatively illiterate people, whose energies were mainly devoted to warfare. The crude and vigorous speeches of their leaders were, however, well calculated to stimulate patriotism and animate with martial courage. And, next to the profession of arms, oratory opened the most direct path to fortune and honor. From time to time speakers of grace and fluency appeared, and rhetorical embellishments began to be used. Cethegus, Lælius, Galba, and Scipio were the ablest speakers during this early period.

But not until Rome became mistress of Athens, and Grecian learning was introduced, did oratory upon the banks of the Tiber become a fine art. Then followed a period in which the politics of Rome grew turbulent; disputes arose between patricians and plebeians; the land question was agitated; corrupt officials were impeached, and a new and unparalleled demand was created for both political and forensic oratory. The tempting premium thus placed upon eloquence led to assiduous study under Grecian rhetoricians. It was the custom to introduce the young aspirant for oratorical honors to one of the leading advocates in the city, whom he thenceforth attended whenever called to plead a case or address an audience. The training thus received was of a most practical nature, for the student was enabled to hear all the prominent speakers of his time, and to judge of effects produced upon "an audience ever full and ever new, composed of foes as well as of friends, and amongst whom not a single expression could fall but was either censured or applauded."

Other means of instruction were fur-

nished by the organization of debating societies and the founding of a school of declamation.

Tiberius Gracchus, who stirred Rome with his seditious eloquence, was thoroughly trained under the ablest masters; but his factious oratory and bitter denunciation of the rich cost him his life. His brother, Caius Gracchus, had equal notoriety, and was likewise a violent demagogue. It is said that he was often so dominated by the violence of his passions while speaking that he would raise his voice to a high pitch and give way to abusive language, and thus seriously mar his discourse. To guard against these excesses he stationed a slave behind him with an ivory flute, which gave a modulated tone, suggesting the proper pitch for his voice. This practice might be termed placing an object for thought behind the speaker—not "placing an object of thought before the speaker."

Lucinius Crassus and Marcus Antonius were the first Romans to rival the glory of Grecian eloquence. Antonius was the most popular orator of his time. He was the grandfather of the famous triumvir, and, curiously enough, the following description, by Cicero, of the elder Antony seems to apply equally well to the younger Antony, portrayed by Shakespeare: "He had a frankness of manner which precluded any suspicion of artifice. All his speeches were in appearance the unpremeditated effusions of an honest heart; and yet in reality they were preconcerted with much skill." He "comprehended everything which could be of service to his cause, and arranged his material in the most advantageous order." He "had an admirable turn for suggesting appo-



site hints and either suppressing or exciting the suspicion of the hearer."

Note the parallel policy implied in the following passages. The first is Cicero's account of the defence of Aquilius by Antony. The second consists of extracts from Antony's address to the mob, in the play of Julius Cæsar:

"Seeing his client, who had once been consul and leader of armies, reduced to a state of the utmost dejection and peril, he had no sooner begun to speak, with a view towards melting the compassion of others, than he was melted himself. Perceiving the emotion of the judges when he raised his client from the earth, on which he had thrown himself, he instantly took advantage of this favorable feeling. He tore open the garments of Aquilius, and showed the scars of those wounds which he had received in the service of his country. Even the stern Marius wept. Him the orator then apostrophized, imploring his protection, and invoking with many tears the gods, the citizens, and the allies of Rome."

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

You all did love him once, not without cause.

Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

(I) Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,  
poor, dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity.

Judge, O you gods!

Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?

Antony, Sr., was wily enough not to allow his orations to be published, lest he might appear inconsistent in the light of later utterances. Antony, Jr., is reported to have invented and interpolated the clause in Cæsar's will concerning the bequest to the populace, which so potently aided him in wielding the mob.

Was Shakespeare conversant with Cicero's description of the grandfather, or was his model the historical triumvir, actually possessing, through heredity, these traits of character?

Crassus was the great rival of the elder Antonius. He was the most elegant speaker who had ever graced the Forum.

Cotta and Sulpicius were the next to achieve oratorical distinction. The latter was possessed of splendid natural qualifications, and was called the most tragic orator Rome had known. But he at length espoused the cause of the cruel Marius and became a tyrant; and met a tyrant's fate.

Then came Hortensius, who "delighted and astonished his fellow-citizens" and eclipsed the fame of all his predecessors. For many years he was the greatest forensic orator in Rome, and the acknowledged leader of the Roman bar. Cicero says: "Nature had given him so happy a memory that he never had need of committing to writing any discourse which he had meditated; while, after his opponent had finished speaking, he would recall, word by word, not only what others had said, but also the authorities which had been cited against himself." To test his memory, he once spent a day at a public auction, and, at its conclusion, repeated in exact accord with the clerk's account *what had been sold, to whom, and at what price*. Cicero also says: "His industry was indefatigable; his diction was elegant, noble, and rich; his voice was strong and pleasing; his *gestures care-*

*fully studied.*" What wonder, then, that, according to Macrobius, his affected gestures were much ridiculed by his contemporaries.

His daughter, Hortensia, inherited some of her father's ability, and when the triumvirs Octavius, Lepidus, and Antonius had imposed a tax upon the Roman matrons, and no advocate could be found brave enough to publicly oppose the law, Hortensia came to the front, as the champion of her sex, and made such an eloquent and effective defence that the greater part of the tax was remitted.

Calvus was a contemporary of Hortensius, and excelled in "the soft and polished language in which he arrayed his exquisitely delicate sentiments."

While Hortensius was still in the zenith of his fame, Rome's brightest star of eloquence arose. It shone with dazzling splendor in a glittering constellation until at last obscured by the black clouds of anarchy. But Cicero's oratory was but one expression of a great man. He was proficient in all departments of knowledge. He was a statesman, a philanthropist, a writer, and a philosopher. It is maintained that he was the greatest of the Romans.\*

The courts of justice, in the later years of the republic, were exceedingly corrupt, and the fate of the prisoner lay, not in the facts deduced, nor in the laws of the nation, but in the power of oratory to stir the passions or awaken the pity of the judges. Rome was, at this time, practically "Mistress of the World," and trials of oppressive governors—parallels to the impeachment of Warren Hastings—were not uncommon. Better opportunities for the exercise of eloquence can hardly be conceived.

The place, too, where the courts were held had in its surroundings strong incentives to eloquence. It lay between hills covered with sumptuous edifices.

On one side of the oblong square stood the ancient senate-house, the Comitium, and the temple of Romulus. From the opposite side rose the Capitol, decked with porticos, and crowned with the temple of the tutelar divinity. The other sides were magnificent in piazzas, basilicas, and triumphal arches, hung with trophies gained from vanquished nations, and adorned with statues of beloved and honored countrymen. For centuries this spot had been the scene of political strife, factions, intrigues, crimes, revolutions, and triumphal celebrations of a great people. Every foot of ground was consecrated to the memory of some great incident in their domestic history. There flocked the populace in vast numbers whenever any important trial was to occur. They followed the words of the speaker with shouts of approval, or expressions of indignation and rage. The orator, realizing his tremendous responsibility, often ascended the rostrum with fear and trembling. His magnificent productions were the result of careful preparation and the inspiration of his surroundings.

In the Comitium, too, where the people deliberated upon their laws, important questions were decided by excited appeals to the passions and prejudices of the masses.

But to the Roman Senate is largely due the character and greatness of Latin oratory. This august assembly was composed of several hundred men of ability and distinction. It dealt with the weightiest subjects and most momentous issues of the vast Roman world. Before it were delivered the great Ciceronian masterpieces. It even cast a dignifying influence upon proceedings in the Comitium and Forum. Thus gravity and magnificence became characteristics of Roman oratory. But its glory perished with the republic; for Liberty and Eloquence are twin sisters, to whom alike freedom is life and tyranny is death.

\* See President Emerson's lecture on Cicero.

### Oratory in the Crusades.

HARRY S. ROSS,

*Instructor in Elocution and English, Worcester Academy.*

HISTORIANS in the past have dealt largely with effects instead of causes; but the more modern writers show a decided tendency to dig deeper and expose the roots of great movements.

They do not deal exclusively with kings, courts, military pageants, and wars, but strive to present the meaning that stands back of these symbols. The lives of the great mass of the people engage their attention, and we begin to see that more enduring history is made in times of peace than when the gate of Janus stands ajar. Wars are interesting only when we get back of them to the ideas and passions which they represent. Wars are but the upheaval and outburst of forces that have been gathering strength through long years. We now ask why the mine was dug and how the train was fired, rather than concern ourselves with the more spectacular moment of touching the spark to it.

The great semi-religious, semi-military movement of the Middle Ages, called the Crusades, furnishes a good example of the overflow of pent-up forces that had been gathering for several centuries.

The aim of this article is more specifically to show the influence of oratory at the time when this great movement found expression upon the history of that day. The Bible and the Koran ruled the world of the Middle Ages. The Empire of the East held in its desecrating hands all that was holy in the belief of the Western Church.

Christendom, rent with jealousies of state, oppressed by cruel rulers, cursed by the superstition and greed of the Church, foul with every manner of crime, was looking for release from its bondage. The year A. D. 1000 was approaching;

for a generation the pulpits had been thundering at the people that the seal which had confined the Old Dragon in the bottomless pit "till the thousand years should be fulfilled" was about to be loosed. All Christendom was in expectation of immediate judgment. There was abject terror in the castle, and despair in the cottage. Like the Miserere rose a wail from hopeless hearts, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" The majority of the religious leaders were not spiritual. They had not learned from Augustine of that inner purification. They could not interpret the saying that salvation came not from Jerusalem, and that there is neither East nor West in the abode of the Spirit. Blind leaders, they could but clutch hands with those of still heavier sight, and lead them on weary pilgrimages where penances, fasts, scourgings, and death marked each milestone of the way. Land was left untilled, and homes and cities unguarded; for a few months would end all earthly interests. Herds and crops were soon exhausted, robbers of all sorts worked their will, and kings sought admission at monastery gates as brethren of the Order.

The first day of the eleventh century shone out bright and clear, and the world began to throw off its lethargy and thank God for deliverance. The pulpits rang with joy when the divine wrath was averted, and men were urged to show their gratitude and do penance. Even the educated Christian had no wider horizon than that bounded by his books, and these were all centred on the one spot where the great miracle of redemption had taken place. The most popular form of penance was a pilgrim-

age to some shrine; and he who lived to tell of a visit to the Holy Land was sure of absolution from his sins and veneration from his people. All who returned from such a journey became effective agitators in the great uprising. They told their tales to eager crowds in the market-places, of the pollution of sacred ground by unbelievers, of Christians tortured and enslaved, and wrought their religious feelings to a state of frenzy. Martyrs' bones, thorns from the crown, nails from the cross, were shown, and deposited as sacred relics in their chapels. The supply of relics always equalled the demand, and they were well used to enforce the oratory of the speaker as he fired hamlet after hamlet with feelings of vengeance against the Moslems.

Among those most active in stirring these turbid waters was Peter the Hermit, a native of Amiens, France. He was mean-looking, with emaciated body, neglected beard, and disordered dress. "He had no learning, no genius, no political power; he was a fanatic, fierce and furious." His eloquence was rude, but full of earnestness, and his intense manner and flashing eye spoke louder than words. He had little use for the persuasive element in oratory, for his audiences were ready for his message. His zeal was glowing at white heat with views of sacred scenes and tales of cruelty to pilgrims. Like all these way-faring monks, he spoke of marvels accomplished by bones of saints, and dramatically described the footprints on Calvary, and fragments of the Bethlehem manger, and swayed his hearers at will.

The ravings of these madmen were as golden words from the tongues of angels. Peter the Hermit, enthusiast, agitator, and Crusader, is now considered by many writers to have been a willing tool in the hands of Pope Urban II., who blessed him in his work and sent him

forth to stir the people. Urban himself was an eloquent speaker; from his position he was perhaps the greatest force of all in the first Crusade. At a great convention in Clermont, in 1095, he gave his sanction to a crusade, promised an easy victory over the Turks, absolution from their sins for all who should take up this warfare, and a speedy entrance to Paradise to those who should fall. He laid emphasis on the co-operation of the nobles in this attempt; for he was probably shrewd enough to see that his own title, then disputed, would be safer with these barons in a foreign land. As a result of this agitation, a vast unorganized horde under Peter, and Walter the Penniless, moved out of Europe toward the promised land. From this expedition, in which nearly half a million perished, but a mere handful returned.

The first Crusade stirred all Europe, and was of the people. The second appealed in greater degree to the princes, yet aroused more spontaneous popular feeling than any of the later ones.

St. Bernard stands out as the prominent agitator in this movement. He was a fanatic of fiery rhetoric, a man who had thrown power and wealth aside, and subjected himself to the strictest discipline. He stirred all Germany and France with his appeals, while among the lower and criminal classes "the appetite for blood was whetted by the wolfish howlings of the monk Rodolph." This expedition, 1147, for which whole towns and cities were depopulated of men, ended in disaster, as the first.

Nearly half a century had passed when the Pope sent his messengers far and wide, begging for another Crusade to deliver the Holy Land from the hands of Saladin. These speakers used the same arguments and tactics as their forerunners and soon enlisted the three most powerful Christian monarchs,



Frederick Barbarossa, Philip Augustus, and Richard Cœur de Lion. One writer has pointed out that there is no one central figure in the Crusades around which to group romance and legend, and to whom all others shall serve as a support. For this reason the Crusades do not lend themselves as readily to fiction as other great epochs in history, although Richard himself has furnished much material. The false halo which history threw around him is gradually being dispelled.

The fourth Crusade was a political move of Pope Carlestine, and amounted at best to a piratical expedition.

In 1198, tidings soon spread that a speaker, no whit inferior to St. Bernard, had appeared, when Fulk, a priest from Neuilly, near Paris, took up the mantle of Peter. He was encouraged by Innocent III. Crowds flocked to hear him, and under the spell of his oratory the most evil-minded were moved to tears. His death came soon, just as his influence as a speaker began to wane. An orator's life must give indisputable testimony to his words, or they will be of none effect. The Cistercian abbot, Martin, took up Fulk's plans, and, assisted by many other preachers, soon had another expedition on the way.

Robert Courcon, an Englishman, and "a pupil of Fulk, who had inherited all his earnestness and some portion of his eloquence," was, under Innocent III., the moving factor in the sixth Crusade, of 1216. This was the most successful of all. The seventh Crusade, in 1248, and the eighth, in 1270, virtually ended these great movements. Other expeditions, minor in strength and influence, though not less picturesque and impressive, had been organized from time to time. Perhaps the most notable were those in 1212, in which the boy Stephen of France led out 30,000 children, and

Nicholas, a German peasant lad, set out at the head of 20,000. Death and the slave-mart claimed all these helpless victims, who started with such joy and confidence to put mailed warriors to rout.

None of these expeditions really carried their purpose, and the question, "To what end was all this?" must ever force itself. If we take the view of Gibbon, on whom most historians base their Roman history, we must say that it is all for naught, this slaughter of hundreds of thousands, devastation of lands, and vandalism of art treasures. Yet it seems now quite certain that it held back the Moslem invasion of Europe for three centuries, and saved a much greater loss of life; and at the same time turned over the lands to the middle classes, taking the titles out of the hands of the barons who went on the Crusades.

None of the oratory of this period was of the high type which characterized Rome and Greece, or even the storm-and-stress period in our own national history. Very little is preserved; no writers have made a study of it, and we can only judge what it must have been from what we know of the speakers, the times, and the effects of their words.

It appealed largely to a religious sentiment; but as that was not enlightened, it was dangerous. It was selfish at bottom, and, although it swayed men powerfully, could never accomplish great ends, or place permanent noble ideals in the lives of the people. If it worked for good, it but illustrates a phase of the saying that "God can make even the wrath of man to praise him." Its chief interest, from an oratorical standpoint, is in showing how far force and earnestness will carry a speaker. Having these, he will be forgiven the lack of many other things, or can largely cover up their deficit.

## The Power of Oratory during the Renaissance.

MABEL HENDERSON.

THE term "Renaissance" seems a magic one. It calls to the mind the indefinite but well-known period of the world's history between the Middle Ages and modern times; that period which because of its remoteness seems half under the shadow of some great cloud, as indeed it was, in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, until the bright light of organized knowledge and education dispelled the gloom; for the word "Renaissance" also stands for the intellectual and moral awakening and enlightening of European peoples.

Renaissance—literally, re-birth—may mean the entrance of the minds of men to new perceptions of their possibilities, to a freer exercise of their faculties than had belonged to the mediæval period; or it may stand for the intellectual activity brought about by the revival of antique culture, and its application to the art and literature of the time.

To us it implies both; for during these fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Renaissance was the stage emerging from feudal and ecclesiastical despotism to what was a period of transition, or adjustment to the new thoughts and principles arising in the minds of men from the wide knowledge of the classics now being disseminated—knowledge which forced them to see all in the light of the broad culture of the past, thus shattering narrow mental barriers of mediæval standards.

The Renaissance was essentially the transition from one historical stage to another,—a gradual metamorphosis of the intellectual and moral state of Europe.

The Mediæval Curriculum in the universities had no defined place for this new learning, which awakened free

thought and was received so gladly, and new chairs were established under the title of Rhetoric. Here brilliant men expounded orally to hundreds of eager students from every nation in Europe their accumulated knowledge of antiquity. History, law, science, metrical systems and oratory, grammar and philology, domestic manners and religious rights, formed the miscellaneous matter called Rhetoric.

The lack of printed books in the first period of the Revival, with the intense enthusiasm for the new gospel of the classics, gave special value to the personal teaching of these professors who journeyed from city to city. All were delighted with the eloquent words which poets, scholars, and critics uttered; "words, indeed, but words which drew armed hosts behind them." Through the influence of these professors, orators, and tutors, society was permeated by a fresh ideal of culture.

"The new spirit in Italy emancipated human intelligence by the classics; in Germany it emancipated the human conscience by the Bible."

But it was the preachers who reached the uneducated, the masses of the people, and through these men a powerful influence was exerted throughout Europe. Many of the sermons of this time, though rough and uncultured, held and influenced the people. With the increased light and learning, these preachers protested against the grosser errors of the age. The truth was spoken by them with sincerity and directness. The logic was sometimes amusing. One said, concerning the ways of the evil one,—  
 "I. The dance is a circular way; II. The way of the devil is circular; III. Therefore the dance is the devil's way."

But on the whole the sermons were forcible and wise.

One of the great orators was Savonarola, born in 1452. Brought up in Italy in an age when all society was careless and corrupt, he sought refuge in a religious house and became a monk. But, aroused by the awful profligacy of the people, by the debasement of all that was high, he was forced to become a "prophet to an evil generation." His first public work was quiet instruction in the monastery, but soon led on to preaching inspired by biblical study.

Deep interest in the classics was felt in Italy, but no sympathy was shown with this harsh, blunt expression of homely truths which showed the lives of the people to be governed by self-interest and vice. Sincerity and honesty were not held in esteem by these opulent Florentines, who demanded polish and grace to his simple words; but he replied, "These verbal elegancies and ornaments will have to give way to sound doctrine, simply preached." His message, "The Church will be scourged; it will be regenerated; all will quickly come to pass," made all men feel his power. His sincerity and ardor, with a large sympathy for the people, held the masses. His presentation of topics came home to their hearts.

With the year 1492 came evil times for Italy. Savonarola's prophecies were being fulfilled with literalness. All Italy rang with his name. Little report is left of his sermons, but much is known of the effect of his words; and this is the test of their fitness to his hearers,—the old story of personality and its power. His plea was that without virtue, self-sacrifice, and moral grandeur both mankind and society must fall to ruin. His manner was that which proclaims him to be one of the exalted few who have stirred the feelings and directed the wills of their fellow-men.

While Savonarola was preaching in Florence, the Reformation was beginning to be felt in all its power, and around the year 1500 are many names which are identified with a "revolution in ecclesiasticism that should make a new order of the ages, and give a new inspiration to human thought and activity."

Among the continental leaders was Martin Luther, who had a "keen power of intellect and was above all gifted for eloquence." Well educated, a lecturer on philosophy at Wittenberg, he became a city preacher, and spoke against the sale of indulgences with irrepresible conviction—freely and fearlessly. Through his public preaching he reached all trades and professions; all were held by his freshness and vigor of expression, together with a dauntless boldness and rude vehemence that was invincible.

Thus Luther was not only the celebrated reformer, but the greatest pulpit orator of his time. His stalwart form, piercing eye, penetrating voice, and natural manner, full of freedom and force, were all favorable to eloquence. His learning, logic, and common sense were illumined by a poetic temperament which vivified all his expressions. His purpose was to change the thought of the age from formalism to reality; from a dead ceremonial to personal responsibility and living faith. With his marvellous oratory, characterized by rare knowledge of human nature, and an unequalled command of the people's language, he exerted a power for all time. "By his uncompromising speech he won spiritual liberty for himself and his people in spite of papal anathemas and imperial legions. He represented the early enthusiasm of the German Reformation, and the ardor of its beginning."

From now on the pen was to preserve what the tongue had expressed, and give system and order to what had been produced. While Luther and his asso-

ciates were connected with the Reformation in Germany, a similar movement was going on in England, under Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley. Hugh Latimer was one of the most effective speakers of his age, pungent and indefatigable. An original thinker, he was the preacher during the reigns of King Henry the Eighth, Edward, and Mary. At last, at eighty years of age, he was sent to the stake. "Be of good courage, Martin Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." This oft-repeated quotation, best known of any in that reign of fire and blood, shows to what extent his words were remembered.

Mentioning John Knox in Scotland, whose vehement energy was strongly felt in his country, we can now see the range over which these great minds

travelled, and the value of the results which they accomplished.

Oratory was the means, during the Renaissance, by which the great masses of the people learned the vital truths which were to reconstruct their lives. It was thus the people were influenced, were led out of the superstition and ignorance of mediæval thought.

Their uncouth expression was refined by the revival of letters to a style blending the classic and romantic tendencies, which from now on was to be adjusted to the time, occasion, and orator in every country.

Eloquence and Liberty have gone hand in hand. Through all the changing phases of expression that have influenced men permanently is a persistent purpose toward a larger truth, a better liberty, a nobler life.

## The Soul Omnipotent.\*

REV. SOLON LAUER.

WHAT is my part in the redemption of this body from its weight of sin and disease? Is this achieved only through the grace of God, as the pious people say, or have I some active part in this consummation so devoutly to be wished?

I seem to hear a voice replying to my earnest, prayerful question: "Thou art thine own redeemer. Within thee sleeps the power to achieve thy highest wish. Awake, thou that sleepest! Put on thy divinely given power! Seize the sceptre which is proffered thee, and as a monarch on his throne command thou the elements of thy life, and they shall obey thee. Speak, and thy will shall be accomplished. The dream of perfect life which haunts thee is not given to mock thee with ever-deferred reality. It is the working of the creative spirit within thee that fills thy soul with the splendid

vision of a perfect life. That is the union of God and man, the point of contact between the individual and his source. The All-Perfect hath his habitation in thy heart of hearts. 'Tis the splendor of his perfect being which thou beholdest within thy soul. Let that shining glory fill the temple of thy thought until all things in the world about thee reflect its rëfulgent beams. The light of the sun and moon and stars, the glory of morning and evening, are borrowed from that light which shines within thee. Open thine eyes and gaze upon this divine glory until all imperfection, all shadow of sin and disease, fade away, and thy being is like the noonday heavens when not a cloud is seen. So shalt thou be perfect, even as thy Father in heaven is perfect."

\* From "Life and Light from Above."



## Unity in the Art of Education.

CORA E. BUSH.

ART is a living thing, a thing which moves and acts. It is a delight at the discovery of some truth born of a life within, and an impulse to share that delight with others.

Education is for the purpose of assisting in the birth of this inner life. The very meaning of the word "education," which is "to educe," "to draw forth," implies that there must be something to draw forth. It implies that existing in the human soul is this life, out of which alone can proceed all the powers man can ever manifest.

If this is education, all things proceeding from it must have the unity of this thought. The unity of anything is its oneness, the life in it which relates all things. It is that which exists when the whole is shown in each of the parts.

We should have growing ideals of education and be able to apply them in our own minds as criteria to what we see in the schools around us. Let us see if we cannot begin to form in our thinking a sort of unit or whole on education, as a foundation from which future developments are to grow.

If the art of education consists in the drawing-forth of the life of the organism to be educated, *life* then is our first principle. The life of the pupil in regard to a given subject must first be awakened, stirred within him to activity — activity so great that it must choose to come forth.

The soul of the child must have its windows kept clear, never darkened by a crowd of facts poured into it from the world without. Not instruction but development is what we want. The child must be encouraged to exercise his own active life. He is full of it, but it must be directed. He has an abundance of ideas, but through what channels can they best be expressed? It is said that

latent in each child is generic humanity, and to find out what the child may do we look into the history of grown children to see what humanity has done.

Man's moving impulses in the past have been directed toward the development of the useful and elegant arts, the erection of social institutions, the evolution of religion, and the pursuit of literature, science, and philosophy. The child should have a chance of growing activity in all of these. Afterwards he can fairly choose the special path in which his powers directly lie.

The impulses toward activity in all these occupations are, then, what the child should be encouraged to pour forth, and it is found they instinctively do so in their plays. They build play houses and live in them; they build churches and preach in them. Little Wendell Phillips preached to the chairs, you know; he early found his special bent.

Froebel suggested the kindergarten idea, by which the children, through play under a wise director, might cultivate these impulses. In the kindergarten the child is early taught the very important idea, through the *use* of the senses, that they are the servants of the mind; that they are not tyrants, but useful channels by which truth and beauty may come to the mind. Moreover, his ideas on child education are all based on that unity which is the law of life. So under the development of the kindergarten ideal the first few years of the child's life are safely disposed of.

The next stage, following the kindergarten generally, is the public school. Here *sometimes* we see school boards choose teachers not from their "correct estimate of values and a corresponding choice," but for the amount

of "book knowledge" they have, and their ability to cram large quantities of it into the minds of their pupils. They have forgotten even their dictionary definition of education, and seem to think that children are so many rag dolls to be stuffed.

Let us return and refresh ourselves with our leading proposition. *Existing' in the human soul is a life out of which proceed all the powers man can ever manifest.*

To have unity in any method of education the whole life must be in each of the parts. The *fulness* of man must run over into all the objects of his study. Writing, for example, might be called an effort to hold fast this fulness. Reading results from the need one feels to bring to clearer consciousness for one's self and others this fulness which was written; and so all studies pursued must be *related* to some vital human need.

The tree takes from its surroundings only those elements needed for the fulfilment of its life, and assimilates them into its own being before they are given out in fruit. So there must be few enough studies to provide for *repetition* and consequent assimilation. Those who run over a great number of studies reap no more advantage than would a bee by skimming over the surface of a flower without waiting to penetrate and extract its sweetness. There will be less mere memorizing and quoting; for what is gained has been passed through the alembic of their own being, and is theirs. It is no longer red clover or the fragrant locust, but honey.

As a test to the value of studies pursued by pupils of the public school or college, there is this. Do they cause self-activity? Do they vivify the thoughts

of their own inmost souls? If not, they are so much useless lumber which blocks up and darkens the passageway and prevents the light within from shining through the window, the mind.

The perception of all objects from without should be as of so many candles, the light of which when taken into the mind adds to its general illumination. The condition necessary for the development of the intellect is not only activity but a large receptivity. And underlying all these same objects is this wonderful law of unity, the growth of which we want in ourselves. That is what gives the joy to life, the discovering of this law for ourselves in things which we thought were so apparently opposite. It is that instinct for the knowledge of this law which has caused man from the beginning of time to begin classifying objects, tying them together by this law.

It is the immutability of law under all change that we desire. The soul longs for it, thirsts for it. And he who digs deep enough and long enough will sometime discover that this law of unity is the law of all life.

To sum up, then, there is a life principle, a law in each one, which is divine. Education should *let* it come forth. It will come forth through expression.

The larger meaning of education resolves itself into this: each helping the other to understand and consciously obey the law of his own being; each helping the other to live out that law here on earth in ceaseless aspiration and outward activity.

Then shall we as humanity be in that unity which is Heaven, and the New Jerusalem will indeed have come to earth. Let the might of a great resolve fire you to give man — himself.

## Address to Emerson Students.

ELLEN A. RICHARDSON,

*President of George Washington Memorial Association.*

DR. EMERSON, TEACHERS OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE, AND STUDENTS: —

After such an introduction as Dr. Emerson gives, how can one be dumb; and yet how humble I feel with such a standard set!

As often as it has been my privilege to be with you in these halls of your college, just so often have I gone away uplifted to nobler ideals, and to a greater belief in my own powers; withal feeling *so* lowly because the will-o'-the-wisp, — perfection, — which we all wish, has no staying-place; it is beyond comprehension, only the brilliancy and power of its light guides us ever on.

I have wished to become one of the students here, entering in the Freshman class for the full course, for I consider it one of the greatest opportunities of a lifetime; but duties are upon me which I cannot neglect. It has always been so in my life, and I fear always will be; duties are my teachers, and I have to make *them* my opportunities for development.

Standing before you this morning, I am impressed by the fact that you come from every section of the country, and form before me a miniature republic. You were attracted here by some great law of affinity, and I address you as one great soul of harmony, and feel at peace in your midst.

From first to last, from the President to the youngest here, you and your institution appear to me like a magnificent great comet in a planetary system of educational institutions, the head as brilliant and mighty as Truth itself; the neck following and supporting in devotion the great mission of your specialty; and you, the crude chemicals, with all

the other atoms which have from time to time been attracted into the body of this institution (for the cutting and polishing of your surfaces, that your lives shall sparkle their purposes), form the tail of this wonderful comet — and a wonderful tale it is, that is being written on time's pages, while each succeeding class bears the responsibility of *its* respective chapters.

When a comet appears in the heavens we gaze in wonder, admiration, and awe, and no human quite understands its mission, for the human is finite and the comet belongs to the infinite. As the meteor comes and goes to our vision, weaving in and out the labyrinth of the starry firmament, emitting light and magnetism, that all *who will* may see by its light, and those *who dare* may join the fragmentary procession which trails behind and, swishing along through currents of experiences, gains wisdom for uses and uses for wisdom. So your institution is like a comet, not always recognized among so-called colleges and universities because of its *higher* mission. It has more of the infinite than of the finite in its elements and in its workings; it is therefore beyond the comprehension of the average individual. It is attuned to the *higher* symphonies of the soul and the spirit of the universe; for this reason perhaps its good working has been done so far in the subtle of the twilight, in the protection of the shuck which Nature throws around every germ, from the heart of the acorn to the heart of man, while each biddeth its time and opportunity.

I grow very impatient once in awhile that *all* the world does not recognize this truth and bow with the same devo-

tion which I feel to the principles of life development which form the kernel of wisdom shut up here in the name "College of Oratory," as you call it; *I* have a name that I always give it in my own mind, because I like to go to nature's language for my similes; they are less confusing than the many definitions of Webster, Worcester, and encyclopædias. I always think of this institution as *a garden* for soul and spirit development. When we think of schools and colleges we think of many kinds, especially when we call up schools of oratory; but when we think of a garden we think of but two kinds, the vegetable and the flower garden, both of which are *so* beautiful (even the garden of cabbages and pumpkin-vines) that we may be pleased to be classed in either.

The human mind does not exist but that stored up in memory is the tender recollection of some blossom, or garden experience, if but in a pot or box of seedlings on a window-sill, before which that mind has sometime lingered and wondered about that little brown seed, while waiting and watching for the sprouting, and then the reaching up — up — up — into God's sunlight and air for its fullest expression, with which, in essence, odor, form, or color to sweeten, beautify, and help other lives to fulfil their uses.

The human flower is not so very unlike the vegetable and floral kingdom in its likes and dislikes, in its needs and fulfilments; *all* need proper conditions that free expression may be given to individual life. These conditions given, life in its fulness of *love and gratitude* will blossom and seek in turn opportunity for expression. You have the conditions here to a remarkable degree, and in proportion as you are faithful to them, so will you feel a fulness of love and gratitude which *must find expression*, or *suffer* from the act of *repression*. The

most of us know the feeling, and the consequences of repression; we know what it is to be tongue-tied. Some are *born so*, inheriting repression; some are *made so* with the alphabet, their primers, their geographies, and their mathematics, under a terrible system of per cent markings.

Let us glance over history's pages and note that wherever great souls with powers of comprehension and *courage* to live convictions have let themselves out, in the face and derision of *vox populi*, they have proved that full freedom in right expression is the salvation of the world. To learn the right and to gain freedom in expression is, then, the mission of life. For years I looked far and wide for an institution giving this opportunity, for I have had four beautiful souls in my garden, their unfolding entrusted to my care. But I found it not until I walked into this garden, call it by what name you will.

What greater work can man do than to build in individuals faith in their own powers, and lead them into uses? When Dr. Emerson founded this college he was touched by a holy ray from the great Ideal; he dared to live with the *vox Dei* alone in the face of a frowning *vox populi*, who wanted him to do something different. He has broken the way for you, and is leading you on. He cannot go all the way through your lives with you; his precepts and his example may, if you will make them your own. He will go with you to the gateway, opening wide the gate for you; it is for you to enter in, while he returns to bring up more of the tongue-tied weaklings who knock now in such numbers at the beginning of each new term of college.

Are *you* grateful for your liberation? Do you realize it? Would you like to show your gratitude? Then, as Jesus said, "Be ye my disciples, and carry the good news to all the world."



No doubt many of the graduates of this college are teaching in fields of labor all over our country, and the silent influences are at work modifying old methods and liberating new views; but there is something more that can be done to make the work of this man and his institution better known, and a power not only for this nation but for the whole world.

"Miniature republic" as you are, now before me, let me tell you what another great man tried to do for you in the way of education; and I believe in my heart the great Ideal touched them both. The Doctor had conditions fairly formed, and freedom in self-expression, while George Washington, the other to whom I refer, lacked conditions and was constantly repressed; as often as he plead for a full opportunity to express himself on his ideal, *so often* was he repressed by having material regulations urged as the more important issues first, until he declared:—

Let it not be said, "This is not the time for such a *literary* and *political establishment*. Let us first restore public credit. . . . Let us regulate our militia, let us build our Navy, and let us protect and extend our commerce. . . ." This is false reasoning. We shall never restore public credit, regulate our militia, build a Navy, or revive our commerce until we remove the ignorance and prejudices and change the habits of our citizens, and this can never be done until we inspire them with Federal principles, which can only be effected by our young men meeting and spending two or three years together in a national university, and afterwards disseminating their knowledge and principles through every county, town, and village of the United States.

These words were uttered by George Washington, "the Father of his Country," who freely gave the prime of his life on the battle-field,—eight years, and in the executive chair another eight years,—with no thought of gain, refusing pay all the time he was working for his country. Later, he accepted a very much urged gift from the Legislature of

Virginia for his services on the problems of commerce, conditionally only, which condition was that he might grant in perpetuity the fifty shares of stock in the navigation of the Potomac River toward the endowment of a Central University in the District of Columbia, which should be devoted to *higher learning*. The fifty shares meant \$25,000, and put at interest according to his direction in his will would now amount to over \$4,500,000. Year after year, term after term, knowledge of this bequest was brought before Congress, and steps urged for the consummation of Washington's wish. As often again was repression the rule of conduct, until, heart-sick, we are told the heirs appealed to the Legislature of Virginia to recall the gift and have it revert into the estate.

This is one opinion; others exist, one of which is that the stocks became worthless; still another is that in the transition of the Potomac River business into new hands the stock was transmitted also. Howbeit, the George Washington Memorial Association, of which I have the honor to be president (therefore know ye all that I am speaking with authority), troubleth not itself about the lost fund, but in looking back at the historical fact of a century ago does recognize there a great trust to the American people in the thought and wish of Washington. All down the years committees and individuals, individuals and committees, have been hammering away at Congress to give back the lost bequest. They make no impression.

Look for a few moments with the George Washington Memorial Association into a few of Washington's expressions of what and why he desired a Central University at the Capital. He recognized all of the merits of Harvard, Yale, and other institutions already existing, and yet he plead for a *higher* form,

and bespoke, in solicitude for the youth of the country, a place where they could come (after finishing studies and taking degrees in State colleges) for a course in such literature and under such political professorship as should exalt human understanding and establish domestic, social, and political happiness.

Here is his ideal for the political professorship: "He must have a *philosophic character*, he must understand *morals*, war, finance, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, police, and philosophy." He must have a perfect view of all the great affairs of a nation in their whole extent and intimate connections.

His ideal of a politician was high. He said, "A mere financier or civilian is not a politician." He recommended that three to four years in such a university at Washington would give the opportunity of attending debates in Congress, which would give a more liberal and better acquaintance with the principles of law and government.

Have we anywhere a chair endowed for a *professorship in politics*? Is there a need?

What else was it that Washington emphasized as a more pressing need than militia, navy, commerce? "For such a *literary* and political establishment." The Grand Army of the Republic and the American Institute of Civics will endow the chair of professorship on politics.

How about the Literary Department? What did he mean? Samuel Blodget, who was close to Washington at this time, helped him to express it thus:—

The *belles-lettres*, or elegant literature, claim also particular attention. These are both in the ancient and modern style called *humaniora*, because they humanize and refine the human heart. They are not merely ornamental, but extremely useful by ennobling those affections which are the bands of civil society; and by qualifying men in several respects for all the important offices of government. . . .

Natural philosophy and mathematics are the same everywhere; but moral and sentimental literature has a great influence on manners and government.

America must have her own sterling, even in learning: *let her establish an academy of belles-lettres*; of this every fine genius in the Union should be a member; it must be central, and under the patronage of the Federal power.

These are the two departments which George Washington was ever trying to impress upon his colleagues *as the essentials* to the safety of the spirit of the Constitution, and to the safety and standard of our government.

Do you wonder that I said when Dr. Emerson founded this college he was touched by the wing of the great Ideal in education? I do not know who could fill the chair of politics, but we do know there is but one person to have the nation's honor in a chair of *belles-lettres*. With two such powers in the two chairs what would not our Senate and House become in time?

I have found here a miniature republic to bring this thought before. To an Emerson College audience the words will not fall on stony ground; they will fall into fertile hearts—hearts unfolding, filled with gratitude, to the fulness of expression. And I know, in gratitude to the opportunity that Dr. Emerson has created for soul development and full expression, every true graduate of Emerson College, past, present, and future, all over this broad land, will find a way of endowing a chair of Emersonian Expression.

Will the George Washington Memorial Association succeed in erecting its building? *It will*. Were there time, I could help you to know. We hope to lay our corner-stone December 14, 1899, on the one-hundredth anniversary of the death here, the birth beyond, of George Washington. My faith is founded on facts and on a Vision.

## Christmas in Rome.

IDA HOUTZ SNOW.

NEVER shall I forget my Christmas in Rome, the most memorable day of my life — from morning until midnight a succession of surprises and wonders such as can be seen in no other city in the world except on a Christmas day in Rome. Christmas morning we witnessed mass performed by His Holiness the Pope in St. Peter's Church. Tickets of admission were sent us from the American Ambassador to our hotel, the Quirinal. Though the Pope was not to appear until twelve o'clock, before day-break people were hurrying to St. Peter's. We did not go until nine o'clock. We found the broad piazza of St. Peter's thronged with people, on foot and in carriages. With the utmost difficulty, and at the risk of our lives, we crushed through this mass of humanity to St. Peter's Church, that glorious temple, the largest and most beautiful, it is said, in the world. This church stands in a broad, beautiful piazza. Who is not familiar with this noble court: its exquisite columns and gushing fountains; and to the right the Vatican Palace! We ascend the wide flight of stairs to the church, push aside the heavy leather curtain of the door, and the grandeur of the interior of this mighty cathedral bursts upon our astonished gaze in all its expansive majesty and glory. The striking impressiveness of its interior is produced not so much by the vastness as by the harmony and symmetry of its proportions. Knowing it to be the largest church in the world, my admiration of it was mingled with surprise and even disappointment at its apparent smallness of size. Then I was reminded of Byron's explanation of it: —

You enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not.  
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind  
Expanded by the genius of the spot  
Has grown colossal.

On this Christmas morning the church was thronged with people. All down the nave of the church to the altar was a broad lane, with a railing on either side, reserved for the Pope. This space was guarded and kept clear by the Pope's Swiss guards with drawn swords. Behind the altar were opera-like boxes gaudily decorated; these were reserved for the church dignitaries. On either side of the altar were large boxes for ladies in black dresses and black veils. At twelve o'clock there was a discharge of cannon; all eyes were eagerly turned to the door. His Divine Majesty, the Pope, seated on his crimson throne, carried on the shoulders of four men, was seen to enter; on either side of His Holiness were two gigantic fans of peacock feathers. He wore the papal tiara, brilliant with gold and jewels. Following the Pope up the long nave was a splendid train of cardinals in their gorgeous purple mantles and white ermine capes, their trains carried by young priests. Then came the foreign ambassadors in their sumptuous liveries, priests in their flowing robes, Swiss guards with drawn swords, in their brilliant uniforms of red and gold, a superb and brilliant spectacle. A large proportion of this vast audience were foreigners. It was a novel sight to see them craning their necks, staring at the Pope with eye-glasses, ladies with their lorgnettes, others with opera-glasses, foreigners grinning hideously and gesticulating. Dotted here and there were little knots of friars in their coarse

brown dresses and peaked hoods, a strange contrast to the gaudy ecclesiastics of higher degrees. The faces of these friars are as coarse and heavy as are their dresses, their dogged, stupid, monotonous stare at all the glory and splendor having something in it half miserable and half ridiculous. Then there were the Carmelite monks with the crown of their heads shaved to simulate the Saviour's crown of thorns, to me a hideous burlesque. It is a tradition that the Gentiles shaved the head of St. Peter in order to make him an object of derision, and that this is the origin of the priestly tonsure. I cannot conceive why the "Lords of Creation" simulate this hideous fashion of shaving the head. But returning to the Pope, who is now seated on his throne on the high altar, the cardinals advancing one after another to kiss his hand. The services seemed to me a sort of worship offered to the Pope; he was waited upon as though he were an automaton, an ideal image. The Pope is a small, thin man, with fine classic features, de-

cidedly ethereal looking. Mass was performed by the Pope himself. He has an agreeable but somewhat weak voice, his voice resembling his figure and manner, which indicates an amiable, friendly character, but deficient in energy. The services over, the Pope was again carried down the aisle. On reaching the centre of the aisle he raised himself in his crimson chair, stretched forth his tiny arms, distributing blessings on the right and left. The next moment the guns proclaimed the benediction was given, drums beat, trumpets sounded, arms clashed, and the great mass dispersed. To me it was a shocking spectacle to see soldiers with drawn swords promenading in church, guarding the Pope against his own people during divine services.

From St. Peter's we were off to see the miraculous bambino, which is exhibited once a year, on Christmas, in the Ara Cœli Church. Of this in my next.

*201 East Capitol St., Washington, D. C.*

## The Emerson Debating Society.

H. TOROS DAGISTANLIAN.

THE debating society of the college is in a flourishing condition this year. During the term just passed excellent and varied programmes have been rendered at the meetings. Students in general, as well as the members, have manifested unabated interest in the work of the society. This fact is attested by the large and increasing numbers which have been at the meetings, the attendance varying from thirty to ninety-five. "The Mock Trial of Hamlet for the Murder of Polonius" was a

fitting climax to the work of the society. Mr. Burbank made a most excellent judge. The witnesses took their parts well. The attorneys showed good preparation, and argued their respective sides effectively. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty, and the criminal, in the person of Mr. Bergin, was sentenced by the judge to be hanged at twelve o'clock that night. The rope could not have been equal to its task, for the "criminal still lives."



## Alumni Column.

"Died: in Phoenix, Arizona, December 2, Mr. A. G. Randal, of heart-failure, aged 72 years."

Miss Bennett, '97, is at home this year, but is true to Emersonian principles, and we know home is brighter and cheerier because the "principles" are there with her. She is kept quite busy with church work and readings.

The Emerson system of physical culture is taught in the Girls' High Schools of Brooklyn, N.Y., by Miss Caroline M. Paige and Miss Treadwell. Miss Paige has over two thousand girls under her care, and reports obvious enthusiasm among them for the work.

Miss Margaret Randall, '97, was entertained at Christmas time by Miss Olive Palmer, '97, at the latter's home. Miss Palmer is kept busy caring for an invalid mother.

Miss Randall is most enthusiastic over her work. She has private classes in oratory and physical culture. She writes: "It is a broad, magnificent field, and I am very earnestly seeking to apply the

Emerson education to the every-day life of school children. I find my work developing into a sort of mission. My pupils are under fifteen years of age, and they really surprise me by their quickness and growth; it is a pleasure to teach them."

Prof. Frederic A. Metcalf, now in charge of the Department of Oratory in Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan., writes as follows: "The work here is quite pleasant. My department is a new one in the college, but the work has been finely received and many good results are already to be seen. The Regents and Faculty, as well as the students, have been more than kind in every way and are satisfied in regard to the great value of the training and their need of it. We gave a recital here on the 3d, which was so well received by the people that we are urged to give another as soon as possible. My prayer is that Emerson College may progress to higher and higher attainments, and that its work and influence may grow larger in each succeeding year."

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*[From Dr. C. W. Emerson, President of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.]*

"Surely it is from above; for it speaks to the soul, and awakens spiritual courage, hope, faith, and insight. It is my companion, and converses with my inmost thought.

*[From Mrs. C. W. Emerson, Emerson College.]*

"Each day do I read a passage, and find within it those thoughts and sentiments the contemplation of which leads one to the highest development."





PROF. CHARLES W. KIDDER.

# Emerson College Magazine

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For this is Love's nobility:  
Not to scatter bread and gold,  
Goods and raiment, bought and sold;  
But to hold fast our simple sense,  
And speak the speech of innocence,  
And with hand and body and blood  
To make our bosom counsel good.  
For he who feeds men serveth few,  
He serves all who dares be true. —Emerson.

### Correction.

THE editor wishes to disclaim the authorship of the poetic gem that headed the editorial page last month. In passing the manuscript to the publisher, she did not place it in quotation marks, as she fully intended to discover the name of the author and give him the credit. It will be esteemed a great favor if some one will send the desired information.



### Our Frontispiece.

After repeated requests, we are gratified that we can publish a fine half-tone portrait of our very earnest and much-honored teacher, Prof. Charles W. Kid-

der. To all Emerson students he is known to be patient, tactful, ingenious, and enthusiastic. A spirit of helpfulness is always emanating from him, whether in the class-room, in social life, or wherever he is found.

Professor Kidder has made a most careful study of Prof. A. Melville Bell's system of Visible Speech, and after a somewhat extended trip abroad, where he observed and studied the various languages and dialects, he published a manual, compiled and adapted from Professor Bell's symbols, entitled "An Outline of Vocal Physiology and Bell's Visible Speech." This little volume is destined to be a helpmeet to all who are fortunate enough to possess it, and its careful perusal will ultimately promote something like the reverence due our language, for we will come to realize that "Visible Speech has a vital, educating influence upon character that it is not safe to neglect, and the coming generation will be lifted to a higher tone of life through the subtle reaction of a living language."



### To Our Contributors.

It would save considerable delay, and often a little vexation, if all those out of the college would remember that all literary communications, personals, and alumni notices should be sent to the editor-in-chief direct.



### Our Advertisers.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE has very few advertisers, as is apparent from its columns, but the few we have



are most worthy of patronage, and it is hoped our students will remember that when on shopping expeditions. The Senior class have set a fine example by engaging J. E. Purdy & Co. as class photographer.



#### Normal Department.

For some months the department formerly known as the Normal Department has been omitted from our magazine — not from any lack of interest, but because there seemed such a multitude of good things.

We have received a request recently for the continuation of this department, and now present the matter to the teachers and alumni. It is possible for you to make this department one of the brightest and best of the magazine, because it will deal with those matters which are most vital to all.

One of its prime objects is the exchange of personal experience in the practical work of applying and adapting the deep underlying principles taught in this college to the personal needs of different individuals of varying characteristics and peculiarities. This can be accomplished only by the co-operation of those in active teaching. Our graduates are scattered over the entire universe, so the different experiences will have added interest from the coloring given by the locality.

The editor appeals to you who are farthest away to send in a message for this department.

One letter has come from the South, which we have taken the liberty to publish in the alumni column. We hope the writer will send us one soon for this department.



"We cannot expect to be happy if we do not lead pure and useful lives. To

be good company for ourselves we must store our minds well; fill them with happy and pure thoughts, with pleasant memories of the past, and reasonable hopes for the future. We must, as far as may be, protect ourselves from self-reproach, from care, and from anxiety. We shall make our lives pure and happy by resisting evil, by placing restraint upon our appetites, and perhaps even more by strengthening and developing our tendencies to good. We must be careful, then, how we choose our thoughts. The soul is dyed by its thoughts."



Three of the promised articles for the Symposium have failed to get here in time for publication. Probably they were snowbound, so we are safe in saying they will be published next month.



Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns last month many interesting "personals" were omitted. We publish them this month, thinking they may be of interest to those at a distance.



I know of no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which, through all change of companions, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port.— *Emerson*.



"The year 's at the spring  
And day 's at the morn;  
Morning 's at seven;  
The hillside 's dew-pearled;  
The lark 's on the wing;  
The snail 's on the thorn;  
God 's in his heaven—  
All 's right with the world!"

## Criticism, and Its Place in Teaching.\*

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

*[Stenographic Report by Edmund Noble. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]*

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

IN presenting this subject we will consider, first, the ideals which should be placed before the minds of the students; secondly, the systematic methods by which these ideals are to be realized; thirdly, the application of the teacher's knowledge to the individual needs of the pupil. These are fundamental principles to be taken into consideration in all forms of criticism, whether it be by the teacher in his school, or whether it be professional criticism given by a public critic. A public critic should be the educator of the public in regard to art, moral endeavors, and popular enterprises. If he is to criticise any artist, he should first present to the public the ideals toward which the work of the artist should point. After presenting clearly these ideals, showing that he fully understands them himself, he should point out how these ideals are reached in the artist's work. I claim that this should be done every time a public criticism is made; the critic is under obligation to the public to do this, because he is assumed to be a teacher of the public. It will not do to say in answer to this that it is assumed that the public know what the ideal is. No one believes for a moment that the public, as a whole, know ideals in art. There are individuals, probably many of them, who know what the ideals are, but it is not for such that the critic is writing. It is for those

who do not know art and all its principles and how to criticise it that he is writing. The teacher in a school must have clearly in his mind the ideals of his special line of work, and the more perfect his ideals are the firmer is his foundation for criticism. He must always criticise with reference to these ideals; in other words, according to the method or system by which he is helping the pupil to realize the ideals which he points out. It is to follow these ideals and to work upon the methods given for realizing them that the pupil is studying and practising. We see, then, how little time is left in which to point out faults. All true teaching is affirmative; whatever negations appear are incidental.

Let me repeat: in all matters of art and conduct the teacher must first work to establish ideals in the minds of the pupils; then he must know and be able to impart to others the systematic method which, if followed, will enable the student to realize them. If the ideal is wrong, the closer the student follows it the worse it will be for him. If the method is wrong, the more perfectly the student obeys the method the more sure he is to fail of success. On the other hand, if the ideal is right, if the system is right, and if the teaching instructs according to these methods, the student is positively sure to realize these ideals if he applies himself thoroughly.

The end of education should be no accident. It should be a matter of certainty that the student will realize power from his education. This should be so

well understood that there should be no occasion for a person who is beginning to study art to ask the question, "Do you think, in looking me over,—in examining my head, my physiognomy, my voice, etc.,—that there is a prospect that I shall succeed?" All that I need to know about any student, in order to prophesy in regard to his success when he takes up the study of any branch in which the methods of instruction are well systematized, is, first, that he has common sense; secondly, that he has that preparation needful for beginning the intelligent study of the first lesson of that branch; and thirdly, that he will apply himself. Let me illustrate. Suppose a ladder was placed against one of these upper windows, and a person seeing it should ask, "Have I the capacity for looking out of that window?" I should reply first of all, "Do you wish to look out of that window?" Then, secondly, I should ask, "Can you step up on the first rung of the ladder? Will you persevere step by step from the first to the second, from the second to the third, from the third to the fourth, and so on? If you will, ultimately you will stand on the topmost rung of the ladder. Having done this, I know you can see out of the window." There is no question, no peradventure, about the thing. We do not want any peradventure about this matter of succeeding in life. The first thing any young man or woman wants to know is, "Can I succeed if I do my best?" Success does not depend upon being born a genius, separated from all the human race by wonderful capacities; it is simply a question of whether you can and will study the subjects and objects which are presented to your mind. This being done, success must follow as inevitably as night the day.

When I was formulating this system of education which you are now studying I found that the first thing was to

present it in the form of a system. It is just as necessary to teach oratory as a system as it is to teach arithmetic, grammar, rhetoric, or any other branch of study as a system. I have been teaching the subject in this way for many years, therefore I can say to my students with certainty that if they will take the first step, then the next, and then the one which grows out of that, faithfully and earnestly, their success is past all peradventure. There is no peradventure about it; it is certain, absolute. The graduates of this institution, in presenting the work, are safe in feeling that they are standing on a solid rock in teaching; there is no danger of slipping—there is no necessity of leaving their success to the accident of birth. The old mythical idea that you are born under some particular planet, and that a god rules in that planet who will take care of you, is obsolete in all intelligent minds that believe in education. There is no accident, no fatality, about it.

In the teaching of physical culture, ideals must be held before the minds of the students. All the methods by which the teacher enables the pupil to realize these ideals I cannot now, as you will very readily see, take the time to explain. These methods are taught and fully explained day by day during your course of study here; in this lecture I can only place before your minds a few suggestive points. The first ideal to be held before the student of physical culture is *health*. Do not place its opposite, namely, indications of disease, before his mind, for the student is not trying to realize the ideals of disease; he is attempting to realize in himself health, therefore he must have that ideal placed before his mind. This, aside from the methods by which he is to realize the conditions of health, will greatly aid him. If any person can place Mr.

Health before his mind and hold the picture there, not merely as he sees it on canvas (a person may see a thing on canvas and not have it in his mind, for a thousand things are objects of sense that are not mental objects), it will react to a very great extent upon his own person. The power of the reaction of ideals upon the entire individual is nowhere better illustrated than in the study of physical culture. When I speak of ideals of health, I do not refer to any particular system of physical culture. Many persons daily take exercise in physical culture, and yet do not know it. That little five-year-old boy is taking the best kind of physical culture—for him. Instinct guides the child who is born with a good inheritance of physical health. So persons sometimes, perchance, accidentally, so far as their judgment is concerned (though it is not accident that the law which is obeyed takes effect), for many years follow the very things that pertain to health. I say again, if a person has reached the highest conditions of health he has done so, first, by a reasonably good inheritance, and secondly, by following the laws nature has prescribed for the development of his highest physical condition.

The next ideal to be held before the mind of the student is that of *symmetry*. Ideals of symmetry are as necessary in studying physical culture as they are in studying sculpture or painting. The study of symmetry involves the study of the parts and their relationship.

The next ideal to be held before the mind is *grace of movement*. It is no small matter to be educated in the perception of grace of movement, neither is it in any of the other two ideals just mentioned. It requires careful study for a long time to be able to judge at sight of what is symmetrical and what is unsymmetrical. The Greek statues

afford the best models of symmetry, because the Greeks, as a people, had developed their bodies by the best methods of physical education. Taking all these facts into consideration, how shall we get at perfect ideals? We are not trying to claim that our models shall be absolutely perfect. We doubt if the human mind is yet able to judge what is perfection; but we can get approximate models. Models we must have, that is certain, for one cannot teach successfully without them. In this matter of symmetry, our perception of the beautiful will be distorted if we constantly study what is not beautiful; just as a person who constantly observes paintings that are imperfect distorts his perception of the ideal in this art. Every great painter will tell you that you must study the best,—that you should not familiarize your eyes with poor work. A master of English will tell you that in order to develop a good style you must study the best literature. In judging of any piece of literature or art the final appeal is to the perceptions, therefore the perceptions must be cultivated by looking at and thinking of the best models.

The ideals of physical perfection are, alas, too often derived from a study of fashion. In speaking of this subject of fashion before an audience of men and women I have noticed that the men take on a very self-satisfied look, as if saying, "Now the women will have to take a scorching." If the women take a scorching, the men will not, like the Hebrew children, go through without a smell of fire about them. We talk about woman's dress being false to nature. I would like to know if man's dress leaves him quite free from reproach. His style of clothing places him under more or less restraint, and this affects his muscles in their action and reflex action, and affects even vital parts.



Nature in her laws never changes, but fashion changes four times a year. Hence we must get models of symmetry, not from fashion, but from a very careful study of the physical nature of man, and its relation to his psychical nature.

The next ideal to be held before the student of physical culture is a model of *noble expression*. Let me recapitulate. The first model which is to be held in the mind's eye is health, the second, symmetry, the third, grace of movement, and the fourth, noble expression.

The teacher, having an exact and perfect system of education, must present it in a way to enable the student to realize in his own development the models which have been placed before his mind. This is to be done, first, by general teaching; then by application of the principles to the special, individual needs of those pupils who may have certain defects which hinder them in the realization of their model. In speaking on this subject of criticism, I make no provision for the teacher's placing before the mind of the pupil a deformity, because, should a teacher do so, there is that reactionary effect of the model on the mind of the pupil which will cause the pupil to obey the deformity. If an object is held steadily before the mind the mind will shape itself to it. I could tell an endless number of amusing instances with which to illustrate this. I remember a young man who for a season was associated with a man who was a tyrant over his workmen. He was very penurious; he had but one eye, and that was filled with the hope of the sixpences which he could make out of his slaves. Well, in looking at that man and in receiving orders from him, it was not long before the young man began to squint with one eye, and to look for all the world like the old tyrant. The young man did not imitate him intentionally, but watching

the old man so constantly caused his peculiarities to react on all of the young man's impulses. Such is the power of a model; such is the power of an object of thought on an individual, though he yields to it quite unconsciously.

Let me next apply these principles to the teaching of morals. Every student in an institution must, of necessity, represent the morals of that institution; he cannot avoid it; therefore every institution should look most carefully to the morals it inculcates, not by methods of abstract teaching, but by forms of concrete teaching. Teachers should teach morals first of all by the lives they live, not only in the presence of the pupil, but in the absence of the pupil as well, because no man can teach others higher morals than he lives himself. He may make statements of higher morals than he lives himself, but this will not teach others, for a man teaches what he is. By a law as old as man he cannot do otherwise. It cannot be said too often that it matters not so much what you study as with whom you study. A teacher, every twenty-four hours of every day, and the seven days of every week, and all the weeks and months of every year, is while alone, figuratively speaking, actually teaching his pupils the right or the wrong, the pure or the impure, the holy or the profane, by the way he himself is living. It is a fearful thought, this responsibility of the teacher's daily and hourly living — living not merely in his acts, but in his thoughts. Having set your own face in the right direction, study the biographies of the great and good, in order that you may create models for yourself and your pupils. Do not read the biography of persons who are not good. Such models placed before you, no matter how good you intend to be, will produce their influence. Do not read novels, if they have in them a predominance of

evil characters; read those which introduce only evil characters enough to bring into bold relief the good characters in the story. We have to be very careful how we educate ourselves. In very early youth the mind is easily impressed or moulded; but as soon as we are educated we are run as if by machinery through the training that has come into our mental activity. Education, then, in itself is a mighty power. It is the great governor of men and women.

Lastly, let me speak of the application of these principles to religion. In this realm the imagination aids the mind to form the ideal more than it does in the other two forms of education to which I have pointed. From the highest teachings in religion that the world has seen I have taken the models or principles which thus far I have applied to all forms of education,—I mean the teachings of the Christian religion; not any particular form of religion, but the *Christ* religion. Historically, you can prove that there have been many forms of religion called by the name of Christian, but I most enjoy studying the life and conduct of the great Teacher himself,—he who immortalized himself by his life, by his teachings, and by his spiritual power. Christ is the model for religious life and conduct. There had been great philosophers in religion in the Jewish nation, and in other nations, but that which distinguished Christianity as a system of religion was that it furnished the perfect ideal. People say, and I was misled by it in my youth, that it does not make any difference about your model,—in other words, whether you accept Christ or not,—but you must endorse the truth. If people would endorse and practise the truth, I would say that is a safe way to teach, but a fundamental law in human nature is the de-

mand for a living ideal, not a philosophy. The mind must come into contact with the thing itself, then it can deduce principles and formulate a philosophy. When people are advocating a system or theory they instinctively point to models. Notice how the disciples of Jesus illustrated these psychological principles in teaching Christianity; they pointed to him first, last, and all the time. The mind must have an ideal; the effect of the ideal is both direct and indirect on the character and life of those who accept it. Paul illustrates and obeys this philosophy when he says: "I am determined to know nothing among ye save Christ, and him crucified." Some sceptic might say, "Why do you point to Christ as *the* model?" In all forms of education we know that it is necessary for the mind to have a model. Do we know a better model than Jesus Christ? A man said to me once, "Do you not think it a little dangerous for you to tell people that Jesus Christ is the eternal God?" I said, "I do not discuss theology; I speak to people's minds when I say that in actual life Christ is the highest ideal that has ever been observed. Every historian and every philosopher of modern times will accept this." "But," continued my interlocutor, "you say that he is God." "Well, he is God to me." "How about the Trinity?" "I am not talking about the Trinity." "How about his rank as Father, Son, or Holy Ghost?" "I am not talking about his rank; I am talking about what is an ideal to my soul, and may I not call divine the highest that my soul can perceive, and what I call divine may I not call God?"

The work of the ministry furnishes the noblest opportunities for doing good—for teaching others the ways of the highest life—that can be furnished in this world. What will give ministers

success in their work? Perhaps some of you, knowing what I am trying to teach, will think that I am going to say, "Study elocution." No, I am not going to say any such thing, but rather say, study the acts and the writings of the first orators of Christianity, of the Apostles. In all their writings they have announced these fundamental principles which I have been giving you. They ever pointed out Christ as the model of the highest living. When they went to Jerusalem they pointed to this model; when they went into any country outside of Jerusalem they pointed to this model; everywhere he was the model placed before the minds of the people. Having presented the model, they next presented the methods by which the ideal furnished by the model was to be realized. These were systematically set forth. Ministers, study these methods, in order that you may get their ways of looking at things. Stand behind Paul, look over his shoulder, and see what he is writing; follow the logical process that is going on in his mind. Taking his view, you will develop new methods by which to improve human beings. Christ said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This is a fundamental principle in oratory. Lift up your thought to other minds, and if it be an inspired thought it will draw all to itself by its own power. People talk a great deal about bringing sinners to Christ. I would not give much for those who have been lugged along. Lift up Christ and he will bring all men unto him. A besieging army, in scaling the walls that surrounded a certain city, having no scaling ladders and no ropes, arranged matters in this way. They placed a strong man next the wall, then placed another on his shoulder, a third one on his shoulder, thus enabling him to look over the wall and see what the army

inside was doing. He in turn informed the general, so that he could the better plan the attack. In this way they succeeded in capturing the city. I would have teachers of religion stand on their practices until they could mount high enough to look over into the city; in other words, get a better view of a perfect model. If there was no teaching the people could know nothing about Christ, for did he not say, "Ye are my epistles, known and read of all men"? Let others read my message through your lives: this was his vital teaching; therefore I say to any philosopher, to any teacher, that the best teachings are found in the principles of Christ. I say this as one pointing out the principles of teaching. It rests on this foundation. You will naturally ask this question: "What has this you are giving us concerning morals and religion to do with education in oratory? Why should you take an hour every Saturday to teach us morals, to teach us practical living?" I will tell you why. That oratory which has not its foundations in a moral Christian life is resting on sand, and the next fashion of the times will sweep away the pedestal on which it reposes. One cannot teach principles of oratory without teaching principles of human nature, and the best view you can get of human nature is to study Him whose teachings prove that he needed not to be told what was in human nature, "for he knew what was in man." Cut me off in my thoughts from the greatest teacher that ever lived and you cut me off from teaching oratory. I would as soon teach profanity, or burglary, as to teach people to rest their ideals of oratory on any other foundation than the life and teachings of the great Model for the human race.

Learning to ride a bicycle was one of the best lessons I ever had in psychology. One morning, after learning to

balance on the wheel pretty well, I started off on a road which was not perfect all the way. There was a ditch filled with brush on one side. I looked at it and said, "I will dodge it;" but my wheel did not dodge. I found that I went toward the object I feared. After a time I learned to look the way I wanted to go, and this way only. If I wished to write a temperance lecture and make it most ideal I would not describe a drunkard's home, nor a drunkard's performances; I would describe a sober man's home and a sober man's performances. If I wished to teach morals to a reckless youth I would not point to the gallows nor to the man in the penitentiary, but I would point to an honest and beautiful man, and hold that model before his mind. "Oh," one says, "if you do not teach him these evil things, they will get into his mind in spite of you." This principle did not hold in relation to the bicycle. Remember Christ's words: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Many centuries prior to the date of this utterance these words were written: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." Thus Father and Son both taught this fundamental idea.

How dare we turn around and say, "I am going to help you by indicating your faults"? If you have the spirit of helpfulness, that is right as far as it goes, but you misdirect this spirit when you select bad models and hold them before the minds of those you would help.

Let me say to those who are not critics but who are likely to be criticised, if a person sets your faults constantly before you don't you let him teach you any more; get out of his way as quickly as you can. If you want your faults repeated in a worse form, hold them up before your mind. The vilest persons can criticise by picking out your faults, but the wise man, seeing your difficulty, places the right ideal before your mind, and, saying nothing to you about your fault, leads you away from it. Look at your faults and you will be like your faults. What would Christ have done? Would he have said, "Lift ye up the Devil, and whosoever shall look at him will run the other way"? No, listen: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Lift up true and right ideals and keep them before the mind, for they are mighty in their effects.

### After.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? — SHELLEY.

The spirit of winter walks forth to-day,  
His face is pale and his garment gray;  
And about his feet fall dead  
Leaves of yellow and red.

The glowing year has felt his breath,  
And silent stands, with a look of death.  
And over the stricken earth  
Sorrow succeedeth mirth.

And a thousand hills make weary moan  
With a sigh that reacheth to God's high throne;

The whole land mourneth sore  
For the glory that is no more!

Hark, from the clouded sky  
Soundeth a clear, glad cry!  
After the sorrow's night  
Breaks the glad morrow's light!

After the winter's snow  
Spring's fairest flowers blow!  
Canst not trust the Father's hand  
To bless thee, beloved land?



## Physical Culture.\*

MAUDE MASSON.

Let us not always say,  
 "Spite of this flesh to day  
 I strove, made head, gained ground,  
 Upon the whole,  
 As the bird wings and sings."  
 Let us cry, "All good things are ours,  
 Nor soul helps flesh more now than  
 Flesh helps soul."

NATURE has commanded that we give, this subject our earnest effort. She has proved to us that we cannot get along without it. In man God has given us a trinity,—mind, soul, body. You cannot separate them. They are as one.

In the Middle Ages it was the tendency of man to ignore the body. He spurned it. He said, "Thou clod, thou drag upon my spirit, without thee I should be free." He tortured the body, starved it, heaped upon it all the indignities that ardent ignorance could invent; and in his blindness he said, "For thy sake, O Lord." He was concerned only with the salvation of his soul; he thought not at all of the soul of his fellow man. It was to save himself that he tortured and debased his body. The emaciated form, hollow eyes, and disordered stomach—these meant spirituality. He knew no better, but nature could take no account of that, and so laid on him her avenging hand.

Later, a sweet voice "'Love thy neighbors' said;" and again, "'All men are neighbors,' so the sweet voice said." Then man ceased to look in; he looked out. He thought less about his own soul and more about his brother's. In this soil of brother-love was nourished the tap-root of all true progress. Only in this "struggle for the life of others" can any legitimate "struggle for life" be recognized, and this should be borne in mind in all educational work—not as a beautiful theory, but as a practical, working basis. We are too

apt to accept these general truths without applying them specifically. They do very well to believe, but are not practicable to use.

We would study "art for art's sake," we say, and foolishly imagine we have said something wise. We must study art for *man's* sake and *God's* sake if we would attain its true perfection. Only in so far as a system of education fulfils the laws of altruism can it effect the highest and most far-reaching results.

Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us he was not a success as a teacher, and he also tells us why. His *real* life was lived outside the class-room. His thought reached out to infinity, making a starlit path for struggling humanity, but he felt bound by the traditions of time-serving teaching to silence the voice of his soul when with his students, and tell them what was in the books. The drudgery of it caused him endless suffering, and he afterwards regretted that he had not caught his students up with him and trusted them to understand. Had he done so, the trustees might have questioned his *methods*, but they would have been forced to extend the walls of his class-room.

To-day is a day of truth-seeking. We are looking for truer things in religion, truer things in education. We see that creeds and methods are valuable only as they enrich character. We cry for food for our needs, and most earnestly do we cry for a system of physical culture by which we may be enabled to *work* better; by which we may be enabled to hold to that nobility of purpose toward which we aspire. The day has gone by for people to ignore this need. They feel its demand and turn to the

\* An extract from a lecture delivered by Miss Masson at Jackson, N. H.

gymnasium and training-school, vainly imagining that they will find satisfaction in the purely mechanical training of muscles. But strength of muscle is not necessarily health. The day for muscular sway has gone by. To-day the world is swayed by a power greater than the power of bone and muscle, the God-given power of mind. Bone and muscle are revered only as they serve this higher power—their master. What are we to do in this matter? Get into touch with nature. She has ways of her own, and man succeeds only when he agrees with her. Her plan is evolutionary. There is a vast difference between *development* and *training*. Train the body and you have the professional gymnast, the prize-fighter, the trickster. But it is not gymnasts, prize-fighters, and tricksters that the world needs. It is not tricks that we want; it is life. We need greater vitality more than we need greater biceps. We are looking to the brain, that engine of our forces. The great mass of us are health-seekers. We agonize in the thought that the brain knows itself powerless to do its best work. We rush to the physician and lay down our money, even to the last cent, asking in return something which money cannot buy and drugs cannot coax into being. Nature alone can grant our prayers, and she asks no money; she demands the one thing that we must learn to give,—obedience to her laws. We want, then, a physical culture that obeys nature's laws. They are not complex. Nature is always simple to the eye that can read her secrets. No man can formulate an adequate system of physical culture to whom nature's face is not a sweetheart face, every line of which he knows by heart.

Forced by the current of my own necessities into the great ocean of health-seekers, I steered my bark hither and thither in search of the right port. I

believe I found it. I believe that no other system of physical culture reaches so deeply the needs of suffering humanity as the Emerson College System of Physical Culture. I believe that no man has so understood the dual needs of man as has the founder of this system. He has elevated the subject into the ideal. He has realized that health must be in the mind, as well as in the body; that a movement given for its physiological value alone is as futile as it is uninteresting—futile because it is uninteresting. *The mind must work* during exercise, and that, too, in a way to secure its highest conditions. Physiologists tell us that vicious thought can so poison the blood as to produce disease where the organism happens to be weakest. Is it not rational, then, to believe that *right* thoughts, taking their natural form of expression through the body, will produce health-giving sensations in the body? If this be so—and so it has been proved—it clearly seems necessary that a system of culture which has for its goal health should embrace something more than the physiological needs of the body.

The attempt has been made in the past, and continues, with many another stupid thing, into the present, to train the mind as a something apart from the spirit. It must be filled with knowledge; so they proceed to stuff it as one would stuff a pincushion. As a result we see something that walks and talks, but which *sees* no further than the printed page. The body can no more be developed apart from the mind than the mind from the soul. The philosophy of education which meets the needs of every hungry individual is that which considers the whole man,—body, mind, and soul.

The Emerson College system meets this demand. Every movement is induced by a healthful condition of the

mind. Every movement is a *necessity*—an answer to some demand of the soul. It would be outside the realm of possibility to engage in regular, *understanding* practice of the Emerson System of Physical Culture without feeling the soul-life grow larger and deeper and higher. "Every spirit makes its house," says our great philosopher, "and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant."

We must begin, then, with the spirit, and this Dr. Emerson has done. He has followed the radiant path which his illustrious kinsman hewed out of the solid rock of ignorant superstition, with only the jeers and rebukes of his fellow-men for encouragement, and with him has burrowed deep until he has laid his hand on nature's heart and throbbed with its throb. She has shown to him her immutable laws, and with these as a foundation he has erected an everlasting superstructure. What has he placed as the corner-stone? *Necessity*, from whose womb is born a beauty so subtle that it seems not real to the *unseeing* eye, but which, to the eye that sees the mother in the child, is, as Goethe says, "a manifestation of the secret laws of nature." Such an eye sees nothing but beauty. It calls to him from the mountains, from the plains, from the ocean, and from the rivers. It enters the soul of the musician and pours its voice through his wonderful strains. It speaks to him from the picture, from the statue, and above all it speaks to him through the human form. To man God has given a power which illuminates his being; to rich and to poor has He given in equal measure, and it needs not a Phidias nor an Angelo to touch this power into life. Even we, the humblest of us, can so carve immortal thoughts into living forms of flesh and blood that all may read who can see.

We want a culture for the body which

recognizes it as an expression, as a form moulded by this inner power, and this want is supplied by the Emerson System of Physical Culture. For those who find the weakness of these movements in their beauty—and there have been many such among *casual* observers—I can do nothing better than to lay bare these few basic ideas of all Dr. Emerson's work. The time is too limited to attempt any analysis of the exercises. I can only mention the general underlying principles. I have spoken at some length of the two which I think chiefly distinguish this system from all others,—the recognition, all the way through, of the supremacy of the spiritual man, and the recognition of beauty as a manifestation of natural law. These are more closely connected than might appear at first sight, for (and here I quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson) "beauty must be organic. Outside embellishment is deformity." Apropos of this subject he also says, "Beauty is only an invitation from what belongs to us. 'T is a law of botany that in plants the same virtues follow the same forms. It is a rule of largest application, true in a plant, true in a loaf of bread, that in the construction of any fabric or organism, any real increase of fitness to its end is an increase of beauty."

The seed must then be sown in the mind and the body taught to express that which is within, and this *through such exercises as are demanded by his entire organism*. Nothing should be *imposed* upon the body, and we believe that all abrupt and angular movements are an imposition, because nature has shown us that she would have none such. She loves the spiral. The curved line is the flowing line, and "beauty," again says Emerson, "is the moment of transition, as if the form were just ready to flow into other forms. . . . To this streaming or flow-

ing belongs the beauty that all circular movement has—as the circulation of the waters, the circulation of the blood, the periodical motion of the planets, the annual wave of vegetation, the action and reaction of nature; and if we follow it out, this demand in our thought for an ever-onward action is the argument for immortality.”

This idea of the flowing is so fixed in these exercises that there is no possible limitation. Each exercise is so arranged as to suggest a reaching toward infinity. Practising these movements we are filled

with hope. God's in this world, and there is room for us, work for us; and possibilities stronger than the flesh. Our hearts beat to the rhythm which controls our bodies, and we are flooded with the consciousness that beauty is everywhere. Here is no drudgery, no performance, but the normal outreaching of the body toward its own potential powers, toward the grace, beauty, and symmetry meet to express the God in us.

“Now are we the sons of God, and it does not yet appear what we shall be.”

## Symposium: The World's Oratory and Orators.

### Irish Oratory.

LOUISE HURLBUT ALLYN.

THE subject of the world's oratory and orators seems to have “struck a common chord” in the minds of the writers of the preceding papers, if we may judge from such quotations as the following: “Liberty and Eloquence are twin sisters;” or this from another article, “Eloquence and Liberty have gone hand in hand.” Still another writer says: “The love of Liberty is the mother of Oratory.”

Conceding the truth of this last statement, let us glance at the history of Ireland, and consider briefly the characteristics of her people, to see whether we may expect to find the art of oratory prominent in the development of her civilization. It is probable that the first Celts who landed in Briton settled in Ireland, and the Irish people, though modified later by the admixture of Latin and Anglo-Saxon elements, have retained their Celtic nature. Extreme *sensibility*, which forms the basis of their character,

makes them quick to see, quick to feel, keenly sensitive to beauty, and susceptible of strong excitement, with sudden transitions from excessive joy to the deepest melancholy. Dominated by their affections, they lack stability and steadiness. Impetuosity, with a passionate love of freedom,—for they are Nature's own children,—combine to produce a character bold and fearless, but their tendency to “react from the despotism of fact” gives them a longing for the ideal which is not balanced by a patient determination to win it for themselves. Hence in the lifelong struggle for independence which constitutes the history of the nation their triumphs have been short-lived and they have achieved no *permanent* and marked success.

How clearly is the character of this mercurial, passionate, liberty-loving people reflected in the wild transitions of the Irish music! Thomas Moore, in



writing upon the subject, says: "It has often been felt that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history,—the tone of defiance succeeded by the languor of despondency, a burst of turbulence dying away into softness, . . . and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs that lie upon it."

The Celtic poetry, too, evinces the same characteristics. The utter abandonment to emotion has produced beautiful lyrics, but has brought forth no great dramas nor epics. Shall we find the same result evident in Celtic oratory? The answer is sure, if it be true that "the word he speaks is the man himself."

Politics, the conduct of government, and great reforms have ever been most fruitful sources of true oratory. Ireland is no exception to the rule. From the time of her conquest by Henry the Second of England to the present day this brave little island has been kept in turmoil by political discussions, by religious differences, by the never-ceasing struggle for liberty, and it is from the shadows of this dark picture that from time to time have blazed forth the genius of a Grattan, of an O'Connell, of a Burke. In spite of the deplorable animosities which sometimes crept into the debates of these men; in spite of the hot-headed denunciations and personalities to which with the fervid temper of their race they sometimes allowed themselves to descend, and to which more than once a duel appeared the only sequel; nevertheless, their hearts were centred upon their beloved country's weal, and they ever labored to protect her from real and imaginary foes.

Grouped about these great men and following them came a host of lesser lights of different magnitudes, some-

times burning brightly, sometimes with a flickering, uncertain flame, and sometimes fading away in smoke. Among these speechmakers (some of whom cannot, even by an elastic use of the term, be called orators) may be named Hely Hutchinson, the possessor of a good literary style; Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Emmet; Wolf Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, men of action; Shiel, a friend of O'Connell, who helped to achieve Catholic emancipation; O'Brien and Duffy, whose weapon of warfare was the partisan newspaper. Isaac Butt was the last of the line of advocates who sought to produce an effect upon England as a means of gaining their ends. The later politicians, of whom Parnell was the chief, were men of deeds as well as words, whose policy of contempt for England's attitude toward them achieved some successes. Nearly contemporaneous with Henry Grattan in Parliament were Henry Flood and John Philpot Curran, both of whom, like Grattan, were masters of invective and possessed the same logical and powerful style, though Flood's was more solemn and dignified and less brilliant than the others.

Born in Dublin in 1746, Henry Grattan entered the Irish Parliament in 1775, and throughout his brilliant career his one ambition was to achieve the complete independence of his country. The key-note of his life-purpose was struck when, in closing his memorable speech delivered in support of his motion for a Declaration of Right, denying the authority of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland, he said: "I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked; he shall not be in irons."

Mainly by Mr. Grattan's efforts the

Irish Revolution of 1782 was carried, achieving, in the language of Lord Brougham, "a victory which stands at the head of all the triumphs ever won by a patriot for his country in modern times; he had effected a revolution in government without violence of any sort." Grattan's style was impassioned, vehement, full of condensed argumentation, yet replete with striking figures and vivid descriptions, moving always with a rhythm peculiarly adapted to the sentiment expressed. There was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the man; his short stature and disproportionately long arms, his awkward stride, his frequent and droll gesticulations, were extremely ludicrous, yet when he spoke his hearers, swept away by the power of his eloquence, were totally oblivious to his physical defects. The man was lost in the orator. His genius did not spring full-fledged into being like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, but was sedulously cultivated from his youth. His residence being near Windsor Forest, he was accustomed to wander there on moonlight nights and deliver harangues to the trees. His landlady was greatly distressed (as doubtless the landladies of many a would-be orator of the present time), and would often say, "How sad it is to see the poor young gentleman all day talking to some one he calls 'Mr. Speaker,' when there is no speaker in the house except himself."

Mr. Curran was also obliged to overcome great physical disadvantages in an awkward manner, extreme embarrassment, and a shrill, unpleasant voice. In his youth he was called "stuttering Jack Curran," but his untiring diligence completely overcame his faults, so that after he had become a distinguished orator some one said to him, speaking of his eloquence, "It must have been born with you." "Indeed, my dear sir, it was not," said Curran; "it was born three and

twenty years and some months after me." Curran's greatest speech was upon the Liberty of the Press.

In the very year in which Grattan entered Parliament there was born in Kerry another of Ireland's greatest orators, a man who by reason of his profound knowledge of human nature, his peculiar tact in suiting his style of argument to the character of his audience, his subtlety of perception, and his accurate and extensive legal information, gained the reputation of being the ablest criminal lawyer in Europe. Had we sat with the jury in a trial in which Daniel O'Connell was the attorney for the defence, we should have seen arising a man of finely proportioned athletic figure nearly six feet in height, with open and manly features and kindly blue eyes, a man from whose capacious lungs there proceeded a voice of great power. Swept on by his headlong impetuosity, he would pour forth a torrent of arguments which carried the day by sheer strength of numbers; now he would convulse his hearers with his irresistible wit, now fire their passions with his own fervid enthusiasm, now bury his opponents under a mountain of scathing sarcasm and merciless invective, then expose them to the most violent ridicule. Although it lacked grace and smoothness, his manner was earnest and impressive. His very physical energy and remarkable vivacity made him a prime favorite with his countrymen. Curran says of him, "Were he addressing a mixed assembly where the lower orders predominated, I scarcely know any one who would have such a power of wielding the passions. A balcony outside a high window and a large mob beneath him is the very spot for O'Connell."

Among these orators of the latter part of the eighteenth century, that Golden Age of modern parliamentary and forensic oratory, the man who overtops them

all, not only in physical stature but by virtue of his towering intellect and lofty character, is Edmund Burke, he who possessed all the excellencies of Irish character and corresponding literary style, with a minimum of its faults. An eminent historian says, "Had Burke remained in his own land he might have changed the current of her history." But though the greater part of his political life was spent in the British Parliament, he never forgot the interests of the land of his birth, but regarded her with affectionate pity, and loved her with a loyalty which led him to oppose even his own constituents when Ireland's liberties were at stake. It was the "absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends which were the glory of" Edmund Burke, and we bow in admiration and respect before this brilliant man, who was patriot, politician, philosopher, poet, and philanthropist; whose vast riches of available information upon every possible subject, together with a rare sagacity in deducing conclusions founded upon the principles of cause and effect, gave him a foresight almost supernatural; whose one aim in life was to apply his wisdom to the relief of the oppressed and to the righting of wrongs.

His greatest speeches were those relating to the Taxation of the American Colonies, the Impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the French Revolution. Burke's eloquence, like that of the ancient orators of Greece and Rome, was of the vehement and passionate sort

which seeks to inflame the minds of the hearers and hurry away their imaginations. At times, however, from paying all attention to his subject and little heed to his audience, his style became so distinctly literary that his addresses were too heavy for delivery. Lord Erskine is said to have once crept under a bench to escape a speech which when published he thumbed to rags. Burke's style has been criticised as too ornate, but it is characterized by a fervid sincerity which is but the natural expression of his great and glowing thoughts.

In our list of Irish orators we must not forget Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose two orations on the impeachment of Warren Hastings were masterpieces. Neither must we neglect to mention that orator and politician of a later day, Charles Stewart Parnell, whose indefatigable labors in the interest of Home Rule made him a prominent figure in her politics until his death but a few years ago.

We have seen that all Ireland's orators have received their inspiration from the desire for the liberty of their beloved isle, and all true Americans must feel a sympathy with the struggles of the nation which has been striving so long for the blessing which we have obtained. Nor can we, realizing the blessedness of freedom, fail to acknowledge our debt of gratitude for the sympathy and assistance of that "greatest of Irishmen," Edmund Burke.

### English Orators of the Eighteenth Century.

JUNIA M. FOSTER.

THE political situation in England during the eighteenth century was often very alarming, and frequently a complex problem to even the most brilliant minds. There were continental wars in

which the country was involved; there were perplexing affairs with foreign colonies; there were Parliaments in opposition to kings and royal ministers; there was often tyrannical royal will op-

posed to the popular voice that clamored for the hearing of grievances and the recognition of rights. The field for the display of oratorical power was wide; yet no really great voices responded to the need until near the middle of the century.

English forensic eloquence was rare until the latter part of the eighteenth century. One reason is ascribed to the technicality of the English law, which was unfavorable to the cultivation of oratory. Another reason was the neglect of special preparation for the successful art of speaking.

In the history of parliamentary eloquence there are no names worthy of great note previous to the time of Lord Chatham. But after his appearance came a number of brilliant men whose names have come down to us as some of the mightiest parliamentary and forensic orators the world has ever seen.

Among the parliamentary orators cited with highest admiration by all nations was the elder William Pitt, later Earl of Chatham. At the time of his active work, 1736-1777, the method of reporting was very imperfect, so very few of his speeches as delivered have been preserved. In the House of Commons he early distinguished himself as an orator such as England had never produced, and when he was made Prime Minister, after twenty years of noble service in Parliament, he proved himself England's mightiest leader and most far-seeing statesman. Afterwards in the House of Lords he remained the faithful champion of popular interests. He was much of the time in the opposition to the royal ministry, and never faltered in assailing its narrow views, nor spared his awful invective when occasion made it opportune.

As an orator he was distinguished by a voice marvelous for its clearness and fulness, and a varied vocabulary. He

was fiery and impetuous, and "the terrors of his beak and lightning of his eye" were powerful. Dignity was his ever-present characteristic. His method was not that of a debater; but he seized upon the more salient phases of a question with a nobility of sentiment and a fervor that destroyed all opposition. Dependent upon the circumstances and the inspiration of the moment, his speeches were extemporaneous. "When once I am up, everything in my mind comes out," he once said.

His character was above reproach, and some one said of him that "great as was his oratory, every one felt that the man was infinitely greater than the orator." Franklin said: "I have sometimes seen eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; but in him I have seen them united in the highest degree."

One of his finest speeches was that on the right of taxing America, when the repeal of the odious Stamp Act was being discussed. He took the positive stand that what was best for America was best for England.

In an allusion to the maxim that every man's house is his castle, Lord Chatham's words are: "The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail,—the roof may shake, the wind may blow through it, the storm may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter."

In his seventieth year he delivered his magnificent address to the Throne on "Affairs in America," when he bent all his powers in advocating a treaty of peace with the colonies, for the purpose of saving them and the honor of England. Though old and weak, he was inspired with all the fire of his youth, and critics regarded this as his master-effort. Standing before the lords and ministers of the realm, leaning upon his



crutch, the "great commoner," crowned with the dignified honor of a lifetime of service to his country, endeavored to unburden his unsubdued mind by an expression of his sentiments. "It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth," he said. "I know the English troops can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an *impossibility*. *You cannot conquer America.*"

William Pitt, the son, was unlike his father. He lacked the earnestness, fire, and vivid imagination of Chatham; but was superior in logic, and the knowledge of politics. Trained from childhood for his oratorical career, he was fond of studying ancient orations, analyzing debates, and comparing opposite sides of the same question. Entering Parliament at a very early age and raised soon to the lofty eminence of Prime Minister, the eyes of all Europe were turned to this able "boy-statesman." He is classed among the world's great debaters. Upon the subject of a treaty of peace with the colonies was delivered one of his ablest speeches.

Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan were contemporaries in Parliament. Fox and Pitt, the noted debaters, were powerful combatants in a political warfare of more than twenty years. Fox was persuasive, impetuous, vehement, but often incautious. Pitt had far more dignity and prudence. The abilities of Fox were amazing, despite his somewhat dissolute life. He was always a warm friend of America. During the Revolution he once said, "Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able — as you never will be — to force them to submit."

Pitt, in "the most elaborate and important of his speeches, expounded the

English policy of continuous opposition to Napoleon; and Fox, in one of his most masterly replies, gave voice to the sentiment that favored negotiations for peace."

Edmund Burke might more truly be styled a political philosopher than an orator. His course of reasoning was rather too elaborate to stir the hearts of his hearers. He possessed a wonderful mental scope by which he could survey every subject in all its complex relations. He applied himself to the workings of political institutions and the principles of legislation. Tireless industry, a strong memory, and a wide imagination gave him an unusual wealth of knowledge. But these characteristics, carried into his oratory in the House of Commons, often became oppressive, for he would pour forth his store of knowledge hour after hour, till his hearers were burdened rather than persuaded. But his written speeches are a source of great profit to the student, especially those on "Taxation" and "Conciliation." Burke entered Parliament at an eventful period,—when the important topic under consideration was American taxation,—and he was intensely concerned in the colonial affairs, to which he devoted his far-reaching powers of logic, delving for causes and grasping results with prophetic intelligence; possessing notably the power of prescience.

Among forensic orators the name of Thomas Erskine shines as the most brilliant star in England, as well as one of the greatest advocates in the world's history. Born in poverty, his youth spent in the capacity of midshipman and soldier, he received no early preparation for a life-work at the bar. But his indomitable courage and perseverance, together with his cheerful temperament and extraordinary abilities, soon placed him as leader in his profession.

He was not distinguished as a parliamentary orator, nor as Lord Chancellor, but as an advocate in the forum he had no equal. Deeply imbued with the principles of patriotism and with a love for his profession, he was always desirous of honorably administering justice. His devotion to his client was his great excellence, and in pleading for redress for the injured, and in defending the innocent, he seemed to lose himself in the character he represented. He understood so well human nature and all the workings of the mind and heart that he could ably impersonate the thoughts and motives of others. His admirable demeanor at the bar; his kindly courtesy to jury, judge, witness, and opponent; his cheerful, happy, animated temper — all made him a universal fa-

vorite; while his presence of mind, fire, and courage triumphed over all opposition. His mission was to help to establish the fundamental rights which permanently secured the freedom of juries and of the press, and to place the free constitution of his country on an imperishable basis.

What these mighty voices achieved in leading their country into broader liberty can scarcely be estimated. As the eighteenth century drew to a close the number and power of England's men of eloquence had advanced, while the principles of liberty had been given a firmer foundation, thus confirming the testimony of all nations that expression of love for liberty is necessary to the evolution of liberty.

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### Our Distinguished Guests.

#### **J. T. Trowbridge.**

WE are grateful to Dr. Emerson for the enjoyment of many a rich treat. The debt which we owe in this direction was increased mightily some few mornings ago by a visit from J. T. Trowbridge.

We have long known Mr. Trowbridge through his writings, but we now feel that we shall henceforth know his writings better through knowing him. The man is ever more than his works. His written words can, at best, but suggest the innermost places of his being. From the personality emanates something more than mere words can convey. This potent power of presence reaches, more surely than does any other formative influence, the roots of our being.

It is generally understood that authors cannot read their own compositions. Possibly Mr. Trowbridge may be the exception that proves the rule.

At any rate, after listening to his vital rendering of "Author's Night" we recognized, as Dr. Emerson said, that we had found a good thing, and we determined to keep it as long as we could.

We thank Mr. Trowbridge most heartily for the generosity with which he responded to our hungry demands. "At My Enemy's Gate" left us in a frame of mind to enjoy "Midsummer" in an entirely new and deeper way than ever before, nor were we slow to appreciate the play of humor and pathos in "Old Simon Dole."

We send after Mr. Trowbridge very cordial memories, and the earnest hope that he will visit us again. M.

#### **George W. Cable.**

A few mornings since, as we were assembled in Berkeley Hall for the morning exercises, Dr. Emerson came upon the platform and said in a way to at

once raise our highest expectations, "I have a surprise for you." He then stepped into the office, and in a few moments returned and, in a few fitting words, presented the well-known author, George W. Cable.

Dr. Emerson always introduces a person in a way to make us expect great things, and rarely in the case of those who visit the college are we disappointed. We certainly were not on this occasion, for no sooner had Mr. Cable begun to speak than we felt that we were in the presence of a great man. His personality filled the room and was felt by every one present. Here was a forceful illustration of the "power of presence." He stood calm, reposeful, trustful, and spoke out of his heart, out of his life. His voice was not raised to a high pitch, but without appearance of effort his words penetrated to every heart. We not only heard but felt every word.

His inspiring thoughts on art, clothed in exquisitely pure and beautiful English; his inimitable recitations from his Creole stories, given with a naturalness, simplicity, and charm as indescribable as inimitable, will long live fresh in our memories. We can still see the beautiful June day, and the rich, fragrant Southern scene, with wealth of flowers, butterflies, and birds—even the little wren which "sang as though every bone in its little body were a golden flute." We can still hear the old colored Mammy crooning the little one to sleep with her weird song. But more vivid and more lasting than all these is the impress left upon our lives by the personality of the man. Greater than all he did or said was the man himself.

He was a lesson to us in expression, as he stood calm and trustful, with perfect surrender of self to the truth. He was a lesson to us in living, for we intuitively felt that here was a great soul. His visit, his personality, lent an addi-

tional emphasis to what we are taught every day; viz., there is no such thing as separating the art of expression from the art of living, for the greatest thing in oratory is the orator. M. B. M.

#### Mrs. Henrotin, Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Bicks.

On Wednesday morning, January 26, the pupils of Emerson College were early in their places to assist the Faculty in welcoming distinguished guests. These were Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, and Mrs. Lydia A. Coonley Ward, of Chicago. They had gladly responded to the gracious invitation sent them by Dr. Emerson to visit the college and say a few words to the waiting pupils.

Mrs. Henrotin, in her capacity of champion organizer of Woman's Clubs, speaks freely and enthusiastically of her work. She has faith in the efficacy of federated interests for fostering social and ethical progress.

Many fortuitous circumstances have united in the evolution of this representative woman of our great Republic. Dr. Jameson, in his genealogical compilation, tells us of her descent from the famous Choate family, of which the noted orator, Rufus Choate, was a scion. She early came in contact with a high order of social life, gleaning in many fields thoughts, impulses, and keen mental adjustments for the successful leadership of the Federation of Woman's Clubs. Her experiences in marshaling the available forces of this country and of the world, in making ready the educational projects that marked woman's work in the Columbian Exposition, was unique and gratifying. As a fitting recognition of her versatile talents, she has, for the past four years, held the position greatest in honor of any in the gift of women to-day.

It is well to enumerate these details as a background for reference to the

central thought which she placed before her audience; namely, attention to the little things of life, the small courtesies, the sweet amenities, more potent than great things in achieving success. Armed with tactful observances, she moves confidently in the large sphere of stately organization on world-wide lines, with the dignity of a princess "to the manor born." To such as she is the promise fulfilled for women in this glorious nineteenth century: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

Mrs. Ward, better known to her friends and in literature as Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley, won all students by striking directly the key-note of instruction which we receive in our beloved college from the day we enter until the hour we leave,—the need for universal truth in consecrated minds, for daily expression. Her womanly presence, her golden thoughts given in sweet, low voice, awake answering vibrations in the hearts and hands of her listeners.

To hear Mrs. Ward speak is to wish to know more of what she has written in poetry and prose, where each word finds its place in the pen-picture, with the "sweet reasonableness" that attaches to the individual parts in a choice mosaic. "In her tongue is the law of kindness," and she moves queen regnant of hearts.

The happy coincidence of having Mrs. Mary Dana Hicks come among us just at this time to cheer us with her greeting gave an added charm to the hour. She subtly harmonized any rumors of possible rivalries between Chicago and Boston in the matter of hospitalities, and gave the meed of praise to Emerson students that their just appreciation and quick perceptions, so readily expressed, had redeemed our city from charges of misplaced conservatism.

Dr. Emerson, with wise and benignant courtesy, gave expression of his gratitude and that of the students for the kindly sympathy and interest manifested by the guests.

Thus successfully celebrated passed a red-letter day in our calendar.

N. L. C.

#### Madame Marie Decca.

Another great joy was added to the almost overwhelming delight created by the presence of noted representative men and women of our country when Madame Marie Decca, the charming concert singer, graciously consented to sing for us on Wednesday afternoon, February 2.

Mrs. Southwick, immediately following the enthusiastic greeting given Madame Decca, expressed the regret that Dr. Emerson and other members of the Faculty who were sojourning in that "undiscovered country" (snow-bound) could not share with the students the delightful treat. All were impressed with the pleasing presence of Madame Decca, and the remarkable flexibility, range, and sweetness of her soprano voice.

Her first selection, "When the Heart Is Young," touched the depths of every heart; all felt she had a message to give, and she abandoned herself completely to revealing it through the medium of an exquisitely sympathetic voice.

In response to the generous applause she sang "Sleep, Little Rosebud" in such a way that it will always be remembered—it always must be. By request Madame Decca sang "The Echo Song." The echo was most beautifully given and certainly displayed marvelous freedom, clearness, and control of the voice. Almost inaudibly she let fall the remark that there was some of Boston climate in the echo.



The last selection, one with which every one was familiar, was "Kentucky Home." To whom does not this song bring a world of memories? It has ever been heard, and it seems almost impossible to remember when it was new to you.

In behalf of the students and the one through whose influence we enjoyed the unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Southwick sincerely thanked Madame Decca and Mr. Nash for such a rare treat. It is certainly the desire of all that again Madame Decca may favor us with her gracious presence and charming voice.

R. B.

#### Elbert Hubbard.

How we all enjoy laughing with Mr. Elbert Hubbard! We enjoyed it more than usual on Tuesday morning, the eighth of February, when he told us of Madame Guyon.

Mr. Hubbard is a delightful surprise when he is well started in his reading. At first we have the uncomfortable feeling that he is about to lead us into the sweet realms of some juvenile periodical, and we were surprised as well as delighted on Tuesday morning with the real grown-up humor and the fine pathos of the paper upon Madame Guyon.

There was pathos, was there not, in the description of the marriage of Jeanne Marie Bouvier to the wheezy, rheumatic,

unlovable Guyon? Much more pathetic it was than all of the prison experiences afterward. Then there was the vital touch, which brought it all down to our day,—the story of the master of the dog of Flanders.

Mr. Hubbard excels in strong pictures, in a style of oratory all his own, which will ever be the despair of imitators, in a range of thought from the highly spiritual to the amusing every-day things of life. His sympathy and keen appreciation of nature and men and women is most pleasing. We are almost tempted to believe that with him also all the world is good. We hope so.

Some one was heard to ask, "What is *The Philistine*?" "*The Philistine*," was the reply, "is Elbert Hubbard, and Elbert Hubbard is the Philistine." Quite true. Many of us are acquainted with the periodical. After a day of study and thought our "receptive childlike natures" delight in it. It is so restful! We enjoy looking out into the cold, cold world through the eyes of Mr. Elbert Hubbard. We feel that it will make the "awakening-time less rude."

Mr. Hubbard has written several interesting books. Every Emersonian should possess his "Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women," and every Emersonian would vote to have Mr. Hubbard appear before us at least three times a year.

M. F. H.

### The Senior Reception.

THE phrase "class of '98" holds much of interest to the college, to the members of the Faculty, to the members of the Freshman and Junior classes, and to the almost unknown number of friends and well-wishers of each and every one; but to those members of the Senior class who showed their loyalty

and interest by attending the reception given on the evening of January 14, the meaning and pleasure of being "grave and reverend Seniors" came with added significance. The dear old office seemed transformed; the sacred precincts of the library had been invaded by the caterer, and what with the bril-

liantly lighted rooms and the daintily arranged table, the scene assumed an atmosphere entirely devoid of "shop." With the advent of the first guest the all-prevailing spirit of Emerson was manifest. As the guests entered they were met by the ushers and presented to the President, Mrs. Cutter, who was assisted in receiving by the Vice-President, Mr. Galpin. During the reception songs were rendered by Miss Little and Miss Phillips, and a whistling solo by Mr. Galpin in a manner which called forth the unanimous commendation of the company. The charming attitude of the class to each other was most apparent throughout the evening, and the advent of several members of the Faculty was hailed with more than ordinary delight. The regard in which the class of '98 is held by our teachers was shown by the un-

tiring efforts of Misses King, Smith, Powers, and Lamprell, and Professor Kidder and Professor Tripp. Each one read, and not only that, but responded to the applause with a most generous encore.

After the entertainment and refreshments the "good-nights" were said, and many a complimentary word of thanks was uttered for the committees, which were well deserved, as those present will stand ready to testify. The social side of the college is seen at all times, but when a class is on the eve of separation, to really *know* one's fellow students is certainly a most natural and commendatory desire, and the reception to the members of the class of '98 proved to us all that there is in every one of us the spirit that spurs us on to nobler things. '98.

### Things Undone.

MRS. SANGSTER.

It is n't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
That gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten;  
The letter you did not write;  
The flower you did not send, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way;  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle, winning tone,  
Which you had no time nor thought for  
With troubles of your own.

Those little acts of kindness  
So easily out of mind,  
Those chances to be angels  
Which we poor mortals find,  
They come in night and silence,  
Each sad, reproachful wraith,  
When hope is faint and flagging  
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late;  
And it is n't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
Which gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

## A Five-Minute Talk on Physical Culture.\*

HELEN PERNAL DEWEY.

WHAT is the aim of the Emerson system of physical culture? We aim for "the highest condition of health and beauty through such exercises as are authorized and required by the laws of human economy."

First, let me call your attention to the word *highest*. It means elevated above any starting-point of measurement. When the angels came to the Babe in Bethlehem their song was, "Glory to God in the Highest;" therefore in aiming for the highest we are aiming for that which is omnipotent.

*The highest condition of health.* Health is all about us. We cannot escape from it. In spite of amœba in the atmosphere, caloria in the heat, bacteria in the water, etc., etc., wonderful to relate, the human race has not as yet been utterly destroyed. There is a power which rises above all this to tell us our God is a creative God, not a God of destruction. Many people call disease "an affliction of Providence." In Genesis, chapter 1, verse 27, we find, "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him." Disease comes not from God, but from error; not from goodness, but from evil. Health is like the sun, disease like a cloud passing over it—one is permanent, the other only temporary.

Many of us have not so much strength to begin the battle of life as others seem to have. Granted; but blessed is he that overcometh, and victory means not a resting-place for feasting and congratulation, but a step toward future battle and conquest. What better use can we make of our time than to build

a beautiful temple, that Christ may dwell therein? Take care in your building, and when it is finished others will come to worship at your shrine, and you will lead many to God, for you will reveal what you are. Amiel says, "Be what you wish others to become; let yourself and not your words preach for you."

*The highest condition of health and beauty.* Beauty is the result of a seed of purity cast into the soul which bears the fruit of luminosity. It is the overflow of the soul. It comes from being in harmony with God's children. It comes from the divine realization that "you and the Father are one." To have beauty we must have health. To have either we must obey laws. What laws? Nature's laws, God's laws, universal laws. We must first have a persistent purpose constantly before the mind to conquer. This persistence passes into habit and the law becomes a part of ourselves.

Many of us are going forth to teach. Some of you are to remain in your homes. Wherever you are you are needed.

"The least flower with brimming cup may stand  
To share its dewdrop with another near."

We are to deal with human souls. If we wound that soul the wound may heal, but the scar remains forever. Let us so teach that the search-light of *Truth* flashing into our souls will be met by an answering ray from the angel of *Purity* dwelling therein.

We are going forth as character-builders. Truth is to be our foundation, helpfulness our superstructure, and love our corner-stone.

\* Given before Senior Class.

## The Southwick Literary Society.

THE Southwick Literary Society and its guests formed a large and sympathetic audience on the afternoon of January 11, the occasion being an entertainment given by three of Emerson's daughters,—Miss Julia King, Miss Greta Masson, Miss Annie Lockwood. The program was made up of classics from the fields of literature and music, and the unqualified delight of those present was a tribute to the power of the artists and the culture of their audience. Those who are watching Miss King's career with loving interest were conscious of a deepening in power behind the charm of her personality. All Emersonia is

filled with gladness at the triumph of one of her number, whether teacher or pupil; for such triumph is an added proof of the "truth, beauty, and goodness" of the principles taught within her walls.

Miss Masson was in excellent voice, and sang with that freedom and birdlike enjoyment of her own harmony which adds such grace to her beauty of tone.

Miss Lockwood played with an exquisite taste and feeling which declared the artist. Altogether, the afternoon proved one of the richest in enjoyment and inspiration in the history of the Society.  
I. L. C.

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## Autumn Leaves.

BELLA E. HOWELL.

CRIMSON, scarlet, and yellow,  
Tumbling down from the trees,  
Shimmering there in the sunshine,  
Tossed at will by the breeze.

Falling on Mother Earth's bosom,  
Bedecking her gray autumn dress,  
Spangling it over with jewels,  
As lightly her mantle they press.

Rolling in heaps all together,  
Then suddenly flying apart,  
Surprised by the wandering zephyrs,  
With confusion and hurry they start.

Then again over hill, dale, and meadow,  
These butterflies born of the fall

Go dancing, darting, and fluttering,  
Obeying the wind fairy's call;

Waving farewell to the summer  
As the wind rudely bears them away,  
Romp, roving, and restless,  
Disdaining in one place to stay.

Beautiful leaves of the autumn,  
Brilliant with summer's last ray;  
Tremulous leaves of the fall-time,  
Were you born but to decay?

Smiling you came in the spring;  
All summer you laughed in the sun;  
Now sadly you drop from the branches,  
Sighing, "Summer, sweet summer, is done."

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## Personals.

Miss Mina A. Reade has the department of music and expression in the Provincial Normal School at Truro, Nova Scotia. Her very successful work here has given her other honors; she has classes in physical and vocal culture

and reading in the Truro Conservatory of Music, also a class of physical culture in the training school for kindergartners. Her public readings have been received most favorably throughout the Provinces. In addition to this, she



presents our work in the largest summer school in the Provinces.

Among the graduates of the college who are teaching near Boston, May Adams, Christine Cameron, Lizzie Hayward, Louise McIntosh, Miss Shanks, E. L. Pickard, and Harry Ross spent their vacations with their old friends and classmates at the college, renewing their inspiration and bringing to us the cheer and brightness of their own success.

"A very pretty wedding took place on Christmas eve., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harmon, at Buxton,

Me., when their daughter Margaret was united in marriage to Rev. Merrill C. Ward, of the Hingham Universalist Church." In addition to the congratulations and good wishes showered upon this happy couple, we send them a truly Emersonian greeting and a wish that "our philosophy" may be their constant companion during the years to come.

Another, who for a few months was a member of our college, has taken upon himself the duties of a home. The Rev. William Brucker, of Woodsfield, O., was married early in December to Miss Marie Schlenz, of Scranton, Pa.

### Alumni Column.

From newspaper clippings we learn of the successful public readings of James Hervey Ward. It is said that his impersonations are most skilful and natural.

In *The Cadiz Republican* we found a very flattering account of the success of Lillian Mae Cairns, class of '97. She receives high praise as teacher, reader, and organizer. The college publication also speaks of the "energy and taste" Miss Cairns has displayed in furnishing and arranging her rooms for the Department of Oratory.

Mr. F. J. Stowe writes of his work in Lebanon, Tenn., as follows: "Am meeting with the best of success in the work here. I now have classes in all the schools of the University. They all seem to be much enthused over the Emerson methods. My principal work, however, is in the Theological School, where the students are required to take the work two hours a week during the whole three years' course. Both the students and Faculty have shown a suf-

ficient amount of interest in the work so that a movement is now on foot to regularly endow a chair of oratory. The EMERSON MAGAZINE is a source of help and inspiration to the teacher who is out in the field. I look forward to its coming from month to month, for it brings so many good thoughts. I feel sure that one can only half appreciate the magazine while still at the college."

Extract from a letter to the editor: "I do so enjoy the Alumni Column, because I can keep in touch with the students, many of whom I cannot communicate with in any other way. I am still doing public work. Emerson College is, and will always be, very dear to my heart, and although separated from it in person, we are *one* in spirit. The magazine is a welcome visitor in my home, and every page of it is most carefully perused. . . . With many loving wishes for a happy and profitable New Year, believe me,

Your true

E. C. O. SISTER."

The Emerson philosophy is being well presented by Miss Laura Mygatt, in Connersville, Ind. Most of her pupils are enthusiastic over the work, and loud in their praises of her as a teacher. But this is not all — Miss Mygatt's life presents such a high ideal of womanhood that all who come in contact with her are stimulated to higher, nobler purposes of living.

A wedding occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Matteson, of Allenton, Christmas eve, when their daughter, Hortense Allen, was united in marriage to Arthur Eli Booth, of New Haven. The groom is instructor of mathematics and electricity in the Boardman Manual Training High School at New Haven. He is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, class of '91, and has since earned the C. E. degree. The bride is a graduate of the South Kingstown High School, class of '89, of the Rhode Island State Normal School, class of '91, and of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, class of '97.—*Providence Journal, December, 1897.*

OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.

*My dear Miss ———*

So you wish to learn my impression of the South?

A Kentuckian remarked to me the other day, "Miss ———, Kentucky is divided into two parts: the 'Blue Grass' and the 'brush!'" As I am not in the "Blue Grass Region," I naturally infer that I must be in the "brush."

Like the rest of the South, Kentucky has never fully recovered from the effects of the Rebellion, and in education as well as business is at least ten years behind the North.

A Yankee here is looked up to in a way that is quite appalling, for, with the generosity characteristic of the Ken-

tuckians, they acknowledge our superior advantages in general culture, and expect us to be phenomenally brilliant — to have the "silver-tongued" (everything here is *free silver*) eloquence of Phillips, the philosophical bump of a Ralph Waldo, the scientific acumen of Herbert Spencer, the literary genius of Shakespeare, together with that little halo of grit, wit, and shrewdness that has surrounded the Yankee since the days of "wooden nutmegs."

All this, I say, they expect, although they may not have analyzed their expectations in detail.

They are still in the period of the "whole."

The Kentuckians themselves are charming, the most hospitable people in the world, and I am not surprised that they find us Northerners cold-blooded and conservative on the surface; though should the Southerner penetrate the outer crust of the Yankee there would be found, under all the old Puritanical conservatism, a warm, true, loyal heart and a breadth of sympathy that would surprise him.

Among the members of my Literature Class are a "Gold Bug" and a "Silver Bug," both burning for the fray and consumed with an unholy desire to settle once for all within the precincts of the class-room this national question. Thus far I have prevented them from coming to blows, and no one observing my calm and unruffled demeanor would imagine for a moment the harrowing suspense that is devouring me — "Blessed are the peacemakers."

My life, generally speaking, from day to day runs along the same even trend, with the one hundred and one little things that make up one's every-day life. Do you know I am beginning to have a deep respect for little things; it seems to me that we are too apt to *strain* after ideals; to *claim* that which is not true

and can only *progressively* become so; to expect to transform ourselves too quickly; to dwell in thought way off somewhere in the distant future, instead of "adjusting ourselves to the eternal *now*." The evil from which spring many of the superficial ideas of life, the lack of thorough and useful education, and the cause of much of the immorality, is the *lack of purpose* and "stick-to-it-iveness" in the Southern as in the Northern young people, both girls and boys.

You cannot understand it until you have been here. The majority of Southern girls regard education in the light of a smattering of superficial knowledge which will enable them to enter a drawing-room well, to talk upon the latest society topics well, and to marry well.

The boys are more easily reached because they feel that they must do something to make a living. I have as day students some boys as large as I, who represent two types:—

1. The society boy, a "faddist," who will pick up my handkerchief with as much *impresment* as though I was Queen of England, and carefully closes doors or windows in his solicitude for my health,—a charming, irresponsible sort of a butterfly, *sans* purpose, *sans* will-power, *sans* morals (too often).

2. The "tough" boy, who smokes, drinks, and fritters away his time, but generous, kind-hearted, and not as hopeless a case as the former, because he is not devoured by an all-consuming self-complacency.

Then I am glad to say I have my *good* boys, and boys with *ambition*; I do not need to worry about *them*.

What exhausts one is the eternal "prodding" one has to employ. They will form the most beautiful resolutions when with me, and forget them three minutes after they are out of my sight; they will attack a herculean task with the greatest ardor and confidence, work

at it ferociously for half a day, then suddenly leave it (never to be finished) while they smoke a cigar or attend the German.

One of my boys came to me the other day and said, "I am engaged in some literary work at present; Shakespeare was a great man, no doubt, but he made his mistakes like the rest of us. Now, he introduced too many characters into his plays. *I am rewriting 'Hamlet'!*" I turned and fled, and later on one of the teachers found me in a helpless state in a secluded corner of the corridor.

Dear old E. C. O.! How I would like to be with you all once more, to shake the hands of old friends, to eat spice-cakes in the inimitable N. E. kitchen, to bask in the sunshine of "General's" smile, and to see and hear the man whom we all delight to honor—Doctor.

I had a beautiful message sent me the other day, and I wish to share it with you, feeling sure that it will hold the same meaning for you that it does for me; and then I must add "*tout finit*" to this manuscript, which begins to assume the threatening proportions of an Atlas of the World or an U. S. Census:

"We are prone to feel that sculpture is a truly heroic art, and to accord our rapt admiration to the mastery of the massy marble. But to my mind there is something far greater and more wondrous in the handiwork of one who gives shape and beauty to a human soul or to the hand that carves away at the surrounding Ignorance and clears the pathway that the power of a strong life may show itself. And so, my dear, thou art the Sculptor of Souls. Remember that, and should your arm ever weary and falter, stop a moment to rest and gather strength by gazing upon this ideal."

Very sincerely yours,

M. E. T.

## Exchanges.

*The Pennington Seminary Review* for December contains an interesting item on "The Tomb of Washington."

*The Scio Collegian* for November contains, among other good things, an article entitled "Shams," which is well worth most careful perusal.

*The Ladies' Home Journal*, from its artistic frontispiece on the cover to the last page, is filled with good things. It is a publication that should be in every home.

*The College Life*, Emporia College, Emporia, Kan., presents a very neat appearance and suggests the loyalty of its supporters. We were disappointed, however, in not finding a more extensive literary department.

We are glad to receive among our exchanges *The News-Letter*, published by students of Johns Hopkins University. It contains articles looking toward the best interests of the University, and is clothed in the neatest of magazine apparel.

*The Wellesley Magazine* for January contains several well-told and genuinely interesting stories, besides some good verse and a very able article on "The Recent Strikes and the Labor Question in the Coal Regions of Pennsylvania." There is a certain dignity in the management of each department of this magazine that is really refreshing in contrast to the average college publication.

*The Buchtelite*, Buchtel College, Akron, O., is not a college magazine, but a college newspaper filled with good reading. There is plenty of readable undergraduate work as well as that which comes from those who have dipped deeper into life's experience.

The Christmas number of the *High School Herald* from Westfield, Mass., in its dainty scarlet-and-white raiment, is one of our new exchanges. It is a most attractive magazine, and in literary merit is several stages in advance of the usual high-school publications.

Iowa College, Grinnell, Io., publishes a bright semi-weekly news-letter, *Scarlet and Black*. We are pleased to see that oratory is by no means neglected. *The Unit*, published by the same college, contains many good short stories and poems, also a well-selected exchange column.

*The Polytechnian* of the Polytechnic College, Fort Worth, Tex., contains some very fine reading and promises well for the future. "The Story of Enoch Arden," from a literary point of view, is its best production, though some of the other articles are more ambitious. The article entitled "Oratory in Our Colleges" is worthy careful reading. The writer has some fine thoughts along the right line *as far as he has gone*. He only needs to go farther and stick to his text more closely.

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## Books.

THE ELEMENTARY STUDY OF ENGLISH. — Those who have read the second issue of this volume of our magazine have doubtless felt the wisdom and truth in

the article entitled "Hints on Teaching History," by Dr. Rolfe. This interesting and instructive article was taken by permission from his book entitled "The



Elementary Study of English," which is indeed a mine of wealth to one who knows how to dig. It is a manual of "hints for teachers" in the lower grades of school work; and in connection with the several volumes of select readings edited by Dr. Rolfe, its possibilities for teachers and pupils are unlimited. Too much, comparatively, has been given for the teaching of higher English, without due consideration of the fact that the elementary work forms the foundation. Speaking from a ten years' successful experience in the schoolroom, I may be permitted to say that it is the most helpful, the most practical and sensible, of any book of its kind it has been my privilege to examine. All earnest teachers who are striving to give the "spirit" as well as the "letter" of the work owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Rolfe.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE.—A valuable contribution to the already growing numbers of books dealing with the "higher thought" movement is the little volume recently published by Ralph Waldo Trine, entitled "In Tune with the Infinite; or, Fulness of Peace, Power, and Plenty." This is the second of the "life books" from the author's pen. The first, "What All the World's A-Seeking," published last winter, met with remarkable success from the reading public. In this book Mr. Trine has achieved a greater success. He has given many helpful messages which cannot fail to inspire and ennoble all who receive them. He has practically demonstrated the truth of the statement: "Within yourself lies the cause of whatever enters into your life." He has shown the rich blessing and the possibility of being "in tune with the Infinite." It is a most helpful book, containing gems of thought which should be cherished by young and old, rich and poor, alike.

THE TONE-LINE.—The book under this title needs no word of introduction; its helpfulness is too well known among us, but it is always gratifying to know what others think of matters that are of vital interest to us, especially if they are in a position to speak with authority. It is hence a great pleasure to publish a letter from the well-known London editors relative to "The Tone-line." Having published a large and somewhat comprehensive book on voice, these gentlemen certainly know whereof they speak.

AUTHORS' AND PRINTERS' JOINT INTEREST  
PUBLISHING CO.

*Publishers of "Voxometric Revelation,"  
London, Eng.*

MR. ALBERT BAKER CHENEY,

Author of "The Tone-line," Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir,—On behalf of Mr. North and myself permit me to thank you warmly for your courteous attention in sending us copies of your excellent little work: "The Tone-line," which reached us in due course. Speaking personally, the perusal of it gave me much pleasure. Several of your ideas strike me forcibly and with a peculiar interest, inasmuch as they point to a conception practically in harmony with some of the vital points in our more clumsily expressed production. If, indeed, I may presume to express an opinion, to my mind there is a powerful knowledge of a most obscure but fascinating subject evidenced in nearly every page of the dainty little volume, while the straightness and direct simplicity of the argument, together with the crispness of the language in which it is arrayed, constitute the greatest charm of, and are in eloquent accord with, the tasty character of the little essay. Although I may not be prepared to endorse absolutely every point of your technique, I can own to keen appreciation of the merit just referred to, and it is therefore with diffidence that a copy of our work is now sent forward in complimentary exchange. I feel encouraged, however, to believe that you will be magnanimous enough to pass over all literary demerit, which it is conceded characterizes the book, and will recognize the intrinsic value of the technical features it comprises, and for which my erstwhile colleague in that undertaking, Mr. North, is mainly responsible.

With compliments, dear Sir,

I am yours truly,

JUSTUS ABNER.





PROF. WILLIAM G. WARD.

# Emerson College Magazine

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## Emerson College Magazine.

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All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.  
\* \* \* \*

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?  
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?  
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;  
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know.  
—Browning.

### Our Frontispiece.

IN response to repeated requests we have the pleasure of publishing an excellent half-tone portrait of our friend and teacher, Prof. William G. Ward,

whose recent lecture on Browning's transcendentalism gave so much inspiration and such a spiritual uplift to all present. Though Professor Ward's real worth seemed apparent to us on our first acquaintance three years ago, yet each year proves him more and more adequate. Professor Ward's breadth of culture and intellectual grasp of his subject is explained in his careful preparation and years of study and thought. He received his A.B. and A.M. degrees in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and the degree of B.D. from the Drew Theological Seminary in Madison, N. J. He was also one year at the University of Halle in Prussian Saxony, where he had Shakespeare with Ulrici, Goethe with Heim, and History with Jacobi and others. A few years afterward he spent several months of concentrated study at Berlin.

After this careful preparation he was principal of public schools in Ohio for several years; for two years he was principal of the Hayesville Normal School, which was one of the oldest academies in Ohio; for three years professor of History and Economics in Baldwin University, Ohio (suburb of Cleveland); for one year President of Spokane College, Washington, increasing the attendance from ninety students to two hundred and forty. Owing to financial difficulties of long standing in the college, he returned to Boston and sent a man who had large interests in Spokane to take his place. Six years ago he went to Syracuse to take the place of J. Scott Clark, the author of "Clark's Rhetoric." For three years he has filled the place in Emerson College made va-



cant by Dr. D. Dorchester, Jr. For a number of years he was a member of the Slaton Lyceum Bureau of Chicago and the Assembly Lecture Bureau of Cincinnati. He is now with Major Pond of New York, with the Brockway Bureau of Pittsburg, and others.

Not only Emersonians but countless others interested in the study of literature are eagerly awaiting the new book soon to be published by Professor Ward.



By all students of expression, and especially by Emerson students, the following thoughts quoted from an article entitled "Culture and Work, or Work as Self-Expression," in a recent periodical, will be thoroughly appreciated. The truth so obviously apparent expressed in them should make us very thoughtful and careful even in the selection of the seemingly least important of our recitations, to say nothing of our other lines of work.

The higher the kind and quality of a man's work the more completely does it express his personality. There are forms of work so rudimentary that the touch of individuality is almost entirely absent, and there are forms of work so distinctive and spiritual that they are instantly and finally associated with one man. The degree in which a man individualizes his work and gives it the quality of his own mind and spirit is, therefore, the measure of his success in giving his nature full and free expression. For work, in this large sense, is the expression of the man; and as the range and significance of all kinds of expression depend upon the scope and meaning of the ideas, forces, skills, and qualities expressed, so the *dignity and permanence of work depend upon the power and insight of the worker*. All sound work is true and genuine self-expression, but work has as many gradations of quality and significance as has character or ability. Dealing with essentially the same materials, each man in each generation has the opportunity of adding to the common material that touch of originality in temperament, insight, or skill which is his only possible contribution to civilization.

The spiritual nature of work and its relation to character are seen in the diversity of work which

the different races have done, and the unmistakable stamp which the work of each race bears.

\* \* \* \* \*

The people who lived on the great plains of Central Asia worked with a different temper and with wide divergence of manner from the people who lived on the banks of the Nile; and the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman showed their racial differences as distinctly in the form and quality of their work as in the temper of their mind and character. And thus on a great historical scale the significance of work as an expression of character is unmistakably disclosed.

In this sense work is practically inclusive of every force and kind of life; since every real worker puts into it all that is most distinctive in his nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

In work of the finer order, dealing with the more impressionable material, there are discoverable not only the character and quality of the worker, but the conditions under which he lives.

\* \* \* \* \*

So genuinely and deeply does a man put himself into the thing he does that whatever affects him affects it, and all that flows into him of spiritual, human, and natural influence flows into it and is conserved by it. *A bit of work of the highest quality is a key to a man's life*, because it is a product of that life, and it brings to life what is hidden in the man as truly as the flower lays bare to the sun what was folded in the seed. What a man does is therefore a revelation of what he is, and by their works men are fairly and rightly judged.



"A good deal of the happiness of life comes from the sense of accomplishment. God has mixed a feeling of content with everything finished. Everyone enjoys an accomplishment."



THE sun set, but set not his hope !  
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up !  
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,  
Deeper and older seemed his eye;  
And matched his sufferance sublime  
The taciturnity of time.  
He spoke, and words more soft than rain  
Brought the Age of Gold again;  
His action won such reverence sweet  
As hid all measures of the feat.

*"Character,"—Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## Who Should Study Oratory, and Why?\*

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Edmund Noble. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

I WILL not enter into any technical definition of oratory, but will simply say that to be an orator is to be able, through *presence, gesture, and speech, to cause others to freely act in the way he, the orator, chooses they should act.* We cannot think of an orator as one who by voice and manner merely pleases and interests others, nor as one who might be said to possess merely the graces of manner and speech. These are important, but they are not the tests of the orator. The tests are nothing less than the results produced in and through others. An orator appears before an audience for the purpose of causing them to act in the way he wishes them to act. No great orator ever appeared before any audience for the simple purpose of pleasing and entertaining them, or for the purpose of obtaining their praise. A potter does not pose before the clay which he is to mould and ask the clay's opinion of his posing; he moulds the clay into the shape he chooses. The orator is before his audience to mould their thoughts and feelings into such shapes as he thinks wisest. It is possible for an orator not only to shape the thinking of people while he is with them, but to give them such an impulse at that time as to shape their future careers. History testifies to the truth of this statement. The orators of the past were not only associated with great movements, religious and political, but they were the immediate causes of those movements. If you study Grecian history you will find that the orators shaped the destiny of Greece. When

Philip of Macedon essayed to conquer Greece, probably expecting through Greece to conquer Persia and the surrounding nations, he felt that the one thing necessary to these great achievements was to secure the aid of the best orators of Greece. If he could but buy the orators of any of the states he knew it would be an easy matter to conquer that state. He was able to buy almost all of the Grecian orators, but there was not gold enough in his possession to purchase Demosthenes. Over in Macedon stood a man with the helmet, the shield, and the sword, leading men to battle and conquest. Over against him in Athens stood a man — an orator — without helmet, without sword. The question of the age was which was the ruler. The historians of the times say that Philip conquered the states first by his orators, secondly by his gold, thirdly and lastly by his armies. Philip and all his armies were concentrated against one man, whom he never conquered. Demosthenes might be said not only to have held in his hands the reins of government in Athens, and through Athens all Greece, but to have influenced succeeding ages. There is not an educated man among us who has not been more or less influenced by Demosthenes. If we admit — and we must, if we have studied the lives of great orators such as Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, and others — that there are men who can, by their presence, by their gestures, and by their speech, cause men to act as they choose to have them act, there must be some philosophy to account for this power which one man exerts over others.

The first point in this philosophy of oratory which I shall mention is that the orator *causes all persons to freely act from impulses which arise from their own states of mind*. I use the phrase "to freely act" advisedly. A certain power from without may come upon a man and compel him to act in a way contrary to his will. The power of Niagara may carry a man in a direction he would not otherwise go, because he has no power to resist it; but when a person acts freely, without constraint from without, he acts through impulses which his states of mind induce. The orator fully understands that he cannot cause people to act in a certain way simply by command, nor simply because he is looked upon as a great man. These considerations are not sufficient. He must induce certain states of mind in his audience, and these states of mind will in turn induce impulses in them. If an orator influences people there are certain methods by which he does it. That for which the speaker must aim, first, last, and all the way through, is to affect the thinking of people. I want to impress this right early upon your minds, because, as you go about among the glare of public entertainments and see that an audience is interested in a speaker, you naturally look for the causes. If there is anything peculiar or eccentric in that individual you are apt to think that this is the reason for his influence over the audience; or perhaps you think it was due to some peculiar way he addressed the audience, or that the footlights were arranged in a certain way in order to produce an artistic effect. The human heart looks through all artistic effects. Human hearts are not mere puppets; they are not so easily captured by a little external glitter. There is something deeper in the human soul; its roots reach deep into nature, and before the orator can shape

the growth and destiny of people he must touch these roots, and touch them in accordance with the sources of human nature and human conduct. The orator must get into the minds of his audience and touch the keys there, for we grant that if he can get in and touch the keys they will respond. When one seeks to enter the minds of the audience the doors seem to be shut, every avenue seems to be closed; but God has opened the door into the human heart, and no man can shut it. The history of the race proves this.

The first of these avenues I shall mention is *Veneration*. The walls surrounding every human soul resemble those which surrounded the ancient city of Nineveh. The only means the enemy had of conquering this city was to scale the walls and enter from above. Human nature, as human nature, is so fortified against the orator, against the influences of this world,—and that wisely,—that there is but one way for the orator to enter the citadel of the human mind, and that is to scale the walls. Being high enough, he will find the avenue of veneration forever open. Some one might say, "All people are not in a condition to be influenced through their power of veneration." Such a person is mistaken. I do not believe that human nature is essentially selfish, but I believe it instinctively throws out certain protectives. The orator is a telescope through which I look at mankind; and I see that those who have attempted to influence people through selfishness have had limited power. They are like the ephemeral fly, brilliant for a day, but dying at its expiration. Orators that have moved men have appealed to the top of the soul, if you will allow that figure, have appealed to the highest activities of the mind, and through these they have carried everything. However sceptical you may be, if you

will make a philosophical study of oratory you will come to this conclusion.

Why cannot a speaker appeal to the selfishness of people and still meet with success? A politician might begin his career by appealing to people's love of gold; but what a small class he would influence! A popular audience always contains many different classes, and the number to whose selfish interest he can appeal is very small, because their interests are so divided,—one's interest leading in one way, another's in another. While he is appealing to the self-interest of one class, the other classes will be unresponsive, and perhaps antagonistic. It is true that, in order to interest people, you must speak to them of the things in which they are interested, but I believe that people are interested higher up than we think they are. In order to move the entire audience they must be touched by something to which all men will respond. Thank God, men in masses will not respond to the lower impulses—they are not so depraved.

The orator must have faith in the higher activities of the human mind. All persons venerate heroism. If an orator carries the atmosphere of heroism, even though he is talking of the most commonplace matters, that atmosphere will quicken those about him. Heroism is common to all—all men and women are possible heroes or heroines. It is not necessary to speak to the actual; it is necessary to speak to the possible. The power of the orator makes the possible immediately bloom into the actual.

Another avenue which God has opened into the human soul, and which no man can close, is *Conscience*. No orator ever succeeds unless he appeals to these two qualities of human nature; namely, reverence and conscience. During the next presidential campaign listen to the speakers of the various political parties. You may not learn very much about politics,

because what one speaker affirms another will deny; but on both sides they will appeal to the love of right that is in the human heart, and the one who believes and really proves that a certain measure is the thing that is just to the whole nation,—he is the one who will secure the greatest number of votes for the candidate he is advocating.

The next avenue which is open into the human soul, to which great orators have ever appealed, is *Benevolence*. The human race was never moved in great masses, along any line, by the impulse of selfishness. The greatest popular movement that Europe ever witnessed,—the Crusades,—in which people gave their wealth, even their children to be marched in front of the armies, was carried on through its appeal to the religious impulse. I do not say it was wisely directed, but I do say that this religious impulse opened human nature, and human nature is precisely the same now as it was in the Middle Ages. Christ went out among the common people, among those who had not received high intellectual or religious education, and lifting the standard of heaven, He said, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."<sup>1</sup> If an orator would influence men he must mount high enough. As to firing over people's heads, he cannot do that, for human nature reaches to the skies; yea, even to the throne of God. Never speak down to men, never. Human nature has the highest possibilities. Reach up where human nature is tending, not where it is actually living.

We have been speaking of what orators should say, and how they should say it. Let us now consider the *study of oratory*. Is it possible to develop the orator, or are orators born? Orators are born in the same sense that mathematicians, rhetoricians, book-keepers, and train-conductors are born, and in no



other sense. People say to me sometimes, "If my boy is not born to be an orator, what is the use of my educating him to it?" Well, if your boy was not born so that he could learn to count ten, I do not see any use in trying to educate him to count ten. If your boy was not born to learn the difference between black and white, I do not see the necessity of trying to educate him to know the difference between black and white. Let us break down the walls of superstition from this matter of being born to such and such things, and let us believe that education will enable every person to realize his possibilities.

If the orator would appeal to these higher qualities in others he must first live these qualities. Nature's law of gravity predetermined that a stream should never rise higher than its source. If the orator's thought carries the audience by appealing to these higher qualities of mind, they can be carried no higher than the orator lives. He must develop in himself those powers which are possible in human nature, for the audience can be carried no higher than these fountains rise in himself. He must develop these highest qualities in himself until their activities become habitual — and this is no small development. Every pursuit calls for the development of these higher faculties, — conscience, veneration, benevolence, — which might be called a trinity of powers, made to rule the other powers of the mind. *The orator must have knowledge of the human mind, and also a knowledge of things.* He can study the laws of the human mind, — study what it essentially is in its activities. He not only can study the science of psychology, but he can study all history, which is an illustration of the activities of the human mind. If a person knows history he knows how human nature has acted under different circumstances and conditions for two thousand

years and more. But this will not equip him for being a counsellor or an orator. An orator must know how to apply his knowledge to individuals and circumstances; he must have the wisdom to apply his knowledge.

The orator must have a knowledge of *language*. Every word in our language represents a period of human history. Notwithstanding this, we use words carelessly, thinking one thing and saying another. We need the power of acquiring — I might almost say developing — the knowledge of language. The orator must look to it that he has knowledge of language, not theoretical but practical, because words are parts of his implements. Words, as sounds separate from the idea, are no part of his equipment. The orator scarcely realizes that he uses words; to him a word is a significant thing, — a thing incarnated in sound. A person develops this power of oratory through the proper training of the imagination. When he reads words they serve to suggest the objects for which they stand. When he sees the word *man*, he does not see the word, but the man — the object.

Literature is another means of knowing human nature. If it does not reveal the lessons of human nature, — the different activities of the human mind, — and that concretely and most picturesquely, it is of no value. One should study Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare to become acquainted with men and with states of mind outside his own private observation. The pedestal upon which oratory, and consequently all the orator's success, stands is health. No man is prepared to address an audience simply because he writes out his speech and commits it to memory. No preparation is sufficient unless it includes a careful attention to brain and nerves. If the brain is exhausted it cannot act. Traveling by a stream of water last summer,

I saw a fine factory, but nothing was being manufactured. There was no trouble with the machinery, but the channel was partly dry. If you expect to speak on any occasion, you must prepare your speech well, but you must see to it that the channel is free,—that the body is full of health. Great orators who have influenced men by personal contact, that is, by speaking to them, have proverbially been strong men. "But," says one, "I have heard that many of the great orators were physically very weak." Not while they were speaking. A great orator can use the health of a week in an hour. The body will, of course, require time to recuperate, and people may say he is not very strong; but think how many people lighted their torches at his fire during the hour he spoke. He can afford to burn up nerve, muscle, and bone for the sake of firing other lives. Nature has a way of taking care of him. She reacts, and brings him out fresh and strong. The greatest pulpit orator of modern times said, only a week before his death, "I have more health than I know what to do with." He used to say to young ministers, "The first thing that gives young ministers success in preaching is stomach, the second thing is stomach, and the third and last thing, which comprehends all others, is stomach." By this he meant health — health all through, health in every part.

In closing, let me speak of one other thing, which is quite intangible, which can hardly be analyzed or defined, and yet is most effective. For want of another term we will call it *atmosphere*. This is not the result of good health nor of the contemplation and exercise of different faculties of the mind alone. It is the result of daily living. Lord Byron wrote lines beautiful as human hand ever wrote, but they did not have the atmosphere that comes from daily living, but the atmosphere that comes from occasionally rising to great heights. These occasions will not give the mighty atmosphere that carries everything before it which daily living gives. A man who lives his best thoughts every day and every hour places himself in right relations with the Infinite, and the strength and power of the universe express themselves through his acts. Daily living! Think of it as sentimentalism, if you will, but as you grow wiser you will say, "That which I then rejected has become the head of the corner." Atmosphere is the breath of daily living, and if your daily living issues a low atmosphere you are sure to fall in the race. If, on the other hand, your daily living breathes a high atmosphere the result will be that, while others drop in the race, you will go forward with the power of the Most High inspiring you every moment.

### My Messenger.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

PURPLE pansy, flecked with gold,  
Take my message to her, sweet.  
When she wakes be first to greet;  
Tell her that your heart is fraught  
With the burden of my thought,  
Loving thought!

Purple pansy, flecked with gold,  
Royal messenger thou art!  
Royally thou 'lt do thy part.  
When her lips thy petals meet  
Tell my love, oh, soft and sweet!  
Soft and sweet!

Informal Address to the Women of the College.

MRS. JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

*[Kindly reported by Miss Grace Delle Davis.]*

Two or three years ago, moved by a special impulse, we called together the women of the college in order that I might address them in behalf of the faculty; and it seemed as though our hearts had become so much closer in touch through this talk, given aside from our teaching, that the next year we did the same thing, and the women of the college were called together that there might be established that consciousness of our oneness with each other which would enable us to work better.

This year again I felt I would like to talk to the girls, for they are in my heart; and I desire that you should understand why this is so, for *all* the teachers try to work together for the uplifting of your lives and the ennobling of your characters. We have called you not simply to tell you to "be good girls," as some one said, but it is in order that we may realize together, if we can, our great responsibility, not only as individuals, but in society, in classes in school, and in the world. This has impressed itself upon me more and more as the years go by and as the days go by. I am yet striving for an adequate expression of the great significance of individual responsibility. I speak to you as one of the teachers, from the hearts of all, and whatever I say that is of encouragement to you, or inspiration, is said for all. I speak for all so far as I can voice the truth. I attended the production of a great secular oratorio, "Arminius," given by the Handel and Haydn Society. It was a story of battle; but there was something in the sound of exultation, as the voices of all that multitude rose together in a grand strain

of triumph, which revealed to me the sweeping power of unity. It seemed that each one lived in all, and was borne aloft upon the great wave of triumph which swelled in the harmony of many voices. When one can lose self in the universal harmony the forces of the universe are expressed in the one, and the individual consciousness is merged in the great consciousness of all. We forget that there is a grand chord which comprises all humanity, and that in whatever direction we may move we can join our own forces to the forces of the universe. We need only awaken to the fact that the heart of one is the heart of all. Now, women of Emerson College, I want you to realize *that*, in reference to these ties which we are forming together.

No person can judge just what another person should do. We each have our perception from our own point of view, and all we need to do is to see that the heart is right; then each one can find *that* voice within which one instinctively knows is true, and then we need fear nothing—for the manifestation will be true if the centre is true. We can adjust ourselves by the realization of individual responsibility. As the perfection of harmony depends upon the perfect relationship of all the individual notes, so the great human harmony depends upon the sympathy and truth of every heart; and as one discordant note mars the great harmony, so the unfaithfulness of one human being wounds the life of many and hinders the onward march of progress.

Let us realize that in this age of opportunities for women, when we hear

so much about woman coming to the front. It is not simply that her rights are acknowledged, it is not that she may soon have a vote,—all these things are incidental. The “new woman” is not to be new simply in her eccentricities, but there must come a sweetness and radiation that will make us feel, no matter where she stands, that she is surrounded by a light of purity which nothing can dim!

Let us in every thought stand so strong for what we believe that others may see the light. “Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” “*Glorify your Father* which is in heaven”! This is not to shine in the world so that men may *admire* you. Ambition finds for itself a lonely pinnacle; for, having sought adulation, one finds after all nothing but bitterness. But when we have struck the key-note,—the recognition of the “Father which is in heaven,”—then, whatever we do, we shall not stand alone nor for self. When we speak from the heart we may be sure that every heart will respond.

If we can emphasize something which we believe so strongly that we can forget ourselves, other people will forget us too. Then we shall be at *one*. Then we shall be able to act in freedom.

Wherever we come into contact with others let us unite our forces. Each act should be viewed in the light of one's relationship to others. I do not know what you ought to do specifically, but I know that *you* do know—if your heart is right. If you make a mistake and your heart is right, that mistake will lead you even to a new perception of truth. We must be so much in earnest that a mistake will not matter. We shall still be going forward.

When in our classes we say, “Do this for others,” These are not idle words,

nor mere sentiment. This is the *key-note* which, if you can strike it, will seem to open the universe to you. It is the secret of power. You should feel, “I am responsible, no matter how little I can do.” *Attitude* is the mighty thing, and not *ability*. Every motive you have will find its expression. If your motive is right, even if you do a wrong thing because you do not know any better, that wrong thing will be trampled under foot and the motive, after all, will be the greatest power. I want to call your attention to something which we have not properly thought about—and I say this not in a spirit of criticism. When we are assembled together let us not say, “I am in a crowd and it will not matter what I am thinking about and what I am doing,” but think, “The larger the crowd the larger is my responsibility.” When sitting at a lecture, when in a class, wherever you are, I pray you, in the name of God, let the frivolities and vanities go until you have nothing better to do. Why should we care to *play* in the presence of inspiration? Why should we stop to talk about things which are not worth talking about? Why should we not lend the whole force of our souls? Do you know if we should unite our whole strength we could exercise a power that would make transcendent increase in the value of anything that is done where we meet together? Oh, think of it! think of it when in classes, lectures, or public places. Not simply because you will be observed and criticised—though *you will* be. People will judge you by the little things they see at a glance. You may be serious and earnest, you may forget yourself, and by some thoughtless act obscure your soul in the minds of other people. If you are silly and impertinent to the matter in hand you will be judged by more people than you realize have noticed you.



Women, can you afford it? Oh, if you knew! You girls that have come from homes where you are indulged and protected, where everybody knows you, you do not know what it means to stand in the world; but you must stand in the world. When you are in this college you are in a home—that is, a home only *as you make it so*. It is a home, but it is also the world, and it is a public place; and when you are in a public place think what you would like to represent, whether you are speaking or some one else is speaking; for the movement of an individual head can be noticed in a great crowd where all are attending to one thing, and are supposed not to be diverted. Remember that! It is for your own sakes that I call your attention to this. Never, *never* say, "It does not matter." Great possibilities turn around a little pivot. You never can tell at the moment of it how important anything is. Look back into your life, look into the lives of others, and see if this is not so. The moments when we do not *think* the possibilities of our lives may be turning upon a hinge. We look back and find a door opened or closed, though we did not know it.

As I have said, women are coming to the front to-day, and as woman comes before the public she is more conspicuous. It is not just, perhaps, that people who are in public should be judged more mercilessly than people in private, but it is so. Why? Because when a person is in public the responsibilities are greater and failure is worse. "In public" does not mean mere public speaking or reading. It means in places among others who are assembled for any purpose. You are in public whether people are looking at you or not, and perhaps the greatest thing you can do is to keep them from looking at you. Women cannot afford to forget this.

Men are scrutinizing the women of the world to-day. The claim has been made for a shoulder-to-shoulder march. Women want to come forward and be equally free—to allow their influence to be equally unhampered, unimpaired. We are emerging from the times when women were subject to men. Let us no longer *play* for them; let us *live* for them. Why should you care whether men think you are pretty or not? The women who have exercised the greatest influence in the world have, in the majority of the cases, *not* been pretty. It is no harm to be pretty—not a bit; but it is sometimes too great a load for the shoulders that bear it. If you are beautiful your beauty, such as it is, whether in manner or feature or in both, is the expression of something back of it and beyond it, and which shines through it. Do not believe that the people who compliment you and flatter you for the surface excellences are necessarily therefore bowing their heads to you. Do not entertain yourselves with admiration. Oh, it is worse than a waste of time! You subject yourself to the criticism of everybody, including those who pretend to admire you. Make men *think*; make them feel that they can be better when they are near you; that they are stronger when they are by your side; that you have nothing to do with that which is less than life. I am speaking to you as women of the world, who will influence, whether you would or no, the characters of mankind with whom you come in contact. Let yourselves be *positive* first of all—not with resistance, but dignity; not trying to appear dignified, but seeing nothing but purity and truth. Let us live *beyond* all little things. Pay attention to the great things, and then the play of the sunlight upon the waters of the mighty ocean is not more gladsome and childlike in its beauty and sparkling light than will be the mirthful

ripples that will play over the mighty deeps of a purposeful life. You can afford to be gay if you are first in earnest. If you are not earnest, then every turn of gaiety will bring contempt into the minds of others. You cannot afford to be happy by frivolity. It will not last. Who are the most miserable persons you ever knew? Those who are always looking to be made happy, and demand it from others. It is but to be disappointed. Who are the happiest persons you know? Those who are doing all they can to make others happy; who reinforce the situation wherever they are, and who reinforce it without calling any attention to themselves. Be content to be a link in the chain; be content to be a stone in the building; be content to be a star among the many stars. An old philosopher has said, "If sun thou canst not be, . . . then be the humble planet. . . . Point out the way, as does the evening star, to those who tread their path in darkness."

This is our surety and rest from fear, that it is impossible for any one to hurt us but ourselves. Were this not so there would be no such thing as infinite justice; and did not the Christ tell us, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again"? You may not always see it. You cannot get your pay in advance always. Remember that! But the universe exists, the morning stars do "sing together," and you never know the secret of the harmony until you yield to it and become *one* with it. Then look not at others with an eye that judges, but if you do not feel another going in the right direction you will miss a companion. Then throw out a little more power and let the light shine a little brighter and attract that one along the way that all *would* go if they could see. *Whatever you believe in you are responsible for. Whatever you are a part of you represent*, whether you will or no.

As women of the Emerson College you represent the college. But either that which you stand for is true or it is not. If it is true, throw all the force of your power for its uplifting. It is not so much what you *say* as what you *are* that influences people. If you are a member of a family you are responsible for that family, for your influence *in* it and for your influence *for* it, and also for its influence through you; for you have a power not only to affect a thing as separate from yourself, but you also have a power to direct the force of that thing, whatever it is, through yourself. You can become an avenue for it, and if it has any power it can act through you. You lose that great power if you feel yourself to be separate. How many times have we teachers seen one student pervade a class with his influence! Dr. Emerson has said, "You awaken the minds of others by what you are." Will you stand as an individual in the world and constantly struggle to make your own way, or shall we stand together and act for our brothers and sisters, for teachers and fellow-students, as we would like to have them act for us? Women, act for *womanhood*, for each one is responsible for the vindication of womanhood.

Now, with the power of that truth in the service of which we are associated together; with the strength of that unity which can only be attained by concerted action, and for the recognition of the "Father which is in heaven," let us work together.

The Great Messenger has said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Did you ever put these sayings together, "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven," and "The kingdom of heaven is within you"? God has his temple in every human heart, and if you do not close the door to that temple the light of his

kindness will shine forth through your life into other lives. It is not ourselves we are to seek the recognition of, but of Him who has sent us. The aim of our lives should be to *worthily advocate womanhood*. Now as teachers we love you. That does not mean necessarily (although some of this may exist) that we are personal acquaintances, but it means unity of feeling, willingness to serve, and unflinching response to the outstretched hand; a guarding and guiding disposition; a readiness to recognize the spiritual sisterhood of any one who will claim it, whether we can remember one's name or not. When you have realized what it is to speak to masses, to act upon and with people in the many, to hold principles up before people in multitudes, you will know the reality of the larger universal interest which does *not* mean, as so many people foolishly translate it, "an interest in nobody." The interest we have in the few friends we love dearly is only a hint of the universal love. If we seem to be more to those who are near to us, it is only a certain circumstantial relationship; it is only a finger-point toward that which we may be to humanity. It is not for an *idea* that the reformer will die, but it is for

the people, and for the living fire of that principle in the hearts of the people.

This is reality. We are one. We will help you; you shall not call in vain. We will work not always to please your whims, but to build your characters,—to make you better. We will not let an opportunity go when we can make you better, no matter what it costs us; for if it comes our way it is ours to do. Now let us go forth. Remember that every unworthy thing you do wounds the heart of all. Whatever you do that is earnest fills all with a sense of renewed possibilities, and that by acting together as women we can elevate womanhood or the idea of womanhood in the world, which has never yet reached what it might be. Your highest dream can only be a hint of that which is possible. As women of Emerson College we can take the power of this true philosophy and with it bear the torch aloft and light the world. Come with us. I have said you will come. I feel from your faces and your hearts that inspiration which touched me when I heard the mighty chorus ringing forth the strain, "Let freedom's banner wave on high!" Let us go forward!

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### Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

ON Wednesday, February 9, Dr. Emerson announced that Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., would address the students the following morning; and on Thursday morning the hall and galleries were filled with students and visitors, all anticipating great pleasure; nor were any disappointed.

Dr. Clark, always enthusiastic, always helpful, always inspiring, was at his best. Limited space forbids an extended re-

port of the address, "Unseen Power." We can give but a few nuggets from the mine of golden thoughts:—

There must be character and life connected with everything you do.

There are realities that are unseen, and they are more real than the things we can grasp.

When life is hard we need to take hold of the Unseen and the Eternal.

We need the power of God working through men. God is in the world working through men and women; and we can do nothing till we grasp

this truth, and let him work through us in uplifting others.

This spirit-force must come into your life before you can do what God wants you to do.

This ability to use the power of God belongs to all, if you come in touch with God.

When we can find the way to God and these intangible powers we can move others.

It is not the voice that influences; it is the man or woman behind the voice.

Seek the unseen; grasp the invisible; learn what you can do for God's service and for man.

Life will then relate to the world around, and no life will be a failure.

For the humblest places in life we need the supreme powers.

More potent than the words was the "unseen power" and uplifting influence radiating from the personality of the speaker. We felt that through him the Universal was speaking to us; and every life received a new impetus to higher, nobler living.

I. W. P.

## Symposium: The World's Oratory and Orators.

### German Orators and Oratory.

MANY think it a strange circumstance that a people whose literature is so rich cannot number among its bright lights many orators. Germany is only a liberated and not a free country, where political and military suppression has been an ever-existing element from her earliest history to the present time. This element is certainly not conducive to oratory. But in the heart of the German is born that incomparable love of nature and her manifestations which is an inexhaustible source for the poet, and he, true to her laws, gave vent to his impulse when the heart guided the pen. This impulse to give expression to his sentiments gave nourishment to many songs and lyrical poems which were called "Volkslieder," since the authors were unknown. Up to the time of Martin Luther these were sung or told by the people in their own simple manner. Since these were an outgrowth of the genius of her own people, and paved the way for those gigantic evolutions of later years, should we not call them Germany's orators?

Luther, her greatest orator, borrowed for his "Kirchenlied" from the "Volks-

lied" the metrical form, the simplicity of expression, and often even the airs, though he was a musician of no mean repute. And if we could boast of none other than Luther,—who was changing the drift of his age from formalism to realism, and valued earnestness and sincerity of speech as an end to a means; who had an unequalled command of language and was the acknowledged prince of orators,—should not he suffice for the German until another of equal power appears?

The religious struggles—above all, the Thirty Years' War—gave birth to a number of patriotic poems, but the voices of these "natural orators" were drowned in the din of war, or were raised to aid and comfort the sufferer. With the end of the strife came absolute exhaustion.

In the Göttinger Hainbund we find Klopstock, who enthuses the young poets, whose war-cry was, "Nature!" and on whose banner was written the device: "Religion, Friendship, and Patriotism." Properly speaking, however, Goethe must be considered as the modern lyrical poet. All his expressions were gen-



uine productions of the heart, and not a forced outgrowth. He might, in fact, exclaim, like his Snger : —

*"Ich singe wie der Vogel singt  
Der in den Zweigen wohnet."*

Again, when he says : —

*"Immer ha' ich nur geschrieben  
Wie ich fhle, wie ich's meine."*

From 1805-1832 the very existence of the German nation was at stake. This struggle called forth spirited strains of patriotism, in which the brethren are called to defend their *country* from the foreign yoke ; hence called "Freiheits" and "Vaterlandslieder." Yes, even the Trinklieder of these times bear the stamp of earnestness.

From this time dates the prevalence of Weltschmerz in the poetical literature of Germany. Its greatest exponent is Heinrich Heine, who, on account of his "freedom of expression," was forced to leave the Vaterland.

With political poets it is remarkable that all their productions, even those which are of a purely lyrical nature, bear the stamp of energy and manliness.

Even at the present date little or no attention is paid to oratory in the schools and colleges. Inasmuch as song and poetry are the Germans' birthright, they permit these to be their orators.

### The Orator of Notre Dame.

JOHN E. DUFFY.

FRANCE during the last decade of the eighteenth century and the first decade of this century was in a state of perpetual flux. Napoleon, by subtlety and force, had tried to make religion a tool of the state. It was a chaotic period. The Revolution and the wholesale destruction of monasteries were crowned by the enthronement of the Venus of Reason in Notre Dame. It was of this epoch of confusion and demolition that Alison wrote : "The immutability of the Roman Catholic Church amid all these disasters is not the least remarkable circumstance in this age of wonders." Although, as Macaulay says, "the unchangeable Church was still there," yet the state of religion in France was deplorable.

Voltaire had consecrated his ample endowments to the cause of infidelity. His elegant style, so clear, so neat, so plastic, reflected his mind perfectly, and rendered his wit and ridicule almost irresistible. He gave the impetus to infidelity, and it kept on spreading from

year to year, until Christianity was all but extinct.

This was the condition of things in France when Henry Lacordaire, who was to be the future champion of Christianity, and destined to attract infidel Paris to the pulpit of Notre Dame, entered as a boy of ten the Lyceum of Dijon. It is true that Voltaire had died twenty-three years before Henry Lacordaire was born, but his echoes were rolling on from soul to soul.

Guizot writes : "Voltaire has remained the true representative of the mocking and stone-throwing phase of free-thinking, knowing nothing of the deep yearnings any more than the supreme wretchedness of the human soul which is kept imprisoned within the narrow limits of earth and time." He adds that Voltaire's infidelity was at the bottom of the scepticism and moral disorder prevalent during the post-Revolution period. "The demon," he says, "that torments her [France] is even more Voltairian than materialistic."

Lacordaire was therefore the antithesis of Voltaire. Voltaire's avowed purpose was to "squench Christ," and to nullify his tenets. Lacordaire, on the contrary, had but one aim in life, and that was to lift up Christ and to present his teaching as the only remedy fitted to staunch and heal the one great wound of moaning society. It was a grand field for the orator. Let us see how he prepared himself for his great work, and what command he had over his audience.

We may say that Lacordaire ascended to the pulpit of Notre Dame by four distinct steps; or, in other words, that his education embraces four periods of solid study.

The first step includes eleven years' work in the Lyceum at Dijon. It was here that he gained mastery of his dramatic power by studying critically and dramatically the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire. Here, too, he lost his faith and acquired a wide personal experience of unbelief. Law was his specialty. His second step was a two years' sojourn in Paris. He was admitted to the bar, and for awhile professional distinction satisfied the yearnings of his profound nature. After one of his pleadings the first President, M. Seguier, said of him: "Gentlemen, this is not Patru; it is Bossuet." Still he was not contented. By personal experience he learned that a world from which God and the soul have been expelled is a "fatherless hell."

At this period he wrote to a friend: "I am beginning to believe, and yet I was never more a philosopher. A little philosophy draws us from religion, but a good deal of it brings us back again." There was no middle stage for him between belief and devotion. At once he took unto himself the armor of God.

The third step in his development was three years of study at the Seminary of

Saint Sulpice. It is important to note that on taking this step the preparation of the future orator of Notre Dame became purposeful; that is to say, he outlined a defence of Christianity. Henceforward he was to work with this great task in view. At the close of this period he writes: "My great desire is accomplished. I have now, for three days, been a priest."

The fourth step in his education was the best possible preparation for any orator. He was appointed chaplain to the College Henry IV. Here his regular duties were such as to give him much time for his chosen work. St. Augustine, St. Thomas of Aquin, Descartes, Plato, and Aristotle were the companions of this solitary retreat. None of his reading was desultory. Hear him: "Strength is only found at the source, and it is there I must seek it. The road will be long, and the more so as I intend to gather up on my way whatever may serve me to frame an apology for Christianity. I see that its materials must be furnished by Holy Scripture, the Fathers, History, and Philosophy." He did not hurry; all was done in a spirit of calm deliberation.

No man ever cultivated a closer friendship with God and his own soul than did Lacordaire. "I have bid adieu," he wrote, "to the mountains, the valleys, the rivers, and the pathless forests, to create in my own room, between God and my soul, a horizon vaster than the entire universe." This life of study and meditation lasted for seven years. Then the appointed hour struck.

Lacordaire secured the attention of Paris in the following way. The president of Stanislaus College prevailed upon him to give a course of religious conferences to the pupils of that institution. These conferences were continued for three months. They made known to Paris the eminent orator whom

she possessed, and as a compliment to his acknowledged ability the archbishop entrusted to him the pulpit of Notre Dame.

How this young man of three-and-thirty faced an assemblage of four thousand hearers and held them in the palm of his hand is indeed something of which one cannot form an adequate idea. At most we can only hint at his power by noticing the odds that he overcame. Wendell Phillips had to subdue the hissing mob, but Lacordaire was put to a severer test. He presented to the most intellectual audience in Paris a subject that had been pierced by the shafts of ridicule. He presented God to a people who had rejected God. For the first time in the history of the world, France offered the sad spectacle of a whole nation endeavoring to live like the horse and the mule, without any intercourse with God. Why, the young men of Paris of that day were so under the spell of Voltaire that they were actually ashamed to be seen entering a church. Surely this was a field of dry bones for the Christian orator.

During the preceding year these conferences had been inaugurated by men of talent and eloquence, who spoke to empty benches. But when it was made known that the orator of Stanislaus was to appear that immense nave was filled from early morning with men of every age, of every form of belief, and of every party; old and young, but especially the young students of law, medicine, and oratory; men of science, soldiers, believers and unbelievers; atheists and materialists; Paris — and all France, in short — was represented there in miniature. During the long hours of waiting more than one must have been astonished to see the sons of the Revolution of '89 in that temple whence their fathers had expelled the Christ.

The reason of Lacordaire's firm hold

on this grand audience is readily seen. He was a child of his age, and he loved his age. He had suffered from its malady; he had known, as he said, "the magic of unbelief." He had found certainty and reality, and in burning accents he held out to his beloved Parisian youths the "pearl of great price," — Christian faith.

His conferences took the form neither of lecture, homily, nor sermon; but were rather a series of brilliant discourses on sacred subjects in which all the sympathies of his audience were in turn engaged by the appeals of his eloquence, faith, and enthusiasm. Like another St. Paul, he bid defiance to every form of greatness or glory. "Are you Frenchmen? So am I. Philosophers? I am one also. Lovers of freedom and independence? I love them both, and far more than you." His auditors were breathless as they listened. It was a splendid victory.

That Church which the eighteenth century considered dead rose before their eyes adorned with a grandeur which commanded admiration. He did not refute, one by one, those calumnies which two centuries had heaped up against her, but when he set forth the "unchangeable Church" peacefully pursuing her mission of redemption and salvation this hodgepodge of lies dissolved, and the dribbling bigot was forgotten.

We must not overlook the manner in which he presented his subject. He portrayed the social side of Christianity. One idea runs all through his conferences. It is this: "The old state of society," he said, "perished because it had expelled God; the new is suffering because God has not yet been admitted into it." Read his conferences, and you will find this idea in every one. Of course no great oration reads well, but one cannot read the pages of Lacor-

daire without catching some of the fire of his lofty soul.

Where did he get this fire? Where did St. Ambrose, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Paul get it? From the one source, from the well of truth. Christ was to them in very deed the truth, the way, the life, and in his light they

saw light. Lacordaire loved Christ as ardently as did the apostles, who saw Christ glorified; and as a result his words had an unction which drew all men to their loving Redeemer. More truly than Richelieu he could say, "I have re-created France."

### Orators of the American Revolution.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

HUNDREDS of years ago a little band of wanderers landed on a rocky and desolate shore. It was winter. Before them stretched a trackless forest full of unknown dangers. Behind them, far across the ocean, lay home and loved ones. But the brave heart did not falter; the pilgrim did not turn back. And why? Because deep in his heart a seed of liberty had begun to grow, and he craved "freedom to worship God." From that germ of adoration has sprung a great, free nation! It is an old and familiar story, yet cherished and well-beloved throughout our broad land.

The American Revolution was a test not only of the strength of the new people, but of the growth of the principle of liberty in modern civilization. As in all great crises in human affairs, some men, leaders heaven-sent, stand pre-eminent. Foremost among these stands the man Washington. He was one of the greatest commanders of any age; his name is the noblest synonym for patriotism; his eloquence is acknowledged; yet is it not a higher tribute that we think of him, not as general, statesman, or orator, but as a man? We see him pass through years of varied and most trying experiences, always serene and dignified, a poised and regal soul. He was distinguished by a sublime and unfaltering faith and a wonderful foresight. These two characteristics

may be traced throughout his addresses to his troops and to Congress. Before the battle of Long Island he says:—

"The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. . . . We have therefore to resolve to conquer or to die. . . . Let us rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions."

And again: "Your Union ought to be considered as the main prop of your liberty, and the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other. . . . Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. . . . In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. . . . Can it be that Providence has connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue?"

We need say nothing to emphasize the purity and strength of such words.

Closely connected with Washington in friendship and service of country was Alexander Hamilton. Come with me now to the public meeting for choosing delegates to the First Congress. The people are assembled in a great meadow on the outskirts of the town of New York. Some one is addressing them. Why, it is a mere boy; yet the fire of his



eloquence holds that crowd spellbound. Only a boy with fair, flushed cheeks and ringing voice, and in his hand — come closer — a cap, bearing the words, "Freedom or Death." It is the "infant orator," the captain of the "Hearts of Oak," the earnest student of political economy, Alexander Hamilton, of King's College.

Soon after his first public political speech at "the great meeting in the fields," Hamilton left college and entered the army. At the age of twenty he became the secretary and trusted confidant of Washington. It is fascinating to follow him through the Revolutionary War and the subsequent civil disorder which threatened to ruin the young Republic. We find him unerring in judgment and fearless in execution. He was no less ready with his pen than with his tongue. Always his remarkable powers were used in defence of the weak, in advocating the right, and in establishing a well-founded constitutional government. After the close of the war he readily gave up his own claims to financial remuneration for his arduous military service, in order that he might the more freely advocate the cause of his fellow-soldiers.

"Wherever the strong arm was needed, or the gallant heart, or the eloquent tongue, to smite down the oppressor or to raise up the fallen, the first name invoked by the sufferer was that of Hamilton."

Of his great service in forming the Constitution it has been said: "There is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, or of duration which he has not powerfully contributed to introduce and caused to predominate."

It was to New York that Hamilton came in 1772, an orphan, alone and almost friendless. It was in her schools he studied, and from her streets he

marched forth to fight for liberty. Hither he returned from time to time, welcomed and honored by her citizens. And here, under the spire of old Trinity, close to the throbbing life of Broadway and Wall Street, he lies buried. What more fitting resting-place for one who, more than any other, gave to this country commercial prosperity? To-day men from every nation of the world pass and repass his gray tomb, and down in the harbor ride merchant-ships from every clime.

In direct contrast to Alexander Hamilton in person and disposition, and consequently in oratorical expression, is the Virginian, Patrick Henry. It is reported that he was an idle youth, fond of fishing and hunting, and devoted to his violin. He became an acute observer of nature as he wandered through the forests of Hanover County, and although he read few books he thought deeply. He once said to a friend, "Read *men*. They are the only volumes that we can peruse to advantage."

When he was fifteen years old this music-loving child of nature, with his poetic imagination and marvellous power of thought, was set to measuring tape behind the counter of a country store. Naturally enough, he failed to measure the tape acceptably, and the business passed into more competent hands. But it was probably during these years, while trying to make political subjects clear to his illiterate hearers, that he became master of the pure and simple style which distinguished his oratory. With characteristic cheerfulness Henry turned his mind in another direction. After only six weeks' study he obtained a license to practise law. He was then "almost entirely ignorant of the simplest forms of the profession."

At his first speech as a lawyer, in 1763, he began so awkwardly that his

friends hung their heads in shame, and his father was almost overcome with disappointment. But soon a change came over both manner and speech, and in less than twenty minutes every one was giving rapt attention. His presence and voice were transformed by the mighty power of his thought. At a burst of invective the clergy, who had laughed at him but a few moments before, fled from the room in terror. "He painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it." At the close of the speech the jury, "thoughtless of the admitted right of the plaintiff, gave a verdict of one penny damages." Patrick Henry was seized by the crowd and carried around the yard in triumph!

In 1765 Henry was appointed member of the House of Burgesses. The Stamp Act was about to go into operation, and the Colonies, through fear or want of a bold leader, remained inactive. "Alone, unadvised and unassisted, on the leaf of an old law-book," Henry wrote the resolutions against the act which opened the way for the Revolution. There was violent opposition in the House, but after a long contest the resolutions passed by a very small majority. This is only one of his many services to his country. He was called Virginia's greatest orator, and has since been denominated the "incarnation of Revolutionary zeal."

At the meeting of the First Congress at Philadelphia, in 1774, Henry's speech is described as "more than that of man." "There was no rant, no rhapsody, no labor of understanding, no straining of voice, no confusion of utterance." The rugged grandeur of his thought and expression suggests the eloquence of the Hebrew prophets.

It is difficult to fix a limit in this rapid survey of our Revolutionary orators. There are so many that it is impossible to omit. James Otis, Samuel

Adams, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Warren, John Hancock, John Adams, and Richard Henry Lee all rendered admirable service during this period of our history. Fisher Ames, often sententious and always picturesque, belongs to the stormy years immediately succeeding the Revolution. He began to practise law in 1781, and did not become prominent until the meeting of the First Congress under the Constitution, eight years later.

James Otis has been called the orator of "intrepid passion." He was a native of West Barnstable, Mass., a graduate of Harvard, a grave and scholarly man; and yet, when the occasion called it forth, a fiery and eloquent orator.

In 1750 he began to practise law in Boston, and in 1761, when he was advocate-general of Massachusetts, the "writs of assistance" were issued. He refused to enforce them, deeming them illegal. After resigning his office he made the great speech against the writs that has sent his name down to posterity as one of the first to actively resist British oppression. "The fire in the flint shines not till it be struck." It was a time of great awakening among the colonists. "The doctrines he broached and the conclusions he deduced fell like brands of fire on the summits of the political world, and kindled a conflagration destined to sunder every fetter and enlighten every human mind."

It was in this speech that Otis announced that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and that "Expenditures of public money without appropriations by representatives of the people were arbitrary and therefore unconstitutional."

In 1766, in the Colonial Legislature, he proposed that the gallery of the hall be opened "for such as wished to hear

the debates." This was a significant forward step in the history of legislature. It has helped to establish a harmonious relationship between the people and their representatives.

Throughout his public life Otis exhibited the boldness and courage that spring from absolute devotion to a noble cause and the consequent forgetfulness of self. In October, 1768, excitement ran high in Boston. British troops had begun to arrive. The indignant people petitioned that a general court be called. When Otis appeared in their behalf he found cannon planted at the entrance to the court and troops quartered in the representatives' chamber. After the court was opened he arose and moved that they adjourn to Faneuil Hall, saying, "It is utterly derogatory to the court to administer justice at the points of bayonets and mouths of cannon."

Soon after this Otis was assaulted and cruelly wounded by a would-be assassin in State Street. The injuries to mind and body thus sustained prevented him from taking further active part in public service. But the fire had been kindled! The flames stayed not! The great ambition of his great soul was nearing fulfilment.

John Adams says: "I have never known a man whose love of his country was more ardent or sincere; never one who suffered so much; never one whose services, for any ten years of his life, were so important and so essential to the cause of his country as those of Mr. Otis from 1760 to 1770."

When, in 1740, Samuel Adams was graduated from Harvard his Cousin John was five years old. John Hancock and Joseph Warren were also children, and Josiah Quincy was yet unborn. Before and during the Revolution these men stood together as leaders of the Patriot party in Boston. Their influence was strongly felt throughout the

Colonies and in Great Britain. They were firm and fearless in advocating justice and liberty.

While yet the Colonies were at peace and quite loyal to England, the seeds of revolution were growing in the mind of a young Harvard student. Taking the affirmative side, Samuel Adams read this thesis before the royal magistrates of the college: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved?" And many years before other minds dared dream of such an event, he said, "This country shall be independent, and we will be satisfied with nothing short of it." Massachusetts has reason indeed to be proud of the "last of the Puritans." His life is a wonderful illustration of the power of "*unity of purpose and energy of pursuit.*"

After the Boston Massacre of 1770 John Adams and Josiah Quincy acted as counsel for Captain Preston and his soldiers in their trial for murder. It was a perilous position for the Patriot leaders to take before the Boston public, but it was like John Adams, with his love of justice and his great moral courage, never to hesitate. And when Josiah Quincy's friends remonstrated he said, "I never harbored the expectation nor any great desire that all men should speak well of me. To inquire my duty and do it is my aim."

In speaking, John Adams was often brusque and vehement, while Quincy was of gentler nature, with a sweet, resonant voice.

Quincy's untimely death, from consumption, reminds us of another patriot and orator, also of Boston. Dr. Warren was one of those men whose absolute devotion to a noble cause accounts nothing as sacrifice. His words have the ring of martial music. As he spoke in the "Old South," on March 6, 1775,

in commemoration of the Boston Massacre, the fire of his thought ran from heart to heart until thousands caught the cry, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!" His eloquence was the outpouring of his ardent young life, and when, at the battle of Bunker Hill, we see him fall, though our hearts bleed, we say with him, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

In studying the records of the noble men of this period we are impressed that the secret spring of all their in-

spiring words and deeds was an unswerving faith in God and humanity. Truly, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The land for whose freedom they gladly gave their life's best service is affluent and honored to-day. May she never forget the source of all true greatness!

"If, drunk with sight of power, we loose

Wild tongues, that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,—

Or lesser breeds without the Law,—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

### Pulpit Orators of Great Britain.

WHILE Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan were "leading their country into broader liberty," there were, scattered here and there through the cities, towns, and hamlets of Great Britain, several thousand orators who were preparing the people to use this liberty. The honor of the citizen is the safeguard of the State; and he who raises the standard of morals is a public benefactor. What agency is more potent in this moral elevation than the pulpit, that

"Most important and effectual guard,  
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause"?

While history has voluminous records of the influence of oratory on the rise and progress of nations and rulers, she has preserved a strange reticence upon this subject of pulpit oratory; yet in their influence upon the highest interests and the destinies of mankind how trivial appear the fortunes of empires or kings compared with the success or failure of the pulpit and all it represents! "The field in which a minister acts or may act is the widest field conceivable to human intelligence."

As the light of the early Christian Church had been dimmed by the fogs of superstition and formalism, so the light of the Reformation faded into twilight.

The earnest "Puritan" preachers, Baxter and Bunyan, Owen and Howe, labored to preserve the purity and simplicity of the "doctrines of the Reformation," which were rapidly being consigned to oblivion by the Established Church.

While few records of their sermons remain, we know they must have been powerful preachers and able disputants to have so greatly influenced their age; for they "contributed more than any others" to set limits to the power of the crown, define the rights of subjects, and obtain for the people their rightful liberties.

By the close of the seventeenth century "an almost pagan darkness in the concerns of salvation prevailed, and the English became the most irreligious people on earth."

At this time, Robert Hall tells us, "the idea commonly entertained in England of a perfect sermon was that of a discourse upon some moral topic, clear, correct, and argumentative, in the delivery of which the preacher must be free from all suspicion of being moved himself or of intending to produce emotion in his hearers." Can we wonder, then, that religion ceased to influence the people, or that laity and clergy were alike corrupt?



Such was the moral condition of England when Wesley and Whitefield, "the second reformers," came upon the field of action. They appealed especially to the lower and middle classes; and the earnestness and enthusiasm of their sermons were the more effective from their marked contrast to the discourses of the effete clergy. They soon separated, because of doctrinal differences. Wesley continued his work of establishing societies, building churches, and training lay preachers, as well as "preaching several times each day and travelling four or five thousand miles a year." Thousands flocked to hear him. When the churches were closed to him he preached in private rooms and public halls.

Wesley's influence may be attributed to the depth of his piety, his fervent zeal, his yearning pity for the ignorant and the wicked, and the wonderful earnestness and directness of his preaching. Through the tones of his marvellously sweet voice was heard the throbbing of his great, loving heart.

George Whitefield, "the Demosthenes of the pulpit," was for thirty years "the delight of his friends and the terror of his opponents." Ordained deacon in 1736, at the age of twenty-two, his first sermon, at Gloucester, is said to have "driven fifteen persons mad." In April, 1739, he went to Islington to preach for the vicar. The churchwarden forbade him to preach, under the plea that he could not show his license. Whitefield went outside and preached in the churchyard; and from that day dated his open-air preaching. Driven from the churches he turned to the fields; his pulpit was the hillside, his parish the English-speaking world. His audiences, numbering twenty, thirty, or forty thousand, would stand for hours far into the night, or in pelting rains.

The leading characteristics of Whitefield's oratory were clearness, simplicity,

boldness and directness, intense earnestness, pathos, and feeling, a singular faculty of description, and ready adaptation of the truth to the condition of the hearer.

We can best appreciate the influence of these men on succeeding generations when we compare the present standard of pulpit oratory with that which prevailed during the early part of the eighteenth century. The chief duty of the tithing-man then was to keep the audience awake.

While none have surpassed and few equalled the far-reaching brilliancy of Whitefield and Wesley, there have been many bright stars in the pulpits of Great Britain.

Said Dugal Stuart: "There is a living writer who combines the beauties of Johnson, Addison, and Burke, without their imperfections. It is a dissenting minister of Cambridge, the Rev. Robert Hall. Whoever wishes to see the English language in perfection must read his writings." Yet Robert Hall the orator was as brilliant as Robert Hall the writer. His voice was feeble, the result of feeble health, and his delivery ungraceful; but the power of his language was irresistible.

In this constellation of first magnitude stars we find also William Jay, of whom Brinsley Sheridan said, "He was the most perfectly natural orator I have ever heard;" Richard Watson, whose name, next to that of its founder, reflects the highest luster upon Wesleyan Methodism; "the golden-mouthed" Henry Melvill, whose voice was famous for its sweetness and ever-varying modulations; Jabez Bunting, the Hercules of modern Methodism; and Hugh MacNeil, whose impetuosity, versatility, and exuberance of imagination proclaimed his Celtic ancestry. A fitting conclusion to this list of great English preachers is that man so well known that the mention of his name brings to our minds all his power

as an orator and his nobility as a man,—Charles Spurgeon.

Ireland has had many more or less influential preachers, but no great ones. As the best known we would mention Jeremy Taylor, more effective as a writer than as an orator; Walker Kerwin, of whom Mr. Grattan said, "He called forth the latent virtues of the heart, and taught men to discover within themselves a mine of charity of which the proprietors had been ignorant;" and Charles Wolfe, "whose poetic genius was remarkable," and whose power as an orator drew together great audiences of every faith.

Scotland has given the world poets, historians, metaphysicians, and theologians, but few orators.

Some one has said, "If one wants to know *what* to say he must go to Scotland; if he desires to know *how* to say it he must go to England;" while one of her sons has added, "There is not a nation in Europe where public men are *better thinkers* and *worse speakers* than the Scottish nation."

The most famous Scottish divine was Thomas Chalmers. His discourses "resembled mountain torrents, dashing, in strength and beauty, among the rocks and woods, carrying everything before them." He was chiefly distinguished for a majesty of thought and a vehemence of manner that was irresistible. Thomas Guthrie, whose preaching resembled a conversation more than a sermon; John Caird, "the child of feeling, of poesy, of passion;" and James Hamilton, the most poetic of preachers, "the Moore of the pulpit," were other lights of the Scottish clergy.

Among the crags, cliffs, and rugged mountains of Wales destiny has placed a race of Celts. Daily companionship with "the everlasting hills" has given them stability, steadiness, adaptability, and religious zeal; add to these characteristics the Celtic impetuosity, versatility, and sensibilities, and you have a picture of the Welsh. They are a nation of pulpit orators; there is no country where the pulpit exerts a more powerful influence. Christmas Evans of Wales was fully the equal of George Whitefield. "His thoughts breathed and his words burned." By the bold burst, the abrupt apostrophe, the glowing description, the stinging invective, the rousing appeal, he swayed his audience at will. To see his huge frame quivering with emotion, to watch the lightning flash of his eye, and to listen to the wild tones of his shrill voice was to be completely abandoned to the enthusiasm of the orator. Along with his stand other names worthy of remembrance: David Charles, John Elias, Charles Bela, Thomas Aubrey, and many others. Their names and labors were confined to their mountain homes, but the habits of the people are a testimony to their power. There is nothing in England or any other country to compare with the religious life of this remarkable people, who have given America some of her most brilliant pulpit orators.

As we study the lives of these men whose influence extends far beyond the boundaries of Great Britain, we must become convinced that if one of the parents of oratory is "the love of liberty," the other must be love for the highest welfare of humanity.

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You cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true if the habit of your life has been insincerity.—*F. W. Robertson.*

"God hides some ideal in every human soul; and life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best."

The Study of Literature.

PROF. WM. G. WARD.

ONE of the highest attainments in the study of literature is the art of looking at a subject in its entirety. Analysis soon gives us the separate elements, but synthesis does not always restore their relationship and show us their final unity. Nevertheless, it is in this latter habit that much of our best culture is to be found. Indeed, it is strictly the literary side of the process. Analysis is the final end in many branches of knowledge. Not so, however, with art. Almost any branch of art requires the consideration of the art-product as an entirety. How true this is we can all tell in a moment by looking at a painting, a statue, or a piece of architecture. In any of the above the parts are easily distinguished; and yet their unity is still more apparent, providing it is a genuine work of art.

In literature these relations are more difficult to discern. Oftentimes the final unity is hard to attain. This results from the fact that different minds will always see different meanings in the same symbols; and literature has to deal with symbols, with pictures, with the concrete embodiment of a philosophical thought, which may underlie or overshadow the work of the artist. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of agreement as to the impression produced by many great works of literary art. Nearly all people recognize the great landmarks of literature as having a certain significance. They become labeled and pass current as types of certain well-recognized values, which they are found to represent.

It is this latter unity of which we wish to speak. We may never all agree as to the ultimate teaching and the deeper

philosophical meaning of a great work in literature, because it may have many meanings. But we can agree as to the mood or atmosphere which it carries with it; the primary effect which it has upon most minds. We need to remember that this characteristic alone is a very high literary quality. If fully recognized by us, it becomes a distinct enjoyment or repulsion from which we cannot easily escape.

Now let us remember that we do not want to escape. It is exactly by enjoying this atmosphere, by catching the spirit of this mood, that we are learning to distinguish literary entities. It is thus that we form our own judgment, and mature our own standards of literary excellence. It is exactly by this process that we are to acquire breadth and confidence in judging of the relative merit of any new work which is brought to our attention.

Considered in this light there are many questions to raise with regard to this "new work," which bring us to the very highest realms of literary criticism. We assume that it is a work of the imagination, and therefore has a certain thought and passion unity which will be easily discovered. But above this it will have that indescribable character or mood of its own which we have called its atmosphere.

When we become conscious of this atmosphere, as something inseparable from any considerable portion of the book, we are then prepared to examine it again as a work of art. It may be that this indescribable tone which colors all the parts of the whole is an air of mystery, like that of "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner;" like the

"Scarlet Letter" and many of the novels, or more especially the romances.

On the other hand it may have the decided tone of the man of action, as in the "Prisoner of Zenda," "Kidnapped," and Shakespeare's "Henry V.," where no great mysteries are involved, and the action goes straight to the conclusion. In such a case each part must be judged as it contributes to the success of the dominant mood, on which the final effect is produced.

For the third case both the above tones might be combined, as in "Macbeth" or in "The Passing of Arthur," where the mere man of action is lost in the eternal laws of fate, or of Providence, which elevate his actions into an entirely different region, and give us studies of the higher spiritual problems of the universe.

At other times you may have the dark and ominous atmosphere of "Lear" and "Othello," or the lurid and glowing color of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." Or both these may be combined, as in "Quo Vadis." Besides these you may have many other tones, as the warm and lazy ease of "Faerie Queen" and Thompson's "Castle of Indolence;" or the distant and nebulous grandeur of Milton's "Paradise Lost;" not to mention the light badinage of "The Dolly Dialogues," or the sober earnestness and sweetness of Tennyson's "Idyls."

You may soon become interested in any of the above types of feeling, for that is exactly what the quality is. The indescribable quality or mood which we are trying to discern is the result of a particular kind of feeling under which the author produced it. We speak of it as color or atmosphere, but this is only another name for what we mean when we say feeling. Literary culture consists in becoming sensitive to these varying moods, so that we may discern them

as quickly as we notice a change in the weather.

We often allow ourselves to be occupied with the mere details of literature, and do not grasp the broad characteristics. When this is true we may be searching diligently for qualities of the author's style, without being able to discern them. This is because we have a mistaken fancy that style is in some way a thing separate and apart from the thought and feeling of the book. No mistake could be greater. The style is born of the thought, and especially of the feeling. When we become interested in an author, it is usually because we are able to appreciate the particular phase of feeling which animated him. We have a deep sympathy or we would not be interested.

Now why can we not stop at this point and hold fast what we already have? This very interest with which we read our author is our highest claim to intelligence. Our interest in him is literary interest. Our sympathy with his thought and feeling is our best kind of confidence that we possess a literary spirit. We are already somewhat like the writer whom we admire. If we study him we shall get to be more like him. We assume that he is a literary man, otherwise we surely would not be reading him. This granted, literary culture must follow in proportion as our zeal increases.

But while we admire what is great in one writer we are unconsciously learning to appreciate much else. We emerge from the thorough study of one writer with many different views of life and of literature which we have acquired from him. We suddenly discover new interest in other writers for whom we had but little interest before. If we were not so unconscious of most of our highest and best processes we would know all this beforehand; but unfortunately, we are often less acquainted with our own



better thought and feeling than we are with many a petty annoyance which irritates us but adds nothing to the sum of our intelligence.

In addition to the above attributes there are yet others which belong to a work of literature considered as a whole. Thus, among works which lie along the borderland of literature, many have a thought unity where no feeling is discoverable. Also many of the greatest works of real literature have a thought unity coexistent with the passion unity. This thought unity is often the means of conveying the lesson or moral of the story, where the author does not wish to obtrude the moral teaching at the expense of the art treatment. In such cases the thought unity is sometimes so skilfully concealed as to be unnoticed by the ordinary reader. It is much better that it should be unnoticed than that we should try to read into an author a meaning which he never intended. For, after all, the passion unity is the important one. If we fully appreciate the feeling of a work, we are almost certain to acquire the thought unity at the same time, even though it may be unconsciously.

Besides this there is the unity of structure, by which the book gets its general framework and proportion. This quality also may be entirely overlooked by the casual reader. Unless we are interested in construction we are not likely to notice it, except when we are trying to explain to ourselves or to some one else the higher art value of the creation in question.

Finally, if we have not the time or the disposition to observe all the above elements which characterize a great work of literature, there is, nevertheless, one comfortable idea to remember; and that is, that the great author has always kept them in view. We ought to have a conscious satisfaction in all the excellences of his work. But if all else fail us, there is at least one virtue upon which we can surely count. We are not likely to read, very long, any work of which we cannot catch the feeling. If we have that, we can probably afford to forget all the rest. Enjoyment is one of the highest ends which is served by the existence of literature. Therefore, read that which you can enjoy, and reserve study for that which you must interpret.

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### Dr. Winship's Talk.

We were favored not long since by the presence of Dr. Winship, who spoke to us upon two vitally interesting subjects. We are grateful for his introduction to Herbartianism, and his vivid illustrations of the principles of that philosophy could not fail of appreciation. Dr. Winship compared Herbartianism to homœopathy.

The latter holds that (1) "like cures like;" (2) it works from symptoms; while Herbartianism claims that (1) "like attracts like across the threshold of consciousness;" (2) it explains mind

through an explanation of ideas. That is, Herbartianism starts with ideas, as homœopathy does with symptoms.

Herbart applied mathematics to the science of mind. He believed that there are no axioms and no accidents, but that all mind processes are subject to exact law. Dr. Winship explained *apperception* as the influence of the inner circle of ideas, those within consciousness, on those that are without. But one idea does not approach the threshold of consciousness alone; several connected ideas come, meet others from outside, and all

return together to the inner consciousness. This is *correlation*.

May I refer you, for information on this topic, to two books of the International Education Series,—“Psychology,” by Herbart, translated by M. K. Smith, and Herbart’s “A B C of Sense Perception,” translated by W. J. Eckoff.

The second subject on which Dr. Winship spoke was *Training* as a factor in education and as a source of power. He reminded us that only thirty years ago there was scarcely an idea of the specialization in education of which we hear so much to-day. It is the untrained mind that is frantic in an emergency. Training means poise and power.

As to work with an audience, do your best and do not consider their attitude toward you. If you are doing true work sooner or later you will win your audience.

Dr. Winship further impressed the importance of training by tracing the influence of college training upon the descendants of Jonathan Edwards. We are especially thankful for the inspiration of the suggestion that our own work is not for the present generation alone, but for posterity. We agree with Dr. Winship that the Emerson College of Oratory is yet in her infancy. Her power will grow and her benign influence extend as the years pass.

R. L. D.

## Why Culture? \*

CHARLES W. PAUL.

Why are the Emerson College physical exercises physical culture? Culture implies symmetrical development. Physical culture demands that not a single field in the entire physical estate shall lie fallow. It demands that every normal physical, mental, or soul function shall have its appropriate physical agents of expression developed and responsive.

Development is secured by self-activity through methods in accord with physiological and psychological laws. In this system of exercise not only are all the muscles in the body made self-active according to their natural relations to each other, but also according to their normal relations to the nervous system. As a result the generation of vital force is stimulated, its proportionate distribution secured, and its economical expenditure in physical movements insured.

But omitting the details of these processes, which are discussed in our textbook, and granting that the exercises

induce added vital power, is there evidence of added psychological power? The body-carrier may have an abundance of vital energy and yet be comparatively lacking in psychological force.

It is a generally accepted principle that every mental act produces some change in the body. Both the act and the change may be unconscious. The change may be molecular, chemical, or vital. It may appear in conscious external movements, or result in some of the multitudinous, subtle activities which are ever occurring within the physical mechanism. Through the inhibitory nerves many bodily changes may, to quite an extent, be arrested, yet the principle nevertheless holds true. Upon it all our dramatic work, gesture in rendering, and expression in voice is based.

Conversely, and with the same qualifications, every physical change produces some mental action. This latter principle appears in our responsive work,

\* Lecture before postgraduate class.

when from a definite attitude of the body the expectant mind receives a specific idea. In hypnotic experiments, "if the face or limbs of the patients are placed in an attitude which is the normal expression of a certain emotion, thereupon that emotion is actually excited."

In this system of exercises all the reactionary mental impressions — with the exception of one or two which emphasize by contrast — are healthful and inspiring. The attitudes taken are not the expressions of sickness, weakness, or idiocy, nor of abnormal mental states, as are the gestures, for instance, of the witches in "Macbeth." The position of the chest, which is the general dominant centre throughout the exercises, is of itself a mental tonic.

But the mental reactions can be best studied in the harmonizing movements; for they were specially arranged for the production of definite psychological results.

By means of the vigorous action of the vital organs, during the first three divisions of exercises, the tissues of the body have become renewed from nutrient material in the blood. The tissues of the brain share in this general revivification. Added vital force has been generated throughout the organism. But vital force, like other modes of force, appears in two forms; viz., potential and dynamic. A boulder at rest at the top of a mountain possesses potential force; but when the boulder has been set in motion and is rolling down the mountain-side its potential force has been converted into dynamic force.

Suppose a harmonizing movement, for example, that which expresses salutation, is willed to be taken, what processes result?

Nerve matter stored in the appropriate ideo-motor centre of the cerebrum by a chemical change, of the nature of

an explosion, has its potential force converted into dynamic force, which passes, as a nerve current, along the motor nerves leading to the proper muscles. This current, acting as a stimulus, produces a rearrangement of the position of the molecules, which we know as contraction of the muscles, resulting in the movement of the head and arm. By the law of correlation of forces, the energy of the nerve current becomes dissipated in motion of the surrounding air, and in the production of heat and electricity. The movement of the arm and head, through muscular sense, stimulates the sensory nerves leading from these active agents to the centres of sensation in the cerebrum. Here the intricate structure of the brain baffles detailed investigation. Nor is this surprising in view of the statement by Beale that "a portion of gray matter upon the surface of a convolution, not larger than the head of a very small pin, will contain portions of many thousands of nerve fibres, the distal ramifications of which may be in very distant and different parts of the body." But believing with Maudsley that "the formation of an idea is an organic evolution in the appropriate nervous centres," and that "the cortical layers consist of a multitude of distinct mind centres," the conclusion is obvious that the idea of salutation must have a mind centre. Furthermore, as the reported idea of this movement is associated with the idea of salutation, the rational physical interpretation of this relation is a connection by a nerve fibre of the centres which are the specific organs of these ideas. So it may be logically inferred that the nerve current passes from the sensory centre along a connecting fibre and stimulates the centre of salutation. Thus by this exercise potential force at an ideo-motor centre has caused dynamic force to appear at a mind centre; or, in

the language of the text-book, "The brain possesses two classes of centres: the vital and the mental. The energy of the former is conveyed through the mechanism of the entire body to the latter."

As further stated by Dr. Emerson, all of the harmonizing movements are expressions of one or more of the four activities of the mind; viz., "(1) love of uprightness, or the perfect; (2) love of truth; (3) love of reciprocity, or receiving and giving; (4) love of harmony." These forms of love embrace the higher sentiments of the mind. They may be termed the soul powers of the individual. Thus the harmonizing movements develop and make responsive the physical organs of impression and expression of the soul powers. They are aids to what Mr. Cable calls true culture: "The spiritual blossoming of all our knowledge."

But the age rightly demands that rational conclusions shall, as far as possible, be confirmed by the testimony of the senses. Psycho-physiological experiments have shown that, after taking the Emerson exercises, greater speed and accuracy was displayed in performing a definite mental task, like the crossing off of the a's on a printed page, than was possible, under like conditions, after taking the exercises of another popular system.

But, in addition to these indications of an intellectual value, there is evidence of the moral value of the Emerson exercises. Teachers in the public schools testify that the introduction of this system of exercises results in improved behavior of the pupils. The higher sentiments of their minds come to expression.

These exercises, then, assist in the symmetrical development of the entire physical man, as the expresser of his threefold powers of body, mind, and soul, and therefore may justly be termed physical *culture* exercises.

Leaders in all departments of thought are awakening to the significance of symmetrical development. Its relations to the great industrial, social, and moral problems of the age are being discussed. The pauper, the insane, the criminal, are seen to be such because of deformity — a lack of symmetrical development. The degradation in the slums, the discontent of the laborer, the cupidity of the capitalist, and the degeneracy of the politician are found to be growths from the same root. Clearly and rapidly the truth is dawning upon the world that there can be no progressive system of education, no comprehensive philosophy, no holy religion, which does not consider body, mind, and soul, and demand for each health, power, and beauty through expression.

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### The Southwick Literary Society.

NEW Faculty Day occurred on February 15. The occasion might surely have been so termed, for Berkeley Hall was full to overflowing with Emersonians and guests, eager to hear and honor the teachers who were last October called home to us.

Miss Emily B. Cornish, '98, vice-

president of the society, gracefully dispatched the routine business.

Then came the delight of following scenes of adventure, heroism, humor, and pathos, ever clearly revealed, whether through the charming personality and womanly sympathy of Miss Elsie Powers, or through the discrimi-



nating, forceful delineations of Miss Sadie F. Lamprell.

Satisfied — more than satisfied — were their admiring pupils, ambitious for their unqualified success.

True to our watchword, beneath the surface of the stream, sparkling and dashing with fun, romance, and adventure, ran a deep current of high moral purpose.

The literary numbers were happily interspersed with soprano solos by Miss Florence M. Lawrie, Miss Bertha Taggart, accompanist, and mandolin solos by Miss Claire Foucher, the music adding materially to the pleasure of the entertainment.

C. W. P.

### Personals.

Mrs. N. L. Cronkhite represented Nebraska at the recent Woman's Suffrage Jubilee Convention held in Washington, D. C. She reports an enthusiastic gathering, very definite improvement in methods, and unprecedented recognition by Chief Magistrate, Congress, and thinking people generally.

Miss May E. Merriman is meeting with astonishing success in Meriden, Conn., her native city. We use the adjective "astonishing" advisedly, remembering "A prophet is not without honor

save in his own country." She has six classes in physical culture and elocution,—one for ladies, one for boys, one for young ladies, and three for children,—besides private pupils. Last summer, while in the Green Mountains of Vermont, she was urged to form a class in the physical work by ladies in the hotel. The class was a large and enthusiastic one, and at the close they presented Miss Merriman with a handsome water-color appropriately framed, as a token of their regard.

### Exchanges.

*Our Dumb Animals*, edited by George T. Angel, has for its motto "We speak for those that cannot speak for themselves," and it does indeed speak in clarion tones. A recent discussion of the heartless cruelties inflicted in obtaining the "Persian Lamb Furs" will doubtless be instrumental in establishing "boycott" for that article of merchandise.

A newcomer on our exchange is *The Cumberland*, of Cumberland University. It is a welcome visitor, as it is filled with readable articles. In its first number, by mistakes of printer or proof-reader, we were credited with articles to which

we have no claim. In justice to their authors this was corrected in the second number. We thank *The Cumberland* for its kind words.

The *Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health*, edited by Dr. M. L. Holbrook, has in the February number an article which is especially applicable to our work, "Relation of Thought to Health and Purity," by a former Emersonian. While other articles are too technical for discussion in our columns, we cannot but say that a wide dissemination of Dr. Holbrook's theories would do great good.





MISS LILLIA E. SMITH.

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### Heaven's Art.

DOES the Great Artist think to gem his mantle with  
unnumber'd stars,  
With here a diamond Sun, and there a garnet Earth  
or ruby Mars,  
And Moons of pearl; and shall a midget on a mote  
In that vast sea of light which is God's smile  
Question his judgment or impugn his right,  
As if man's day were somewhat and his night  
Important, in an universal sense, and, all the while,  
In English miles were measur'd on heav'n's arc,  
As worlds are driven through immensity, that stark  
And empty seems to blind and wilful men,  
Who, wormlike, inch their planet o'er and criticise  
the broider'd sky  
Like master-workmen of the Art that 'riches all the  
day, nor passes darkness by?

Perhaps some day—the brightest seen since heav'n  
was over all in beauty spread—  
Earth's creeper, having crawl'd his 'pointed span and  
serv'd his sentenc'd turn  
As pris'n'r in a self-spun cell, may feel life's sun and  
know that run  
And finish'd is his grov'ling course; that he's *im-*  
*mortal man*, a spirit bright  
Whose light might shame the day, whose beaute'us  
wings the robe of dawn might wear  
As its main ornament,—a fitting gem upon the hem  
of heav'n.  
And, when man's learned his destin'd part, and how  
to live, no more he'll doubt

What art divine creation plann'd; he'll lay his crit-  
ic's pen aside,  
And cease on God his back to turn, content his day  
to live and learn  
By heav'n's high radiance to be led, and to heav'n's  
Artist bow his head.

— S. P. GUILD.



### Our Frontispiece.

IN response to repeated requests from  
many sources during the two years we  
have occupied the editorial chair, it is  
indeed a pleasure and a privilege to be  
able to present our readers with an ex-  
cellent half-tone portrait of our inspiring  
and genuinely helpful friend and teacher,  
Miss Lillia E. Smith, whose earnest,  
thoughtful, and consistent work in the  
classroom has endeared her to the hosts  
of students who have received profit and  
enjoyment from her instruction. To  
you in the college and you scattered in  
fields of service, no matter how distant,  
she needs no introduction. We are con-  
fident that all will be pleased and grati-  
fied to possess so excellent a likeness of  
our much-loved teacher in a form which  
will enable you to preserve it perma-  
nently by binding it with the other num-  
bers of the magazine.



### Correction.

By mistake the article entitled "Pulpit  
Orators of Great Britain," in last issue,  
was not credited to its author, Miss  
Inez B. Packard, '98. By a more serious  
mistake only a portion of the article on  
"German Orators and Oratory" was  
published. This is especially awkward  
and embarrassing to the editor as there  
is so much matter which must be pub-  
lished in these last two numbers of the  
year that it seems impossible to publish



the corrected article. We offer this explanation as a slight apology, and shall make the correction if space permits.



#### New Books.

Owing to lack of space in this issue, it is impossible to do more than mention the new books just presented by two of our lecturers: "Principles and Method of Teaching," by Hon. John W. Dickinson, Ex-Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and "Tennyson's Debt to Environment," by Professor William G. Ward. We shall aim to mention some of the excellencies contained in these two volumes in our next issue. Meantime, Secretary Sherman will answer questions and mail copies.



#### Dr. Rolfe's Return.

It is always pleasant to welcome friends, and it is especially so in the case of Dr. William J. Rolfe, who comes to us again with his most searching and instructive Shakespearian lectures. His reputation as a student, author, and lecturer is world-wide, and we esteem it a great kindness that amid all his other duties he still consents to spare us an hour each week. He has generously contributed an article on "As You Like It" for this volume.



#### Professor Southwick's Visit.

Surely Professor Southwick could have no doubt of the genuineness of our pleasure in welcoming him during his recent brief visit. Prolonged applause, Chau-tauqua salutes, and the usual demonstrations were entirely inadequate, and shouts in various keys and crescendos were indulged in until he began an address to the students. It is our privilege to publish the address elsewhere in this issue, to thank him for this and other kindnesses, and to wish him Godspeed in his new work.

#### Bishop Ussher's Address.

Among the many excellent things prepared for our enjoyment during this term was a morning visit from the Right Rev. B. B. Ussher, who spoke on the subject of "Personal Development." It is a matter of regret that lack of space makes it impossible to publish all of the address.



#### Emerson College Chansonnettes.

"Emerson College Chansonnettes" is the name applied to the partially new arrangement of music for the Emerson system of physical culture exercises. The work has been done by Miss Gertrude Chamberlin, who is not only especially fitted for it by five years' experience as college musician, but who besides possessing genius and ability has had the best training to be secured. She is not simply a performer, but a musician — an artist. This arrangement is composed of choice and careful selections from seven pieces of music which especially fulfil the genius of each exercise used. The work of modulating from one key to another was done by a skilled musician educated in Berlin. All musicians will instantly perceive the difficulties which were overcome. A musical strain is, with rare exceptions, complete in eight measures, but our exercises require such differing lengths as eight, nine, eleven, twelve, sixteen, nineteen, and twenty-two, and Miss Chamberlin has carried on the musical thought until its completion and that of the exercise are identical. No pains have been spared in the preparation, and the result is an artistic as well as musicianly success. It is dedicated to Mrs. Charles Wesley Emerson, our leader in physical culture, whose picture and that of the college building are on the title-page.

Copies can be procured from Secretary Sherman. Price, \$1.50. Address, Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

## Some of the Essential Powers of the Orator.\*

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Edmund Noble. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

THE first essential power of the orator which I shall mention to-day is *Luminosity*. Art reveals what is in the mind of the world as distinct from the matter of the world, or it is not high art. The orator carries the light of the high revelation of mind to other minds, or he is not an orator. The orator is a light. Christ said to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." The orator's power, his vocation, in fact, is to light other minds,—not by telling with a dogmatic voice that things are thus and thus, but by illuminating other minds, so that the potential light in those minds shall be kindled into a flame. The real light that comes from God is not the light that shines on the sea nor on the land, but the light that is in the human mind, and comes, not from without, but from within. The artist must illumine by quickening this mind which is within. The orator must enter the minds of his hearers, not merely as a torch-bearer, to illuminate their minds while he holds the torch, but he must light their torches.

No man can walk for long by the light that is in another's mind; he must walk by the light that is in his own mind. In the outer world a person walks by the light that is in his own eyes and not by that which is in the eyes of others. If that light becomes darkness, how great is that darkness! Sometimes curiosity leads people to listen to one who darkens their minds; one who throws a mist into their minds. Those who produce such effects may, for a time, be considered very profound, but the audience soon grows weary of this blindfold performance. I have

seen a vine twenty or thirty feet long growing in a cellar, where almost entire darkness prevailed; following that vine I found it grew toward a crevice in the wall through which light came. Vegetation is attracted to the material light, because light awakens something in it which enables it to draw materials from the soil and atmosphere, and thus build up its structure. This principle is true in its application to the human soul. It is drawn to the light because there is something in the light of thought which awakens the powers of the mind. In order for a person to light others he must enter the dwelling-places of others; that is, he must enter other's minds, not as a curiosity-seeker, but to carry light and awakening power to those minds.

These latter days it is a common thing for people to pride themselves on knowing others' thoughts; but such is the law of nature that if a person is prompted merely by curiosity to look into other minds in a very short time God shuts the door, and the person loses that power. If it is not put to a right use it dies and drops out of its native sphere into the sphere of suspicion and meanness. If there is a mean mind in the world it is the one that has been peeping into other's minds by its own light, by a kind of phosphorescence that it carries with it. If we walk into other's minds it should be for the purpose of lighting the lamps on the altars of other souls, not as curiosity-seekers.

In the study of oratory the very first thing that the student has to do is to learn to deal with the minds of others,—to awaken the light that is in other

minds. If a person has developed the power of speaking to other minds, of flashing the truth he perceives into other minds, he can so awaken them that they can understand the thought of the most profound authors. One of the missions of the orator is to kindle the light that is in other minds, and thus enable them to see what they did not see before. The highest power of the orator is to make others independent of him, by teaching them to see and to think. All true art is revelatory. It reveals, not to the outer sense, but to the inner perception. In studying the various stages in the development of Egyptian art, you will find, with now and then an exception, of course, that it did not kindle the minds of others very much. It awoke the minds of others to certain things *en masse*, but it did not reveal to other minds the possibilities of human nature. To-day that form of art is discarded, and so is the early form of Greek art discarded. It is only the art of the Phidian period that people are taught in modern times. What characterizes the Phidian period? The awakening in other minds of a light by which they can see what they did not see before. There is a hidden truth in the soul that can never be seen until light is awakened in the mind of the beholder; it is the orator's place to awaken this light. Therefore you perceive that the strongest element in the orator is the teaching element. The true teacher does not expect his students to believe a thing simply because he affirms it; he awakens their minds until they see the thing for themselves.

Great authorities in literature, in religion, in art, in life, do not ask you to believe a thing simply because they say it; they ask you to look for yourselves. God said, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Your salvation depends upon your act of looking. God

has given you intellectual power and imagination. Look! the object-lessons are everywhere. The great landscape painter does not say, "Look at me; see what a great artist I am." Nor does he say, "Look at these colors and these forms." He says, through the colors and forms on his canvas, "Look at nature. I came to open your eyes that you may see the mountains and valleys; I came to awaken your mind so that when you look on the hillsides, the valleys, the heavens, you will see what you did not see before."

There is no value in that art which calls attention to itself. Only that art is valuable which says, "Look ye to the sources from which I draw, and you will draw greater things than these." Christ said to his disciples, "Greater works than these shall ye do; because I go unto my Father." On the day of Pentecost, when the disciples prayed for power from on high, what came? A cloud of darkness to mystify them? No, a flame lighted on the brow of each present, with cloven tongues of fire. Christ found fault with those teachers of his time who brought darkness to men rather than light. The Church that brings the most light is the Church which is wanted. The clergyman who awakes light in the people is the clergyman who is wanted.

This principle of Luminosity is not only applicable to oratory, but to human life in all its phases. There are many persons in this audience who have children under their care. How does this New Philosophy of Education in Oratory apply to them? We do not want any education that we cannot carry home with us, that will not help us in the household. Truth is universal in its application. The same principles govern everywhere. When the children who are under your care ask you a question do you say, "Be still! I can't be bothered with it now?" Children should obey; they should mind what is told them." Have you brought Luminos-

ity to your child's mind? The mission of parents is twofold, — providing for the external wants of their children before they are able to provide for themselves, and awakening their minds. A great soul makes others think on right objects and subjects,—his very presence awakens them to think.

The popular idea about oratory is that a person is to build in the sight of the audience something for them to look at, and that something is his gesticulating self; also that he is within the hearing of people to produce certain beautiful sounds, so that they will say, "That's fine. I'd give half a dollar to hear it again." Students entering this institution with these ideas are greatly surprised when we say to them, "In your studies here you can progress no faster than you can make other minds think." This teaching is not what they expected, but it is vastly higher.

Another element of oratory which grows out of Luminosity is *Repose*. This is the best word that can be used to convey the idea I wish to suggest,—the idea of the repose of high activity, the activity being so perfect that no effort is perceived. When looking at a buzz- or circular-saw, if it goes very slowly you can see its teeth-edge; but when it revolves with sufficient rapidity, there is an effect of perfect repose; *i. e.*, the repose of perfect activity, the perfect activity of a balanced instrument. Repose is one of the signs of Luminosity in a speaker, and grows out of the power of illuminating. The word "repose" is susceptible of two interpretations,—the one just given, that is, the repose of perfect activity, and the repose of inertia. Repose is something which we can see and feel better than we can describe. When a person speaks without effort we feel he is reposeful on the one hand, while he is exceedingly active on the other. It is not the repose of inertia, but the

repose of life. It is not like the repose of vegetation in winter, when the earth is covered with nature's winding-sheet, but it is like the repose of summer, when everything is in full bloom, when Nature has put forth and developed her beauties and her fruits, making us feel that there is rest in nature. It is the rest of activity—the rest of living nature, not the rest of the expended forces. The repose of the orator comes from awaking high mental activities in others until those mental activities speak back to him; then a high communion, moral and intellectual, has been formed between the speaker and the hearer. He is fulfilling the oratory of the heavens, where God says, "Come, let us reason together." When the orator has established this relation between himself and the audience there is Repose. It is a communion of spirit, not low, but high. When souls meet on the high plane of truth, on the high plane of the light of humanity, on the high plane of consciousness, united by the holiest purposes, then all feel the influence. "My righteousness is like the waves of the sea, and my peace like a river." When the orator has established this high relationship the result is Repose. Inertia is not the rest of the soul; it is not even the rest of the body. The rest which the soul craves is the rest which comes from high activities. The mission of the orator is to awaken in others the highest sentiments of right doing and right living, until they answer back to his mind and he is caught up by them—by the relationship which, through truth and beauty, he sustains to others; then his manner suggests Repose.

The next element of power in the orator of which I will speak is *Sympathy*. We learn to understand others by coming into sympathy with them. A great poet, feeling the edge of a sword, said, "I know how the murderer feels."



Through his sympathies as a poet he saw and felt with the murderer; he saw how remorse gnawed at the vitals of conscience-stricken murderers. What enabled Shakespeare to know how Macbeth felt when he saw the ghost of Banquo? What enabled him to know how Macbeth felt when he saw that vision pass before him which seemed to stretch out till the crack of doom? How could he tell what Richard III. saw and felt the night before his decisive battle? It was his sympathy with criminals. Through sympathy he could feel that he had committed all the murders ever committed. A criminal cannot speak to a criminal, because they are both bred in crime. But if a man lives above the crime, and through this wonderful law of the mind, Sympathy, can see what is in the other, and yet not be it, he can sympathize with criminals. He develops tenderness, not by looking at them as a judge, but by looking at them as souls, as God looks into the souls of men, through this wonderful power of sympathy.

There are people trying to govern children who have never seen a child; that is, they have never sympathetically related themselves to the child, and looked out upon the world through its eyes. An orator, in order to speak to the souls of men, in order to speak to the universal heart, must learn how other men feel and how they look at life. He cannot speak to them unless he does. This is Sympathy. There are certain persons so sympathetic that they cannot see another person weep without weeping themselves; cannot see another laugh without laughing. When a little child who has never spoken a word sees some one putting his lip up as if to cry, he will put up his lip in the same way and cry, without knowing the cause. This does not come from any penetrating sympathy of the child; it is simply

animal instinct; or, rather, it is a bud of promise. It is a beginning in the child, which, like other beginnings, should be educated and trained, that it may find its fruition in a higher state. When I use the term "Sympathy" I mean that sympathy which comes from studying others, from imagining their situations, from imagining their relation to their environments. This gives one power through pure imagination to look out upon those environments with the eyes of those thus environed. When Christ stood with the mourning sisters of Lazarus beside his tomb, knowing that he was soon to awaken him from his sleep, he did not rejoice and smile as he thought of the change so soon to take place in the bereaved sisters, but "*Jesus wept.*" The fact that Lazarus was dead could not have caused his weeping, because he knew that he was there to bring him to life, and in bringing him to life he would bring "life and immortality to light." Such was Christ's power of sympathy that when the sisters of Lazarus wept he wept also.

The perfect orator must have *Positiveness*. Unless he has Positiveness, in addition to Sympathy, he cannot light the fires on the altars of other minds. He who has great Sympathy must also have great moral and intellectual Positiveness; that is, moral and intellectual conviction. In training their children mothers must have something more than motherly instinct, however divine this may be. They must have conviction of right, of truth, of purity, that they may never be swerved aside through Sympathy. Hear the words of Paul, the foremost of Christ's apostles: "We know that we are right." Paul advocated the doctrine of love, in opposition to all the world. He lived in the palmiest days of Greek learning and Greek philosophy; he sat at the feet of the great Gamaliel, and yet he rejected the teachings of his

master, he rejected the teachings of the scholars of Greece and of Rome, the teachings of the Sanhedrim and the mighty moralists, the Pharisees, and proclaimed an entirely new doctrine,—not only different, but absolutely opposed,—the doctrine of love. Hear the note of Positiveness as it rings down the ages,—“*We know that we are right.*” Paul did not say this suddenly. It was no impulse of passion, no impulse of resistance. It was the conviction of a scholar, the conviction of the philosopher; it was the conviction of one who sees things spiritually; it was the conviction of the Christian life, of one who has found out what is true by living it. There is nothing in all thy teachings, Paul, for which I thank thee more than for this example of Positiveness. While the orator sympathizes with all sorts and conditions of men, with the Christian and with the sinner, with the scholar and with the ignorant, he knows that he has entered sympathetically into their hearts in order that he may carry conviction

there. Although the orator is the most sympathetic of men, and in the sails of his feelings there blows the breath of other men's sorrow and temptations, yet, like a ship with an anchor, sure and steadfast through the veil of the darkness and mist that surrounds the ship, he knows whereof he has believed, for he has seen it with his intellect and with his highest spiritual perceptions. More than this: he has lived it day after day; he has drunk of its sweetness; he has eaten of its ambrosial fruit; he has said that the wicked are like ships tossed to and fro by every wind. Those who live to high conviction feel every throb of the human heart, yet they feel certain of the truth, for they are homeward bound. As they cross the world's heaving sea, with all its fluctuations, they see the rising star of truth, and with the strength of truth and of a character developed to it through living, they plough along the main, and every wave breaks beneath them. *This is Positiveness.*

### Each in His Own Name.

W. H. CARRUTH.

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell;  
A jelly-fish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty  
And a face turned from the clod,—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tints of the corn-fields,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the goldenrod,—  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in;  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod,—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
The million who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway trod,—  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.

—*Christian Register*, Feb. 3, 1898.

## Professor Southwick's Address.

"Methinks I hear a spirit in your echoes  
Answer me, and bid your tenant  
Welcome home again."

AND indeed, dear friends, the home feeling is strong upon me at this hour, and let me say to you that there has not been a day when I have not thought of you and of these home influences, nor a time when I have not, like Goldsmith's Traveller,

Dragged at each remove a lengthening chain.

You will pardon some words from me of a personal nature. In fact, I know you want to ask me where I have been, what I have been doing, what I am to do, and wherefore. And, briefly as I must, and satisfactorily as I can, I will try to tell you. I am not unaware that since I have been here a class has entered to whom I am merely a tradition, that a hundred or more new Pharaohs have risen who knew not Joseph; but I believe the youngest of the sisterhood of classes will, after the manner of all good little sisters, be indulgent while the older sisters entertain their company.

During the past seven months I have, among other things, been studying the professional staging of the plays of Shakespeare under direction of America's leading manager, Mr. Augustin Daly. Concerning this connection, let me say at the outset, lest I should forget to refer to the matter again, that I entered his company upon Mr. Daly's invitation, went with him to Europe, was given parts in his Shakespearian productions which he usually entrusts only to people who have been several seasons in the professional ranks, was treated with unvarying consideration, and when, to take advantage of a larger opportunity, I asked to be released from my contract, I was met

most generously, and have in my pocket his autograph to a letter of which I am proud. But I am speaking too much in detail.

Let me say, in a word, that I entered upon this work in the pursuit of an *ideal*. I love Will Shakespeare. Now I know that however much one may learn by silent study, he can never know all there is in a song or a poem until he has heard it completely interpreted by the human voice. Think what that means, ye dry-as-dust teachers of literature! Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and however much may be gleaned by the candle-light of the study, it is in the calcium of the theatre, where his creations may be bodied forth to eye and ear and soul, that Shakespeare can be fully known and felt. And it is precisely because people see him often so poorly interpreted, his characters so unevenly represented, his lines so marred, his fine imaginings so utterly lost, that they feel to turn away from the theatre, preferring to escape the jarring notes in the quiet of their studies. But this is because of the inadequacies of theatric presentations, and not because the theatre is not the natural and, potentially, the only complete vehicle for the interpretation of the mightiest mind that ever framed its thought in English speech.

The peculiar but popular malady known as "stage-fever" has never numbered me among its victims, but I had studied my Shakespeare humbly and reverently and, led by a train of circumstances, I did what I could to interpret him in a few scattered entertainments given for charitable objects. By and by, encouraged by friends,—and by none more zealously than by the good

lady who in taking my name has brought much honor to it,—I was led to consider the stage for a career. I did not feel clear about the step and was much perplexed. For several years I had followed a work in which I felt I was useful and which I loved, and love still, and ever shall love with all my heart,—the work of a teacher. In that I felt certainty and conviction. In the other matter I was in doubt, for the life of an actor, as such, hath no charms for one who, if not an old foggy, surely has little in common with Bohemia. But my hesitation was not because I feared sacrifices or because I was afraid of hard work or distasteful conditions, or because uncertain whether people would approve. Let me say right here that this last consideration affects me less and less as the years go by, for, I know that while some persons will proclaim their views or prejudices at the outset, the vast majority will watch a new venture with right hands upon the hot-water spigot and left hands upon the cold-water spigot, ready with equal emphasis for their eternal and worthless clamor in the warm gushing "*I told you so!*" or the oracular frigidity of "*I told you so!*"

A year ago this very morning and at this hour I spoke a few words to you from this platform in response to your congratulations upon the results of our week at the Tremont Theatre. While I had hesitated I had been experimenting, and had given a series of the greatest plays of the greatest genius of our literature; and with box-office receipts steadily increasing, and before audiences growing in numbers and in enthusiasm as the week advanced, I met with many criticisms both spoken and printed. Some came from intelligent people who were honestly dissatisfied; some from those whose mental habit it is to hit at and discourage and seek to put down

every new aspirant until his success drives them into dogged silence and final surrender. Some came from those whose competitive jealousy aroused them to anger. But I brushed the mud from off my coat, smiled, and felt no fear, for the majority of the most cultured encouraged me, while the popular verdict of the audiences was unmistakable.

At last I became possessed by an *ideal*. Of this I said but little, for it is not well to flourish weapons and blow trumpets too much before the battle. And so I slipped quietly out from among you last May and issued no proclamation. My ideal was the presentation of the plays of Shakespeare by a company of ladies and gentlemen who were educated and cultured as well as specially trained for their work. My mind was full of ideas—dreams, if you will—of how these productions should be made. In my mind's eye I have built them, painted them, robed them, complete to the smallest detail, and my mind is full of these pictures and my joy so great in thus making alive these scenes of the master that I long for the opportunity of some day picking up my Shakespeare here in your presence and of telling what I see and why. My ideal suggested a work much beyond that of the mere actor,—worthy as that may be,—a work broadly educational and far-reaching in its influences, a work which would look to the bringing to the theatre the scholar, the thinker, and the moralist, who are by no means at this time among its best paying patrons. My ideal was a worthy one, is a worthy one. To do such a work, to realize such an ideal, a man must have brains, perception, scholarship, tact, earnest purpose. These my friends were good enough to say I had. He must also have a technical knowledge of stage-



craft and theatrical management, and he must have professional experience. These I had not, but I could get them, although it would take much time. He must have two things more, — youth and a great deal of money. With youth it might be possible to reach the goal ultimately without the great capital. With the great capital the goal might, perhaps, be reached without youth. But as I neared the completion of my professional apprenticeship I found myself rapidly nearing my thirty-fifth milestone, and I saw that I should not have time to do what needed to be done. And the great capital was beyond my reach — utterly, hopelessly. I had learned what a year before I did not know, — that dramatic art and dramatic business are two very different things; that artists may starve while theatrical hucksters, who would sell art by the yard and deal in brains and genius by the pound, wax rich and insolent. The art is divine; the business often satanic. I had learned much of great value, but I would not live out my life as a strolling player, to “fret my little hour upon the stage and then be seen no more.” I would not give the joys of home and friends and the direct contact and influence of classroom and platform, where one may put the whole of himself into his work, for such splinters of influence as may be exerted through the personation of phases of human nature in dukes, sea-captains, ancient deceivers and brave protectors of injured innocence. Imagine our Dr. Jameson or Dr. Emerson cramped up in such a way!

Well, the money that would externalize my ideas and give life to my dreams was not to be had. My lost youth would not come back to yield its time, which is money. Perhaps, too, my talents were inadequate to the task. But my purpose was earnest, my ideal

was worthy, and my defeat, if there be any defeat, is surely an honorable one. Have I regrets? No, not one, except that the ideal could not be pursued by me. It is still there for some one. I pray that he may come soon. For myself, I felt it most unwise to be a cog in a theatrical wheel, to work for weekly wages and advancement, and so I asked permission to withdraw and to go where I could find fuller expression than the limitations — not of dramatic art, but of theatrical business — impose upon one who is without youth or a great capital which he is quite willing to risk.

My year has been rich in experience. I have learned much, and no man of intelligence and with faculties alert could help learning much during a season's contact with Augustin Daly. For this I am most grateful, and because of this I shall be a far better teacher than I have ever been. I feel that this year I have been to school, and — privilege accorded to few pupils in this world — I have not only attended free of tuition, but have been handed fifty dollars each week for the pleasure of my society.

I always advised our students against going on the stage, and I did so sincerely; but while I was experimenting here and elsewhere I had to admit that there was some apparent inconsistency between my teaching and my example. It was more apparent than real; for I went not because of any glamour of the stage, not because I felt temperamentally and inevitably drawn to the theatre, but because of a specific work which I felt should be done, an ideal involving very much, an ideal in which I believe to-day, although I no longer pursue it.

And now that the consistency of my teaching and example cannot be questioned, again I advise, “Do not go upon

the stage." A few people should go there, but they are but few. Stage life is a hard life for a man; for a woman it is a cruel life. I have never seen one actor or actress who believed the prizes of the theatre to be worth what they cost. But if you want information concerning the stage seek it of those who know, and not in the ranks of the ignorant and the prejudiced. The stage is both better and worse than is supposed. Some of its evils are not known. Many of its supposed evils do not exist. Much undeserved abuse has been heaped upon it, chiefly by people whose freedom of expression is unhampered by the embarrassment of facts. Do not get your notions of the theatre from your Sunday-school teacher. He means well, but probably does not know what he is talking about. Yet this in no way dampens his certainty. There is no nobler, more unselfish, and, on the whole, more intelligent class of men, there is no class better fitted for the leadership they possess, more worthy of the reverence they receive, and the influence they exert, than the clergy; but many of them are the worst of offenders in uncharitable, indiscriminating, and unintelligent abuse of the stage. And yet the clergy as a class, because of their traditions, their training, and their personal habits, know less about the theatre than any other civilized beings. There is no positiveness like that of ignorance.

Ask any one of these gentlemen who indulge in this wholesale abuse to give the exact basis of fact for his assertion, and if he is an honest man — and nearly every clergyman is an honest man — he will probably fall back upon those oft-quoted and all-sufficient popular authorities, "They Say" and "I Have Heard." If you doubt me, try it the first time you get a chance.

Why do I say these things? Per-

haps I give offence to some. If so, I am sorry, but I cannot help it. I am not talking to please nor studying how I may avoid causing displeasure, but I speak what experience has taught me to be true, and the chips must fly where they may. The Church cannot hurt the stage. It might do much to help it, and Heaven knows it needs help. The theatrical manager will cater to the wishes of those who go to the play, not to those who stay away. Christian people may, if they see fit, by an intelligent and discriminating and conscientious patronage, encourage art and virtue and the ethical value of the clean drama, and deal the foul play, the obscene drama, the death-blow of financial failure. That which is unprofitable will not be produced. The managerial pander has no heart to touch, no conscience to appeal to. He is a creature with but one vital organ,—his pocket-book. Hit him there, and hit him hard.

The actor has his duties toward his art, the manager his responsibilities. Even the critic is far from being an unadulterated nuisance; but, after all, it is the community that shapes the destinies of the play and the playhouse. And by its apathy or its enmity the Christian community permits abuses which it might eradicate in an institution which is in its midst, which is immortal because of its inherent hold in human nature itself, and is immoral because of its neglect or uncharitable abuse by humanity's natural teachers. The theatre is and ever will be what you make it.

And now, with my year's accumulations, its memories and lessons and its broader view, I turn to work in which I can once more feel the firm ground of conviction beneath my feet. And I have found another ideal in the finishing of a work which is needed. I am going where I once began a work which

was needed then and is needed now, but I left the plough standing in the furrow, the work unfinished. Why do I not come back to the Emerson College? I have been asked, and shall be again. My work is now needed more elsewhere. Were I merely ambitious my choice would be the same, for I shall be free from all cares of management, all business responsibilities; free to do my public work unhampered by such limitations upon my time and claims upon my strength as I must accept in my old position. Where I am going I feel my work to be needed; and whatever may be your personal feelings, and whatever may be mine, I am persuaded that here my work is finished. I find everything going on evenly, prosperously, progressively. The harvest is bountiful and the laborers are sufficient. "How are they ever going to get on without you up there at Berkeley Street?" asked an overzealous friend of me some time ago. And I replied, "They will always have a grand school up there at Berkeley Street just so long as that happens to be the place where Charles Wesley Emerson hangs up his hat!" I am not needed. Such a perception would tend to give vanity a cruel wound. The man whose position lends him importance needs the lesson of experience, if he knew it not before, to learn how little the sea of humanity is affected by his presence or his absence. If you have done a work somewhere, and been possessed of the notion that your place cannot be filled, drop in a year or two later and see how easily it has been filled. The lesson may mortify you, but if you depart a sadder you will be a wiser man. The going-down of the mighty galleon makes more swirl than the sinking of a cockle-shell, but the sea closes over both calmly and impartially. No man is indispensable.

Yes, but that is but one phase of the truth. Your work, your influence, are needed, and they shall not perish. And herein lies the answer to the great question in every life, "What for?" When and where this work and this influence are needed you may soon see if you will but look, and there is the place for you to go. Never cling to a salary or to a place because you happen to be there and are not utterly useless there. See where you can do your best work, express yourself most completely, and then go there. Do not be afraid. There are no terrors but for him who invites them. Don't be a potted plant and climb up on a stick. Strike roots deep down and far out until they take hold of the soil that is peculiarly yours; then will you grow up high and broad into the free air, and the storms shall not uproot you, because you are your own support. Think of this, beloved Seniors, who may be sitting at home with folded hands, listening for the hoped-for knock that shall announce those welcome callers, Place, a snug man, and Salary, a fat man. They are abroad and are calling, too, but they watch and listen at each door to learn what the inmate is doing before they knock. Do not look to your friends to tease them into calling, for this is the weak crutch called "patronage;" and, as I heard a good Presbyterian brother say the other day, "A 'pull' is all well enough, but a grip is better than a pull."

Now I believe the secret of all success is to find an ideal and to steadily follow it. Your taste and temperament will supply this ideal, your earnestness and manhood keep you in pursuit of it. Let it be your pillar of smoke and of fire; for this very ideal is the most practical thing in the world. Grubbers and fogies sneer at idealism as a thing intangible, unpractical, visionary, useless, dangerous. It is the soul of things,

the only real in this world. The height of the ideals which you follow is the measure of your character and the index of your achievements. The ideals of the artist raise him above the artisan. They give the practical its meaning, its value, its inspiration. They abolish the commonplace. Until you have an ideal in your work you will never master your work — your work masters you. Let me drop a suggestion, and with it a confession. I would like to begin now and go through this school as a pupil, and study every branch of the work; and this because I see the ideals of the work to-day as I never saw them before. When I was a student of some of the departments here I failed to grasp the ideals which should have been before my mind. I never took my physical exercises, for example, when I could get out of doing so. I may almost say I never took them, although, in a sort of way, they sometimes seemed to take me. And so with some other things in which I found no ideals. I say this with shame and the humiliating consciousness of opportunities wasted; and such success as I have obtained in the work has been in spite of a handicap caused not by laziness,—for I am something of a worker in my way,—but because I saw no ideals in what I was given to do. My development has been warped and one-sided because in some of my work I found no ideals, and did not grow. In the higher and greater work I did find ideals, or I never would have grown at all. No truth is true to you until you see it, and you can do nothing with it, for to you it means nothing. The Emerson system of exercises will not make a man graceful. It merely establishes a condition in his physical economy which permits gracefulness. This is all it or any system devised by man can do. The ideal of grace must be in the mind of him who

practises to give inspiration, direction, earnestness, and continuity to his effort.

What can you do with the interpretation of your essayists, your story-tellers, your orators, or, greater than any of them, your thousand-souled Shakespeare, until you have gone underneath their words to their ideas, their purposes, their latent motives, their finest quiverings of emotion, that reveal the complete real, which is the ideal?

Ideality is the condition of all progress, the promise and the measure of all achievement. Even the great scientific discoverers are idealists. The imaginative, the ideal, inspired the investigation that has made the nations to talk together or flashed pictures over continent and sea. Ideality is the inspiration of the organizers of industry and of men, even if the ideals be not ever the highest. Idealism rules war. It is not the belligerent in men, the savage chiefly, that makes the nations to fight. Whatever the cause or merits of a conflict the soldier builds his ideal, and he fights for it, and he dies clinging to the poor, tattered rags and the broken staff which symbolize his country. It is the camp-follower and the bounty-jumper who have no ideals, not the man who fights.

Ideals make artists, make successful men, make kingly men. He who sneers at them is a knave or a fool, or, that combination of both, a cynic. You must have ideals in anything you would do greatly and worthily, or you will not do it greatly and worthily, for you cannot. Why, give the animals ideals and they would be animals no longer, but sons of God, the great archetype of all ideals.

I have even heard this college criticised as being "a place of too much idealism;" and I have smiled and beamed with happiness, for I knew no greater compliment that could be paid. The students who succeed — and no



class of students according to its opportunities succeed so well — have succeeded because they were inspired and led on and driven on by an ideal. Those who have succeeded in making convincing and significant certain branches of the work have done so because they have found ideals in those particular branches.

Suppose you want to get a livelihood by your college work. Very good. But you will never get a livelihood until you see something more in it than your livelihood. Why? Because your livelihood is not an ideal that will appeal to other people. When you find an ideal in your work you can show them that, and it will take hold upon them, for it is a glorious ideal, and they will see that ideal and not your livelihood, and they will want you to help them toward it. It is a law — very simple, altogether inevitable.

Would you interpret the poets? Then must you seek in nature for their ideals. Nature is impassive, indifferent, final. Man frets and fumes in her presence; he digs her soil and tears up her growths and builds his works; and presently she hides away the very hand that has torn down or builded up, and amid unending changes is yet changeless. Her secrets are for the ear that hears. Her music sounds with meaning only to him who listens with heart attuned to the simple things. Her wild growths are friends only to those who note them and know the time of their coming and their going. The imagination that finds ideals is the poet's imagination. These ideals must be perceived by him who would interpret that poet to whom all nature is significant. He hears a bird's clear note from out the dusky shadows of the wood, and it stirs the magic of youthful memories. He sees the broad, bright sea grow splendid with the crimson of the west, and his soul is uplifted to the ideal of fulfilment in that "peace which

passeth all understanding." He treads the glade, sweet with the breath from rustling leaves whose shadows tremble and quiver across his pathway, and to him the glade confesses its glad secret, the beginning of life's old sweet ideal story, the trysting-place where the moon shone very fair, and where the lovelight in a maiden's eyes transfigured earth with hues of heaven.

To the man of ideals there is no commonplace. Everything is pregnant with meaning and is fulfilling that meaning. Now look upon another picture,—the man who has no ideals in nature. Two naturalists who are idealists (all naturalists are idealists) were discussing a common caterpillar,—its wondrous structure, its functions, the conditions and stages of its transformation, what its life in its two forms expresses,—and Farmer Turnipseed, not an idealist, leans over the fence and listens open-mouthed, until at last, utterly bored but sorely puzzled, he blurts out, "Dew yew see so much in them critters? I thought they wuz jest skin and squash." There are two men in this world,—the man of ideals and the man of "skin and squash."

If you would succeed you must have an ideal in your *manners*. This you cannot get from etiquette, which is a form. Good manners come only in obedience to an ideal, which is above all forms. You may comply with every rule of etiquette and your manners may be shocking. You may, in ignorance, violate many of its accepted forms, and your violation may pass unnoticed or be ascribed to a noble independence, and your manners be felt to be perfect. Reverence and consideration are the life-blood of good manners. These are the ideals which make good manners. Your manner teaches above your intention. It reveals the quality and attitude of your ideal. It tells the story of the

heart. Manner is the ring of the coin that shows if the metal be true.

Another ideal essential to success is the ideal of *progress*. We should ever keep right on with what we have to do, and if we find the conditions such that no more advance can be made, we should turn promptly and fearlessly to something in which there is advance for us. I have but a moment and will touch merely the negative side. Do what you see to do, and do not look over your shoulder. Do not stop for regrets. "What!" I seem to hear you say, "don't regret?" Surely not in a way to waste time and force. Remorse is very silly and very weakening. People often think they are conscientious when they are merely sickly. Regret is dyspeptic; remorse is consumptive. Repentance? Yes. But always the repentance that acts, never the repentance that mopes because it has not acted differently. The deed has been done. The opportunity was missed or it was misused. It is gone, is locked in the inexorable past, which is useful to us only for its lessons and its memories. We can never live that yesterday again. Suppose you made a mistake yesterday? Why spend to-day in crying about it? Suppose you did wrong? Do right *now*. This is the ideal of progress.

One other ideal, the ideal of friendships, for these have more to do with success than aught else that may come to us in way of influence. If you would get the most from a friendship, first give yourself, your best, and second find the ideal in that friend, and look for it always. "Ah yes," I seem to hear you say, "but he is not all ideal by any means, and I will get deceived." Do not worry too much about getting deceived. You may thus escape some things, but you will lose far more. Then remember, too, that your friend's true measure is the highest that is in him,

not his worst, nor even his average. If presently you find your friend's limitations and fix your mind upon them, you will lose your ideal and all it has meant to you, and you will soon decide that you need your friend no longer. Perhaps he may need you. But, be that as it may, if in your moments of clear perception you have found qualities in him which gave birth to an ideal which has helped and uplifted, trust to your earlier and simpler understanding and save the ideal, even after the waves have tossed you and that friend far apart on the great swell of life.

I know I am but reflecting the experience of the majority when I say that all I have learned through books and pictures, through travel and through training, is as nothing compared with that wealth of revelation that has come through the friendships,—from that first great and sacred friendship of the mother, to that last enrichment, the friendship of the blue-eyed young giant with whom, but a few short months ago, I climbed the hills of Scotland, and felt the vital kindling, the generous glow of a mind all poetry, a heart all fire, a body so full of bounding blood that every movement was a pleasure, every breath a joy.

And when I think of Dr. Emerson, the chief educational influence of my young manhood, the one which has extended intimately over the greatest number of years an influence that will last so long as memory is, I cannot think of him as Teacher, although the greatest I have ever known. I cannot think of him as Guide, although the wisest I have ever followed. But the only word that is inclusive enough, in which I can find rest, is the word Friend. Such friendships are more precious than robes and gold and all the gems. They are influences that shape lives. My friend, our friend, is a great man. This you

know; but how great he is you do not know, and will not until you get away from him. The true size of a mountain cannot be perceived from among its foot-hills. Do not seek to imitate him; you cannot if you would; but take that attitude of receptivity essential to the receiving of truth, apply his principles, do the work, try to catch, not the words and the form, but the meaning and the spirit, the earnestness of purpose, the depth of conviction, the kindly humanity, the stir of God, in this great soul. These are the ideals.

And, too, association and memory furnish their ideals, which, to him who cherishes memories, return again and again with light-giving power. Blessed be memory, which twines its tendrils around the past, binding with living green its ruins, covering the scars of sorrows past with tender touch, showing forth leaves of beauty, recalling at last only the happy and the holy as seen through the soft mists of the years! You are nearing the close of your season of work. Many of you are ending this school life forever; its pleasures, its opportunities, its affections, are gliding into

the shadows and may come back again only when the tired brain is wrapped in the soft robe of dreams. They are slipping from you, fading like a shadow from the floor. But the ideals they inspire, the aspirations they have awakened, are immortal. As the sun, when gone from sight, yet leaves his smile upon the clouds, so these influences when withdrawn leave a smile upon the heart. And when night comes softly down at last, lo! it is filled with stars.

And, finally, cherish as the jewel beyond all price that great ideal, the beginning and the end, that to which your life points,—*the development of what the great Father has given you*. Your ideal is not the measure of another's greatness, the replica of another's art, but the fulfilment of the powers planted in your soul, the divine message given to you, and which you will surely hear, if in the silence you will but listen. Your great ideal is therefore yourself—*sublimated*. But open wide the windows of the soul to all ideals, for it is ever the man of ideals who "holds high the holy torch of Truth and fills the world with Light."

### The Benediction.

HELEN ISABEL MOORHOUSE.

WHEN twilight fades to evening's darker hues,  
Before the night comes with its myriad stars,  
Just at the close of day, there comes a pause,  
Solemn and sweet. The murmuring wind is  
hushed,  
The wood is still; hardly a ripple stirs  
The bay's calm rest, where all the sunny day  
The waves washed, restless, to the rocky beach.  
There, in the distance, shines a single sail,  
White, motionless, against the far-off shore.  
Now, through the clear, calm sky there floats a bird  
Seeking his home in yonder dim-seen isle.  
Hark! from the village comes the clock's faint  
bell,

And as the last note dies away, once more  
Comes that calm silence, as though nature breathed  
In evening prayer, after the busy day  
Was ended and its care was laid aside.  
Oh, listen! listen! for an answer comes,  
Breathed o'er the earth, a blessing, "Peace and  
rest be with you."  
Through the leaves there floats  
A grateful murmur; and the darkening sea  
Joins in thanksgiving with a rippling sound.  
The cricket chirps, and one by one the stars  
Shine through the azure sky, and see! the moon  
Tinges the wave with silver—it is Night.

## Personal Development.

THE RIGHT REV. B. B. USSHER.

*Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:* — "It is not fair." You see I have profited by the instruction of your good president, as I heard it a few days ago, and begin before my audience by raising a question in your minds. Naturally you are asking in surprise, "What is not fair?" Well, it is this. On the occasion of my former visit I was sober, as becomes a bishop, but I was not long in your midst before I became intoxicated — thoroughly intoxicated — by the quality and quantity of strong, ardent spirits that were around me; and the longer I staid the worse I became. It took me but a short time to realize how thoroughly the magnetic spirit of your teachers has pervaded and "intoxicated" you. The enthusiasm over their incoming, and the reception of their utterances, tell beyond a doubt that teachers and pupils in this college are *en rapport* with each other. I became convinced, before I was here very long, that the methods adopted were *purposeful* and *practical*. Muscle and mind were being educated together, neither at the expense of the other, and the double team was bounding along at a splendid gait over the highway of knowledge. . . . One thing that induced me all the more readily to say yes to your president's request was *your courtesy*. I felt sure of your attention, and perhaps a little dash of applause, but I was not here long until I learned that applause at your hands is a *language*, and speaks your feelings of appreciation with true oratorical effect. You are always *courteous*, although not *always* enthusiastic.

Courtesy is the natural garb of God's nobility. The artificial livery of polite

society degenerates to a mere mannerism that fits the humor. With *your* courtesy there is discrimination. You divine nicely that real merit measures itself by the standard it ought to reach; superficial accomplishment breeds a spirit of self-satisfaction that admits of no further expansion. The secret of my intoxication was twofold,—it was a subtle something that invaded both my eyes and ears.

First, a word about *what I saw*. When your teacher, Mrs. Emerson, stood before you to instruct you in physical culture, the quiet dignity of womanliness led me to expect something that was in harmony with the grace and elegance of a body under full control, and yet at rest,—the quiet poise that speaks of self-possession to the very line of readiness for action. From the artistic standpoint the movements embodied the poetry of motion. It was nature's lesson in grace and beauty. . . . Looking at the instruction as a physician, I saw its value in the rhythmic exercise of the muscular fibre of all the major muscles of the body consecutively, and with the natural movement calculated to get the best service from them without fatigue. I tried to poise myself upon one foot when I went home, and learned the fact that even a bishop can get off his base.

My second point of invasion was through my ears, and this comes under the head of *what I heard*. The very air whispered the word *development*. All legitimate education is a religious act, a cultivation of a latent talent. Paul gives us the key-note when he says, "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do *all* to the glory of God." I realized that this was not a magpie fac-



tory, where the idea was to have the young people chatter and repeat. No! it was an institution, where the pupils were taught to think when they spoke. Who cares for small and shrivelled fruit, devoid of sap? And in like manner words must have the pulp of thought; and if they be more full than usual of the juice of genius, why, so much the better; but to be woody is to be dry.

Your business is to *grow* mentally, reach out beyond yourself, know more to-morrow than to-day. Which of you dreamed that behind the words of Shakespeare so much lay hidden as your beloved teacher, Dr. Emerson, brought forth, turning the common words to diamonds, flashing from every facet, under the blaze of his intelligence?

Look up to-night into the vaulted heavens and single out the Pleiades, a group of seven stars, the sisters insignificant, as they seem to you. Then bring to bear the mighty power of the astronomer's telescope, and in the field where, to the unassisted eye, were seven insignificants you can count up three hundred suns, each one larger than our own. You add another story to your enlightenment when, through the selfsame glass, you see the rugged mountains of the moon, with ghostlike heads, cratered and fissured with the outbursts of volcanic passion, and their tall sides casting the black shadows of their dead despair. He or she knows but little of the moon whose acquaintance is confined to the observance of the ugly old man who makes faces at them. 'T were better than to thus offend your eyes to search for the outlined picture of an unending courtship in the moon, where Jupiter is shown hanging over the tempting lips of Io in eternal longing for a kiss he can't achieve.

The gospel of this school, if I caught the whispered meaning, is *helpfulness*. You are helped that, in your turn, you

may help others; and so the tide of effort flows in, and bears the freighted ship over the bar of ignorance with God-given knowledge. You are not loose and single units, but a bundle of good fagots, to make a blaze in the world. Who ever made a fire with a single stick? Go out from here with a clearer idea of human brotherhood to all mankind.

In my father's stable-yard across the sea there stood an old-time wooden pump, and when the men at night were done with their work one had the duty of leaving a full pail of clear water standing by the side of that old pump, for when morning came it was so dry that the handle would insist on flying up. Now what was that pail of water for? Why, to prime the pump, to help it give out its stream of pure, refreshing water. And so here your teachers prime the pump of intellect with thought, and then when the questioning handle is worked it results in a stream of student thought, brought up from the well of the mind. It is a glorious thing to be helpful to others, to feel that you have made an impress, ever and always for good; and so the teacher is one of God's modern apostles. The sweetest thought to go asleep with, kissing the lips of your spirit in a benediction, is that the day has witnessed to your having helped some one,—given out something that has a right to live and be passed on.

And this brings me to another item of cultivation here,—*individuality*,—the *ego*, the personality, upon which is impressed the idea of *responsibility*. Never was there a man in the whole world exactly like me; never will be another cast in the same mould in body and mind, and with the same environment influencing the body and spirit. I myself change. I have been a babe, a boy, a youth, a man, and the maturity of to-day will give way to the feebleness

of old age—although I mean to die young. Notice now that with all this change the *ego*, the individuality, was *and is* always preserved; it is a permanent factor. . . . There is but one Niagara of great opportunity in every life, and when it is past the leap backward is impossible. . . . This leads up to another impression made here, and that is *responsibility*! You are called up for your recitations, and you are expected to give the individual impression that the thought of the poet has made upon you. You are, in a measure, responsible to that poet that you do not misinterpret and misrepresent his meaning.

The happiest thing on earth is the happy home, and for it there is other education necessary than what you get here. I was delighted when one of your lady professors said to me with pride, "I can keep house; yes, I can cook a beefsteak in first-class style, and my husband says so." And yet the lady who so wisely exalts her home as to make it a paradise for her husband can give due attention to dramatic expression, Shakespeare, and voice-culture. . . .

Young ladies, don't let the men degenerate; keep them up to the best standard of chivalry. Expect knightly courtesies, even if the old-time lance is laid to rest and the mediæval armor rusts on the castle wall.

Remember this,—that the modern *man* respects the *advanced* woman, but *despises* the "new woman." Women are equal to men, but different. Man's opinion of such "new women" was well expressed by a member of the Colorado legislature at a banquet, when, raising his glass, he said, "Here's to the ladies who *were* our superiors, but now are our equals."

Another thing taught here is the *contentment of repose*. Do not always keep wishing you were somebody else

than what you are. The dreamer who builds castles in the air may have to inhabit a sky-parlor, in some attic. To wish to be a princess is a thought that if materialized would bring *you* no happiness. The Queen of Holland when a young princess slapped her naughty doll, and said, "If you're not good, I'll make a princess of you, and then you won't have any little girls to play with."

Here you are taught to be natural; and here let me say that if you young ladies want to be *charming* then be natural, unaffected. Imitation is the varnish that stops up the pores of naturalness, and such an interference with nature kills both the charms and influence of the girl who adopts them. . . . Bear in mind that it is your business to make as much stir in the world as a new chrysanthemum. Aim to exalt humanity, and do not get tired of the effort. Let your *mind* rule in your efforts. No engine can drive the looms of a factory without a governor; and so in life, if we are to be of value as a power in the community, it must be because we work under the power of *reason*. This is the dominant necessary power which enables us to work out good results. Unreasoning people tear themselves to pieces by their erratic ways, like an engine without a governor.

The *consciousness* of power is a great help. I can never forget one night at sea, on my first voyage across the Atlantic, something gave way in the engine, and the ship was stopped. In a moment everybody on board was awake; we were tossing at the mercy of the sea, and realized our helplessness, but soon the damage was repaired, and once again we felt the throb of power from the engine-room, and soon fell asleep, conscious that the power within our ship was sufficient for its work.

To get the best out of power you

must be in *earnest*, tremendously in *earnest*; and when you are doing your best trust in God for the result. Be in earnest in *whatever* you do. We have a splendid illustration of earnestness in that stirring poem entitled "Sheridan's Ride," by Buchanan Reid. But to prevent mistakes, examine yourself; see if you are really in the line of your duty. Valentine Vowsden gave us a splendid bit of advice when he wrote:

Let each man learn to know himself.  
 To gain that knowledge, let him labor.  
 Improve those failings in himself  
 Which he condemns so in his neighbor.  
  
 And when you meet an erring one  
 Whose deeds are blamable, or thoughtless,  
 Consider, ere you cast the stone,  
 If you yourself are pure and faultless.  
  
 Example sheds a genial ray,  
 The light of which men like to borrow.  
 So first improve yourself to-day,  
 And then reprove your friends to-morrow.

It takes a hero to be dissatisfied with himself when he has done his best. In 1860 the *Lady Elgin* was wrecked on Lake Michigan. Out of four hundred passengers but thirty were saved, and one man, young Spencer, saved nineteen. The next morning, exhausted in his bed, his brother, the Rev. Dr. Spencer, visited him; his first question was, "Did I fail to do my best?" In life's struggles ask yourself that question, Did I fail to do my best? He did what he did

for Christ's sake. Christ's power was the dominant power within him; he ruled in his heart.

As a closing thought let me leave with you the idea already referred to of individuality and its development. Hear the words of Christ, how personal they are; and when the day of trouble comes, as come it surely will,—for "we are all born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,"—then remember that he said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." As a final assurance, take this for your consolation: "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He is the centre of development here, and will be hereafter, for he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He is "*the light* which lighteth *every one* that cometh into the world." Have this Christ in your heart.

Upon the field of Waterloo one of those grand French veterans that idolized Napoleon lay wounded in the breast. The surgeon knelt over him, probing for the ball; it seemed as if he would penetrate to his heart. The hero opened his eyes, and, looking at the surgeon, said: "A little deeper, doctor, and you 'll find the emperor." That was devotion to a personality. Have Christ in your heart; may he be your dominant centre. God bless you all!

### Wild Violets.

INEZ L. CUTTER.

MAGIC blooms of purple hue!  
 Sweetest visions I owe to you;  
 Velvet nooks of mossy green,  
 Ferny shadows and sifted gleam,  
 Soft caress of morning breeze,  
 Tide-like murmur of swaying trees,  
 Joy of birds that trill their love,  
 Sun-touched clouds in the blue above.

Ye have banished years and pain,  
 Only childhood and these remain.  
 Freely yielding life thy best,  
 Fragrant beauty and dreams of rest,  
 Holding still mid war of men  
 Peaceful calm of the sheltered glen,  
 Fragile blooms of royal hue!  
 Holy lessons I learn of you.

### "As You Like It."\*

W. J. ROLFE, LITT.D.

"THE sweetest and happiest of Shakespeare's comedies," as a genial and appreciative critic calls it! It is one of that group of plays written at about the same time — probably in immediate succession, though we cannot say in what order — which another critic terms "the three sunny or sweet-time comedies," the others being "Much Ado" and "Twelfth Night." For myself, I like to think of it as the first of the three, written when the author had just completed the series of English historical plays (not counting "Henry VIII.," which came ten or more years later), and perhaps as a rest for his imagination,—the recreation that is gained by taking up a wholly different kind of literary work. The poet escaped for a season from camps and courts, and took a delightful vacation in the Forest of Arden. History was for the time forgotten, and free scope was given to imagination amid the scenes of a purely ideal life,—an Arcadia where they "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." The result is a pastoral drama in which we have almost unbroken sunshine, no more of shadow being introduced than serves to give variety to the scene. It is not the shadow that forebodes the coming of night or of tempest, but rather like that of the passing summer cloud, or like that of the green canopy of a pleasant wood, falling, flecked with sunlight sifted through the leaves, upon the velvet sward below. No one suffers seriously or for any great length of time. The banished Duke is only the happier for his exile, and exults in his freedom from the artificial restraints of the court; and in the end he is restored to his

rank and position. His banishment has proved only a summer vacation, a rural "outing," and we cannot doubt that he enjoyed his dukedom all the more for his brief exemption from its formalities and responsibilities. In like manner Rosalind, Celia, and the rest, who are made temporarily uncomfortable by the banishment of the Duke and other causes, soon forget their troubles in the forest, and are all happy at last.

Some careful critic has found fault with Rosalind because she goes to seek her father in the forest, and then apparently forgets all about him after she gets there. But this is only another illustration of the careless, free-and-easy character of the play. Nobody could be long anxious in that Forest of Arden. No matter what cares and troubles one brought thither, these soon vanished and were forgotten in the enchanted atmosphere. Things might not be entirely to one's mind at first, but one felt that they must soon become "as you like it."

And this reminds me of the dispute as to the origin and significance of the title of the play. It may have been suggested, as some have supposed, by the preface to Lodge's novel of "Rosalynde," to which the poet was indebted for his plot. Lodge says to his readers concerning the novel, "*If you like it, so,*" — that is, "so be it," or "well and good." The German critic Tieck fancied that the title was meant as a reply to Ben Jonson's criticisms on the loose and irregular style of Shakespeare's comedy. Ben was a scholar, and believed in the classical rules for dramatic composition. The free-and-easy methods of his brother playwright were rank

\* From "Poet-lore," October, 1897; by permission.



heterodoxy in his eyes, and he could not help sometimes expressing his righteous horror at them. In the preface to "Cynthia's Revels" he had said of his own play, "'T is good, and *if you like it you may*;" and Tieck believed that this suggested to Shakespeare the title for "As You Like It;" as if he had said, "Well, here is another of my careless comedies: take it *as you like it*." But it does not seem to me at all probable that Shakespeare would select the name for a play solely or mainly to indulge in a little hit at another author—and a hit that would not be readily understood without an explanation.

Whatever may have suggested the title, — and, as I have said, it may have been Lodge's preface,— I have no doubt that it was adopted as fitly expressing the tone and temper of the play. This is the view of another German critic, Ulrici, who, in summing up his argument, says: "In fact all [the characters] do exactly what and as they please. . . . Each looks upon and shapes life as it pleases him or her. . . . It is the poetic reflex of a life *as you like it*, light and smooth in its flow, unencumbered by serious tasks, free from the fetters of definite objects and from intentions difficult to execute; an amusing play of caprice, of imagination, and of wavering sensations and feelings."

Charles Lamb called "Love's Labours Lost" "the comedy of leisure;" but, as Verplanck remarks, "he might have given the title in a higher sense to 'As You Like It,' where the pervading feeling is that of a refined and tasteful, yet simple and unaffected, throwing-off of the stiff 'lendings' of artificial society." For myself, I would call it the *summer vacation* comedy. As I have said, I believe that it was such an "outing" to Shakespeare himself, weary with long tarrying in camps and courts, glad to escape from the company of kings and

queens and take to the woods for a thoroughly unconventional holiday. It was like a midsummer dream of his early life in Warwickshire, where there was also a Forest of Arden, with no lions and serpents such as Lodge found in the Continental forest, but, as Drayton tells us, with "sweet nightingales" that

Sit and sing

Amongst the dainty, dew-impearlèd flowers.

It was probably this charming play which Milton had in mind when he referred to the poet in "L'Allegro:"—

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warbles his native wood-notes wild;

a characterization which foolish critics who do not understand its limited application, and its appropriateness in the mouth of the Cheerful Man, have denounced as inadequate.

As I have intimated, Shakespeare is not responsible for the lions in the Forest of Arden; nor is he for other absurdities of the same character, all of which he copies from Lodge. The latter tells us of the dangers from wild beasts to which Rosalynde and Alinda (Celia) are exposed in their journey through the forest; but the banished Duke and his companions do not appear to suffer from these ravenous creatures, and the sheep-farms in the region seem to be secure from their attacks. No lion or other "fearful wild-fowl" is heard of until the beast is wanted for the episode of the rescue of Oliver by his generous brother; nor does any such animal "turn up" again in the course of the play. Shakespeare takes the geography and zoölogy of the scene as he finds them in the novel, just as in "The Winter's Tale" he adopts the impossible sea-coast of Bohemia from Greene. He was always indifferent to the minor anachronisms and incongruities of the stories he dramatized, so long as they did not interfere with more

important matters. Whether he knew that they were anachronisms and incongruities we may not be able to decide in every instance, but in some cases we may be sure that he did know it; as when he makes Menenius in "Coriolanus" speak of the "holy churchyard," or Antony talk of coming to "bury" Cæsar, when his body is burned the next hour. It was the habit, not only of the novelists and dramatists of Shakespeare's day, but even of the translators of classical authors, to use the conventional ideas of their own age instead of those which properly belonged to the period they were dealing with. Thus a translator of Plautus introduces potatoes among Roman dishes, and talks of constables, Bedlam fools, and claret—all of these being deliberate substitutions of modern persons and things for the ancient, the names of which would have been unintelligible to any but scholastic readers.

Aside from its geography and zoology, the story of "As You Like It," like many of Shakespeare's plots, is a tissue of improbabilities. We might go so far as to say, with Professor Barrett Wendell, that it is "childish and absurd;" and yet, as he adds, "it has been for three hundred years the groundwork of perhaps the most constantly delightful and popular comedy in the English language." This is partly due to the subtle influence of the "charmed air" of that Forest of Arden, in which we forget to be critical. We can sympathize with the poet Campbell, who, when he first detected some of the incongruities in this play, after having been blind to them for many years, shut his eyes to the faults because of his love for the comedy—and love, as he said, is "wilfully blind." "Away with your best-proved improbabilities when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated!" But it was not the scene

and the atmosphere alone that made him—that make us—love the play, but the fact that the leading characters are not mere puppets, as we might expect them to be in so crude a story, but living men and women. We cannot help loving *them*, and following their experiences with the keenest interest and sympathy.

Shakespeare's characters, indeed, become so real to us that we keep up our interest in them after the curtain has fallen upon their fortunes. We speculate concerning their subsequent behavior and welfare, and dispute about their probable fate. We even enjoy going back of the beginning of the drama, as Mary Cowden-Clarke has done in her "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," and Lady Martin in some of her delightful studies of the characters she had personated. The questions suggested by the unwritten history of these shadowy folk, these phantoms of a poet's brain, whom we have seen for an hour or two on the stage, have a perennial fascination. We can never settle them, but we never tire of pondering and discussing them.

"As You Like It" was first printed, so far as we know, in the "Folio" of 1623, but it was probably written as early as 1600. It is grouped with "Henry V." and "Much Ado" in an entry in the Register of the Stationers' Company which pretty certainly belongs to the year 1600. It could hardly have been later than that, as both the other plays were published in that year; and it is not probable that it was much earlier.

Very likely the play was brought out in separate form soon after it was thus entered for publication, though no copy of the edition, or editions, has survived the lapse of time, unless perchance hidden among the rubbish of old English garrets and lumber-rooms. There is

nothing exceptional in this. No copy of the first edition of "Hamlet" — the quarto of 1603 — was known to us until 1823, when one lacking the last leaf was found in a closet in Barton, England. Thirty-three years later (1856) a second copy, without the title-page, but containing the last leaf, was sold for one shilling to a Dublin bookseller by a student in Trinity College. The purchaser sold it for £70, and it was afterwards sold for £120 and found its way into the British Museum. No other copy has since turned up; and several other early editions of the plays are equally rare. Of the first (1598) edition of "1 Henry IV.," only a fragment of a single copy is known to be in existence, — four leaves discovered at Bristol, concealed in the recesses of an old book-cover. This precious fragment came into the possession of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, who said that he "would not exchange it for its weight in pearls." Of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" there are no less than five separate editions of which only single copies are known; and one of these was discovered as recently as 1867. We need not be surprised, then, that no copy of "As You Like It," in the form in which it probably first appeared, has come down to us.

The metre of "As You Like It" is that of Shakespeare's best period in that respect. In his earliest plays the verse, though often exquisitely modulated, is sometimes labored and formal. He had not then mastered the art of concealing the art. In his last plays, on the other hand, he seems to feel a certain contempt for the rules of versification, and refuses to be restrained by them. There are long passages in "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" which, if we

heard them read without knowing their source, we might take to be plain prose. At the same time it must be admitted that some of the poet's finest versification is to be found here and there in these late plays.

But in "As You Like It," as in other plays of the same period, — about the middle of the poet's career as a writer, — we have the utmost perfection of blank verse; at once finished and flowing, artistically musical, yet seeming to "sing itself," — the art of the accomplished minstrel, while it impresses us as the artlessness of the lark or the nightingale.

This play also contains what, to my thinking, is the best example of musical variation in repeating the same thought or sentiment to be found anywhere in Shakespeare. It is where (ii. 7) Orlando, in his address to the Duke, says: —

If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied, etc.

It would seem that this could hardly be altered without marring it; but, faultless as it is, Shakespeare shows that he can repeat it "with a difference," yet with no diminution of its beauty or its music. The Duke replies: —

True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd, etc.

Every statement is varied, while the leading words are retained; and the variation is like that of some exquisite theme in music, repeated, yet not the same, but as sweet as before. One finds scattered examples of this fine modulation of melodious verse in the plays and poems, but no one that equals this.

Address\*

BY MISS JULIA KING.

[The happy way in which Miss King obeyed the law of relationships is so admirably illustrated in these remarks introductory to her recital, that repeated requests have come for its publication, as an illustration to help younger students in the field of service.—ED.]

IN coming before you this evening I do not feel that I am a stranger in your midst; for, although I have spent but little of my time here during the past few years, yet the impress of this beautiful city and State is ever in my mind and heart, and although in body I am many miles away, in spirit I am one with everything that pertains to the prosperity and advancement of Denver and of Colorado.

I am proud of the fact that I am from the West, and take every opportunity to speak in glowing terms of my home among the Rockies. Where can one find a city which has been so richly endowed by nature as this, surrounded as it is on three sides by the glorious mountains, so rugged, so colossal,—mighty bulwarks of strength and of inspiration? These sublime emblems of the eternal, whose snow-capped summits reach heaven, radiate a silent influence of love and aspiration to all who behold them.

But it is not alone nature's gifts which make Colorado attractive. There is a spirit of freedom among her people which opens the doors to advancement and makes her receptive to new ideas, and it is generally conceded in the East that all eyes must turn to the West for aggressive movements in reforms, either *social* or *political*. While Massachusetts, through her conservatism, is retarding the progress of the emancipation of women, in spite of her Mary A. Livermores, her Lucy Stones, and her

Julia Ward Howes, Colorado has stepped to the front, unfurled her banner of right, and espoused the cause of universal freedom to all mankind and to all womankind.

I love to hold before the minds of Eastern conservatists these shining stars of progress which light up the Western horizon and point toward the coming day, and I have actually dared to suggest to Bostonians that there is another city in this Union besides Boston. Of course this is rank heresy, and I am looked at with wonder and amazement, for to a Bostonian there is no place but Boston. This sentiment is illustrated by the story, which is so often told, of the Boston man who died and went to heaven, and, after receiving the richest blessings which that place could afford, was asked how he liked it. He replied, "It is very nice, but it is not Boston."

However, there is a law of compensation which governs places as well as people. While Colorado takes the lead along lines of social and political progress, it is universally acknowledged that Massachusetts, particularly the city of Boston, is the *educational* and *artistic* centre of America, and it is my purpose this evening to tell you something of a great institution of learning which is situated in that city; viz., *The Emerson College of Oratory*. This is one of the greatest institutions for character-development in the world. The fame of this college has spread throughout the United States and among English-speaking people across the water, and even many from other nations have sent their scholars to study its principles and to practise its development exercises. All have

\* Delivered at Miss King's recital given at the Broadway Theatre, Denver, Col.



wondered at the marvelous success of the college and of its graduates. I have not the time this evening to enter into a detailed account of the various departments which are included in the college curriculum, but in response to the many questions which have been asked me by people here who are interested in this famous institution, I will try and tell you something of the spirit and aim of the work. I am doing this not because I have been requested to do so by any one connected with the college, but because I feel that the earnest people of the West who are seeking for the truth will be glad to know that such an institution exists.

Many of earth's great ones have visited the college, and, feeling the altruistic spirit which pervades there, have publicly spoken in terms of highest praise of the spirit of helpfulness and the enthusiastic response of the students to all that is high and noble in sentiment. Among such visitors have been Henry Drummond, whose deep insight into Christ's teachings led him to write "The Greatest Thing in the World;" dear old Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose presence we felt to be a benediction; and Laura Ormston Chant, of England, who afterward said in the columns of the *Woman's Journal* that the audience which greeted her in the Emerson College was the most appreciative one she had come before in America. Indeed, so impressed was she with the educational value of the work of the college that she sent a *protégé* there as a student. Mary A. Livermore said substantially this, at a public meeting the other day: "I marvel at the wonderful growth of the students in the Emerson college, and I wish I could go there as a pupil." I might mention Frances Willard and many others, equally famous, who have expressed themselves in like manner, but I have told you of

enough to convince you that the college is universally esteemed.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." Certainly this is true of the Emerson College, for the system taught there was originated by President Emerson. He has based it upon the evolution of art, and the *truthfulness, simplicity, and naturalness* of the system are a delight and a revelation to all who study its principles. He has arranged every department according to these fundamental laws, and, in consequence, the entire work is a unit. "An individual repeats in himself the history of the race." The mind unfolds according to the same general laws which govern the progress of nations and of art. Knowing this, and realizing the need of a real *educational* system of expression, President Emerson turned the force of his powerful mind to the subject, and, as a result, has evolved a system of education which is destined to *spread throughout the world*, and which will never die, for the laws which underlie it are in harmony with those which govern the sun, the earth, the tides,—in short, they are universal, and can be applied to life in all its varied forms of expression.

I know of no one who is better equipped by nature for such a work than President Emerson. Coming from a family of thinkers and scholars, which included Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, and Phillips Brooks, he inherited a tendency toward concentration of mind. This he developed from early childhood, taking every opportunity for personal culture. He has ever been, a great student of nature, of history, of psychology, and "The New Philosophy of Education in Oratory" is the fruit of his life labors. Would that I could take you all, during college session, within the walls of our building, and there you

would see this great man, surrounded by his family of students, teaching them, as Christ of old, the truths of God. More than five hundred students come daily under his instruction, and a happier, healthier, more aspiring, or more enthusiastic band of truth-seekers could not be found in the world. They are devoted to him because he reveals the truth to them, and awakens all to a consciousness of their own possibilities. "Could you but know," I have heard him say, "what powers are locked up within you, you would never lose courage, but would ever work to make yourselves free channels for the divine to shine through, for God is in every soul." Upon entering the college all idea of competition is swept away at once, for the student is made to feel that his success in life depends upon his ability to sympathetically relate himself to others, — to be interested in the welfare of his neighbor; consequently a most beautiful atmosphere of *helpfulness* pervades the entire institution. It is a college for *character-development*, — an institution where the student is taught that the *soul* is the only *reality*, and that the body is beautiful only in the ratio that it reveals the soul.

A very scholarly old gentleman, Mr. Malloy, who was a personal friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and has been a student and follower of his writings for nearly fifty years, said, not long since, "Why do you call this a *College of Oratory*? All people should come here,

whether they intend to do anything in the line of elocution or not. This is a school where the *philosophy of life is taught*; it ought to be called 'The First Church of Emerson.'" While the Emerson system involves idealistic principles, and the minds of the students are daily awakened to the perception of higher ideals, it is also most practically related to the workaday world. The principal departments are Oratory, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Literature, and Rhetoric, all of which branches the students upon graduation are qualified to teach. Hundreds are now representing the work throughout the United States and British Provinces, and are meeting with extraordinary financial — as well as social, literary, and artistic — success.

I would that I might enter more fully into the details of the work, for it is a gold-mine and I have but shown you the quality of the ore, not the quantity or the extent of the area. My heart is so filled with reverence and appreciation I must needs pause, or, like Tennyson's "Brook," I shall "go on forever." I trust that you may all come to the college some day, and see for yourselves. Then, when you feel the uplifting influence of Dr. Emerson's presence, and your own high purposes are re-awakened, you will say with me, "The half can never be told." Be assured you will receive a hearty welcome from the president and all the faculty, especially the member from Colorado.

### Another Field of Work.

PROF. WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP, who has been so long identified with the Emerson College of Oratory as pupil and afterwards as teacher, is about to enter upon his chosen career as an actor, in

the company of the eminent comedian, William H. Crane.

As the assembly of students listened to the impressive words of Doctor Emerson concerning Professor Tripp's

connection with the college, following the steps which have led to this move, feelings of regret, mingled with expressions of earnest wishes for Professor Tripp's success, arose on every side.

The afternoon of the announcement, the Senior class, faculty, and friends met in Friendship Hall to say "good-by." Enthusiastic applause greeted Professor Tripp as he came forward and spoke most earnestly of the great debt he owed Doctor Emerson for the years of careful training and guidance. Step by step he revealed the influence of his great teacher, and profound were the moments when, as a loyal pupil of this great educator, he told us that all he was or hoped to be was the work of Doctor Emerson, who had shaped his ideals, awakened his aspirations, urged on to nobler life, "and led the way"!

Deep was the response in the hearts of those present, for their broadened, strengthened lives testified likewise to this influence.

Doctor Emerson came forward at the close of Professor Tripp's remarks and spoke at some length concerning Professor Tripp's years of faithful study and efficient work in the college.

Another meeting of students and teachers Saturday afternoon concluded the public "good-by" to Professor Tripp.

The high regard of the Senior class expressed itself in the gift of an elegant travelling-case, perfectly appointed.

The many good wishes and testimonies of his helpful teaching go forth from all departments of the college as one and all bid Professor Tripp "God-speed and success."

E. L. M.

## A Ripened Life.

EMILY LOUISE MCINTOSH, MARY B. MERRITT.

"AT Millis, Mass., March 4, 1898, entered into the higher life, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, Mr. Henry Nathaniel Rogers, husband of Mrs. Ellen Rogers, and father of Mrs. Charles Wesley Emerson, Miss Catharine Rogers, and Messrs. Frank, William, Charles, and Henry N. Rogers."

Amid the love and care of his beautiful home ended the days of this kind husband and father. Mr. Rogers's health had been declining for some time, but not until the present year had he been entirely confined to his home. Even after his strength began to fail, with characteristic energy and cheerfulness he busied himself about those things which would bring comfort and happiness to his household.

To those whose privilege it was to know Mr. Rogers in his home will ever abide the remembrance of his genial, hospitable ways. As friends who knew him, we offer these few words of his beautiful life, knowing that they will be welcomed by every reader of our magazine.

The love of the beautiful was predominant in his nature, and the artistic tendency was strongly marked in his character. A lover of art in all its manifestations, a delicate artistic feeling was imparted to all he did and to everything around him.

His love and kindness to animals was most tender. Even in his last illness animals were not forgotten, for, as he lay in his room, his mind was busy

inquiring and planning for their comfort.

A man of integrity of character and unswerving honor, he had the profound confidence and respect of his acquaintances and associates in the business world. Of him it might well be said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

The beauty and sweetness of his character, and his cheerful, helpful, spirit were best seen in the home. He devoted his best thought, his best energy, his best love, to making his home a centre of brightness, cheer, and happiness for his family and friends. His children ever had in him playfellow, friend, guide, helper, and inspirer.

With his great love for music, and possessing, even past middle life, a rich full voice, he keenly enjoyed hearing and rendering good music. In the Art of Expression, also, he found great pleasure, and his children felt in him a strong influence inciting them to study along these lines. For many years he was an occasional visitor at the college, listening to the classes and lectures with enjoyment; and though of late years he has been unknown to most of the students, he has been an interested and sympathetic friend, inquiring eagerly of the welfare of the school and its individual members, always delighting in its progress.

Throughout his long illness, even unto the last, his room was filled with none of the gloom of sickness and old age,

but with the bright sunshine of his spirit. Never a murmur nor complaint escaped his lips. His mind to the last was filled with the thought of others, their comfort and pleasure. He had mastered that rare and wonderful art of growing old beautifully.

He has passed into the higher life, but his spirit lives with us, and is a potent, blessed influence in our midst. The rich legacy of his life and character which he has left to his children is also ours, and will pass down the ages, a living and gracious benediction, enriching and elevating life after life, and growing in an ever-widening circle till its centre is the throne of God.

When the last day came the life went forth peacefully. "His age fell from him like a garment," and "with one glad smile he put on immortality."

"Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound or foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home,

"Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell

When I embark;

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar."

Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess.—*Emerson.*

There is not an hour of youth but is trembling with destinies, not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron.

—*Ruskin.*



Inquiry Column.

A RECENT request has been presented to the editor for an inquiry column to be inserted in the magazine, whose object will be to answer all queries concerning the college, its work, and especially its alumni, that those in distant places may come into closer relationship with the alma mater and their many friends and acquaintances. Since our honored

teacher, President Emerson, has given the magazine entirely over to the management of the students, he has wished it to fulfil their requirements as far as possible. Hence there is every reason that this request should be granted, and we are ready to do so in our next issue if it is your desire.

Swinging.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

BACKWARD and forward under the trees,  
Kissed by the sun and fanned by the breeze,  
Who is so happy as Alice and I,

Merrily swinging?

Swing, swing, let the laugh ring  
Under the apple-trees.

Up and still upward toward the blue sky,  
Down and far downward, Alice and I,  
Through the sweet air of the bright summer day,  
Madly we're swinging.

Swing, swing, like a bird on the wing,  
Under the apple-trees.

Hill and valley and sparkling river,  
Birds and butterflies, grasses and clover,  
Fill two young hearts with a sweet content,

Lazily swinging.

Swing, swing, let the song ring  
Under the apple-trees.

Down the meadow-path, close by the gate,  
The butternut's shadow tells us 't is late,  
And the long June day reluctantly goes.

Slowly we're swinging.

Swing, swing, softly we sing,  
Under the apple-trees.

The sun is caressing Alice's hair  
Ere he sinks from sight; and the quiet air  
Brings Mother's call from the cottage door,  
Ending our swinging.

Swing, swing, hushed the laugh's ring,  
Under the apple-trees.

Miss Elizabeth L. Randall, '95, is still at the head of the Department of Oratory, Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa., which position she went to fill soon after leaving here. Her work has increased rapidly, and in addition she has this year filled many reading engagements in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York State. One Ohio paper says of her: "Miss Randall throws a

life and vim into her acting and speaking that wins an audience. Perfectly at ease on the stage, she is entirely without that affectation and stiffness which are the bane of many elocutionists." In addition to her college work Miss Randall also conducts classes in the R. P. Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa. She would be glad to hear from old friends at Emerson College of Oratory.





LUELLA PHILLIPS, EDITOR.

# Emerson College Magazine

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The limit of life is brief—  
'T is the red in the red roseleaf,  
'T is the gold in the sunset sky,  
'T is the flight of a bird on high.  
Yet we may fill the space  
With such an infinite grace  
That the red will vein all time,  
The gold through the ages shine,  
And the bird fly swift and straight  
To the lilies of God's own gate.

— Anon.

### Frontispiece.

IN response to several requests, the editor consents to publish her picture in this the last number which will be issued under her superintendence.



### Robinwood.

We are most happy, in this issue, to present an excellent half-tone of Dr. Emerson's beautiful new home in Jamaica Plain. It is a magnificent, large, roomy house, in a beautiful location, surrounded by grand old trees which once formed a part of a forest, and in which the robins make such merry music that the place has been chris-

tened "Robinwood." Its future dainty little mistress, when questioned rather closely by our reporter, said, "Oh, yes, I like it pretty well." And well she may, for besides its numerous and spacious rooms, its finishings are elegant, and it contains a conservatory, beautiful chandeliers, mantels, grates, and "all those things which appeal to a woman's heart." It will not, however, become intimately acquainted with Emersonian principles until next fall, as our genial president always spends his vacation in his beautiful summer home among the green hills in Vermont.



### Change of Management.

With the work of editing this number comes the realization of the truth that "the limit of life is brief," for the three years have been so filled with pleasant duties that their flight has been unobserved, and they have indeed proven all too brief to accomplish the high ideals or realize, to any great extent, the carefully laid plans of improvement with which we buckled on the editorial harness. Hours of retrospection bring disappointing remembrances of many things left undone; but a cursory glance at the different volumes shows a steady and marked improvement, and we are reminded that as "evolution is necessary to expression," we must be content to have been instrumental in aiding the evolution which will result in a more and more beautiful expression each year. We thank you all for the spirit of helpfulness which has cheered us in times of discouragement and inspired us to work harder to reach our ideals; we are also most grateful for the many



encouraging and helpful letters that have come to us from time to time.

"We have done what we could," and now we place the work into the care of our successors, with the full realization that they will carry it on farther and farther in the march of progress. The new president of the Board of Managers, Mr. Sidney Lanier, comes to us from a family whose literary reputation is so well established that he needs no introduction. The editor, Miss Rachel Lewis Dithridge, whose charmingly graceful and dainty verses have been so frequently published, is also eminently fitted for her work. She is a graduate of the Teachers' Normal College in New York City, and has had several years of successful experience in one of New York's best libraries, where she was associated with most able literary critics, and more than all, possesses a natural gift for thought expression, not only in plain prose, but in sweet verse as well. We have reason to believe with such an equipment that our expectations of improvement will be fully realized. The business manager and treasurer, H. Toros Dagistanlian, one of the students from Armenia, has also a splendid preparation. He is a graduate of the Potsdam Normal School, whose excellent reputation gives good standing to its graduates, and has had a certain business experience which will greatly aid him in the executive work of the magazine. The other members of the Board of Managers are Miss Bertha Stevenson, secretary; Miss Amy Anthony, auditor; Mr. A. E. Carpenter, Mrs. Elizabeth Smalley, Miss June Southwell, Miss Annetta Robinson, and Miss Grace D. Davis.

Another most encouraging feature in the present outlook is the interest evinced by the Freshmen and Juniors, and the hearty support received from them in every undertaking. Our readers will have no doubt after a knowledge of

these facts that the magazine will rise higher than ever in its upward progress.



#### Our Contributors.

It is impossible to give full expression to our appreciation for the kindness shown by so many of our friends who have contributed to the success of this year. The excellent lectures given by Dr. Emerson during the year, the contributions of such men as Rev. Solon Lauer, Dr. William J. Rolfe, William G. Ward, the Right Rev. B. B. Ussher, Dr. Dorchester, and our much-loved and highly honored Henry Lawrence Southwick, together with those of several of the teachers, the alumni, and the advanced students, have been most gratefully received. "Our hearts speak" — we thank you.



#### Our Helpers.

It is generally conceded that the magazine issued this year, in its general make-up, its printing, half-tones, etc., has reached an unusually high mark in the scale of excellence, especially for a college production. Believing the truth of this concession, it is with pleasure that we "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsars," and give due credit to J. E. Purdy & Co., the photographers, whose work has been most excellent; to the Suffolk Engraving Co., whose work in each issue speaks for itself; and to the Everett Press Co., whose work also has spoken for itself each month so definitely that it needs no word of praise from us, though there has been a kindness, a promptness, and a willingness in the execution of our requests that does not show in the printed pages, which gives us pleasant memories of the year's work, and prompts us to recommend them most gratefully, not only to our successors, but to all others who want the best work done in the most satisfactory manner.

## The Gentleman.\*

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Edmund Noble. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

CIVILIZATION has ever placed great value upon good manners, and as civilization has advanced the estimate has been placed higher and higher, thus proving that the tendency of the human mind has ever been toward beauty and good. This high estimate of good manners is one of the most hopeful things in human nature, one of the things which promises the highest development. John Wesley, one of the most devout and spiritual men that ever lived, says that good manners, good nature, and good common sense constitute religion. If one is born with a handsome face, it is something to be thankful for; if one has a strong tendency through the inheritance of birth toward a beautiful body, well-formed, well-proportioned, and symmetrical, such an endowment is something to be very grateful for; if one is born with a tendency to good behavior, it is something to be still more thankful for, for good behavior, or good manners, constitute the visible clothing of the soul.

In some ages of the world a person might be immoral and still be respected, but he could not be respected if he did not possess habitual good manners. As the ideals of good manners have been lifted by the unfolding of the ages, they have become so associated with truthfulness, sincerity, and honesty that they are now looked upon as representatives of these qualities of the soul. Good manners can no longer be separated from the qualities out of which they grow.

Let me speak of some of the qualities of the gentleman. First of all, the gentleman is a clean man. He takes great pains to make his body pure by using

plenty of water, and by sufficiently exposing his body to pure air. A pure man is pure in body and in manners, but purest of all in thought. The imagination cannot associate a gentleman with impurity.

The gentleman gives the effect of *health* in body and mind. A discussion of disease of body before others is not considered good manners. A gentleman, if he is not quite well, tries to hide it and to make up by animation of spirit what he lacks in real heart-throbs of health. A person of ill manners loves to discuss his diseases of body and his eccentricities of mind. There is nobody so comfortable, and nobody so happy, as he when he can tell what the doctors say of him and how near he came to dying when he was ill. The person of fine taste and perception will tell you that this does not become a gentleman.

A gentleman is a man of *practical sympathy*, and out of this tendency grows gentility. It is the very root out of which gentility is evolved. Why should we attempt to cultivate good manners except that they bring us into sympathy with others? We do care for the opinion of others, we care for their approval, and when not carried to an overwhelming extreme this is a good thing. That person who, stung by an unpleasant remark made by another, says, "I don't care what other people think of me," is only taking this way to say he does care. This desire to have others think well of us should not be the principal motive in life, but it is a great stimulus to our moral conduct. I wish to care what *good* people think of me. I wish to so conduct my-

self by day and by night that He who is wisest and best, knowing all things, seeing through all things, understanding all things, shall approve. Sometimes young people, whose judgments are not consistent with their desire to be appreciated and approved, select and gratify themselves with the good opinion of classes of persons who do not help them, but who praise them for actions which are not praiseworthy. So this aspiration or desire for the approval of others may sometimes inspire them to work in wrong directions. Nevertheless, in the long run we find this desire for the approval of others to be a mighty lever in lifting the character of man.

I said the gentleman is a man of "practical sympathy." Of what quality is "practical sympathy" composed? First, *a disposition to feel and manifest union with other minds*. I think there is an innate tendency in all persons toward desiring to feel *with* others. Nevertheless, we see this strongly manifested in some and only feebly manifested in others. Some people will tell you they are so sensitive,—meaning by this that they are sensitive to approval,—and so sympathetic that they desire others should sympathize with them. They do not, however, desire to go your road. This is not a strong disposition to sympathy. The gentleman has a very strong disposition toward manifesting this sympathy to others. He ever seeks union with others. Harmony is the ideal constantly before his mind. He is as sensitive to a discord in society as Beethoven was to a discord in music.

Another element which enters into practical sympathy is *quick perception* of the present states of mind of others or of companions. When entering a room where others are in conversation, the gentleman does not break in upon the spirit already generated; he holds himself receptive and brings his state of

mind into sympathy with the others. He possesses sufficient self-command to enable him to change his own states of mind to accord harmoniously with the states of mind of those with whom he is associated. Suppose you should rise some morning feeling moody and pessimistic, and immediately meet some person who is very cheerful,—a child, maybe, full of the bloom of youth,—can you change your feelings in an instant, and from being moody and pessimistic become cheerful and optimistic? Perhaps you can command your feelings where children are concerned because you have a strong sympathy for children. So far you are a gentleman. But how about grown-up children? Suppose you should meet "neighbor Jones," and find him pessimistic and moody; should you avoid him, fearing lest you should soon feel as pessimistic as he? No; you should sympathize with him in his gloom, at the same time skilfully interesting him in some other subject. Very soon you will find his mind acting upon inspiring objects of thought, and soon his face will glow with joy and happiness. The man who is melancholy is not quite himself, but if you are in the full possession of yourself you can lift him up to the plane upon which you live. You do not need to step down, for the real man, the potential man, always lives on the heights.

Another element which enters into this practical sympathy is *ability to emphasize righteousness, hope, and love*. The hardest test for the gentleman is when he meets in society persons who unkindly criticize those who are absent from the company. It does not require much self-command to bear with a smile an insult from another, but I do think it takes a transcendent gentleman to keep his equilibrium when absent friends are insulted. The refined gentleman—and no gentleman is really a gentleman unless he is refined in his perception of the







ROBINWOOD.

delicacies of human nature — knows that he must avoid criticising the absent, not only because the absent may chance to be a personal friend of the individual to whom he is talking, but because this unhappy way of criticising will throw a gloom over the company. Human nature was made for kindness, was made to love the absent as well as the present, was made for sunshine, not for storms. People of great refinement and undoubted taste are always very careful not to have any subject arise in a social gathering that in and of itself is not pleasant. When you are in the company of one who attacks absent persons, try to turn the conversation in another direction by mentioning something good about the person, and thus in praising righteousness heap such coals of fire on his head as will scorch his bristles of fault-finding and discontent. The gentleman, by the study of gentility, is constantly developing his power to emphasize — not in words merely, but in the minds of those with whom he associates — righteousness. If you find a person leading a conversation in the wrong direction, *right it. Put different objects of thought before his mind.* Milton tells us in his sublime poem, "Paradise Lost," that the devil was once a very good person, so good that special authority was given to him in heaven; but that at last he fell nine times the distance that measures day and night to mortal man. What was the cause of this mighty fall? Some say it was pride. Very well, but how came he by this pride? Wrong objects of thought were habitually held before his mind. These wrong objects made pride spring up, made it finally blossom and bear fruit. There is no such thing as falling from grace or goodness of any kind without first entertaining wrong objects or subjects of thought. It is not so much the wrong thinking on these subjects that produces the harm

as it is that holding these subjects in the mind bears fruit, and that, too, legitimate fruit. It bears fruit of its own kind. You cannot contemplate anything that is bad for a great while without the seeds of the thing you contemplate taking root and then sprouting and developing in your mind. On the other hand, right objects of thought will bring good thinking and consequently benevolent actions. What makes that person say such unkind things of the absent friend? It is because he is holding wrong objects of thought concerning him before his mind. Those objects are sowing the seed, and we see the result in his words and in his conduct. All minds are in fabric alike, and if they get the same point of view they will act alike upon the same subjects or objects of thought. Each person has been differently environed, beginning with the environment of parentage, which established certain tendencies; yet at the basis there is one substance, one life, and one blood. "He created of one blood all the nations of the earth." However diversified by form or mould, there is one substance at the basis. The possibilities of human nature upward are much greater than its possibilities downward. If an object on the surface of the earth should start upward it might go throughout infinity. If an object should start from the earth's surface and go in a straight line toward the centre of the earth, it would soon reach the centre and become cabined, cribbed, confined. The object that is going outward from the centre has no limit to its upward expansiveness. Human nature is made to go upward — to undergo endless expansion. The gentleman knows this, and governs all his actions accordingly.

A gentleman always is and always seems to be sufficient unto himself. He never asks you to show a right spirit toward him, nor does he ask you to say

pleasant things to him. He knows it is not a mark of gentility to beg. He is ever manifesting kindness to others, and is the most grateful of men. He never recognizes an insult, never seems to know that anybody has said anything against him, or that anybody has slighted him, or has shut him out of their society. Mr. Strut comes up and looks at the gentleman, but he smiles graciously and does not seem to see him. Do you think my gentleman a fool? Oh, no. He sees behind that face another face which represents the potentialities of his soul. One of the rules of etiquette is that if you are slighted you must never show it. This is good morals. Not only does the gentleman not show that he thinks he is slighted, but he feels perfectly tranquil. It is the prerogative of superiority to feel tranquil in the presence of inferiority. Eagles are seldom disturbed by mosquitoes. The eagle dwells on the mountains, or soars in the sky, therefore these annoying things are not in his realm. It is said that St. Patrick banished—bless him!—all the snakes and toads from good old Ireland. In the atmosphere where the eagle lives there are none of these things. When he cannot find anything better he may descend for a moment and seize some one of these for his dinner, but his sitting-room and his dining-room are very far apart. So it is with the gentleman. He may, from the necessities of the world, be obliged to know from his external senses that foul things exist, but he does not live near them. He lives in a room where only the companions of the just abide.

The gentleman never appears to be different from what he really is. He is too wise for this. He has sufficient penetration to see that a person cannot be one thing and everlastingly appear to be something else. People will catch him when his mask is off. Accidents will sooner or later disclose his real self. The gentle-

man serves without asking how he can serve; he serves before you even know what you want, for his very presence serves; he is on the alert for your welfare, therefore he sees things to do that you have not discovered, and without your having to appoint what shall be done. Nature does not advertise her wares; she does not tease everybody by saying, "What do you want?" The air, the sunshine, the flowers, are lavished upon us before we are aware of our desire for these things. So the gentleman brings his blessing without asking you to write out your orders. After all, the greatest blessing that can possibly come to us in this world is to come into the presence of a gentleman. Wealth, travel, all of the so-called pleasures of life, pale beside the presence of a manly man or a womanly woman. The greatest gift God has bestowed upon mankind is the gift of a good man or a good woman.

The gentleman possesses an inexhaustible supply of good nature, which runs out in scriptural measure everywhere. The gentleman undertakes to right the wrongs of this world by example—by examples of goodness rather than by a direct attack upon evil or by the administration of justice. Sometimes people say, "Oh, such an one has done wrong; I do not feel that I can forgive him." Carry so much love and generosity in your heart that you will hardly know there is anything to be forgiven. Suppose some one should reply, "What, would you let such a person go unpunished? Justice should be administered." Only the Almighty knows how to administer justice. The time is coming in the evolution of the human race when the spirit of Christ shall have done its perfect work and we shall not think of trying to administer justice to people in this world. The laws, so far as they deal with evil-doers, will be laws for defending people against evil-doers, with no thought of measuring out justice.

In fact, the laws in England and America within the past one hundred years have changed greatly in this regard. Now the whole spirit or intention of law is prevention, that is, preventing crime and defending people against the criminal, rather than the thought of measuring out justice. A gentleman is the forerunner of law; he never thinks of measuring out justice to another—he knows he does not know how. Generally our ideas of measuring justice, when reduced to their last analysis, are ideas of measuring out revenge. A gentleman never harbors in his soul such a companion as a spirit of revenge. Such a spirit may sometimes enter, but he politely bows it out and does not entertain it.

The gentleman cultivates and trains the power of his imagination. His imagination is so wrapped in adoration of spiritual ideals that he breathes out the golden atmosphere that adorns the gentleman, like the halo around the brow of Christ. Every human soul radiates a certain atmosphere; the gentleman radiates the golden atmosphere of holiness. He is not the man who says in words or in pretentious manner, "I am more holy than thou," but such a sense of holiness surrounds him that when you come into his presence you do not perhaps feel like kneeling in awe before him, but you feel that you are in a holier place than in the common resorts of life. He inspires you to look for holiness in others. The gentleman knows how to find things adorable even in this wicked world, even in human nature. One who set the model for all gentility, as well as for all life, found

something adorable in his companion, the wicked thief, who suffered with him on the cross. Contemplate with me for a moment a person who is very wicked; when right influences take possession of that same person he is capable of sending forth a very different spirit. There is a potential power in each individual which is only waiting for a touch to make it manifest; and when I am in the presence even of the most wicked can I hesitate to feel that I am in the presence of something that is potentially good? The gentleman feels all through his life that he is surrounded with possibilities of holiness. He is a person of such reverence and veneration that they seem to emanate from him and envelop him like an atmosphere. The halo which we always imagine on the brow of Christ was the halo of holiness. All things were sacred and holy to him. In looking at the characteristics of the gentleman, or the corresponding characteristics of the lady, we find that there is a very close relationship between character and manners—so close that you cannot tell where one leaves off and the other begins. Character will make manners; it will change manners. There is something within you and me which, when we attempt to put any pretense on and call it good manners, will reach out a hand and tear off the disguise, thus making us stand for just what we are. We see, then, that the study of manners leads us to the study of character, and the study of character leads us to the study of manners. Manners and character are the two poles of human nature.

### Moods.

M. ELIZABETH STACE.

THUNDER, lightning, driving rain;  
Then sunshine on hill and plain,—  
Sky of blue and balmy breeze,  
Song of birds and hum of bees.

Passion, anguish, tears and pain;  
Then God's love shines forth again,—  
Faith and Hope, Goodwill and Peace,  
Fill the heart, and tempests cease.



## Senior Class Day.

### Address of Welcome.

GEORGE HENRY GALPIN.

*Friends, Classmates:—*

IT is my privilege to have the honor of welcoming you to the closing exercises of the course of the Class of '98. To many of you the idea of receiving a welcome in these halls is not a new one, but to-day it comes in a new sense. There is a tinge of sadness, of regret. There is a longer, tenderer clasp of the hand, a new meaning in the spoken word, a deeper meaning in the unspoken one. One might ask why this welcome has a different significance than former ones. Is it because we go to new scenes and strange faces? Is it because the Class of '98 will no longer exist? Certainly not the latter, for we have just begun to live.

For the last three years we have been busy in the workshops of the City of Thought; and now that we have served our apprenticeship, our teachers, with hands that have shown no fatigue, no impatience, with hearts that have ever beaten in unison with ours, have led us to the door of the workshop, have opened the gates, and have revealed to us that wonderful road,—the highway to success.

And this road to success—what is it? Through what and to what does it lead us? Through disappointment, heartache, and sacrifice. And many who start fair fail to reach the end. Why? Because from this highway lead many side-roads, ending in darkness and mystery. True, at first the byways

look bright and inviting, but it is simply a reflected light from the greater one, for all down the stretches of this grand main road glimmers and gleams that pure, lovely, helpful light which illumines all roads that lead to a noble and true manhood. We shall find many temptations to draw us away from this influence. We shall meet many obstacles that will discourage us. We shall meet many who will say, "But if you should fail!" "In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves for a bright manhood, there's no such word as fail."

It is to this setting-out of a young, ambitious class that we welcome you, friends, to-day. Give us your encouragement, your kind words, your God-speed; for it is these qualities in our friends which help us the most to succeed. The world needs true men and women, who, in traveling toward success, follow one banner,—the banner of Truth.

Remember, ye who teach men,  
That soft words, not harsh, give zest  
To all endeavor; do ye spur them,  
Man and maid, to be—their best.

And you, students,  
Make to grow in love the whole  
Grand universe, nor leave behind  
The Self—the Soul.

And if you and I follow that teaching, classmates, the world will welcome us and honor us, until at last the Class of '98 will stand re-united before the Great Teacher at the throne of God.

## Class History.

GEORGE M. MCKIE.

WRITING history is very serious business. People of all times have looked upon historical writings as being insufferably tedious. When Guildenstern said to Hamlet, "Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you," and Hamlet replied, "Sir, a whole *history*," the courtier began to squirm and try to change the subject, and even brought up so irrelevant a matter as the king being angry about his collar—anything to escape the threatened history.

But history has its uses: for by the successes of the great we are inspired to emulation, and by their mistakes we are warned of life's slippery places and taught to avoid them. So if by setting down somewhat in order certain experiences which have befallen the Class of '98 you who come after it may be enabled to make some of its achievements stepping-stones to higher things, your historian will not have burned his "midnight oil" in vain; in fact, will not have burned it at all.

The Class of '98 was born on an average about 1875; but as our interest in it as a *class* does not allow us to go back so far, we will pass over the twenty years and come to that great day, Oct. 15, 1895.

Some of us had seen the college before, but to all it was a new sensation as we timidly inched our ways along the corridors toward that corner, the sounds from which resembled the music of a buzz-saw in most perfect "repose."

The buzz-saw soon resolved itself into an office, a library, and an everywhere else full of students and teachers, everybody shaking hands and saying how glad he was to see everybody else again; and as "again" could not mean us we were

feeling rather blue, but it did not last long, for we were at once made part of the family.

Soon we were assembled in Berkeley Hall, and after the introduction of our teachers and the announcement of their work came the first treat of our school life. It is not necessary to mention its name, for Professor Southwick's lecture on "Responsibility" has *lived* in the heart of every member of the Class of '98. After the lecture we went home, and our first day ended with our sky glorious with bows of promise.

The announcements of the lessons on Tuesday bore early fruit, and on Wednesday we were completely engulfed in "Animation," "Colossal Period" indeed! It was magnificent. We glowed with Varden, bubbled and sang with the kettle and the cricket, and played Mrs. Caudle to the supreme dissatisfaction of Professor Tripp.

The first week was fitly crowned by Dr. Emerson in that grand lecture on "Personality." The first we heard—shall I say the best? No, there have been many since as great, but because it *was* the first I think it will always wear a little halo of its own.

The weeks passed, and as we progressed over the Evolution of Expression we were being grounded in Vocal and Physical Culture, Visible Speech, and Vocal Physiology, the last-named always being in every student's mouth.

The work flowed smoothly during the closing days, and the examinations, with their accompanying shivers, were passed safely over. And after the final "good-by" on the train coming from Millis, the Class of '98 separated itself into parts and went its several ways, the ma-

jority to labor with the question as to how they were going to relate themselves to the whole again in October.

But as October approached we heard "the slogan far awa," and on opening-day the clans had gathered, and this time we operated the buzz-saw ourselves. As we gathered in Berkeley Hall the Class of '98 was conspicuous in escorting the Freshmen, with an "I've-been-there-before" air, and fully enjoying their awestruck looks as we unfolded to them the magnitude of the great system of education upon which they had the inestimable privilege of entering. *We* had studied it a *year*. Again we were held spellbound by Professor Southwick as he sounded the top note of our work, "Ideals," and again we entered upon a winter of work filled with summer sunshine.

The class was especially honored at this time, for, for the first time in the history of the magazine, its editor was chosen from the Junior class. . . . New studies were added to those of the past year. We were at once made acquainted with our anatomies, and we imagined ourselves being turned inside out under the inspiring, Malvolio-like smile of the skeleton. But by the faithful guidance of Dr. Sherman we escaped whole and learned into what the original dust had been converted.

We were sweetly persuasive and dogmatically positive; we climbed great heights in "Progressiveness" and slept calmly in "Repose" as we strove to master that great standard of criticism, "The Perfective Laws of Art." But it was in the Shakespeare work that our stars reached their full magnitude. We stalked about "seeing things at night" with Hamlet and Macbeth. We played at being "Bubbles of Hell" with the witches, and some of us brought realism to a very advanced stage. Who can forget the lesson in inflection we received

one morning, when Hamlet, being asked by Polonius, "How does my good lord Hamlet?" replied in very evident surprise, "Well God a mercy." Nor can any one forget that awful morning when, as sometimes happens even at "Emerson," the entire Hamlet class was unprepared and Professor Southwick, giving up in despair, sank into his seat completely overcome. The next student on the list, by a special act of Providence one whose mission in life it is to pour oil on troubled waters, rose and said very consolingly, "Fie on 't, oh fie, 't is an unweeded garden that grows to seed," and peace was made.

But in spite (or shall I say by means) of our mistakes we crept on toward the ideals which were daily held before us. Our ears were so trained by "Miserable Speech," as some "new-hatched, unfledged comrade" has called it, that we could almost distinguish a difference between "Italian A."

As there are few summer days without clouds, so our Junior year was not closed in full sunshine. During the last term the Angel of the Shadow came to us and took away one who, by his faithful work and loving nature, had earned a high place in the affections of his teachers and classmates. He was graduated from God's earth school and entered in the one above, for which he was well prepared.

The days passed quickly and the Junior examinations were soon over, and after another of those "great days" at Dr. Emerson's we again parted.

October came, and we were again shaking hands in the college office. There was many a minor chord in the greetings as we realized that for many of us it would be the last year together. At the meeting in Berkeley Hall we missed two of our friends of the former years, Professors Southwick and Metcalfe, and welcomed two new teachers, Misses Powers

and Lamprell — not to take the places in our hearts of those who had gone, but to make places of their own. But dominating the minor chord stood Dr. Emerson, whose only change in the three years has been to grow younger, and cheered by his inspiring words we again started on our upward journey.

More new work confronted us, but spurred on by the indefatigable teachers we taught each other the Evolution of Expression and Physical Culture, and in doing so taught ourselves infinitely more. We lectured on the same subjects and found by so doing how comprehensive they were and how little we knew of the real height and depth of this grand system. We struggled with the mysteries of character work and stage business in the dramatic work, for there were Hamlets many and Macbeths many; and poor Will Shakespeare was given many a sleepless day, I fear, in his narrow bed in the parish church at Stratford.

I approach with awe and reverence the name of that other subject. Words cannot do it justice. The mere mention of "Literary Analysis" conjures up more varied emotions than we "have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in." Painfully we piled up colossal wholes and pulled them carefully into parts, which did not often fit when we tried to tack them together in a feasible relationship. But at last our work was done, and if our color-scheme was varied as well as *vivid*, there it was, to be "*red of all men*."

Time had seemingly struck a piece of good road and was trotting very rapidly. The class was working "excellently well" and "on the right lines." Original thought was making itself evident through others' words in several of

the Seniors, one of whom, in a lesson on Webster's speech at Bunker Hill, gravely assured the class, "Alas, you are not all *here*." And another, in Othello's words, but with a decidedly unusual turn of thought, asserted of Desdemona that "she swore — in faith 't was strange." And we felt like saying, with Polonius, "'T is true, 't is pity, and pity 't is, 't is true."

About this time we were obliged to say "good-by" to our teacher and friend Professor Tripp, who left us for other lines of work. While we grieved at our loss, we rejoiced at his good fortune and bade him "Godspeed" in his new work.

All too soon came the closing weeks. Examinations were upon us, and blue books "armed with the thunderbolt of powerful thought" passed from pupil to teacher. And the end has come. Three years have been passed in the fascination of hard work. We are about to leave our "home" and assume new responsibilities. What have we to show for our work? Certain questions will be asked of the Class of '98. You came to "Emerson" with certain ideals; have you realized them? No, no! Thank God, no! Some of us may have come here with ideals so high that they have not changed, but with the majority of us how was it? Some of us came in search of a few petty accomplishments. Some wished to become readers, some actors, some to get physical benefit. What did we find? A school of acting? No. A school of elocution? No. A school of calisthenics? No. We found a school of *life*, and life in its highest possibilities; a school where our bodies are builded into temples of the living God, and our minds into fit dwelling-places for the Most High.



Class Poem.

FLORENCE MAE OVERTON.

## PART I.

THE queen is abroad from Vanity Land,  
 An extensive corporation.  
 The love of self and desire for show  
 Form the primrose path by which you go  
 To this country, founded before our birth  
 By this sister of Fancy, who came to earth  
 To dazzle men's eyes with a semblance of worth,  
 And teach them imitation.

Nature had given to very few  
 A mind by the heart permeated;  
 The most could not see that greatness true  
 To service for others was closely related.  
 So the Vanity Queen had come to man,  
 And captured him then, as still she can,  
 By blinding his seeing with visions of being,  
 Without any effort, the great "I am."

"Come," whispers she to a lawyer would-be,  
 "Put out your sign and boast of your clients;  
 Speak in a voice that's round and mellow;  
 You'll get the trade from some other fellow  
 Who has taken a course in civics and sciences,  
 Languages, laws, and such appliances,  
 Who takes great pains, has commensurate brains,  
 But neglects to *orate* for the juror.

"You, Mister Preacher, need have no task,  
 People judge rather appearance than weight.  
 The man who can strike a pose in his desk  
 May be sure he is favored by fate.  
 So marshal your phrases in excellent style,  
 Summon your magic delivery the while,  
 Put on a few graces; significant faces  
 Are sure the dull crowd to beguile.

"Now to the dainty miss called Elocution  
 Let me say in confidence great, that success  
 May be measured according to evolution,  
 Not of heart and of brain, whether more or less,  
 But of artful tricks in poses and dances,  
 An eloquent voice, a beautiful gesture,  
 Dramatic fancies, coquettish glances;  
 So semblance may pass for culture."

The Vanity Queen paints pictures entrancing  
 Of the royal way in which one succeeds.  
 By this primrose path there are no adventures,  
 But only a triumph; no need of deeds  
 Or service rendered to others.

On either hand they have as their aim,  
 In Vanity Land, a personal fame.  
 So her mystical power leads to her bower  
 Many deluded admirers.

## PART II.

A germ of thought was dropped, was dropped by  
 one

Great soul, into responsive beating hearts.  
 The little germ was nurtured day by day,  
 Until, when three short years had passed away,  
 The tender, anxious, earnest care of our  
 True counsellors had wrought an aureole.

A spiritual flame had grown, had grown within  
 These hearts that beat responsively. And now  
 The fervor high expands the soul and fills  
 The mind with thoughts of deeper, purer love,  
 A harmony divine, as of the peace  
 Which comes from consciousness of serving Truth.

A consciousness of Truth, of Truth that reigns  
 Supreme. And with it all a purpose rare,—  
 A dauntless spirit urging on to acts  
 That speak, "We live our fullest life in this:  
 In acts that shall have weight to move the world  
 And point a noble pathway to success."

A true success will come, hath come, to those  
 Who wait and live each hour their best. The slow  
 Unfolding of that inner self becomes  
 A mighty power. There's nothing either great  
 Or good that's lost, though measure of results  
 Is not revealed in outward show. All hail  
 Its evidence in what our friends reflect.

A service true may bring, shall bring, to us  
 Reward. Each first must find a place, nor seek  
 To fill another's. Imitation fails  
 To win. The stroke of genius is the growth  
 Of years, when through each superficial bond  
 The spirit breaks, and touches highest heaven.

Why need we doubt? We feel, we know, there's  
 naught

Can stand 'gainst weight of character. But he  
 Whose queen is Vanity must see the star  
 Of Service shed its steady light to guide  
 Another toward realities unseen.  
 The things that live eternal we would grasp,  
 And know all service ranks the same with God.

Class Prophecy.

INEZ L. CUTTER.

To prophesy the changes that seventy geniuses—armed and well prepared—will work in the civilized world is certainly not a simple undertaking.

One of your number, with an Emersonian desire to be helpful, suggested that the predominance of girls in the class would justify me in prophesying marriage for a large number of you. Another classmate said dubiously, "Have you ever thought that it would be very difficult for Emerson girls to marry?" I answered, "No; I fancied three years here would so have added to our fascinations that to know us would be to love us." "Oh, of course we're all right," she said, "but our ideals have become so high that I don't see where we're ever going to find MEN to come up to them." I could only say by way of assurance that, having been trained to look for the best in others, and to build upon the best, we might now hope to discover many hitherto unsuspected attractions in the old material.

For three years we have been united in work that has demanded of us the best we had to give, work that has been based on daily effort toward high thinking and right living. We have been under a system of education divine in its aims, unique in its methods, remarkable in its results; a system which strikes at the centre of personal power, giving a man possession of mind and of body that he may use both in the service of the soul. Having witnessed your unfolding, I know, whatever the form of expression your varied natures may choose, you will carry within yourselves, as the result of this training, the elements which make success.

I do not prophesy that you are going forth to win admiration, eulogistic press

notices, and bouquets. Those who catch the spirit of this institution, who accept life as a responsibility, who seek the highest development of their individual self physically, mentally, and spiritually, that they may better serve God's purposes toward mankind, are going forth to battle. The world is not waiting with open arms longing to fold you and your system of education to its bosom; but the world is waiting with imperfect body, needing the health you can bring; the world is waiting with heart ahunger for the love, the sympathetic comprehension of human needs, which you can give; the world is waiting confused amid labyrinths of error and speculation, needing minds that can recognize, among abstract theories and abstruse philosophies, the simple laws of life which will enable men to live more healthfully, more usefully, more lovingly *to-day*.

You are to spread health abroad. Not only will you combat disease and physical restrictions in definite forms, but you will carry the glad news of a possible fulness of life to the inert, those who are "crawling between earth and heaven," and who do not belong in a very marked degree to either. Emerson said, "Life should be happy sensation continuous." Men and women need to be taught the difference between a negative absence of disease and a positive buoyancy of health which longs to be up and doing. The body is the medium through which the mind expresses itself on this plain. You will lead others to the harmonious development of this medium that it may perfectly express the noblest sentiments of the soul—a very different thing from that physical training which merely aims to develop in men huge, tumor-like bunches of muscles, or to develop in women a

figure which will be effective in evening gown or fetching on a wheel.

You will all teach, because to teach is inevitable. Many of you will teach professionally. For such, the evidence within yourselves of what the work can do will be your strongest testimonial. In the ratio that we have not only admired, but have faithfully applied, the principles taught here do we carry in our minds and in our bodies proof of their truth and efficacy. Some of you will teach expression, and such are to prove that the study of expression includes cultivation of the higher nature, that one may come into contact with the loftiest truths; cultivation of the mind, that one may have the breadth and subtlety to relate these truths to human needs; cultivation of the body, that it may be obedient to thought. If a student spend years in this art school or that foreign country acquiring skill, facility, to what end is it all unless the higher nature be so commensurately developed that he feels the impulse to reveal, through that skill, something of vital import to humanity?

A few of you will be readers—and by that I mean public interpreters of good literature. You are to aid in forming the taste of audiences by giving mental food of such quality that chaff will cease to have flavor.

So far as I am aware, not one of you will adopt as a profession "the elevation of the stage." You will, however, contribute to that end by patronizing what is true in art and in character and by silently ignoring what is not.

If you are to mate, the sense of personal responsibility that has been aroused here will lead you to realize that marriage is not an end, bringing happiness in and of itself, but a means to the fuller rounding, sweetening, uplifting, of two natures, that each may serve its individual purpose more perfectly because of the nearness of that other. If you are in-

trusted with the care of little ones, to love you will add wisdom and ability to inspire them with right ideals and to aid practically in the attainment of those ideals. It is one thing to know what people ought to be; it is quite another thing to possess definite methods by which their possibilities may be converted into realities.

You will, women as well as men, take an active interest in the questions of your day. Many of you need not enter the world to earn money; this does not lessen your responsibility. The time has passed when women were expected to have no concern beyond their own household. I do not mean that you are to career in public and speak volubly on all subjects and occasions, but co-education brings consciousness of joint responsibilities. The world outside the home is where husband, father, brother, are to labor; where the little ones, now sheltered by love, are later to be tried. Woman cannot afford to be indifferent to affairs that are shaping the conditions into which her loved ones must go, nor can she ignore her possibilities of influence, an influence valuable in proportion to its intelligence.

The coming years will be enriched by friendships you have formed here. Cherish them! It is one of the regrets of later life that early intimacies were allowed to drop. Abiding friendships are more frequently formed in the plastic period of youth, when heart is open to heart, and before marked personal experiences have developed the unaccommodating angles of mature years. Time teaches that the one great luxury of life is companionship.

Wherever you go you will add to the grace of life because you have been cultivating, under daily inspiration, those attitudes of mind from which beauty and grace spring. A gracious spirit lends beauty to any face and charm to the commonest formalities of daily intercourse.

You will carry to others the love, cheer, hope, with which you have been surrounded for three years. You have learned that in such an atmosphere souls grow. "Service," our class motto, represents the purpose for which you have been led to seek culture. We cannot serve others directly until they are willing to be helped; but when man or woman looks up, from whatever depth, let us see to it that no cloud on our faces obscures to them the sunshine of God's love and forgiveness. Where shall we look for a reflection of the Father's love but in the faces of one another? "Who-soever loveth is born of God."

This college represents the love of one great heart for humanity. The permanency of inspiration which holds individuals receptive to the highest truths, week after week, year after year, as they are proclaimed from this platform by him whom our spirits acknowledge master, can only be made possible by the quality of daily life that keeps a soul in touch with the divine source of all power. In the characters of our beloved teachers we have proof of what the continued application of these principles will do. The measure of any system of education is its results in those who most devotedly follow it. For years the public has been led to think that the study of expression means the learning to show off, in an artistic manner, what one does not know. You are to refute this by your lives and your work. With daily reiteration have we been told that a man cannot express beyond what he is; that the grandeur there may be in a poem of Browning's, the beauty in a dream of Tennyson's, the sweetness in a Longfellow's song, the power or charm of a Shakespearian character, can only be revealed to other minds in the degree that the interpreter embodies those elements in himself.

Study and observation have shown you that no two people express the same

thought in quite the same way. This knowledge points to a fundamental truth in life,—he who would succeed must live from his own centre. Success is finding what God meant *you* for, and being true to that. The principles you have been studying are universal in their application. All persons receiving higher education are not calculated to write books and teach. We do not want to do the same things. True education will not limit the number of professions one can enter, but increase it indefinitely. The old things must be done in the world, but they can be done from new motives and in a better way. Trained minds are needed in every department of life. When men and women of resources and cultivation direct the workings of common things affairs will run more smoothly, and the employed will become dignified by the association, and be lifted from the plain of drudgery to that of "Service."

I would not disguise the fact that to live one's individual life, unless one is essentially commonplace, is often to invite criticism, opposition, loneliness. What of that? All great souls have been lonely. Even in serving we must suffer, until we climb high enough to give our best for love of others with no thought of self. If men approve that is sweet, but it adds nothing to our deed. If men condemn that is hard, but it detracts nothing from what we have done. The reward is in the doing and the having done; men cannot bestow that nor can they take it away.

Go forth, then, strong in love and courage and determination, knowing, whatever your triumphs or whatever your mistakes, if your *aim* is true there *is* a power not yourself that will work with you. In the struggling, suffering, aspiring world, a place is waiting, this hour, for you.



Class Song.

Words by M. FRANCES HOLBROOK. Music by RUTH JEAN VOSE.

The height of the ideals which you follow is the measure of your character and the index of your achievements.—*Henry Lawrence Southwick.*

We go from our alma mater  
Out into the world to-day;  
Farewell our lips would utter,  
But our hearts instead will say  
There must be no word of parting;  
Though scattered far and wide,  
Our hearts and minds together  
In eternal Truth abide.

We go from our alma mater  
Out into an active world,  
Where many a lance is lifted,  
And many a flag unfurled.

We'll need the shield of reason,  
We'll need the armor of right,  
But safe we'll be in the conflict,  
With our high ideals in sight.

And we would have the true success,—  
Success of upright living;  
And we would know the highest art,—  
The art of generous giving;  
And we would have the noblest love,—  
Of Universal Being;  
And we would hold the truth-torch high  
That lights to clearer seeing.

Class Oration — Education for the Young.

MAUDE MASSON.

KIND friends of our great family, I have the privilege and responsibility of speaking to you as a representative of my brothers and sisters of the Class of '98. I feel very much as that tried and true friend of the public, Joseph Jefferson, claimed to feel, when he stood one day last winter before a roomful of people to whom he was to lecture. Mounting a little platform which had been erected for the occasion in one end of the room, he gave a quick glance at the faces which were within such unusually close range, and said, with a suggestion of the laugh which warms our hearts, whether we hear it from "Bob Acres" or our old friend "Rip," "My friends, I feel nervous. I feel extremely nervous." In this one respect I strongly resemble the great comedian, with this slight difference, however, that while his attested nervousness grew out of a feeling of confinement, mine is in consequence of my resemblance on this occasion to a dislodged atom. "I am no orator, and this they knew full well who gave me

leave to speak." I can only talk to you in an every-day sort of way on a subject which to-day engages the attention of our best minds, "Education for the Young."

A century ago Pestalozzi's request for an audience with that ambitious tyrant, Napoleon Bonaparte, was met with the reply, "I have something else to do than consider questions of A B C." To-day our free schools testify to our government's recognition that education lays the corner-stone of a great republic. I do not use the term "education" to signify the dissipation of energy which too frequently masquerades under this name, but I mean by it nothing less than the development that brings man into a harmonious relationship with nature, man, and God.

This is a day of rapid progress in educational matters. There is a feverish realization of the need of a broad culture for the teacher. I use the word "feverish" advisedly. Teachers realize that they can no longer sleep. The ed-

ucational world is pulsating with the thought-forces which were set in motion by Rabelais, Francis Bacon, Montaigne, Locke, Fénelon, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and our own Horace Mann.

When mankind emerged from the intellectual blackness of the Middle Ages every nation contributed to the promotion of true learning. With the Renaissance was born a new standard of education, which bore the motto, "Co-partnership of Nature in the bringing-up of youth." Naturalism gained a foothold, and modern civilization began. Education sets the pace of civilization, and both are dependent on methods born of the principles of truth. The education of the Middle Ages was the study of dogmas, and ended in the hollow hootings of scholasticism. Its only connection with humanity was to make slaves of men. When a light shone on education civilization caught the reflection.

The first great seer to penetrate the darkness was the multisided Rabelais, a child of France. No psychology can give us a basis for understanding this man. His genius, it has been said, was like the sea, yielding both pearls and slime. Tainted by all the vices of his time, he was yet charged with the spirit of truth. While his books are not fit to be read to-day,—except in translation,—he nevertheless foretold the highest educational aims of the present time. He had no distinct idea of a detailed system of education, but he gave the salient points in a bold outline. He taught that man must take his hints from Nature if he would be her master; that study must become "rather like the pastime of kings than the labor of a scholar;" that *physical exercise* and *moral discipline* must have a recognized place in education; that education should be a simple study of the simple things about us, of nature and her laws; that the one con-

trolling law of nature is the one controlling law of man and hence of education; viz., the law of relationship, and that man can be free only as he becomes one with that law; and as man is educated only when he is free, man is educated only when he is related to man, and through man to God.

More than three hundred years ago this prophetic Rabelais discerned "the glorious average of man, that even balancing of body, mind, and soul which, in maintaining spiritual equilibrium, makes us one with God." His message reaches us to-day, one note in a mighty chorus of voices all sounding the major chord of education.

Two centuries later than Rabelais we have Pestalozzi, pleading for an "education that will develop the mind, heart, and body of man according to organic laws;" and fifty years later the clarion voice of Horace Mann rings out in the proclamation that a college certificate should vouch not alone for the intellectual power of its owner, but for his moral and spiritual manliness. These men have been dead long enough to be recognized, if not understood, and to-day there is, as I have already said, a feverish study of pedagogy, which consists in a study of the methods of these men. Teachers are being stirred up, though they hardly know as yet what it is all about.

We do not yet realize that the methods will serve us no better than the Greek and Latin of earlier years unless in our hands they be reborn of the spirit which made them live. The Pestalozzian method without the Pestalozzian spirit is the merest husk. The Froebelian method without the Froebelian spirit we have seen often enough to know to what nonsense it may be reduced. One might better have the spirit and no method, though that often makes a sorry muddle of things.

This method fever is, nevertheless, encouraging. People are wiser to run with no definite point in view than to sit still, for in running they get the use of their legs, which will thus be free to serve them when the fever leaves the brain.

Those who have primary education in hand are alive, and yet Colonel Parker speaks truly when he says, "Everything is new (new in relation) in that education which is to set human souls free. The principles are nearly nineteen hundred years old, but the application still awaits the teacher."

When every school and college in our country is a home, when every president is a father, and a mother, and when every body of students is held together by the family tie of love, then, and not until then, shall we have a true education.

The family spirit Pestalozzi considered to be of first importance in an institution of learning. He knew that the student who is not growing in loving concern for the welfare of those around him is not becoming educated. True education brings us each day one step nearer the great heart of humanity. The value of learning is in the ratio that we love. Love does not mean a sentimental well-wishing that costs us nothing, but an active and never-ceasing service which may cost us much. The great Arnold of Rugby, whose memory is an inspiration to all who are interested in education, made it a point to know every one of his boys as his personal friend; and made it a condition in engaging his teachers that they should live with the boys and become their *companions*. Needless to say, his teachers were chosen with great care. "I want," he says in a letter of inquiry for a teacher, "a man who is a Christian, a gentleman, an active man, and who has good sense and understands boys." One biographer writes of Pestalozzi, "He used to play, drill, walk, bathe,

climb, throw stones, with his boys, just like a big child, and in this way gained almost unlimited authority over them;" and Horace Mann, as we know, had no flimsy ideas of dignity to prevent him from gaining the confidence of every student in his school. Through *companionship* he bound them to him with bonds that had the mighty strength of *freedom*, and imparted to them his own inspiration to live for the highest ends. This he could not have done through mere instruction, and it is just at this point that faithful and well-informed instructors fall short of becoming inspired teachers. Our schools are concerned with matters of instruction, and the latent flame of moral and spiritual fervor in each heart is not fanned into a glow. Thus when the individuals of that vast diploma-bearing army step into the ranks of active service, they do not hold the key which opens the *hearts* of students; and while they may be highly qualified *instructors*, they are not *teachers*. The teacher is inspired with a desire to relate knowledge to the well-being of humanity. He believes that all efforts at reform should be directed toward education, because he sees that the surest way to remove effects is to remove causes. We cannot overcome evils by fighting them. When all men through right education become lovers of the common good the products of nature will work no evil to man; neither will the forces within himself make him their slave. Elements which, uncontrolled, are destructive, under the dominion of right motive will become obedient servants.

Our colleges have a great work to do, for it rests with them to *fix* what the primary schools are so nobly striving to set in motion,—the spirit of freedom, based on eternal law. To-day there are pre-eminently conspicuous two classes of college men: physical gymnasts and mental gymnasts. The former class are

splendid animals, and the latter save one the trouble and expense of an encyclopedia; but where are the men made in the image of God? The physical gymnasts are in a fair way to become bestial, while the mental gymnasts may remain mere harmless aggregations of dry facts, or they may become devastating monsters, men of rare talents that know not the confederacy of virtue. We have in our colleges to-day many brilliant men, men of whose attainments we are rightfully proud, but rarely do we find a man whose vision sweeps the whole area of human responsibilities and human possibilities. There is seldom more than one Horace Mann in a century, and only a handful of men to understand him.

We are still in the Assyrian period of education, the period of the parts. Our gymnasiums are endeavoring to develop the body as a whole; our colleges are endeavoring to develop the intellect as a whole; and a large class of people are striving to show us that there is no body, and that the spirit is the whole. We will not quarrel with any one of these three classes. They belong to a certain stage of the world's growth. They only prove to us the universality of the system which Dr. Emerson has revealed to us, of whole and parts. When we have practically understood that man, in education, must realize the delicate relationship of the parts to the whole and to one another we shall no longer dissect man in our endeavor to educate him, but we shall have an education that recognizes the indivisibility of man's threefold organism.

The fact that Yale College is considering the adoption of physical training as a compulsory part of the scholastic course is a sign of the times. If we wear clear spectacles we can see other signs. A spirit is abroad to-day which, like the spirit of Banquo, will not down—the spirit of woman. The world needs her mother-heart and she has

come. She bids our colleges turn their eyes from the created to the Creator, to end this long period of looking out and around and look up. Her methods may not yet be the most practical, nor the most comprehensive, but true methods grow out of a true spirit, and I speak for all my sisters when I say that the spirit which has brought women from the seclusion and idleness of their firesides is the spirit of helpfulness. They knew it would be cowardly to sit still when they saw plainly that their brothers needed them. Man never could get along by himself. Adam needed Eve, if for no other reason than to have some one on whom to lay the blame of his disobedience. Adam is just as much in need of Eve as he ever was, and this thought leads me to say a serious word of the grave importance attending a girl's education.

Women are the born educators of the race in that they are the mothers. Teach a girl above all things to reverence her womanhood. Teach her that she must be, as that great woman-heart, Frances Willard, has said, "a woman first, and anything she will afterwards." Teach her that education is measured by something higher than accuracy in Greek translation, or skill in handling a test-tube; that it is better to have something to say in one language than to chatter fluently in several; and that to have knowledge at second hand of the relative merits of Molière and Shakespeare is not to have penetrated to the heart of the genius of either. Teach her, I beg of you, that "the false judgments of the superficial and presumptuous talker are often more fatal to the happiness and progress of humanity than the ignorance of simple people of good sense." Teach her to reverence her body as the tabernacle of motherhood. Teach her that to confine the vital parts of her body in bonds of steel or whalebone, or to cut them in



two with bands measuring twenty-three inches when they should measure twenty-eight, is to prove unworthy of the high functions with which God has invested her. If our girls are not learning to be stronger than the coquetties of fashion they are not becoming educated. The truly educated girl will be more alive to the needs in her home. She will learn to feel that all women are her sisters, that all men are her brothers, and that the welfare of mankind should therefore be her chief interest. She will be eager to ascertain what work God meant her to do. She will realize that work alone gives us the right to occupy space on this globe, and that the self-respecting woman earns the bread she eats. She will scorn to be a mere bundle of aches and pains; she will scorn to be that darling of the merchant's heart, a walking, talking advertisement of his wares. True education will raise woman above the degrading necessity of using marriage as an avenue to support, to the realization of the sacred significance of that tie which blends two souls into one.

You will notice that I am very careful to say *true* education, and, as I have already shown, by true education I mean that development of the entire man which points toward eternity. Much of what is called education I consider a sinful waste of energy, in that it is merely for time.

I now wish to say a few words of the importance of this college and its work in educational reform, and hence in general reform. The peculiar kind of work which this college is doing was never more needed than it is to-day. We are in a fair way to be crushed by the ponderous iron body of trade. Commerce is king, and his hand is on our colleges, and on even our churches. "High and lofty debate" is no longer the pastime in colleges. Debate calls for fervor; and what have our physical or mental

gymnasts to do with fervor? The prevailing spirit of the times—and our colleges are responsible in a large degree for this spirit—is indicated by the following remark in an address recently delivered by a leading university lecturer: "Were Daniel Webster alive to repeat to-day his orations, would not a good many passages, even from his greatest efforts, strike us moderns as a case of the big bow-wow?" This is the spirit that blows and puffs, and, vaunting its emptiness, says, "We are practical." This is the spirit that animates the bantam rooster which struts and scratches in the barnyard "what time the eagle pierces the infinite." I am thoroughly acquainted with the practical man. He has outgrown Emerson. He *knows life*. Your enthusiasm amuses him.

The teachings of this institution, if we prove faithful to them, make us strong to meet, grapple with, and overcome false ideas of practicality; first, because of the very nature of the work, oratory being born of fervid feeling, and, second, because the founder of the system which is taught in this college has caught the harmony of the great major chord, and has added his voice to the chorus.

I came here to study oratory; I stayed to study Dr. Emerson. Here was a man, still in the flesh, who had built a system on those principles which the very few great educators had shown to be elemental. These men in the past were one with him in idea and prophetic vision, but they did not live to systematize what they had foretold. Here was a man who had done it, and I knew it the first day I entered this institution. From that day my interest in oratory was secondary. I should have stayed here if he had been teaching the Chinese language. The ability to read acceptably, even powerfully, became a

paltry thing in my sight beside the ability to understand the system which, in the hands of this man, leads to the elevation of every faithful student that comes under its influence. I was intoxicated with the thought that I had found a man, a teacher, who saw all things "shadowed by the eternal verities."

As each year adds somewhat of breadth to my understanding, somewhat of refinement to my taste, I grow in reverence for the genius of which this institution is the blossom. I feel it to be a privilege to express my full appreciation of the man who is our teacher and leader. Neither have I any fear that I shall say too much. The world respects the reverence we do a great man, if we emphasize not ourselves in its expression.

As the years have passed, my enthusiasm for the study of oratory has been renewed. I see that expression is necessary to man's evolution, and that the spiritual man finds his highest expression through eloquent speech. "Eloquence is the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy," says Emerson, and by eloquence he does not mean that form of entertainment which is guaranteed to "draw so many parts laughter to so many parts applause." I have nothing to say against popular reading. It has its place. I will say, however, that I consider any one who sees popular reading as the ultimate of the work in this institution to have fallen far short of recognizing its underlying truths. Reading, to be acceptable, must, in large degree, "adopt the standard of the public taste to chalk its height on, wear a dog-chain round its regal neck, and learn to carry and fetch the fashions of the day to please the day."

My brothers and sisters in this great work, let us entertain only incidentally. Let us take for a worthier stage than the

entertainment stage "the soul itself, its shifting fancies and celestial lights, with all its grand orchestral silences to keep the pauses of the rhythmic sounds." We are needed, not as entertainers, but as educators. The fervor of enthusiasm is to-day the greatest lack in education. We want fervor in the presentation of truth. Dr. Lyman Abbot says, in writing of the wonderful preaching and teaching of Paul, "He had no dread of enthusiasm, was not afraid of emotion, talked to men oftentimes with tears in his eyes; for he was on fire with a passionate fervor, and he urged his disciples to be fervid." Indifference is not the sign of wisdom. The wise man is aglow with the heat of his own thoughts.

Let us step forth into the world dignified by the thought that this great philosophy and the great man back of it will be read in the light of our actions. Before we dare to undertake the shaping of plastic souls let us be sure of two things: first, that we are great enough in love, and second, that we are great enough in wisdom. The inspired Arnold said, "A student of talents demands of his teacher superiority in something besides mere knowledge. If, on close inspection, he does not find it, he may acquire a contempt for the information itself which he sees possessed by a man whom he feels, nevertheless, to be far below him; or he may fancy himself as much above nearly all the world as he feels he is above his own tutor, and will become self-sufficient and scornful; or he will believe it to be his duty to bring himself down intellectually to a level with one whom he feels bound to reverence. Thus there have been instances where the veneration of the young man of ability for a teacher of small powers has been like 'a millstone round the neck of an eagle.'"

When we step forth from this institution as teachers we openly accept the

responsibility of shaping immortal souls. Are we ready for the work? It is not easy, nor does it bring glory. One of the chief things that I have learned from Dr. Emerson is that the true teacher is the most selfless of people. He is absolutely impersonal. He loves not controversy because he loves harmony, but he cares not for our plaudits. He craves not our love for himself. He knows how little our protestations mean,—an overflow of our emotions when they are at high tide. He has respect for our protestations, but he will wait ten, aye, twenty, years to see how we will love humanity.

Another thing I have learned from Dr. Emerson, or from his life, is that one who would advance into life holding aloft a torch which sheds a new and brighter light on truth must have first become a power sufficient to meet and put to rout opposition and mistrust. He must be strong enough to dull the point of every attack, even as it touches him, so that the world has no missile strong enough to slay him. He may be bruised but never crushed.

Let us not fail to bear in mind, as we go out to teach this work, the dangers we must be strong to meet. Chief among them is, perhaps, the hunger for that knowledge which points toward personal aggrandizement and worldly success. The world will laugh at our "vain theories." It will tell us they are not educational. A few of the self-styled "learned" may even call them "mystical stuff." Still another class will say they are not artistic,—ah me, how that word "artistic" is made to suffer! how its significance is shaved down to meet the narrow expression of narrow lives that know not the throb of the universal!—and still others will tell us that while our principles are true, the time is not ripe for them. The time never was ripe for the recog-

nition of a great truth until some man hurled it by the strength of his being into the midst of a resisting and unbelieving people. After they have reviled it and knocked it about for a generation or two they begin to feel at home with it, and gradually each man claims it as his own. Every Northerner now imagines that he was a champion or is the son of a champion of abolition. Read the life and struggles of William Lloyd Garrison and you will find that he was despised by his own people. His friends numbered few, North or South. Even the mighty Daniel Webster raised his voice in behalf of the sacrifice of souls for the union.

We live in the same world that Garrison knew, and it behooves us to stand strong for our work, even as he did. We must look to it that we understand well the ground whereon we stand, and that we recognize the vital things, the things which will make us stronger in the home, stronger in the community. Then we may not be dazzled by those who know much more than we, it may be, about the things which are not essentially the first things. Women, I fear, in these first days of free flying, are soaring away from the vital things, forgetting that, after all, anything is valuable only as we relate it to daily living. Mr. Mabie speaks a truth when he says, "The supreme art, to which all the other arts, rightly understood and used, minister, is the art of living."

When I go out and meet the world's unrest, when I find great minds hitting more or less — sometimes not more than a hair's breadth — off the true centre, I feel like saying to him who is so simple in our midst, "Raise thy voice yet a little louder; reiterate again and again thy simple teachings; send them forth with a voice of thunder

'Lest we forget, lest we forget.'

## Postgraduate Addresses.

### Address of Welcome.

CHARLES W. PAUL.

THE Postgraduate Class extends to you all a most cordial welcome.

It has been said that the student needs no higher aspiration than to be as *certain of everything* as is the typical newspaper editor. We do not claim to know everything, but four years of experience in this college has made us as *certain of some things* as the newspaper editor would have us *believe* that he is of everything. And because some of our convictions have not as yet been generally accepted as fundamental principles in education we are eager to interest you in our work.

Our programme this afternoon presents two phases of our class work,—readings, or the interpretation of another's thoughts, and lecturing, or the expression of the speaker's own thoughts. We hold that the practice of the one develops capacity for the other; or, in other words, the striving for the adequate interpretation of good literature develops the creative powers of the mind. But by *adequate* interpretation we mean much. We mean the activity of all the powers of the individual, and the consequent development of body, mind, and soul.

Dr. Henderson, in his lectures last winter at Harvard University and at the

Institute of Technology, voiced our conviction when he said, "Philosophy, education, and religion are a unit." We would unite a philosophy which recognizes the facts of history and science and cultivates the perception of truth, an education which recognizes the laws of art and cultivates perception of the beautiful, and a religion which recognizes the spirit of helpfulness and cultivates the perception of goodness. Truth, beauty, and goodness are inseparable essentials in our ideal of education; and in following this ideal, we know there springs *spontaneously* to the lips what Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, claims should be the watchword in education,—  
"Euphoria!—full of joy!"

True education is a pyramid which has not only height, but breadth; which has not only breadth and height, but symmetry of proportions. True education is a pyramid whose base is grounded in a sound body and in a disciplined mind, whose altitude is the result of years of patient, but enthusiastic, application, whose apex pierces the clouds of *some vital human need*, and whose proportions have the beautiful symmetry of full, rounded manhood and womanhood.

### The Relation of Our College Work to Life.

MARY B. MERRITT.

WE come to this college in large numbers, our classes are large in number, and we are constantly associated with large numbers. But nowhere for an instant is *individuality* lost sight of. While we are

deeply interested in the welfare of our friends and fellow students, and know that we will succeed only in the proportion that we can help others to succeed, yet the question is ever before each one of



us, "What shall I do to be saved?" "Am I following that which will bring me the highest success in life?" We know also that our President and his co-workers are laboring not alone for the success of the Institution nor of the student body as a whole, but they are religiously and untiringly working for the highest success, the highest life fulfilment, of each particular and individual student. Heaven deals not with us on any representative system. We must meet life here and hereafter on our own individual responsibility. Hence this question of success confronts us reasonably and naturally. That is why we entered this Institution. That is why we are here to-day.

Let us see how our work in this college, how our study of oratory, prepares us to meet life and its practical problems.

God has certain ways of working in this world. He has appointed certain ways for man to work which, if followed, will bring health, happiness, and all good; and which, if disobeyed, will bring disease, misery, and death. These ways are very definite and certain, and they are called *laws*.

There is one mighty law which is at work in all the universe, to which all nature is attuned, to whose high music man's disobedience brings the one discord, and which when moving unhindered through men and nature presents the grandest of heavenly symphonies, and this law is the law of service to others.

In the measure that we can serve human beings, our neighbors, and all with whom we come in contact, in just that ratio shall we succeed. The world does not need us unless we can serve. This lesson of service we are taught every day, from the first hour of our entrance into this college, and those of us who have been here four years have seen practical illustrations of actual success and failure, according to the obedience or disobedience to this law. Verily, Christ had ref-

erence to daily life when he said, "He that would be greatest among you let him be the servant of all."

In order to serve others we must know their needs and what will supply them. "We must find out men's wants and wills and meet them *there*." Wherever we find a person with a body that person wants a better one. All the world's a-seeking health. This is a universal need. If we can supply this we will succeed. Armed with the shield of Emerson Physical Culture, we can conquer the dreaded monster, Disease, and Health, like the fair Andromeda, will be released from her chains. Let us go forth and preach the gospel of health unto all men, and the "common people will hear us gladly, and great will be our reward."

All the world, too, is seeking happiness, and we can tell them that this goes hand in hand with health. There have been opened to us here new depths and heights in literature, which shed brightness and freshness upon our lives, and wherever we go we can illumine the lives of others with the radiance of earth's great souls. From the seeds of noble thoughts sown in the imagination our harvest of health and happiness will spring up and multiply. O blessed gospel of good news, what a wonderful work is ours!

But we must remember that we cannot carry to another what we have not in ourselves. People will not listen to what we say about the effect of our exercises upon their health unless every organ, every cell, in our own bodies is singing a full-throated carol of health. They will not heed our gospel of good news unless our own lives and faces shine with the sunlight of happiness, unless the soul within is sending out rays of benevolence and joy, and writing on every line of our countenances cheer, hope, and courage. When we go out from this college let us obey our high privilege and carry health

and happiness to all. Fitted as we are with this work, if we cannot serve in one way we can in another. The Emerson graduate who on one occasion filled the pulpit when her husband, the minister, was absent, offered the prayer, played the organ, led the singing, and preached the sermon, is but a fair illustration of what our work will do. This education fits us for any work, because all our powers are trained in the service of others. It gives an intellect to see what to do, a heart that impels us to do it, and a will to execute our noblest purposes. In other words, this education develops a rounded personality, a rounded character, which is the power that moves mountains. Oh the dynamic force of character, of "quantity of being!" Personal culture, personal development! This in the business man brings him to the top and makes him a commercial king; this in the actor, back of his art, fills the theatre with people; this in the reader influences her hearers to higher thinking and living, and creates a demand for her work; this in the minister gives him the power to move men for good; this in the home makes the father, the mother, the man, the woman, most like God.

How is this personal culture, this "quantity of being," which is the genius of our work, developed? Think not it, like Jonah's gourd, grows in a night — no, nor in a year, nor three years. It takes time. People think before they enter this college that one year is a long time to study "elocution," and it is. But when they have been here for a little while their ideas of elocution change, and it begins to dawn upon them that we are working here for something which cannot be taught by "correspondence," nor grasped in a year; no, nor in a lifetime. We are studying here in practical, educational form the profoundest thought of the ages. We are seeking that glow of the imagination, that quickening of the

perceptions, that broadening of the vision, which come from personal communion with the master minds. And we are developing our powers of expression that we may carry all this to others. It is a work which requires all the time we can give to it, and the least that we can afford to give is four years. In one year much can be learned. "One day in these courts is better than a thousand." In three years wonderful things can be accomplished, for then our eyes are opened to see somewhat of the magnitude of the work, of the depth of its meaning, of the height and breadth of its influence. Then are we ready for the work, and the fourth year brings the ripened fruit. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The fourth year brings a doubling and quadrupling of power of which those who have not experienced it can have no conception.

Let us look briefly at a few of the advantages gained from the postgraduate work, and see how it adds to our equipment and insures our success.

First, it brings a larger scope of personal expression, expression of our own best thoughts. No truth is our own until we can express it. This comes from extended lecture-work and extemporaneous speaking under the direction of Dr. Emerson, and from practice and drill in public reading with Mrs. Emerson, which brings added delicacy and subtlety, united with strength and power.

Second, it affords greater opportunity to observe the teaching methods and to study their practical application from the teacher's standpoint.

Third, it gives a higher point of view for reflection upon the work of the three years as a whole; further assimilation of the philosophy; a more perfect relation of the parts to each other, which gives the new, suggestive, and artistic whole.

Fourth, higher and finer results are gained in every department because of

the closer, more sympathetic and responsive touch with both fellow students and teachers. We have heard it said many times that it matters not so much *what* we study as with *whom* we study.

We need the fourth year most of all that we may drink more deeply of the spirit of this institution, of God's spirit through its teaching and its teachers — "God's modern disciples," as Bishop Ussher so fitly named the teachers of this college. This is our most priceless lesson; of this the half can never be told. We, as a postgraduate class, wish we might tell you how precious and how rich has been to us this fourth year. We would leave with you, stamped with your intellects and sealed with your wills, the resolve that it must be yours, that by

your determination and purpose you will cut every Gordian knot and conquer every obstacle and bend every energy toward this goal!

We would put a tongue in every heart of yours that would cry unceasingly and move you every one to say, "*The fourth year must be ours.*" We would have you realize that it is a necessary step to your fullest personal development, to your highest success, to your truest service, which is to bring mankind to the realization that He who makes the star to glow and the rose to blossom, that He who sits on the throne of heaven, dwells in the souls of men, as was revealed to the inspired apostle who heard a great voice out of heaven saying, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men."

### The Relation of Oratory to the Labor Question.

MRS. ALICE EMERSON.

LOOKING down the vista of the ages, we can trace a progress toward a saner and more righteous social order, but industrial evolution has not yet brought us Utopian conditions. The clashing of ideas and interests is still violent and ominous, and even prophecy does not foretell the end.

Why the laborer is so discontented with his environment, and what will remedy his condition, are questions that receive most varied answers, from which, however, we may deduce some general conclusions.

The origin of property is not known, but probably in the Garden of Eden the import of mine and thine was felt. Certainly it is not a modern idea, for Plato, in his "Republic," alludes to "the warfare for property in every shape that property can take."

Though dependent on capital for its material, labor is, and always has been, the great producing force of the world.

Because of the interdependence of these two mutually helpful forces, the claims of humanity demand that they shall recognize each other's rights. On the other hand, natural selfishness tends to prevent any such recognition. Vast combinations antagonistic to each other and the rest of the State are growing each year more bitter and determined, till sometimes a social war seems imminent.

Strikes and other organized demonstrations on the part of labor are often cited as evidence that justice, common sense, and humanity are all on the other side. This is not true. When the working man sees that he vitalizes capital, it is but natural for him to ask to be associated with it, and to share in its profits. Is it any wonder that he sees an injustice in the distribution of profits, when his employer becomes enormously rich and *he* receives only enough for the bare necessities of life? As his

wants multiply and his aspirations develop, the enforced repressed repression of his awakened faculties becomes an inevitable and dangerous menace to our civilization.

The many marvelous inventions of this century are fast displacing hand-production, which prevailed until the last half of the eighteenth century. The wage-earner sees the displacement, and can hardly be expected to realize the compensation — *to somebody else* — of the expansion or creation of other industries.

Capitalists, on the other hand, no doubt have reason to complain of the incompetency, laziness, treachery, insolence, and ingratitude of their employees. What is the orator's relation to the whole problem?

No man is better fitted to champion the much-needed social reform than the *true* orator, "whose mission is to awaken in others the highest sentiments of right doing and right living." He has the power to deal with the minds of others in a way to influence their thinking, their feeling, and their acting. He has, in some measure at least, put all the powers of his being in harmony with the laws of the universe, and he possesses a well-disciplined body, which expresses accurately the dictates of a great soul. Having learned to obey, he may hope to command. Having adjusted his own relation to God and his fellow men, he may expect to dictate wisely to other men. Having learned the secret of power from the greatest Orator of all time, he goes forth in loving sympathy with the message of his Master, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Statesmen and philanthropists have exhausted the resources of their fertile brains in the vain attempt to devise ways and means for settling this indus-

trial warfare, but the world is fast coming to see that no method is adequate save the Christ method, which is based on the needs of human hearts and is applicable to all classes and conditions of men.

How shall the orator work? Where shall he begin, and when? To the last question the answer is clear. Begin *now*. But he says that he is afraid of antagonizing people and hurting the cause. Of course he will antagonize somebody if he speaks the truth. Every good and honest man has done that since the world began. It is only the speaker who utters inane platitudes, feeble echoes of another person's glittering generalities, that does not arouse any antagonism. The orator aims to set people to thinking, the more earnestly the better. All this presupposes the certainty that he is in the right before he thus goes ahead. Let him be sure that his cause is just, his motive unselfish, his life consistent with his speech, — then let him be fearless.

Opportunities will come frequently to the orator who is ready for them. Whatever his social station or experience, he may talk to intelligent workmen on the street, in the cars, at the caucus, and at the polls. He may appeal to them through the medium of the press. In many, many ways he may reach them, and find in them a thoughtful audience if only he is honest and fearless. Insincerity and cowardice are seldom tolerated by working men.

What can he do for them by his speeches? That depends on the man. He can at least do something toward making them think for themselves by presenting facts simply and honestly, without the exaggeration or misrepresentation of the saloon-keeper or the ward politician, who have their own motives for inciting class enmity.

Much of the discontent among the



laboring classes comes from an ignorance which it is in the orator's power to lessen. Take, for instance, the displacement of labor through inventions. The working man can be shown that in telegraphy large numbers are employed where no one has been displaced. The telephone furnishes employment for many, and the whole field of electricity has not disturbed past privileges. Three-quarters of a million of people are required to operate our railroads, while the displacement of stage-drivers and coachmen is more than made good by the increase of express business, cab-driving, and kindred pursuits.

The orator can help to secure broad and non-partisan discussion of the situation, and he can urge arbitration instead of lawlessness and violence. By precept and by example, he can teach moderation and self-control in speech and action. The working man can be taught to feel that "his manhood is recognized and respected, and that there is opened to him a new life of liberty and hope, in which he can yield willing allegiance to control."

What can the orator do for the capitalist, who often needs education quite as much as the laborer? Through media of influence similar to those by which he reaches the wage-earner he can reach the wage-payer. After careful study, based if possible on experience, he can discuss the financial situation in so practical a way as to appeal to business instincts. Comparatively few of our moneyed employers are the heartless and avaricious monsters they are pictured, just as comparatively few of our workmen are wholly treacherous and dishonest. The capitalist will generally listen to practical ideas of business. Many firms have been persuaded to try co-operation for purely business reasons, knowing that they are sure of more efficient and intelligent service.

The orator can mediate between the classes, or at least may secure a better understanding of the situation by a conference of fair-minded committees.

The orator can appeal to the spirit of altruism which is abroad in the land, and which finds a faint response even in the most worldly heart.

He can help to enforce factory laws and compulsory school laws, and can do much to secure tenement-house reform.

Above all, the orator can go back to first principles and emphasize the truth of stewardship. No capitalist, however selfish, can gainsay the fact that he holds his property in trust, and that whether he wishes to acknowledge it or not, he must one day account for it, not as a selfish miser, but as a responsible steward. Such books as Sheldon's "In His Steps" are causing Christian people to realize more deeply the responsibility of power and opportunity. The book has yet to be written — perhaps the oration has yet to be spoken — which will open the eyes of certain *irresponsible non-Christian* capitalists. Who will be that orator? Will you, or must the responsibility rather be shifted to another? The world's heroic deeds are done not so often by a great genius as by a common man who has the courage of his convictions and the consecration of a great love for God and humanity. The orator, in his control of thought and speech, holds one of God's most precious gifts to man. What will he do with it? Shall the Orator of the Universe be dumb on this labor question for another century because human lips will not offer themselves to speak His grand message? It does not require a clever intellect to recognize and seize a great opportunity like the present, but it does require an unselfish heart.

When this crisis of our century, this crisis of our individual lives, is past, will it leave us dumb with shame, or elo-

quent with praise? Let each loyal heart answer.

For years these walls have heard oration after oration breathing deathless gratitude to our alma mater, and loyal allegiance to the noble truths she advocates. Such spontaneous tributes of loving hearts are fitting and precious, but our real loyalty will be tested by

our life-work in a world which always needs the inspiration of men and women whose words and deeds proclaim the truth in honesty and love.

We must go out to-day to strenuous lives of consecrated activity if we would really prove our love for alma mater, for

"Those love her best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of dare to do."

## The Relation of Our Work to the Social Settlement.

MABEL HENDERSON.

THE settlement, so-called, is comparatively a new feature of social life. It was only as short a time ago as 1885 that the first one was started, when a few English University men went to live in the poorest quarter of London and established Toynbee Hall.

Their theory of settlement life was simple. It was—to be a neighbor, with all that this implies. From this small beginning, a few cultured men giving of the richness of their lives to their less fortunate brothers, the idea has so progressed that in nearly all large cities of our United States there are one or more of these houses, or homes, from which a beautiful spirit of helpfulness is going forth.

The idea is that those to whom much has been given,—of health, education, leisure for travel, and the culture of to-day,—that these, by friendly contact and social intercourse, shall give of their wealth to the lives which have been narrowed to a struggle for bare existence. This is done with no feeling of patronizing benevolence, but with the true Christian spirit of brotherly kindness; to share the lives of the poor, and to share the privileges which life has brought to them; to make social service express the spirit of Christ.

"Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto Me."

The first settlement in this country was established in Rivington Street, New York City. In this locality are five churches for fifty thousand people—one saloon for every one hundred persons. Ten or twelve young college women are living in a district whose population is seven hundred to the acre; where thirty-five families live in one tenement. The purpose is to gain an intimate knowledge of the neighborhood and a sympathetic understanding of its life.

Soon the interests become *one*, for it is believed the "bonds uniting all good people, rich and poor, are much more numerous than the differences separating them."

This movement centres in a *home*, which interests itself in the life of the neighborhood, working through the people of that neighborhood for better government, better sanitation, more intelligent citizenship, and higher intellectual and social development.

Ben Adhem House, Mall Street, Roxbury, was founded by several students of this college. Its influence, strongly exerted for the elevation of the home, is felt as an uplifting force in the community.

The social interest of the settlement finds expression in numerous interesting clubs and classes, where are gathered the men, women, and children of the vicinity. For the little ones is the kindergarten; for the young people, clubs and classes, ranging from cooking to current events, and including such a variety as sewing, carpentry, sign-painting, singing, and physical culture; while for the older ones are evening classes in ordinary school work, debating societies, and social conferences.

Denison House, 93 Tyler Street, here in Boston, carries out a program somewhat like this, nearly four hundred people a week going to the house for club or class engagements.

As in every home there are many demands and much done which cannot be catalogued, so here; and the life which never centres in a club, the unwritten history of the exchange of individual experiences, is the most precious possession of the settlement idea.

Another feature is a library and reading-room, which greatly interests those in the district.

During the summer a vacation school gives two hundred children healthful, valuable, interesting occupation.

Denison House is a regular station of the society called the Mutual Helpers, whose mission is the distribution of flowers sent from the suburbs to the poor and ill of the great tenements.

Many incidents told of the children show the inherent love of nature. One child on smelling an English violet said, "Why, you've put cologne on it!" Civilization had taught her of cologne, but not of the fragrance of a flower. And another child, after ten days' anxious care of a tiny sprig of arbutus, said pitifully her "flower" was "dead a'ready."

The residents are fairly besieged by the eager children in their frantic desire

for the blossoms. During the distribution one day a hitherto rebellious small boy cried, "Them that grabs don't git." And this was the rule. The courteous, unselfish impulses which the workers try to inculcate have the mastery.

The settlement movement is simply an embodiment of the Christian principles. Underlying it is a new consciousness of the absolute unity of the race. The old idea of two separate classes, the rich and poor, with no kinship between them, exists no longer.

In a word, settlement life unites in social intercourse men of varied thought and training. Each brings his fagot and throws it on the pile which, kindled, will send forth such a light in the community "as by God's grace shall never be put out."

We as students are being fitted to be most helpful in this work, which needs such wisdom, insight, sympathy, and discrimination. Much well-meaning endeavor is so far from being of value!

A head worker, or director, of a settlement told the other day of an enthusiastic young woman who was "so anxious to do something!" The girl said, "Yes, those poor, tired women need to be taught how to cook and have their meals attractive. I have been to cooking-school, and I am going to show that careworn-looking woman on the fourth floor how to cut up cubes of potato, and make white sauce, and serve it with parsley. Don't you think it would be a good idea?" Imagine this for the mother of a family of six, all of whom ate, slept, and lived in one room!

As we understand oratory, it is the *art of living*. It is the study of the universal principles by which body, mind, and spirit are brought to their fullest development. To what end? *Service for others!* In our education the threefold needs of humanity have been recognized. The physical, mental, and

spiritual lives have been touched. We have vital and practical help to give.

The aim of the physical culture is "the highest condition of health and beauty, through such exercises as are authorized and required by the laws of the human economy." The system needs no apparatus and no especially arranged clothing, two features making it most valuable for work of this sort. The principles are those they will carry with them every day and hour, bringing not only increased health and vigor, but greater mental power. Here is a field for us! Our work can be adapted to all ages and conditions, giving them means of securing a stronger body and better brain with which to carry on the battle of life.

The value of the mental training is to quicken and develop the intellectual faculties, cultivate the imagination, and guide and deepen the feelings.

Thus our work of creating pictures through the imagination is a power for good. Here is an opportunity to lift human life from the too-often dread actual to the *ideal*. From the visions beheld the lives are touched and helped onward.

I quote from a settlement report: "It is impossible to see the glow and gleam which enters monotonous lives when the imagination is really quickened to receive a play of Shakespeare or a piece of noble art without longing to throw wide open all available doors to those who have never entered the world heritage of thought and beauty."

Children of from five to twelve years old were entranced the other day by the

story of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." To be sure, it was told by one who perfectly adapted it to the child mind, but they seem always to appreciate and understand the best in literature.

A worker of much experience said, "The subjects most practical for working women to study are not as a rule utilitarian subjects, but those which enrich the imagination."

In this college, not only our intellects have been trained, but our hearts, our wills, our spiritual perceptions of truth and right have become quickened. We have been brought under the regenerating influence of a *great* personality.

Here the purpose is that we with unrestricted bodies and receptive minds may become fit media for the thoughts of the great poets, thinkers, and educators of the world. We express that we may bring the best to other minds and so elevate the feelings. Thus characters are moulded to the purest and highest ideals.

I have only touched upon the value of the study here, and barely suggested the great work being done by these settlements, but I want to show *we* can be of service.

Thus through sympathy—that current of love for others by which we are able to see and feel from *their* point of view, which is the basis of our work here and the key-note of all helpful work in the world—we touch a common chord.

When that *unity of interest* is established universally all men will strive to follow in the steps of that Noblest Exemplar, who was also the Wisest Altruist and Greatest Teacher of life.

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The barriers are not yet erected which shall say to aspiring talent, "Thus far and no further."—*Beethoven*.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—*Garfild*.



## Commencement Address.

REV. B. F. KIDDER, PH.D.

THE heights of civilization lie beyond innumerable battle-fields, where moral and spiritual forces contend for the mastery. It is God's great purpose that we should reach and occupy those heights. It cannot be done in a day. It has not been accomplished in all the centuries; but very substantial victories have been won.

Leadership has been necessary. Efficient leadership is the supreme need of the present hour.

The orator has occupied, and must ever occupy, the position of greatest responsibility. No other power on earth is comparable to the spoken word. It is the power of the mother with her children, of the teacher with his pupils, of the speaker before assemblies where questions of peace or war are determined, of the preacher of righteousness, on whose utterances the destinies of immortal souls may turn.

As students of oratory, you have sought to obey a voice within, a voice from above, calling you to prepare for service. I congratulate you that your steps were directed to the Emerson College of Oratory. I trust that you have drunk deep at the pure fountain of truth opened in this hall of learning, and that the mighty moulding influences which belong to the Emerson philosophy of education have found your minds and hearts plastic. If you have appreciated your privileges, and been true to your duties, you are rich to-day in treasure that is above the price of rubies. But you are not to keep your talent laid up in a napkin. Your treasure of thought-power must be so invested as to bring the largest returns to the kingdom of God on earth. I am

confident that you are resolved so to order the forces of your minds that they may win the largest and most enduring victories for the cause of truth. The words of an ancient Israelitish king to his self-confident foe are not inopportune now: "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off."

I desire to speak to you to-day concerning some of the foes which you will be called to meet. They confront the individual; they confront the Church; they confront society. They have planted their heaviest batteries squarely across the path of all human progress. They guard all the passes. They are in front and rear, and on every hand. Every man, every institution, every age, has felt their power.

The question is, How shall we, as men and women, meet the evils that confront us? How shall we, as educators, as preachers, as moulders of thought and action, meet the evils that confront our age? Shall we meet them as conquerors, or as slaves? There is no spiritual middle ground; for the spirit of compromise, when right is involved, is, in its naked reality, surrender to wrong. Virtue is fairest of the fair, noblest of the noble; but virtue makes no compromise. Holiness is the standard of the holy God; but holiness means wholeness. Truth is on the battle-field to win. It may sometimes seem to be in defeat: it is never in retreat. Lowell says:

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

It is necessary for us to discern between the evils of the present age and those of a former age. Bravery in bombarding an empty fortress is not bravery at all, but simply fuss and a useless waste of powder. Our fathers fought out a great ecclesiastical battle on the question of foreordination and free will; but that is not our battleground to-day. The great question of to-day is one of practical righteousness. Theology and ethics can no longer be divorced. The man who loves God will love his fellow men; and the measure and strength of the one affection will be the measure and strength of the other, for they are one. Doctrines that are true will justify themselves in everyday life. The great theological question of the present hour is not more, Who is God, and where is God, and how shall we prepare ourselves to meet him on the Judgment Day? than, Who is man, and where is man, and how shall we prepare ourselves to meet him on the Judgment Day? Every day is a judgment day. Every day is big with destiny.

A generation or more ago the great social question was concerning slavery. Is it right for a man to hold his fellow man as a chattel? That question has constituted a part of the social problem of every country of earth. Some of the grandest and most soul-stirring utterances of earth's noblest minds have been against human slavery; but you cannot become anti-slavery orators, in the old sense of the word, for the question of slavery is no longer regarded by the conscience of mankind as an open question. It has been answered, not by the voice of musket or cannon, but by a voice louder than that of the cannon,—the voice of justice and humanity, the voice of God. The great social question of the present hour is concerning that slavery whose

taskmaster is Mammon. Its bonds are stronger than literal chains. Its scourge is more cruel than the "cat-and-nine-tails." Mammon is behind every dishonest transaction in the business world. Mammon has organized every great combination of capital which has oppressed the weak and helpless. Mammon is the governor-general of that great army of the organized liquor traffic, whose inhumanities out-Turk the Turk in Armenia and out-Spaniard the Spaniard in Cuba. Mammon is the arch enemy of the kingdom of Christ on earth. You must meet this foe. He will assail your minds and hearts in a thousand ways. You will need the whole armor of truth to withstand his assaults. You will need the sword of the Spirit to overcome him.

Several generations ago the question which confronted our fathers was fundamental to their very life as a nation. Should they be a subject, or a free, people? They answered that question, forever, by the eloquence of self-sacrifice. God held before their minds the great central truth that "all men are created free and equal;" and that truth made them free. That truth must forever be fundamental to our life as a people. It is the great central thought, the chief corner-stone, of the Republic.

Our civilization is something more than its basal principle of freedom and equality. That represents the subject as a whole; but there are the parts, out of which the building, fitly framed together, stands like a holy temple. As a nation, we have also answered the question of the parts. Every State is a part of the nation. Every citizen is a part of the State. Every part is a point of light in the argument for human rights. Every part has a sacredness of its own.

There is something deeper and more

important than either the subject as a whole, or the parts. It is the question of relationships. First, there is the relation of the parts to the whole. As a people, we have answered that question. The State is, and must forever be, loyal to the central government. The citizen must be loyal to the State and to the nation. True patriotism is a holy thing. It is fire kindled at the altar of truth. It is love whose object is human rights. It is obedience to the highest good of all.

In meeting the perils of the present hour, the country needs true patriots; and, thank God, we have them. North, south, east, west, the American heart, as one, is linked in indissoluble bonds to country and to the sacred cause of humanity, for which our country stands.

There is something more sacred, more holy, than even patriotism; something without which we cannot meet the greatest perils of the present hour, or of any hour. That holier something which we need is the love of God, and the love of our fellow men — not because they are our kinsmen in the flesh, not because they fight under our flag, but because they are our brother men. There is something deeper, diviner, than the question of the relation of the parts to the whole; it is the relation of the parts to each other. The greatest interests of man for time and for eternity are on the plane of the question of his relation to his fellow men. "Am I my brother's keeper?" says Cain. "What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?" says Judas. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," says Moses. "All the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," says Paul. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," says Jesus. And again: "A new commandment give I unto you,

that ye love one another as I have loved you." Keep that commandment and you can never fail. The soul's deepest life must forever depend on the soul remaining in right relation to the truth and to God. And that life will manifest itself in the spirit of love toward man.

In meeting the great responsibilities of life, in successfully combating the evils that confront us, in putting down wrong, and in bringing in the kingdom of truth, *we must, first of all, be true.* Right relation to the truth, obedience to the truth, is the highest throne of power on earth or in heaven. It is the throne of the Invisible and the Eternal. And every human soul is invited to come and sit with him on that throne of his glory. There is no greatness apart from goodness. There is no power but of God. Belshazzar might drink from golden goblets; but there was a handwriting on his wall. Alexander might sigh for more worlds to conquer; but at that very moment the citadel of his soul was in ruins, and he himself was a captive, although he did not know it.

Every young man, every young woman, has to meet that supreme crisis of the soul when they decide whom they will serve, God or Mammon. Jesus met that crisis in his temptation. Everything that the world could offer to him, or to any one, was presented in its most attractive form: the gratification of the lower nature at the expense of the higher; the exercise of God-given power in the service of human pride; the acquisition of boundless wealth and earthly dominion by the service of wrong. Jesus simply drew from its scabbard the gleaming two-edged sword of truth; and Satan from that hour was a conquered foe. Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee to work the works of God. That conflict is typical of the struggle through which

every great and victorious soul must pass. Ambition—the world, the flesh, love of money, love of power—presents its seductive arguments, and holds before the mind its glittering prize. To yield, or to compromise, at this point, is to lose the soul's higher life and power of service. To conquer self by the truth is to secure the soul's higher life and eternal victory. Only by dying to self can we truly live. This is the great truth which Jesus set forth when he said: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Be true, and the world is at your feet. He in whom truth found its perfect embodiment and expression calmly said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." That power was within himself. The ancients were acquainted with this spiritual principle, although they could not clearly define it. Laotze, the great sage of China, taught that "he who foregoes really finds, and he who humbles himself is really exalted." He said, "There is a purity and a quietude by which one may rule the world." And again: "Lay hold of Taou (wisdom), and the world will go to you." The ancient Greeks embodied this truth in the legend of Hercules, their national hero. They represent him as going away by himself, as a young man, to meditate upon his future course. Two maidens approached him. One was carelessly and almost, if not quite, wantonly attired. She offered him a life of ease, with pleasures, riches, popularity. "What is your name?" he asked. With shame and confusion she was compelled to acknowledge that men called her "Vice," although she insisted that her real name was "Pleasure." The other was modestly attired. Her countenance was open; her eye was clear. She appealed to his better nature; she offered him a life of self-sacrifice,

with enduring honor. "And what is your name?" he asked. She replied, "Virtue." Young Hercules chose "Virtue" and became the deliverer of Greece.

The truly great and noble souls of every age and clime have been ruled by the same spiritual principle. In this city (Boston), there are no names that hold a more enduring place of honor and of influence than those of Garrison; Phillips, and Sumner. As young men, they laid their all—fortune, friends, worldly honors and ambitions—upon the altar of truth. Each made a solemn covenant with his own soul and with God that, come honor or dishonor, he would be true to his deepest convictions. And that principle within was invincible. When Garrison was led through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, because of his anti-slavery utterances, that rope rested upon him as lightly and as gracefully as a necklace of pearls on a young princess, because there was a kingly soul within, a soul that never compromised. The world was under his feet, and God was over all. When Wendell Phillips deliberately turned away from the favors of the aristocracy, which were his by birth, and from the emoluments and honors of his chosen profession, it was because he was ruled by a mightier power within,—the principle of right. He spoke for the downtrodden. He spoke for the slave, and, with almost if not quite equal eloquence and power, for the cause of temperance, for the emancipation of women, for the Indian, and for labor reform. Men jeered and gnashed their teeth; but his truth-filled soul stood, like a granite boulder, against which the billows of their rage beat themselves into silence. He dared believe that

"Right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win;



To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin."

Charles Sumner was the man who dared to say, "If two evils are presented to me, I will take neither." He took his stand uncompromisingly on the side of right, and boldly declared, "There is no other side." He stood for human rights, as Luther stood for obedience to conscience, when he said, at Worms, "Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise: God help me." In the long period of nearly a quarter of a century, from 1851 to 1874, during which he so worthily represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate, it is written of him that he never solicited a vote. Again and again, while his election was uncertain, he was urged by overanxious friends to at least make his appearance at the Capitol and shake hands with the electors; but he persistently refused. When the contest in the House had continued for three months, he was entreated to modify some expressions in his last speech; but he declined to do so. And when he finally took his seat in the Senate, they had great difficulty in classifying him; for he stood, not for party as such, but for right, as he understood it. Here was a senator whose position and strength rested, not upon money, not upon deals, whether with friend or foe, but upon intelligence and moral principle.

The country is in need of men and women of this type to-day, men and women who are true, who love right more than they love riches, or honors, or even life itself. The evils that confront society can be turned back, driven from their strongholds and overcome, only by an army of such noble souls,—truth-loving, God-fearing, Spirit-filled, souls.

First of all, be true, be filled with the whole spirit, the Holy Spirit, of truth; and then seek to give that truth the

most effective expression. Power depends largely upon relationship. The lever must have a fulcrum. Gun-powder must have a place in which to concentrate itself behind the ball. The lightning must not be left to gleam and strike at random. It must be seized and directed, to give light to the world, and to become a resistless power behind the world's progress. So truth must have a voice.

The old adage, "Truth is mighty and bound to prevail," is true only when truth is adequately presented. It has been demonstrated that victory in battle depends not alone on the size of an army, nor on its equipment, nor even on the quality of its soldiers, but also on the way those soldiers are handled by the commanding officer. So the world's great moral and spiritual victories turn very largely on the way truth is handled by those minds which direct its operations against the allied powers of evil.

Who shall teach us the arts of this holy war? Who are so well qualified to instruct us as those great leaders who have won the sublimest moral and spiritual conquests that the world has yet seen? If we turn to the reformers, some of whose names have already been called, what is the consensus of their testimony? If we turn to those stalwart preachers of righteousness who have shaken the thrones of earth and turned the world upside down, what is the consensus of their testimony? If we appeal to the prophets and the apostles, who received their inspiration directly from God, what do they answer? These all, with one voice, declare, "*In the fear of God, but without fear of man, we spoke the truth in love.*"

They were men with a message, and nothing could prevent them from delivering it. It was a fire burning in the soul. If it had not burst forth it would have consumed them. They

feared no rack but an offended conscience. They sought no prize but the good of men and the glory of God. They had power with God and with man. That power made Nineveh put on sackcloth at the preaching of Jonah, and Felix tremble under the preaching of Paul. It was that power which made Louis XIV. uneasy before Massillon and Queen Mary afraid of John Knox.

The greatest peril of the present hour is not so much from without as from within. So long as Demosthenes remained true he was invincible, and Athens was secure. But one day there came to Athens a renegade from Alexander's army, one Harpalus, asking protection. Should he be received? The other orators were accepting bribes. One night Demosthenes allowed Harpalus to present to him a beautiful Persian cup made of gold and twenty talents of silver. The next day he came into the assembly with his throat bandaged. When they called upon him to speak against Harpalus, he made motions that he had lost his voice. With jeers, the wits cried out, "It is an attack of the silver quinsy!" From that day the power of the greatest orator of antiquity was gone. In like manner the divinest influence of many a great life has been lost. The saddest day that can come to any people is when their recognized leaders of thought, teachers of truth, defenders of the principles of justice, preachers of righteousness, consent to become silent. Whether you are a college president in the east, or a professor

in the west, or a minister of Christ anywhere, keep your resignation written out, and your trunk packed, and then speak the profoundest convictions of your soul. The question is not, Is the world ready to receive your message? but, Does the world need your message, and has God sent you?

It is written: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." That standard is not a flaming sword in the hand of an angel or an archangel, but truth in the mind, in the heart, and on the lips of man. The Great Teacher said, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Let this mind be in you which was in him. Let your answer to them that forbid you be that of Peter and John, when they said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Speak, not for to-day only, but for all time. To-day men may seek to make you a king; to-morrow they may lead you away to be crucified. Seek only to please the Infinite Spirit of Truth and Love. Dare always to believe and to rely upon the truth. Set your star in the firmament of God. Let your life-work be a part of the execution of His great plan, remembering that "they that turn many to righteousness"—they that live the truth, and so present the truth to human souls that they also become true—"shall shine as the stars forever."

### Postgraduate Exercises.

THE exercises of Commencement Week were inaugurated on Tuesday by the postgraduate class in a way to make all the sons and daughters of Emerson proud of this sister about to leave the

parental roof. She has set the standard high, but her younger brothers and sisters are resolved that it shall never be lowered, but shall be borne aloft to new triumphs with each succeeding year.

A beautiful unity has existed among the postgraduates throughout the year, and this was shown in the preparation, and in the management of Tuesday's programme. The purpose of the afternoon was not merely entertainment, but the presentation of truth along the lines of work which the class has pursued during the year. It is well-nigh impossible to praise too highly the three lectures showing the application of the Emerson philosophy to life in its varying phases. The listeners were lifted to "heights not reached before," and the personality of each speaker was a realization of the thoughts she uttered.

The key-note of the day was struck by the president, Mr. Paul, in his introductory remarks, and from that time on to the close of the exercises everything said and done was a glowing testimonial to the value of "Our Work," and an earnest and inspiring expression of noble resolve to use that work in the service of humanity. No one who listened could doubt the importance of the fourth

year at the college in giving symmetry to the "pyramid of education," and in strengthening and broadening its foundation, while increasing its height.

Unity in variety was well illustrated in the readings of Miss Tinker and Miss Dole, which carried out the purpose of the whole in selections of widely differing character and engrossing interest.

Failing to find adjectives adequate to the expression of their appreciation, the audience used their hands or their handkerchiefs, according to the character of the dominant emotion.

Miss Greta Masson's singing was the one remaining part necessary to the completion of the perfect whole. It was true oratory; no higher praise could be given. It was a rare treat to hear Professor Cheney's beautiful song, "The Old Minstrel," rendered so sympathetically, and accompanied so appropriately by the composer himself. The audience carried away a deep realization of the significance of the college work.

THE EDITOR.

### Postgraduates Entertained by Miss Henderson.

THE postgraduate class of this year has surely had its full quota of delectable things, and during this last week it has had everything, from barge-rides to banquets.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Henderson, of Cambridge, invited her class for a ride and to visit the principal points of interest in and about Harvard.

With two of their young gray-haired members seated at the end of the barge, they rode past the Washington elm; Christ Church, where Washington attended service; past the Radcliff buildings and school where Helen Keller studied; the site of the home where Oliver W. Holmes was born; and past

the homes of Alice Freeman Palmer; Worcester, who compiled Worcester's dictionary; Ole Bull, the great violinist; Lowell, and Longfellow.

One of the members told how as a child she, with three other children, had trudged bravely to the home of Longfellow, carrying him baskets of flowers, with their little *autograph-albums* tucked snugly under their arms, and how royally they were entertained by the poet.

They visited Memorial Hall and the Agassiz Museum. It seems fitting that this is named for the man who said, "Remember that science is the recovery of ideas that were in the creative mind. Love, devotion, simple humility,

and a submission to nature — not an endeavor to control nature — give success to a naturalist;” the man who led his pupils to the study of the objects of nature themselves. Here these are found, with the thought of those objects of perishable quality passed through the mind of Blashca, resulting in the art of those wonderful glass flowers. Their perfection would cause one to mistake them for the living, fragrant sprays of the flowers themselves.

They then went to the Fogg Art Building, where, in the centre of an upper room, is a panel, on one side of which are some small copies of Turner's. They are so delicate in their coloring that they remind one of fairylike glimpses or whiffs of things blown upon paper. Next to it is a representation of the decorations in Sistine Chapel, by Michael Angelo. One of the “circumspect” members, trying to study out what appeared to be the apple-tree and serpent, with Adam and Eve, then the

latter being expelled, mildly concluded it must be a picture of “before and after taking.”

They went to the Botanical Gardens, where once lived Professor Grey, with whose botanies we have all in our high-school days pleasantly tussled. There they saw some very rare orchids.

They then went to the home of Miss Henderson and soon to the dining-room, where their palates were served to orange frappé and their eyes to yellow daffodils. This house is full of quiet booky nooks, where one would like to lounge or study, but where one could always feel at rest. There is a subtle home atmosphere which pervades some places that belies the old saying to the effect that “earth is not our resting-place” and “heaven is our home;” for they strangely and sweetly manage to intermingle themselves here. They returned, feeling that with this social meeting their year had had its touch of grace to give it an appropriate finis.

C. E. B.

### Shakespearian Recital.

It was in Odd Fellows' Hall on the forenoon of April 27. The play was “Hamlet.” “The players” were members of the Class of '98. A large audience had “coted them on the way, and hither” had they come “to offer” their “service.” It was as expected. Shakespeare had foreseen the result. The “multitudinous” she “that” played “the king” was always “welcome,” and “his majesty” had each time the “tribute” of a curtain call; “the adventurous knight” did valiantly “use his foil,” and his “target” knew how to use his too; “the lover” did not “sigh gratis” but received substantial returns from the audience; “the humorous man” did not “end his part in peace” because of the burst of applause; “the clown”

assuredly made more than “those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady” said “her mind freely,” and never once throughout the play did “the blank verse . . . halt for't.” Then, too, long and careful preparation made the scenes follow each other with most commendable celerity and smoothness.

Throughout the presentation particular emphasis was placed upon the significance of the text. The first Perfective Law of Art, “purity,” was made to lead the way. The excellencies of individual work, which called forth upon every side deserved praise, cannot here be made history; but the honors won, both in the major and minor rôles, will descend in memory and tradition as an



inspiration to the successors of the Class of '98.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE 1. *A Platform Before the Castle.*

|            |                       |
|------------|-----------------------|
| Francisco, | Emily Belinda Cornish |
| Bernardo,  | Amy Louise Abbott     |
| Horatio,   | Marie Leslie Bingham  |
| Marcellus, | Alice Marion Allen    |

### SCENE 2. *A Room of State in the Castle.*

|            |                        |
|------------|------------------------|
| King,      | Eleanor Gordon Barrett |
| Queen,     | Emily Belinda Cornish  |
| Laertes,   | Alice Marion Allen     |
| Ophelia,   | Edith M. Gould         |
| Polonius,  | Clara Evelyn Robbins   |
| Hamlet,    | Alice H. Howell        |
| Horatio,   | Harriet S. Cousens     |
| Marcellus, | Ethel L. Latham        |
| Bernardo,  | Ruth Jean Vose         |

### SCENE 3. *A Room in Polonius's House.*

|           |                   |
|-----------|-------------------|
| Laertes,  | Edna B. Mills     |
| Ophelia,  | Edith M. Gould    |
| Polonius, | Amy Louise Abbott |

### SCENES 4 AND 5. *The Platform.*

|            |                     |
|------------|---------------------|
| Horatio,   | Mabelle Fearnley    |
| Marcellus, | Maude M. Boadway    |
| Ghost,     | Mary Frances Tice   |
| Hamlet,    | Priscilla C. Puffer |

## ACT II.

### SCENE 2. *A Room in the Castle.*

|               |                      |
|---------------|----------------------|
| King,         | Louise Downer        |
| Queen,        | Ada B. Dean          |
| Rosencrantz,  | E. Josephine Collins |
| Guildestern,  | Laura V. C. Stewart  |
| Polonius,     | Joseph H. Crosby     |
| Hamlet,       | W. Palmer Smith      |
| First Player, | Nellie G. Sands      |

## ACT III.

### SCENE 1. *A Room in the Castle.*

|              |                      |
|--------------|----------------------|
| King,        | Flora Coburn Johnson |
| Queen,       | Ellen Estelle Barnes |
| Hamlet,      | E. Carrie Sweet      |
| Ophelia,     | Helen Pernal Dewey   |
| Polonius,    | Clara Evelyn Robbins |
| Rosencrantz, | Edyth Wynn Williams  |
| Guildestern, | Ethel Louisa Latham  |

### SCENE 2. FIRST PART.

#### *A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                       |
|----------|-----------------------|
| Hamlet,  | Lillias Jean Lougheed |
| Horatio, | Ruth Jean Vose        |
| Player,  | Claire Mae DeLano     |

### SCENE 2. SECOND PART.

#### *A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                     |
|----------|---------------------|
| Hamlet,  | Claire Dollard Kulp |
| Ophelia, | Alice Marion Allen  |

|               |                       |
|---------------|-----------------------|
| King,         | Gertrude Fox          |
| Queen,        | June Marie Foster     |
| Polonius,     | Edna Bateman Mills    |
| Rosencrantz,  | Ruth Jean Vose        |
| Guildestern,  | Ethel Louise Latham   |
| Horatio,      | Clara Evelyn Robbins  |
| Player King,  | Laura V. C. Stewart   |
| Player Queen, | Grace Isabella Little |
| Lucianus,     | E. Josephine Collins  |

### SCENE 3. *A Room in the Castle.*

|              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| King,        | Martha L. Rich   |
| Hamlet,      | Maude M. Boadway |
| Polonius,    | Mary E. Noonan   |
| Rosencrantz, | Alfarata Jahnke  |
| Guildestern, | Inez B. Packard  |

### SCENE 4. *The Queen's Closet.*

|           |                   |
|-----------|-------------------|
| Hamlet,   | George M. McKie   |
| Queen,    | Theresa L. Kidder |
| Polonius, | Mary E. Noonan    |

## ACT IV.

### SCENE 5. *A Room in the Castle.*

|            |                      |
|------------|----------------------|
| King,      | Marielle Ruth Wood   |
| Queen,     | Florence Mae Overton |
| Ophelia,   | Romaine Billingsley  |
| Laertes,   | Edith May Root       |
| Marcellus, | June Marie Foster    |

### SCENE 7. *Another Room in the Castle.*

|            |                        |
|------------|------------------------|
| King,      | Elizabeth Maria Barnes |
| Queen,     | S. Luella Phillips     |
| Laertes,   | Nellie Grace Sands     |
| Messenger, | Inez Beulah Packard    |

## ACT V.

### SCENE 1. *A Churchyard.*

|                     |                      |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| First Gravedigger,  | George M. McKie      |
| Second Gravedigger, | Joseph H. Crosby     |
| Hamlet,             | Florence Mae Overton |
| Horatio,            | Harriet S. Cousens   |
| King,               | Gertrude Fox         |
| Queen,              | E. Estelle Barnes    |
| Laertes,            | Frederick M. Hall    |
| Priest,             | Flora Coburn Johnson |

### SCENE 2. FIRST PART.

#### *A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                      |
|----------|----------------------|
| Hamlet,  | Marie Leslie Bingham |
| Horatio, | Harriet S. Cousens   |
| Osric,   | El Fleda Ferris      |

### SCENE 2. SECOND PART.

#### *A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                   |
|----------|-------------------|
| King,    | Gertrude Fox      |
| Queen,   | Claire M. DeLano  |
| Hamlet,  | Frederick M. Hall |
| Horatio, | Joseph H. Crosby  |
| Laertes, | W. Palmer Smith   |
| Osric,   | El Fleda Ferris   |

C. W. P.

## Class Day.

DESPITE the storm which raged on Thursday afternoon a large audience greeted with enthusiasm the Senior class as they marched into the hall, and the dainty gowns of the "pretty maids all in a row" made brightness within, though skies were dark without. Mrs. Cutter, the president, opened the programme, and introduced the speakers in her own most original and charming way.

After the postgraduate exercises the Seniors realized that their best efforts were needed to make the events of the week climacteric; but they proved themselves worthy of the task assigned them, and from Mr. Galpin's cordial words of welcome to the closing of the class song each number revealed the talent and the earnest spirit of the class.

The seriousness of the graver parts was delightfully brightened by the happy wit of Mr. McKie's History, by the restfulness of Miss Phillips's and Miss Little's beautiful solos, and by the president's apt quotations and appropriate comments.

None of the foolish and almost vulgar jokes so common to class histories and prophecies entered into the exercises of this occasion, as, indeed, no one would expect them from Emersonians. Everything was elevated to a lofty plane of suggestiveness, and was truly inspirational in character. The beautiful thoughts of the prophet, carrying a weight acquired from the heights of character from which they were expressed, will go far to ensure the fulfilment of her prophecy. The class were inspired to live up to their motto, "Service," by the noble ideas framed with such grace and dignity, and expressed so persuasively, by Miss Overton.

It is difficult to do justice in words to such a programme, where every participant was at his best; but the crowning glory of the afternoon, the oration by Miss Masson, was a masterpiece. If it be true that "the highest criticism of art is silence," then verily "the rest is silence."

L. H. A.

## The Day at Millis.

M. FRANCES HOLBROOK.

THE culmination of the work of the year — the grand climax — was reached on Saturday, April 30, when Emersonians, gathered from the four parts of the world, met at the station to board the train for Millis.

The weather clerk had repented him of his fury of the two days previous, and the glad sun shone upon us bounteously, and "youth's gay hats with blossoms bloomed, and every maid with simple art," smiled at every other maid, and all were joyous with the promise of

a glorious day before us. When we were settled in the train the Seniors remarked with grave joy, "What a day for the Freshmen!" and the Juniors said sadly, "Oh, think of next year!" and the Freshmen and Juniors together said, "Poor Seniors!" and the Seniors thought, "Poor Seniors!"

But above and over all was the thought of the day before us, and Elmcroft waiting for us with the sunshine over it and in it. Then there were the "yells" to practise, and a new one, as

usual, to be learned by the Class of '98 ; and so the time passed rapidly until the magic word "Millis" rang through the cars. Then there was a scramble for the platform, and the greetings and the music ; and when the carriages with the grown-up people started toward Elmcroft, the children, as usual, followed the band, which went "the longest way around," and never before did band have such goodly following. At last we looked through the columns at Elmcroft and saw our light beyond, and in due time we had fervently grasped Doctor's hand for an instant, and heard his kindly words as he welcomed his children home.

After we had greeted the dear line of faculty in the hall, we were turned loose upon Elmcroft. We wandered through the rooms and over the broad lawns and fields, and through the woods ; we visited the barns and admired the beautiful white heifer and the deep-eyed Jerseys, and marveled at "the cow with the crumpled horn ;" we gazed lovingly at the little "sweet pigs ;" we petted (and annoyed) the fluffy yellow chickens, and wondered at their unresponsive mother ; we drank milk and Nervine

coffee in the dining-room ; we listened to singing in the music-room ; we climbed to the tower chamber and looked over the broad New England country ; we captured teachers in every available corner ; and finally we clustered about throughout the spacious rooms and in nooks and corners of the verandas and were well prepared to do full justice to lunch.

All too soon the hour drew near to say "good-by ;" only it was not good-by, but just *auf Wiedersehen*, for we who are joined together in aspirations and truth cannot be parted. For many of us it was an hour of meeting, rather than of parting ; for the farewells, with their heart wishes and hopes, helped us to really know each other.

Though the end of the day was sad, especially for those who would not return, it was a joyous sadness, for we all knew that our lives were richer than they had ever been before,—richer for ourselves and consequently for others also,—and we carried with us the love and good wishes of our fellow students and our teachers, and the assurance that Doctor's benediction would follow us through life.

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## Vacation Work for Emersonians.

PROFESSOR WARD.

THE Freshmen ought to read the novels which have been noticed or reviewed in the lectures of the past year. In preparation for next year they might read any of Scott's poems, or any of his novels ; also the minor poems of Wordsworth, and "The Ancient Mariner" and

"Christabel" of Coleridge. The Juniors may read the poems of Tennyson which are mentioned in the second part of "Tennyson's Debt to Environment." This will be a syllabus of the Senior work for the first part of next year.

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"Learn to say kind things about people ; it will help you wonderfully."

"To live poetry is infinitely greater than to write it."

## Two New Books.

IN "Tennyson's Debt to Environment" Dr. Ward shows us, throughout, the vital relation of literature to life. This is perhaps the greatest value of the book. The very titles of the chapters are full of suggestiveness, and will serve to give some idea of its contents to those who have not seen the book. In the first chapter the whole is presented under the heading, "The Man." We see Westminster as its glory receives new light from the great poet brought there to rest.

We read: "Better the man without the cathedral than the cathedral without the man; though England has many of both."

The various influences that molded Tennyson's life are briefly discussed under "Influences of Nature," "The Inspiration of Romance," "The Discipline of Sorrow," "The Rewards of Success," and so on — chapters that we wish were much longer. Dr. Ward always leaves his students and readers with a desire for more. This is one of the elements of the inspiration with which his pages teem.

For selection of words at once clear

and forceful, for unity in sentence, paragraph, and chapter, we commend careful study of the whole of Part I. Part II. will be found invaluable as a guide to the study of the minor poems of "In Memoriam," and of the "Idylls of the King."

"Principles and Method of Teaching — Derived From a Knowledge of the Mind." Those of us who are familiar with Dr. Dickinson's work in teaching psychology are glad to greet the publication of his new book. Many of us have already struggled with the problems of psychology presented according to various methods. We have never found so logical a method of presentation of the subject, nor so clear a statement of the principles involved.

Dr. Dickinson takes psychology out of the haze of uncertainty and brings it into the white light of truth. His method is strictly scientific in every detail.

For high-school and normal-school work in the study of mind nothing could be more useful than this concise textbook.

R. L. D.

## Personals.

Miss Minnie Elmina Dewsnap, '97, was married on Wednesday, April 20, 1898, to Mr. George Hudson Strowbridge Soule.

Miss Grace V. Correll is at home in Philadelphia. She writes: "The magazine has come to me as a bright ray of sunshine, bringing its beautiful truths and helpful messages."

Miss Fitch, of the Class of '93 (who has been living quietly at home since she left the school in '94), called at the college March 25 and left greetings for all her absent friends.

Mattie Josephine Atkins has been giving some very fine musical and literary entertainments in Leadville and vicinity. Miss Atkins teaches oratory in the Lead-



ville schools, and the press and the public speak in the highest terms of her work.

Mrs. Grace Aspell Dunn, '97, who is reading and lecturing before prominent women's clubs in New York State, spent a few days at the college studying with Mrs. Emerson.

Just as we go to press the sad news comes of the death, on Sunday, May 1, of William Roderick McKenzie. The many classmates and friends of this estimable young man will be sadly shocked and pained by this sudden death, for Mr. McKenzie was at college as usual on Friday.

During the past few weeks many of the college graduates who are teaching in and near the city have taken advantage of their spring vacations to spend a few days with their friends at the college. Among them were: Miss Elsie Lattimer, '96, who is teaching at Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y.; Miss Madelia Tuttle, '97, who is teaching in the high school, St. Albans, Vt.; Miss Hersey, '97, who is teaching at her home in Maine; Miss Lizzie Hayward, '97, of

Yarmouth Academy, Yarmouth, Me.; Miss Emily Louise McIntosh, '97, of Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; Mr. Harry S. Ross, Worcester, Mass.

From the personal letters and newspaper clippings received concerning the work of Miss Sarah Adele Neill we quote the following:—

"Miss Neill is very successful with her teaching. Her studio in Germantown, Pa., is a gem of a room, and her girls all love her for her sweet womanliness."

"As 'Esmeralda' Miss Neill pleased everybody with her bright and natural acting, and fully earned the generous applause bestowed upon her. All that she did was intelligently done, and some of the situations in which she figured were given deep interest by reason of her cleverness."

"Miss Neill lent a charm to her work which justly earned for her the sympathy of the audience. Her work brought forth storms of applause, and at the conclusion of the third act she was made the recipient of an immense bouquet of roses."





MISS SADIE FOSS LAMPRELL

# Emerson College Magazine

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No. 1.

## Emerson College Magazine.

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WE have come in search of truth,  
Trying with uncertain key  
Door by door of mystery;  
We are reaching through His laws  
To the garment hem of Cause;  
We are groping here to find  
What the Thought that underlies  
Nature's masking and disguise;  
What it is that hides beneath  
Blight and bloom and birth and death.  
— *Whittier.*

### Welcome!

WE welcome you! It is good to be at home again — at our college home; to clasp hands and go forward in the work we love. Already we feel that the Freshmen class is one with us in thought and purpose, and we gain new inspiration from their presence. Most heartily, therefore, we welcome the newcomers. In all that we are or have you have a share. We bring you now

our college magazine, *your* magazine, as one help in your "search of truth." Take it, and make it your own in the fullest sense. Work with us to make it better with every issue; so may we go from strength to strength. To those who have gone out from among us, we say, though we cannot "meet you face to face," yet we do "greet you heart to heart." We confidently expect your earnest and active co-operation in this part of our college life — the magazine.



### The Magazine Board of Last Year.

Most of you know of the remarkably excellent work of the managers of the magazine of last year, and especially of the officers, Miss Phillips, Mr. Paul, and Mr. McKie. We watched with interest and some degree of appreciation the development of the paper to its present attractive and helpful form, under Miss Phillips's able editorship. *Some degree* of appreciation, I say, because we shall never fully realize just *how much* work and thought the result indicates. But we rejoice at the outcome!



### Changes.

We were sorry to learn, at the beginning of the term, that Mr. Sidney Lanier, president of the board, is unable to return to college. But we have been so fortunate as to secure Mrs. Cutter for this place. Mrs. Cutter needs no introduction to Emersonians. You have seen and felt the power of her work, and many of you know and love her personally. Mr. McKie and Miss Ada Lewis have been elected to fill other vacancies.

The general trend and form of the



magazine will remain the same as last year, but we shall make some minor changes, and introduce some new features. You will be glad to see that the "Table of Contents" is now printed on the first page.



*Our Frontispiece.*

We shall continue to present our readers each month with some picture of especial interest to all. This month the sweet face of one of our younger, but well-beloved, teachers greets you, — Miss Sadie Foss Lamprell.



*Dr. Emerson's Lecture.*

With never-failing kindness our honored President, Dr. Emerson, will continue to let us have one of his Saturday lectures for each number of the magazine. It has often been said that this lecture alone is worth a year's subscription to the magazine. But it is our earnest conviction that this statement but faintly expresses the value of these inspiring lectures, not only to all who study and teach the Emerson work, but to all who would live wisely.



*Other Features That Will Please You.*

During the year several other able and eloquent orators will address you through these pages. Dr. Ward has consented to write the opening paper in a new series of articles on American literature, which is to begin in our second number.

Our old friends, Mr. Solon Lauer, Prof. Wm. J. Rolfe, and our former well-loved teacher, Prof. Henry L. Southwick, will, no doubt, be as generous as in past years.



*Professor Holt's Death.*

We were much saddened, a few days ago, to hear of the death of Professor Holt. He passed away at his home in Lexington on October 18. For many

years Professor Holt has taught singing in the college, and we shall long miss his genial face.



*Dr. White's Lecture.*

We are specially favored in being able to present to you an abstract of Dr. White's lecture on "Character." Dr. White is a prominent educator of Columbus, Ohio, and is well known as a profound scholar and eloquent speaker. We hope he will visit us often, for every word from his lips is an inspiration.



*Bello!*

Cordial greeting to one and all from the Business Office!

With this issue the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is entering upon its seventh year's existence. "This publication ranks with the foremost magazines of the country, both in literary merit and general make-up."

We are undertaking new lines of work. A much-needed bookcase has been secured, and placed in the library, for the better care of the magazines. Many other improvements are contemplated. The printing, paper, and cuts will be of the *highest grade*.

Send in your subscription-fee of \$1.00, *early*. Get your friends to subscribe. Student! Teacher! Minister! Business Man! you cannot afford to be without this great Magazine of Education and Life.

Before the college year closes the management is anxious to make the list of subscribers "*1,000 strong*." Can you not second our ambition? Will *you* not help in this great work?

H. TOROS DAGHISTANLIAN,

*Business Manager.*

IMPORTANT. — *All subscriptions and all communications of whatever nature must be sent to the Business Manager. Notify of change of address.*

## Ideals.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

ALL of life, properly looked at, is a school. I believe that as long as one lives and retains his natural powers there is opportunity for learning and for progress. As students in this school it is important that we earnestly consider the subject of ideals.

We find that the human mind has the power of idealizing; and in order for one to be properly educated, it is of the utmost importance that he should form the habit of holding right ideals before his mind. I believe, with Carlyle, in heroes, and hero-worship; I believe that whatever is excellent is to be worshipped, to be loved, to be adored. When we find many excellent traits uniting in one individual, that individual may for a time become our ideal, and our whole aim may be to emulate that person; and far should it be from any educator, parent, or friend to discourage a youth in this direction. This is where the youth begins in forming ideals. We see certain excellent traits in persons, and those persons seem to us to stand for those traits. We see a man who is so truthful he seems to stand for truth itself. When we think of truth we think of him. Our first impressions of beauty, truth, and good are formed by associating them with *persons*. Of course it is true that as time goes on and our experience deepens and widens we change and improve our ideals. An artist in early life, painting the Madonna, would give his ideal of ripe and rich womanhood. Twenty years later he would no doubt have a deeper and higher ideal of the Madonna; consequently he would paint a better pic-

ture. But the success of his second picture would come as a result of his having been faithful to his first ideal. It is only by obedience to our first ideal that we form a better one. The person who does not follow his first ideal will not have a superior one. In early life the ideals of some people are high and noble, but they will drop almost to degradation if they do not follow their first ideals and thereby quicken their perception of something higher.

One of the maxims of a great man, who wrote many and lived in obedience to them for fifty years, was: "*Be what you would have.*" If you would have gold, be gold itself; if you would have wealth, be wealth itself; if you would have honor, be honor itself. The highest ideals which one can form relate to being. If we have not the power to become, we have no power, and life is a failure. Let us rest upon the fact that there is in human nature the power to become, for from a belief in this power springs the impulse for education. Education is the process through which we become—through which we become the embodiment of power or excellence. The student should rest in hope, hope toward the ideal, or, as the inspired writer says, "Hope toward God."

I have chosen this subject of ideals for my lecture to-day because I want to turn your attention this first week of the college session to a contemplation of this subject. For what are you studying? For what are you bestowing all your work and money in this direc-

tion? Have you any ideals for yourself? If you have, what is that ideal? Perhaps some would say, "Well, I would like to be able to recite well, so that I might win applause, or that I might obtain position,—perchance money." I find no fault with this, but there is a more excellent way. Study oratory in order that you may become somewhat, for you can have what you will become, and you can become your ideal. When you have become your ideal of to-day another ideal will rise before your vision like another sun, to lead you on. Having followed this you will perceive still another ideal, and be prepared to follow it.

I have never known a person to develop a noble and exalted character who did not fashion in his own mind ideals of what he would become. Some people are exceedingly disagreeable to all with whom they are associated; and yet if you will study them closely you will find that they possess many admirable elements of character. They are inharmonious and irritable because they have not fashioned before their own minds ideals of tranquillity and harmony.

Having formed an ideal, the next step to be taken to realize this ideal in one's self is to hold it steadily before the mind, never forgetting it for a moment or for an hour. This ideal held steadily before the mind will so react upon the individual that he will gradually be shaped to it. It is unquestionably true that we shape ourselves, even without trying, to the ideals we hold permanently in mind. Ideals may flash through the mind and go on their wings of light entirely beyond our vision. Such ideals do little or no good. The ideal does good only when it becomes permanent, and the mind holds it steadily. If you have it to-day and lose it to-morrow, and it comes again

next week, it is like a meteor, and gives no steady light.

It is a strange thing, and yet worthy of much thought, the influence on an individual of the thing he unconsciously holds in his mind. Even though you do not desire it, any object held in the mind will influence the activities of the mind, and through the activities of the mind shape character. Being constantly in the presence of a good man will unconsciously influence one's character for good. And the contrariwise is equally true. If a person associates with a bad man and contemplates his evils, even though he hates his evils, yet it will not be long before evil thoughts will spring up in that person's mind. It is strange indeed, and I might almost say fearful, this tremendous fact, of how the thing held steadily before the mind will influence the individual, shaping and re-shaping him to itself. This truth of which I am speaking does not preclude the fact that our own determination or effort in a certain direction carries its own influence; but we are forever leaving out of sight the one thing of which I am speaking,—that the thing we hold in our minds will shape our thinking, and through it our character, whether we intend to have it or not. We look like persons whom we constantly watch. Our features may not perceptibly shape themselves to theirs, but our expression, manner, and movements will become like them. Rev. J. J. Lewis, in his lecture on the Passion Play, shows in pictorial form how twenty years of contemplation of Christ have changed Joseph Meyer so that he has lost almost all resemblance to the self he was twenty years ago, and has taken on another higher and grander self, which appears not only in his conduct, but also in his face and expression.

Some persons are distinguished by great powers of mimicry. This gift is

common to all, but some have it much more strongly developed than others. You will find that mimics have the power of holding an object so clearly in the mind that they can see it while they are speaking. They do not merely remember how a person said a certain thing, and then say it the same way; but they have the power to see that person in their own minds, and when presenting that person to another they unconsciously look like him and talk like him.

Let us now consider the ideals our minds should contemplate. Above all others, one out of which others will be born, and which will grow into higher and higher forms, is the ever-present, dominant *purpose of serving others*—all others with whom we come in contact. The element of service is the dominant element in the highest ideal. As you continue your work in this institution, again and again you will hear us say, "You are here to carry out the spirit of helpfulness among your fellows. You are to read this for the sake of others." At first this may strike you as a sort of sentimentalism, without the weight of science or the polish of art, but later you will find that the necessity for this rests in the laws of the mind,—in the laws of the universe.

Orators succeed by and through their service to others. This is true of all classes, to some extent, but it is pre-eminently true of the orator. The orator can find no other road except that of assisting others by his speech and acts. If you study the biographies of the greatest orators the world has known, you will find that they developed their powers of oratory by advocating the cause of others. Before Christianity had been established on the earth, before the world had been flooded with Christian ideals, before the doctrine of "do unto others as you would have

them do unto you," had been formulated, great orators lived and influenced the world through speech. In that classic nation, Greece, was a man whose name stands for oratory—we can scarcely think of oratory without thinking of Demosthenes. Read his orations, and in every one of them you will find that his eloquence is born of his attempt to speak for the good of others.

Demosthenes's first speech was made for the sake of ambition. One biographer says of him that he had listened to a great orator and that he went home thinking how the people praised that orator; so he said to himself, "Now I see a way to get great praise." An impulse was stirred in him to become an orator for the sake of getting praise. So in process of time he made a public speech, and it covered him with shame. Perhaps a more unhappy man in consequence of having made a speech never lived than Demosthenes. He did not want anybody to see him: they had heard him, that was enough; so he covered up his head, and went trudging off home, miserable enough. He had had enough of public speaking; he had received no praise—nothing but shame. Finally some one told him that the only way to do anything as an orator was to plead somebody's cause; i. e., become an advocate, as lawyers become advocates for their clients. The idea struck him as a wise one. He did not sit in his office for his first client to appear, but he very soon found somebody whose cause he could advocate, and he stepped right out and advocated it. Then the powers of his mind awoke. He had no time to find fault with people; their interests must be advocated. There was a way, even for this poor miserable stumbler, who was not gifted with great powers of speaking—he stood perhaps tenth among the young men of Athens. But he had put under his impulses an



ideal, and that ideal made him what he became. He was not a comely youth; he had not a prepossessing face; the ordinary expressions of his face were quite displeasing; and yet, out of that unpromising youth grew the mightiest uninspired orator of the world, and he stands to-day in history incomparably above all others. All orators, in order to succeed, must follow the example of Demosthenes in pleading the cause of another.

As an orator Cicero stands second to Demosthenes. If you will read Cicero's orations, you will discover that most of the time all of his power was given to advocating the cause of somebody else. Sometimes, however, he would make a speech for the purpose of gratifying some personal and private spleen which he felt for another. Then he lost power; for the orator cannot step from his high estate without devitalizing his intellectual and oratorical powers. Cicero was so much the advocate he became the greatest orator in Rome, as Demosthenes had been in Greece. I merely mention these two individuals, not to give a biography of each, but to illustrate this idea of advocacy; because it is of the utmost importance that you begin your work with the idea that your power in oratory will be born of, and inspired by, your constant determination to help others through speech. "But," you say, "whom shall I advocate?" You have not a neighbor who does not need to be well spoken of. Advocate his cause; so you will be a Demosthenes in embryo, to say the least. He who can advocate his neighbor without hire will sometime be employed at a great price to advocate the cause of a stranger. But the man who is always finding fault with others has taken just the opposite road from that which the orator must follow in order to develop his powers. Two roads lie

open to the youth: one lies in the direction of decrying others, and telling their faults; the other in the direction of love and advocacy. It requires the keenest, most analytical mind to find the good in others. Some people think they are wonderfully clever because they can find the evil in a person, and talk about that. Any fool can do that, but it takes a wise man to always find the good, and set it forth in proper colors. Does an orator who is pleading the cause of a culprit wish to make a jury believe that crime is a good thing? No lawyer ever attempted it; but he seeks for the good things in the client, and makes the most of them, saying nothing about the evils, and such is the discerning ability of the greatest jurists, they can often find enough elements of good in a culprit to make a splendid character.

A man going to the Klondike wants to know how to find gold; he does not want to know how to find that which is not gold. The orator wants to know how to find that in individuals which is gold, and having found it, he must be able to advocate it. This power is possessed by great novelists. Dickens's works are a striking illustration of this idea. He shows us that virtue can shine in rags as well as in royal purple. In describing the most lowly person he interests us, not by enlarging upon his faults and his environment, but by showing us the jewel which is in his character. This power is one of the things which makes Dickens a great novelist. We are not interested in reading about the evil in persons. Books that contain descriptions of evil persons only are not read for long. The only place to put a villain in a story is where he will show, by contrast, the excellencies of the hero or heroine. The villain is acceptable only in so far as he shows off the virtues of those who are not vil-

lains. Human instinct is in pursuit of virtue. If people are not virtuous themselves they like to see virtue in others. No matter how low a crowd of people may be morally, they exceedingly delight and rejoice in a moral hero. They may not be philosophical about it; they may not put into practice the heroism which they so much admire; but there is an instinct in human nature that is always in search of the good. A wise orator knows how to take advantage of this element. Men who could not have succeeded in any other form of oratory have succeeded in preaching the gospel, because the man who can present Christ, the embodiment of virtue, always gets a hearing. The instincts of human nature are alike in all time and throughout the world, and these instincts lead men to be interested in moral and spiritual heroes.

Your training in this institution is based upon the idea of advocacy. Through advocacy more power is gained than through any other form of speaking, because advocacy helps somebody else. How it lifts the soul of every man to hear of the embodiments of good! It is true that large audiences have assembled, even in Boston, to listen to embodiments of evil. I remember about twenty years ago a man hired the largest audience-room in the city of Boston, and advertised widely. The subject which was to continue throughout the course was "Boston Inside Out." The first evening a large audience assembled, some going because they hoped good was to come of the lecture, while others went out of curiosity. His "Boston Inside Out" was simply Boston *wrong* side out. The inside of Boston had not been touched; the inside of Boston was virtue, love, good. The next day the speaker was urged to discontinue his

lectures on this subject. He would not consent, however, because he hoped to make money by their continuance. He made a neat little sum the first evening. Finally, they went to those controlling the hall, and asked them not to loan the hall for the continuation of those lectures, and the pressure was so great the hall was closed. It was not merely the law and order of Boston which was against him; it was the law of nature as well. Curiosity will sometimes lead us to listen to a bad story, but we will not listen to a second one; it is contrary to human nature. If you will find that which is highest in human nature, and represent that, you will make your audience happy. The spirit of help—it is this which makes the orator.

What is born of this spirit? Wisdom is born of it. Knowledge is born of it. Self-command is born of it. Demosthenes was greater than Cicero because he never used his powers for the sake of gratifying personal spite. Demosthenes did shout forth his Philippics. He did anathematize the man Philip, but not for the sake of venting his prejudice against the King of Macedon. It was for the sake of liberating Athens and the other states of Greece. Although his speech seemed an attack upon Philip, he was in reality advocating the rights and liberties of the Grecians.

Orators have great power of attack. Wendell Phillips excelled all other men I ever heard speak in his ability to attack; but he never attacked except for the sake of helping those who *were* attacked. He only attacked the attacker. Otherwise he could never have been the great orator he was. He was called the Cicero of America. I think he had better have been called the Demosthenes of America, for Demosthenes never went below the point of advocacy; Cicero sometimes did.

Eloquence is born of interest in and

love of human nature, and a man who does not love human nature never can be eloquent. It is advocating persons, their interest, their welfare, that fills the soul and the tongue with eloquence.

This advocacy of others induces that which every person should possess; viz., self-command. Nothing will bring self-command as quickly as working for another. Personal impulses and feelings are held in training when working for another, while if a person lives only for self he will often give way to impulses that destroy self-command. The study of oratory leads to all that is deepest and highest in human life.

Form your ideals, then; form them at once, but into those ideals must enter the idea of being useful to others, for in just this ratio will your work be in demand. You are sure of success in this world if you can be of use to others. The test of any mechanical invention is in its use. If it is only a curiosity, even though it shows the nicest mechanical skill, it will not prove a financial success, because people will not buy it. But if something is invented which is useful to mankind, the inventor has made his fortune. The telephone was invented by a poor man. I knew him well for years. He had to work very hard to get the means of livelihood from day to day; but a very short time after the telephone was put upon the market he said to me, "There is no question that I now possess one million dollars." Of course his fortune has increased from year to year. Why these millions? He invented something that was of use. We do not buy the telephone because we like Mr. Bell or because it is a curiosity, but because it is of value in our business. Some people who have attempted public speaking have failed, not because their composition was not good nor their diction elegant, but because they did

not speak in a way to help others. If a minister speaks to his congregation Sunday after Sunday and does not change their thought and impulses, by and by the people want somebody else. The minister goes away thinking there is some fault with the people or with the church.

The ideal orator is one who is rich in being; and when he speaks, he speaks out of the wealth of his own nature. He is rich intellectually and rich morally. He has that noble ideal which is one with the moral sense, and which is never swerved. Julius Cæsar said of himself in regard to government, "I am a fixed star." Whether he was or not we leave history to judge, but certainly the ideal orator is a fixed star. He cannot be swerved from the right; he cannot be swerved from the truth. He believes that truth is omnipotent, and that he is its servant. He is rich sympathetically; he feels with all individuals and all sorts and conditions of men. If a public speaker feels with a certain class and no other his power is exceedingly limited. The true orator is rich benevolently; every pain that afflicts another individual touches him to the quick. If you suffer, he suffers with you. If you are poor, he is poor with you. He never sees a servant working at some menial labor but that in his heart he is laboring, too. His arms ache for their fatigue; his heart aches with their burdens; he knows no class as a class; he only knows "humanity, and humanity crucified." He knows them as susceptible to success and failure; he knows them as capable of suffering and enjoyment. As he takes them all into his heart, and as his sympathy enlarges, when he speaks he speaks with the voice of thousands—not only "with the voice of many waters," but with the voice of many people; for there in his heart

they suffer and enjoy, they hope and fear, therefore he is voice for them. Why? because of some trick of his? Oh, no; he sympathizes with them, feels with them, is one with them. The man who loves only a certain class can speak very well to that class; but even that class will more quickly respond to one whose heart throbs with the touch of humanity. The most selfish and exclusive people in the world don't want to listen to a speaker who has the same characteristics. They want a speaker whose heart is bursting with love. A person who despises his neighbor does not want to listen to an orator who despises him; he wants to listen to an orator who is no hater of persons, but one who brings him what he needs. The more sordid, the more exclusive and unsympathetic, a man is, whether he knows it or not, the more he needs sympathy and benevolence, and he will certainly follow the man who will give it to him.

We are influenced by the man who brings us what we most need. I have heard people say, "If you speak in public you must pander to the aristocratic." There is no pandering about it. A successful speaker stands for truth, love of human nature, love of mankind, and, to a certain extent, the meanest men in the world will be influenced by him. It is an interesting study, this study of human nature. People contradict their theories by their

conduct, oftentimes being influenced by that which they think will influence them least.

What shall I form as my ideal? First, let me say to you what all thinkers for eighteen hundred years would have said,—that the dominating thing in your ideal should be the determination to be useful to others. That which will help you in this very much is to study the lives of the orators. You will find they were great lovers of humanity. When your mind and heart are filled with the same love which inspired these great orators, when this love has become a part of your existence, wherever you are, your very atmosphere will send forth love, happiness, and helpfulness.

The presence in this world of a great, loving soul is mighty. We say of the law of gravitation that the force is invisible, and is not patent to the senses. We cannot hear it, see it, nor smell it, and yet it dominates everything. I believe there is in human nature a form of power which transcends the law of gravity, and that is the power of love, the power of benevolence. This power dominates the universe. It is the keynote of the mighty universal anthem; it is the tune to which all nature is set. When you are born of this spirit you are born to power, you become the embodiment of power; and when you speak or act or move power is being exerted. Power that reaches hearts, lifts human beings, and makes more of others,—this is the power of the orator.

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Dost thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.—*Benj. Franklin.*

Men must know that in this theatre of man's life it remaineth only to God and the angels to be lookers-on.—*Bacon.*

Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.—*Emerson.*

Clinging to truth, to light, to love, one is rich anywhere, with a wealth the world can neither give nor take away.—*Lilian Whiting.*



Pulpit Orators of America.

EDITH M. McDUFFEE.

IN my reading, some time ago, I came across this statement: "Oratory is the art of influencing conduct by the means of truth, sent home with all the resources of living man." All the resources of living man! I gazed at the page in amazement. But, however we may differ in our opinion of the latter part of the definition, we shall doubtless agree that the last test of an orator is his power to influence conduct.

Our subject, then, is a noble one. We are to speak of the men who, from the pulpits of America, have sent their message with an aim so sure that it has become imbedded in the life of the nation; for when those who sneer at ineffective preaching have grown weary, when it has been sadly admitted that our pulpits, as a rule, are not yet equal to their matchless opportunity, when all the books are in, which tell us why our young men do not go to church, it must still be admitted that in the making of a mighty nation our pulpit orators have played a decisive part.

Think of the influence of the preachers of Puritan days! We take up a volume of their sermons now and imagine that we detect through the musty covers the odor of brimstone. But when the living voice spoke the words they kindled in those that heard a spirit that knew no compromise with evil. Nor was all the preaching of that early day denunciatory. The men who stood under the sounding-boards in the rude little churches did much to inspire the dream of a great republic where righteousness and liberty should be supreme.

It is with wondering interest that we read of our so-called "revival orators"

of the past. One studies their work and its results with something of the same feeling that he would have marked the effects of the Charleston earthquake. We say it was strange, it was unnatural! Yet we cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that there was something grand and awful in its power. And not more surely has the shaking of the earth left its mark on solid stone walls than have the convulsions of religious fervor, which, from time to time, have shaken different portions of the country, left their impress on the life of the people.

The oratory of the American pulpit has ever changed with the changing life of the nation. The call for "preaching for the times" is not a new cry. The modern preacher does not believe that men must needs grow hysterical as they approach the entrance to the kingdom of God.

The sensational style of preaching is being left more and more to the votaries of the Salvation Army; and that man often finds himself mistaken who goes to hear some of the great leaders of the "Army," or of the "Volunteers," expecting to hear even from them a noisy, tempestuous address. He will doubtless hear something vastly better. He will probably find a man or woman, quiet and self-contained, speaking with the convincing eloquence which comes from daily sympathetic contact with suffering human hearts. Whether we have much or little sympathy with our great evangelists and pulpit agitators, we have all seen and felt their power.

Perhaps you remember going to hear Francis Murphy preach his gospel of temperance. You remember what

you found,—platform, aisles, and galleries packed with people. And if we judge the power of an orator through his effect upon his audience, those faces were a study in oratory to be remembered.

There was a man who preached for a time in this city, during the early part of the year '97, whom we would be slow to call a representative of American pulpit orators. Yet that he is an American, that he spoke from a pulpit, and that he is a remarkable orator cannot be doubted. Some of us went to hear him one night—not so much because we wanted to hear him as because we wanted to *have* heard him. Instead of the noisy rant which the published extracts of his sermons had led us to expect, we found a man of quiet manner, with a mellow Southern voice, holding a great audience in absolute control. During a stream of talk that was sometimes almost offensive, there flashed out now and then a truth pure and sparkling as a diamond, or a stinging rebuke sent home with truly Emersonian "precision and definite aim." Far be it from us to presume to be critical! But this is the least that can be said,—those who study the varieties of effective speaking will do well to hear Mr. Jones—at least once.

When speaking of American evangelists, probably the first name which comes to almost every mind is that of D. L. Moody. Judged coldly as a speaker Mr. Moody is perhaps disappointing; but if the test be a knowledge of the art of influencing conduct, we must grant to him a laurel wreath.

But it is not of evangelists that we desire particularly to speak. There have always been a few men identified with our church life who have towered head and shoulders above their fellows. Perhaps, in the ranks of American Methodism, no one has been more con-

spicuous for his eloquence than was Bishop Matthew Simpson. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1810, he became successively a student of medicine, a college professor, college president, and was for thirty-two years a bishop of the Methodist Church. Other men of his Church have been as gracious in character and as broadly intellectual; it was as an orator that he surpassed them all. In his time men were not hampered as they are now by the knowledge that a cold-blooded stenographer is taking down the sermon, and that it will confront them to-morrow from the printed page.

It is said that there was nothing about Bishop Simpson's appearance to indicate the wealth and power within him. Says one who heard him: "As he gradually worked himself into the heart of his subject, as feeling gathered, as he became increasingly sensitive to subtle, sympathetic influence proceeding from the audience, his quavering tenor voice grew penetrating, resonant, sympathetic, impassioned, the stooping figure became erect, the dull eyes were kindled into a blaze by the long-pent-up fire within, his thought seemed to play over his face like a luminously radiating atmosphere, and unconsciously one felt the force of the description, 'the ugly man who becomes beautiful when he speaks.'" The effect of his preaching was magical. Professor Churchill says that on one occasion when he listened to him it was "preaching like a full orchestra, with hallelujah chorus."

When Matthew Simpson was three years old one was born in Litchfield, Conn., who was destined to be, for forty years, almost without a rival in the American pulpit. Henry Ward Beecher had the advantages of a childhood in the country, a boyhood in Boston, and a young manhood amid the

experiences of college life at Amherst. He graduated from the Lane Theological Seminary, and in 1837 accepted a call to a little church in Lawrenceburg, Ind. Two years later he went to Indianapolis. But he was meant for a kingly service, and in 1847 he was called to Plymouth pulpit, which was to be his future throne. The orator as king and commander was never more in evidence than when, in 1863, he spoke to English audiences concerning affairs in the United States. He himself said that it was like speaking to a storm at sea. If that be true, there must have been something almost divine in the eloquence that could still the tempest.

Said one at the time of his death: "He was pre-eminently the Christian orator of the English-speaking preachers, and the foremost private citizen of the republic. In the lifelong warfare which he waged against the slavery of moral evil, he wielded the weapon of oratory with insight, simplicity, sympathy, sincerity, and strength. Lay on his coffin a sword, for he was a brave, brilliant, and effective soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity!"

Boston claims as her own the name that stands next to Mr. Beecher's in the annals of American pulpit oratory. We say that Boston claims him, but, in truth, Phillips Brooks belongs to the whole world. Reared in Boston and Cambridge, stimulated by acquaintance with such men as Felton, Agassiz, Longfellow, and Lowell, his heart and mind were awake early in life to that grasp of truth which made him what he was. Graduating at the Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Va., he preached for several years in Philadelphia, and then came to Trinity Church, Boston, where he remained for twenty-two years.

He preached a Christianity as broad and tender as the love of God. Men

who thought to listen to him critically found that they had given themselves an impossible task.

It is interesting to notice that the biographers of these three men emphasize the same thing as one great secret of the eloquence of each. This quotation was applied to Bishop Simpson: "Put me down as one who loves his fellow-men." Mr. Beecher's biographer writes, "No preacher has had such a capacity for feeling life, or has dealt with life, on the whole, so powerfully." And it is said of Bishop Brooks, "He knew the human heart as Thoreau did the New England woods."

Nor can I omit, in this connection, one other sentence from the Life of Phillips Brooks: "God the Father loving all men, man the child getting near to his Father,—these were the thoughts that formed his being and inspired his tongue and crowned with glory his life and death."

Here is "preaching for the times" that can never be outgrown. We do not believe that our pulpit oratory died with Henry Ward Beecher or Phillips Brooks. Their experience and example, what they became and accomplished, serve to enrich the life and speech of their successors. We say that nothing but a great message can make a great orator, and we profoundly believe that statement. But there are men in our pulpits to-day whose message would be almost irresistible were it not that some fatal defect in voice or manner comes continually between their audience and the truth they speak. If the human voice and body were meant to be cultivated, they were meant to be cultivated for the highest service. The time is coming when this fact will be more fully realized by those who study for the gospel ministry.

When our pulpits shall be filled with men who have trained body and brain

together, whose voices make no harsh discord to drown the voice of the Divine, American pulpit oratory will be what it ought to be.

Never before were the men in our pulpits so wide awake to the fact that to lead the spiritual life of a great people they must be in the front and not in the rear of the battle. The

clergyman who is a recluse belongs to the past. The clergyman of the future may study less of theological doctrine, but he will study more and more to learn of God in the silence, and of men in the noisy struggle of actual daily life. From that wider preparation and that sympathetic contact shall come the noblest eloquence.

## Vocal Expression as an Aid in the Study of Literature.

FRANCES TOBEY.

LITERATURE, in the true sense of the term, has to do with the emotions of the human soul. The true study of literature is not a study of words, of grammatical constructions, or of rhetorical figures. It is nothing less than a study of life itself, with whatever is best and highest in life. True it is that there is a dearth of teachers who can command the spirit, the motive, of a literary creation, and see the soul behind the words. "How shall we teach the boys and girls to know and love the best in literature?" This is the constantly recurring cry from our schools and homes. There can be but one answer. Only by presenting the best models before the youthful mind as living, throbbing organisms, pulsating with freshness and vigor, can we lead it to a true appreciation of the highest. Be sure that the process of dissection will never bring the beauties of a literary work to the ardent young mind.

It is through the divine faculty, the imagination, that all art has its origin. Through it all the arts are allied. Literature is no exception. One form of the soul's expression, it appeals to the soul through the same faculty that created it—the imagination. Vocal expression, or oratory, to use a broader

term, is peculiarly dependent upon this faculty. In the very nature of the art one cannot attain any degree of excellence in it without having his imaginative powers highly cultivated. The true technique of oratory is the technique of the imagination.

Why, then, is not the imagination most directly appealed to by a vocal interpretation of the poem, the essay, the story? The human voice is the most subtle, the most suggestive, agent of expression the soul can command. Through it the soul can so illumine the thoughts, feelings, and purposes of an author that they will burn their way into the mind of the listener. No one is better qualified to teach literature than the true student of vocal expression. One is no true student of vocal expression unless he becomes familiar with the best in literature with a view to revealing to other minds the beauties he has found. He must become the mirror in which the author's creation is flashed in due proportions, a living whole. If he be a true mirror, rather than a distorted one, he can open up realms of thought and imagination that would remain closed to the pupil if the printed page alone were his guide.

Every one is conscious that among the literary conceptions presented to



his mind in early life the ones that left a lasting impression were those that were flashed before him, as perfect creations, by a sympathetic reader. It may have been by the parent, the teacher of literature, or the public reader. It matters little who the medium was. If the medium was *true*, the spirit of the selection shone through and flooded the soul of the hearer.

On the other hand, it is quite as probable that the poem that was dissected for him by the teacher of English remains to him to this day a dead thing. Far be it from me to decry the conscientious, detailed study of English for the young. That is a fundamental requisite; but the teacher must never forget that it is only as each part serves the spirit of the whole that it is valuable. If you have taught merely the significance of a collection of words, as words, you have not yet led your pupil into the realms of literature.

Atmosphere is the highest of the unities in literature. It is the all-important thing to be taught, the great thing that includes all the lesser. The prevailing weakness in the teaching of English in our preparatory schools is the inability to awaken an appreciation of the atmosphere of a literary creation. This weakness would be overcome if our teachers of English were orators, masters of vocal expression. There is no way of leading a class to feel the atmosphere of a selection but by a vocal interpretation. Some may feel it in a degree after a careful study of the printed page, but not one will be definitely influenced by it as by a living thing until he has heard the selection read or has been led to express it himself to the class. If you would have a class acquire a sense of the ethereal delicacy of such an exquisite creation as "The Culpit Fay," you

must approach it from the side of vocal expression.

Nowhere is this principle better illustrated than in the power of the stage as an educator. Where does the average man gain his conceptions of Shakespeare's men and women? Not from a study of the dramas directly. His conception of a Falstaff, a Shylock, a Portia, is based upon an interpretation presented from the stage. And it does not necessarily follow that his conceptions are limited, for a true artist will so present a character as to suggest a boundless reach to the imagination.

There are forms of literature, indeed, that in their very nature demand vocal expression to bring out the fulness of their beauty. Who would be contented with a silent reading of Coleridge's "Christabel"? Mrs. Ritchie tells us that on hearing Tennyson read "Maud" she felt that she heard it for the first time. Such is the power of revelation of the spirit through the voice. Who could hear John Townsend Trowbridge read his stirring verses without finding a charm unknown before? Who, after hearing bits of most delicate impersonation and description from "Dr. Sevier" rendered by its author can resist the charm of the book? Who can doubt, moreover, that Mr. Cable is a greater literary artist, after so presenting the spirit of his work to others? I believe that no better training for the creative faculties could be given than a thorough development of one's powers of oratory. If one is thereby enabled to command a character, to touch the springs of the soul, to read underlying motives, what better training could he undergo for the creation of character in literature?

Vocal expression and literature, then, are mutually dependent. One can hardly develop his powers of oratory to

a high degree without gleaning from the fields of literature and interpreting to other minds the lofty thoughts of the wisest souls. On the other hand, one cannot afford to divorce the word from the vital sound which it symbolizes. True it is that word and sound are alike valuable only as they embody the idea, their spirit; but while the written word is at best but the beautiful dead form, the spoken word, the human voice, is the "incarnated soul." Through it will soul speak to soul and

sound soul-depths that might never be stirred by a solitary study of the author. The ability to appreciate the highest is in each young soul, though often long dormant. Let the teacher of literature beware how he deals with a power so sensitive and subtle. It is his to direct and develop this power by presenting the best models in the most vital and potent forms. This he will do when he embodies the beautiful form of thought as a living totality in the most perfect form of expression,—the spoken word.

### William Ewart Gladstone. \*

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

[*Author of "A Man's Value to Society," "The Investment of Influence," etc.*]

THE year 1809 was a proud year for America and England. It saw the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of emancipators; of Charles Darwin, the greatest scientist since Isaac Newton; of William Ewart Gladstone, the greatest statesman of the Victorian era. When Edmund Burke died, in 1797, Canning wrote, "There is but one event, but it is an event of the world; Burke is dead." And now that Gladstone hath passed from the strife of politics to where beyond these voices there is rest and peace, England and America have but one heart; that heart is sore. For this man, who revered his conscience as his king, was also one whose "glory was redressing human wrong." Early in his career this young patrician, with his genius, wealth, and power, took as his clients not the rich and great, but the poor and weak. Oft through voice and pen did he plead the cause of the oppressed in Italy and Ireland, in Bulgaria and Armenia, and countless reformers and philanthropists there are in this and other lands who in hours of discouragement comforted themselves

with the thought that this knight-errant of the poor was in Hawarden, and felt that our world was a little safer because the "great Commoner" was there.

Standing upon the summit of the Alpine mountains the traveller looks into sunny Italy or the German forests, toward the vineyards of France or the far-off plains of Austria. And Mr. Gladstone stands forth like some sun-crowned mountain peak, supremely great in every side of his character and career. He was a scholar, and with Homer lingered long before the gates of Troy, or with Pericles and Plato sauntered through the groves of Athens. He was an author, and the mere titles of his speeches and books fill twenty pages in the catalogue of libraries. He was an orator, and his eloquence was such that oft it seemed to his rapt listeners as if Apollo had come again—the music of the morning breathing from his lips. He was a statesman, and the reforms he proposed and the laws he created are milestones measuring the progress of the English people. Above all, he was a Christian gentleman, for religion goes

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with the name of Gladstone, as poetry with the name of Burns or Browning, as war with Wellington or Washington.

To all his other gifts nature added a genius for friendship. In Eton College his dearest friend was Arthur Hallam, whose virtues and untimely death Tennyson laments in the noblest poem of this century, "In Memoriam." Among his close friends at Oxford were Tennyson, Canning, Maurice, Lowe, and that youth who was to be known as Cardinal Manning. "No man," said Bishop Wordsworth, "ever heard Gladstone speak in his student days at Oxford who did not feel that he would rise to be prime minister of England." An indomitable physical constitution, a powerful reason, an almost flawless memory, an intuitive knowledge of men, rare common sense, imagination, moral enthusiasm, sincerity, moral earnestness, wealth, social position, — all these stars glow in the constellation of his nature. Nature and Providence denied no talent that could aid him in achieving a great career.

As a scholar and author his crowning characteristic was his intellectual hospitality. At eighty years of age, mentally he was still growing with the rapidity of a boy. His rule was to take up at least one new subject every three months. Therefore his life increased in freshness and zest as it advanced in years. For him life's best wine was reserved for the last of the feast. The most fascinating period of Gladstone's career was between those years named, — seventy and eighty-five. With biting sarcasm Disraeli once taunted him with being inconsistent, affirming that no man knew today what Gladstone would think or say to-morrow. He began, indeed, as a Tory, but ended as a Radical. During his long career his political views passed through many changes; but these changes represent not fickleness, but the

*evolution of a scholar.* His growth was first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. One of the tests of greatness is growth. Mr. Gladstone was vital to his finger-tips, and his growth registered itself in changes. Providence marched on, and the statesman marched on with Him. In his youth Gladstone was a pioneer, and in extreme old age he was still a scout, opening up new paths in the wilderness. He was an optimist, an innovator, and through all the smoke of battle and defeat he saw afar off the final victory.

Next to tales of heroism, men love tales of eloquence. In future years the eloquence of Gladstone will be among the traditions of great orators. In presence most elegant, in manners most accomplished, with a voice that was at will clear and silvery, or so powerful that men said, "It thunders," he poured forth harmonious thoughts in melodious tones. His victory over Disraeli is the most fascinating chapter in the long duel between the two rivals. In concluding his speech upon his budget, Disraeli spoke for four hours, with a power and passion, a sarcasm and bitterness, that he himself had never excelled. It was two o'clock in the morning when Disraeli concluded his argument and Gladstone arose to reply. If the oration by Disraeli was premeditated, the reply of Gladstone was of necessity largely extempore; yet he answered his opponent sentence by sentence, point by point, and for three hours poured forth facts, figures, and illustrations in an oration so polished that it seemed a strain of exquisite music, while the house hung entranced upon his oratory, unable to miss a single word or wait for the *Morning Times* to read the report of his speech. If Bright's style was more chaste and simple, if O'Connell excelled in occasional bursts of passion, if Burke's works possessed a richer rhet-

oric, and Webster's arguments seemed more massive, in the combination of his physical gifts, his mental and moral traits, Gladstone was the most magnificently equipped statesman of the century. What other man ever conquered from a bitter opponent such a confession as that of Randolph Churchill: "I have sometimes thought I could answer his arguments, but his character cast a feeling of awe over me." Never before,

perhaps, has the death of a man been attended with so world-wide an outpouring of grief, sympathy, and affection.

Gladstone belonged to a race of giants, not only because he was great in himself, but also because long companionship lent him something of the majesty of his divine Master. For the secret of the success of this hero who was at once orator, scholar, and statesman is the secret of the Messiah.

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## Developed Waists.

INEZ L. CUTTER.

THE more refinement one possesses, the more one shrinks from being conspicuous. To voluntarily appear different from other people requires courage.

We grow accustomed in college to seeing natural waists and free bodies, but in the world outside the strength of our convictions and our loyalty to what we consider true will be tested. When, by precept and example, we influence others to take exercises that will develop the trunk of the body, and to so dress that it will be free to act in accordance with its laws, are we advocating a principle of right, or following a fad in nineteenth-century culture,—a fancy in dress which may become the fashion for a time and then fall into desuetude?

In claiming that the torso should be not only natural, uncompressed, but *developed*, that it may perfectly perform its functions, we are recognizing the wisdom of the Creator. It has not occurred to many devout Christians that the God who could create the wonders of the universe, from the incomprehensible magnitude of planetary systems to the mystery of a flower's birth, could also make a woman. He whom we worship as omniscient needs no points from a

French corset-maker as to how a woman ought to be shaped.

Development of the torso means health. Our mission is to carry to the world the results of our advantages here. We have studied the construction of our bodies. We know the position of the internal organs, the necessity of their being held at their proper altitude, and of their having room in which to act. We know the quickening of the vital organs produced by proper respiration, by the alternate contraction and relaxation of the muscles that surround these organs and hold them in place, and by reflex action upon the nerves that supply them. We know that no woman who laces ever escapes without at least a slight lateral curvature of the spine, and we realize the harm done the delicate organs of the lower trunk by the pressure of steels and whalebones. These questions concerning health are moral questions, because service depends upon health of mind and body. Dr. Emerson distinctly states that there is no such thing as a sound mind in an unsound body. The young, who later will be the fathers and mothers of the race, have resting on them a sacred responsi-



bility to see that neither vanity nor cowardice prevent them from attaining the highest possible condition of physical perfection. May our Emerson boys realize their responsibility in this matter! Nothing concerns the higher welfare of one sex that does not equally concern that of the other. Each sex desires the approval of the other. This desire is right; it is instinctive, and therefore God-given. When men openly commend healthful dressing, with the freedom and power it brings, women will gladly adopt it.

Development of the torso means beauty. In our book on physical culture we are told that the habits and history of the human race prove that there is nothing for which human beings are willing to suffer so much as for the attainment of beauty. "If we look deep enough we shall see that this love of being beautiful springs from an innate desire to be perfect." The desire, then, is right; it should not be suppressed, but directed.

Through the development of their æsthetic nature, women can be most easily and rapidly led to habits of exercise and dress that will promote health. How is this education to be accomplished? First, the mind must be led to recognize true criteria. The beauty of the human form as God made it, with its unbroken lines and soft curves in outline and movement, should be studied as an ideal. Spend an hour in the Greek rooms of the Art Museum, and then look at a modern fashion monthly. The conventional figure is not beautiful. The body is a mass from neck to hip. The lines converging from shoulder to waist and diverging from waist to hip form an angle rather than a curve. The shoulders become square and prominent from trying to crawl up out of the corset. The pressure of steels on the unprotected portion below the ensiform carti-

lage causes the body instinctively to withdraw in an endeavor to escape this pressure. The bust is thus thrown forward and the posterior backward, making both unduly prominent. The lines produced are ugly and, to the eye of the artist, vulgar. In this position the head naturally inclines forward. Fashion demands that the head be erect; it is therefore drawn, or rather *thrown*, back, and so retained by force of will at a constant strain on nerves and muscles. To the casual observer this position may appear erect, and individuals become so accustomed to maintaining it that they are often unconscious of discomfort; but *the strain is there*. Persons become accustomed to a wooden leg; that does not prove that it is preferable to a natural one.

Secondly, society must be educated æsthetically by women who adopt hygienic dressing. Hygienic dressing must be made beautiful; beautiful because it follows the natural lines of the form. Every generation has produced some sensible and conscientious persons who have refused to be slaves of fashion, and who have insisted on so dressing that their bodies were free; but these persons, as a rule, have sacrificed utterly the æsthetic possibilities of gowning. There is a great work for Emersonians who will stand daily for the unity of health and beauty. People have no real objection to being comfortable if they can be so without sacrificing appearances. Create a *demand* for gowns that are both artistic and healthful, and a supply to meet the demand will be forthcoming. The mind of the artistic designer is now given to creating along conventional lines because women demand it; but this ability and energy, now devoted largely to the mere gratification of vanity, will be devoted to furthering both health and beauty when *women demand that*. On those to whom knowledge has come, and

who have the means to follow ideals in dress, there rests an imperative responsibility. Show your sisters that freedom, health, and beauty are one. We can even dress to the service of God if we dress in a manner to make the truth attractive.

The glory of our system of physical culture is its obedience to universal law. Law is the manifestation of God's will, and to obey law is to come into oneness with Him. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us,"—that beauty which comes from obedience to His laws.

## Expectancy a Law of Success.

FRANCES E. KARNAN.

INHERENT in the organism of every being in the universe—no matter what the undertaking or the purpose thereof—is the demand for success.

All through our lives, since the days when our baby understanding began to open to the significance of words, we have had held steadily before our mental vision and drilled into the very fibre of our being the wise old maxim: "Persistent effort is the secret of success." True as this saying appears, it is but half the truth, for there is another and higher law—the fruit of a finer perception—which enters largely into the problem and renders the final decision as to whether the result of the persistent effort be success or failure. It is the law of expectancy,—a law with which we become familiar in the Emerson College "responsive work,"—the same law that is embodied in the words of the Master when He declares unto His followers: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Expect them and they are yours.

"What things soever ye desire." Now, it is unquestionable that every one desires success; but does that desire always contain the element of expectancy?

Somewhere, I have read the story of an old lady who, wishing to test for herself the efficacy of prayer, resolved to be satisfied with nothing less than what she conceived to be the supreme test,—removing the mountain.

After spending the greater part of the night upon her knees in earnest petition, she arose at early dawn and hastened at once to the door to make sure that her prayer had prevailed. But no, there stood the mountain, grim and defiant, towering majestically into the gray morning sky.

It was enough. In tones of disappointment, suspiciously tinged with satisfaction, the dear old lady exclaimed, "The old thing is still there, just as I expected it would be."

Here, then, is the question for each one to face and answer for himself: "Am I praying, believing that I already have—am I working with the expectation of success?"

"There, I knew I should make a failure of that," said an earnest and faithful student, after an unsatisfactory recitation.

"Then surely you are not disappointed," I replied, "since the result is just what you expected."

"No," was the hopeless answer, "I am used to failure. You see, I was not organized for success."

"Not organized for success!" I exclaimed. "Then begin at once to reorganize yourself."

For a moment his countenance brightened, but again the look of despair veiled his face as he asked, "But how can I,—if I was not organized for success,—how can I hope to succeed in reorganizing myself?"

This seemed a pertinent question, but instantly the truth which should meet this demand for light flashed into view, and I answered, "Success is of the Infinite,—the Divine Absolute. Failure belongs to the human, the finite, the limited. You have within yourself the power of reorganization. Here is your prescription." And I referred him to the words of one of the world's great masters; words which strike at the very root and foundation of this matter, and which should be daily food for every student in this college; words which, if understood and lived, would forever remove all doubt and discouragement from the mind of the most hopeless and sceptical. The passage may be found on page 107 of "Physical Culture," by Charles Wesley Emerson: "Every human being has descended from two direct lines of ancestry,—the human and the divine. The human line is but the condition through which the race is perpetuated, not the cause—the cause lies deeper than human heredity; it lies in the divine nature.

"We are the children of the race: on this side comes limitation, taints of disease, tendencies to particular weaknesses. We are also the children of God: on that side lies health, strength, and longevity. If in looking up the ancestral stream you find weakness and disease on the human side, rally with all your will, perseverance, and wisdom on your relation to the Universal, the Infinite, which gives each generation the opportunity of rising far above the generations that have gone before." Here we have a gem of inspired thought, and the key to character-building.

Does despondency, weakness of purpose, or fear of failure seem to be your inherent tendency? Then arouse yourself, and "rally with all your will, perseverance, and wisdom on your relation to the Universal, the Infinite," for success is an attribute of Almightyness, and the source of your being is in the Almighty. You

may reorganize yourself in accordance with your highest ideal of Divinity by holding that ideal in mind, training every faculty in that direction, and persistently expecting to see it become manifest. Your expectation must be of that quality which amounts to knowledge, or it is none.

I have never been able to understand why the world admires and cites as a model the wise man who "carries his umbrella in the sunshine." To me he seems a very foolish man indeed, to squander his strength and wear out his umbrella carrying it about in pleasant weather as a provision against a possible rain. No doubt by the time the rain comes and he really needs the umbrella it is in tatters.

No! There must be no picture of a possible failure in the mental horizon of the student who would realize his highest possibilities; no provision for such a result. He must see only success; know only success; live only success.

Rise into the heights of your divine nature, and there search for an ideal which shall demand and justify your sublimest effort; focus your every attention upon that point, and then expect with calm certainty to see it actualized. You cannot conceive of an ideal too lofty; you cannot expect a success too complete.

One more thought—and here in truth we stand on holy ground. Since that success which we must desire and expect is an attribute of Infinite Life, since it belongs to the realm of Absolute Good,—that good which is good for all,—it follows that it is a part of the universal heritage, the right of every child of God. Therefore, as we aspire and expect for ourselves, so must we aspire and expect for each fellow student, seeing in him the same unlimited possibilities, holding for him a like lofty ideal, and expecting for him equal success.

Only as we become conscious of the oneness of all life and develop within ourselves the spirit of helpfulness, do we work in harmony with the law of our being,—the law of Divine Love.

To grasp these truths, and live them, is to dwell in the pure, ethereal atmosphere in which this glorious institution—the Emerson College of Oratory—was born, lives, moves, and has its being.

## Character.

EMERSON C. WHITE, LL.D.

ALL life is dual. It has an inner being and an outer manifestation. Nature is but the visible manifestation of that Infinite One who is its source and life. The thunder is Jehovah's voice, the lightning His swift messenger, the wind His breath. The towering oak that defies the hurricane, and the tender blade of grass that trembles beneath the burden of a dew-drop, alike speak of Him who, through all things diffused, sustains and is the life of all that lives. There lives and breathes a soul in all things, and that soul is God.

This principle of life duality is eminently an attribute of man. Not only has he two natures, a physical body and an indwelling regal spirit, but each has its inner life and its outer life—a duality of existence. In the moral life these two existences are distinguished by the terms "character" and "conduct." Character is the inner principle of the moral life; conduct, the principle in its outer visible flow. Character is the fountain; conduct, the outflowing stream.

Character is not only the inner principle of the moral life, but it is also its result—its creation. Every act of the soul leaves as its enduring result an increased power to act, and a tendency to act again in like manner. Power and tendency are the resultants of all psychological activity, and the power and tendencies resulting from ethical action constitute moral character. Character is the total resultant of man's moral life. The human soul is not a mere canvas on

which life throws her images of thought and desire only to vanish again, to give place to their succeeding shadows. Every thought, every emotion, every aspiration, every purpose arising in the soul, leaves its impress there and becomes a part of it. Man thus becomes a human soul. The thought I am now thinking, the feeling I am now cherishing, will live forever an inseparable part of my existence.

The roots of what we are to-day run back under the soil of all our past life, and touch every past thought, emotion, and experience. Within us is all our past life, if not in actual fruit, in flower or bud or life-bearing power. The tree does not bend beneath its burden of luscious fruit as the result of a single day's sunshine or shower. Not a ray of sunlight has ever played over it, not a rain-drop or dewdrop has jeweled its leaves, without contributing something to the burden of glory which at last crowns it. So in life. The successful performance of the simplest of to-day's duties may have placed under tribute a whole past life of preparation, and to-morrow's failure may date way back to some apparently trifling experience. Success in life is not the outcome of intellectual or moral emptiness. Homer makes Ulysses say, "I am a part of all that I have met." The deeper truth for Ulysses would be, "All that I have met is a part of me."

Nor am I unmindful of what is claimed for the hereditary element in



character. But what is heredity but those transmitted powers and tendencies which are the resultants of ancestral life? Besides, the first human soul was endowed with powers and tendencies not hereditary, and every soul since born has come into the world with innate capabilities as well as hereditary tendencies. Evolution fails as a philosophy of character. It assumes that human action, both voluntary and involuntary, is predetermined, necessitated; but this assumption flies in the face of conscious experience. In her soul-lit realm, consciousness transcends in certitude all objective evidence and all inferences of logic.

My next point is that man's real influence flows from his inner life—that indwelling character is the source of man's power and success. Back of all a man does or says is the man himself. It is this inner man that is so mighty in influence, so irresistible in action. The deed is but the window through which the man is seen. Indeed, all influence springs from a supposed reality. The lofty mountain which pierces the blue dome of heaven above us, the ocean with its crimson waves issuing from the setting sun and rolling a river of suns to our feet, awaken emotions of majesty and sublimity, because the one is majestic, the other sublime. It is the reality that moves us. The very presence of a truly great and good man exerts a mysterious power over us. Wendell Phillips tells us that O'Connell's audiences were always disappointed by the evident reserved force and beauty that lay back of his resistless eloquence. They wished O'Connell to put all of himself into speech, but the more he put into his words the more they saw back of them. This is the secret of oratory. It is the man back of the speech, the orator back of the oration, that is power. "Words

have weight," says a recent writer, "when there is a man back of them."

This leads to the fact that man's inner life is wrapped in no inscrutable secrecy. Character may be veiled, but it cannot be concealed. It is self-luminous. Every desire, every emotion, every purpose of the soul, has its outer sign and expression. It may be true, as some physiologists claim, that every feeling arising in the soul is attended with bodily movement; though I am not prepared to believe that all feeling is body-born—that we do not cry because we are sorry, but are sorry because we cry. But our psychical life is manifested in our bodies, and so we wear our lives on the outside, as we wear our garments. We are thus known much better than we think. This outer expression of the inner life explains the art of the detective—an art that picks out a rogue in a crowd or "spots" him as he alights from a railroad-car at a station.

Whatever may be the means by which our inner life shines out through this outer environment, of one thing we may all rest assured: what is in us will out in spite of all our shams and coverings. It is genuine character that tells, and no hypocrisy can long counterfeit or conceal it. If angels inhabit our inner sanctuary, their bright forms will be seen at the open door, and their music will be heard from the towers of our life; but if imps and demons of passion and appetite possess the heart, they, too, will show themselves at the windows, and their discords will burden the outer air. It is true that there is a great difference in the transparency of different persons. Some carefully draw the curtains of their inner life to shut out sight; others fill the soul's windows with stained glass to let in light, and, at the same time, exclude sight; and still others, more secretive, try to hide their desires and purposes in the soul's dark cellar.

But all is futile, for in due time the enticing knock of some strong temptation will open blind and door, and the secret purpose will leap into the daylight, and the inner man be disclosed. The only safe life is one that will bear unbolting; that will stand the searchlight when it is turned upon it.

Let us, in conclusion, carry this beautiful doctrine into life, and learn a few of its many practical lessons.

This doctrine explains the formation and power of habit, and especially of moral habits. Every act of soul or body leaves, as an abiding result, power and tendency to act again in like manner; and every repetition increases such tendency. When an act repeats itself, unless resisted, habit is formed. Addison calls attention to the fact that mental habits are not so easily formed or sustained as those of the body. A virtuous and true life is an ascent, and every step upwards requires the putting forth of a new energy. Vice, on the contrary, is a down-hill slope. Every step adds to the momentum of its victim. Man sows a desire and reaps an act; he sows an act and reaps a habit; he sows a habit and reaps a character; he sows a character and reaps a destiny. Thus, in four sowings, a wrong desire may end in a fearful destiny.

This doctrine constitutes the practical philosophy of personal influence. It is a great mistake to suppose that character and influence can be divorced. You might as well attempt to separate the stream from its fountain. Where genuine character is wanting there will always be missed that irresistible charm and power that come from indwelling goodness and manliness. We cannot become influential by the passage of a resolution. Our words must bear the stamp of a true life or they will not pass over the counters where genuine influence is exchanged.

All that has been said leads to the one conclusion that character and influence are not accidents of life. They neither spring from the ground nor fall from the sky. They are in the man at once the result and the reward of noble living. Emerson says that every one born into the world has "all nature for his dowry and estate," but no one ever possesses more of this inheritance than he takes into himself. It is possible for a man with nature for a dowry to live and die a pauper. We shall carry from this world what we have lived; all else will be left behind. A true life is the abiding riches.

In the light of this truth, how wise the words of Horace Mann, to the young: "When bewildered by social display or tempted by the seductions of flattery, face the east. Orient yourself." Begin each new day by turning your back to the night, your face to the light, your soul to heaven. Orient yourself. Pitch not your tent on all the plain of sensual indulgence, and turn not by the wayside of life to feed on garbage or drink from the Circean cup that can transform you into a beast. Live true to the noble and divine impulses of your nature, and reason and religion, nature and art, the universe within and the universe without, will spread daily for you the repast of a king.

The grandest result of human life is manhood, and the regal fact of manhood is character. A noble character is at once the joy and the victory of life.

"The world wants men — large-hearted, manly men;

Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong the psalm of labor and of love.

The age wants heroes — heroes who shall dare

To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;

To clutch the monster Error by the throat;

To bear opinion to a loftier seat;

To blot the error of oppression out,

And lead a universal freedom in."

George Eliot in Her Writings.

LUELLA PHILLIPS.

BEFORE we attempt to discuss George Eliot's writings, let us pause for a moment and think of the woman herself. Let us think of her as poor, misunderstood, unappreciated Maggie Tulliver; let us think of her away at school, and of her countless successes there; let us think of her before and after her marriage to Mr. Lewes, and then of her successful career as an author.

After having seen her girlhood occupied with an extraordinary variety of studies, having seen her plunged into abstruse metaphysical speculations, having seen her laborious studies in German, French, Latin, and Hebrew, is it possible for us to expect anything but the best from one who knows so well what is best?

It has been truly said that rarely has a novelist come to her work with such a breadth of culture, such an intellectual grasp, as George Eliot possessed. Do her writings reflect this extraordinary equipment? After a somewhat thoughtful study of her works, after carefully comparing them with those of Scott, Fielding, and others, and remembering the truth of the statement that "whatever quality may command a temporary popularity, no work, either in poetry or prose, has ever maintained its hold on public admiration without excellence of style," it is probable that the style of George Eliot's work is excellent. Another quality of her work readily observed, even after a hurried reading of her novels, is its originality. What other author has been able to write of the humdrum every-day affairs of life in such an interesting manner? In the story of "Amos Barton," by some considered as fine as anything she ever wrote,

we find an example of this, and think, as some one has stated, that it is a long time since we have read anything so fresh, so humorous, and so touching.

In "Adam Bede" her art is as strong and masterly as in the "Scenes of Clerical Life." It is here that she carries her readers by imagination into real places, and introduces them to real people in such a manner as to create sympathy for their wants, trials, and sufferings. We find her pitiless, however, in her analysis of Hetty's shallow little soul. To quote her own subtle, far-reaching interpretation of beauty, "Hetty's face had a language that transcended her feelings." Here we feel the vividness of her coloring. She makes her scenes stand out clearly; for instance, the dairy which proves so tempting in contrast to the hot, dusty streets. "Such coolness, such purity, such fresh fragrance of new-pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water; such soft coloring of red earthenware and creamy surfaces, brown wood and polished tin, gray limestone and rich orange-red rust on the iron weights, and hooks, and hinges."

It is said that in depth and richness of humor George Eliot not only takes precedence of all other distinguished women, but she stands among them without a rival. "Mill on the Floss," perhaps more than any other of her works, verifies this statement. The distinguishing feature of this novel, however, is not so much in its freshness of humor or wealth of portraiture as in a certain passionate glow of youth which emanates from the heroine and seems to warm the story through and through. For passion, pathos, and poetic beauty

of description, "Mill on the Floss" is certainly unique among George Eliot's works.

"Silas Marner," published soon after this, is called her most finished work, not only because of the symmetry with which each part is adjusted in relation to the whole, nor because of the absence of those partly satirical, partly moral, reflections which usually accompany the action of her stories, but chiefly because of the simple pathos of the central motive into which all the different incidents and characters naturally converge. "Indeed, for humor, for sheer force, for intense realism, George Eliot, in the immortal scene at the rainbow, may be said to rival Shakespeare." The exquisite picture of Eppie's childhood, the dance she leads her soft-hearted foster-father, are things to read, not to describe unless one could quote whole passages of this delightful idyl, which for gracious charm and limpid purity of expression is said to recall some of those pearls among prose poems written by George Sand.

In "Romola," her next book, we get an idea of her thoughtfulness shown in the way she depicts Florentine life. This is a majestic book, grandly planned with an architectural dignity of structure. In the details of this historical picture, however, we find a taint of cumbrousness and pedantry. 'We miss the splendid natural swiftness and ease of movement found in her writings before this. The description of the married life of Romola and Tito is unsurpassed in George Eliot's novels for subtlety and depth of insight.

In "Felix Holt" there is something forced and inadequate in the fitting of one set of events to another, as every one will agree after struggling to understand the ins and outs of the Transome property, yet the groundwork of the story is deeply impressive.

"Middlemarch," written five years after this, is said by some to be her greatest novel; indeed, George Eliot herself considered it so. Here she compares voice to musical sounds; for instance, she speaks of the staccato tones of a voice. She said, "Dorothea's voice is like the voice of a soul that has once lived in an Æolian harp."

In "Daniel Deronda" and "Theophrastus Such" we find her ironical and sarcastic.

Her literary method was that of Fielding and Thackeray, both of whom influenced her. Their realism, and especially their method of comment and moral observation, she made her own. Comparing her with Fielding, she is more simple, more refined, more elevated in tone of thought. She has a deeper and richer purpose in her works. She is fresher, more genuine, more poetic, than he, with more of humanity.

Comparing her with Scott, in her own field of activity she is greater than he. Scott could not have written "Adam Bede" or "Middlemarch," or brought out what is best in those works. Adventure was necessary to Scott. He could not have transfigured the plain and homely with beauty as George Eliot did. However, there is wanting in her books that freshness of spirit, that faith in the future, and that peaceful poise of soul which is to be found in the writings of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Mrs. Browning. An air of world-weariness and fatigue is about all her work, even when it most stimulates with its altruism. Perhaps this is due to her religious belief. Being an agnostic, life had no wide horizon for her, and how could she give one to us? Nevertheless, where she is at her best, as in the simple scenes of "Silas Marner," there is a style, pathos, and sympathy in her writings which must endear her to all hearts.



Prof. H. E. Holt.

A SHADOW fell on the gladness of our opening month in the loss, on October 18, of one long identified with the interests of the college, Prof. H. E. Holt.

Professor Holt was a teacher of singing for more than thirty-five years. The past twenty years he taught sight-singing in the public schools of Boston, and was one of the earnest workers who have placed Boston schools foremost in musical excellence. In our college the study of music is optional with the student, but those who have taken the musical course throughout an entire year have reaped remarkable results. The noble wife who shared Professor Holt's purposes and labors will carry on his work among us.

Professor Holt left a perfected system of sight-singing—a system which has been taught with marvelous results in the United States and in England, and for which there is a growing demand. Years ago he claimed, in the face of opposition and ridicule, that *all* could learn to sing accurately in pitch and tune, and he has long demonstrated, among children and adults, the truth of this assertion.

Out of the memories of a friendship which covered fifteen years Doctor Emerson spoke to the students feelingly of Professor Holt as man and teacher.

"A great and good man has stepped out of the ranks; a sweet spirit, sympathetic, sincere, loving as husband, father, and friend. He had always a cheerful word for his comrades, fellow-teachers, and pupils, and was ever ready to help others. Children loved him, and his influence with them was extraordinary.

"Like all musicians, Professor Holt possessed the artistic temperament. He was a man of keen sensibilities, and had unbounded enthusiasm for the truths he was teaching. In the development of his knowledge of pedagogy in singing, Professor Holt touched the psychological principles which underlie all teaching. He taught the human *mind* to sing, and when the mind can sing it will instruct the voice. The 'Holt System' was written in the laws of the human mind. As he himself said, he learned it from the children.

"Professor Holt was the man of this century to set forth the principles of sight-singing. His work will not stop; he will sing through the minds and voices of others. He left us in the seedtime. The seed had been sown in a few minds; countless minds will reap the harvest."

I. L. C.

Compensation.

JEAN INGELOW.

ONE launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea;  
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down;  
He meant much good, none came: 'strange destiny,—

His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,  
Yet good he had not meant became his crown;  
For, once at work, when even as nature free  
From thought of good he was, or of renown,  
God took the work for good, and let good be.

So wakened with a trembling after sleep,  
Dread Mona Roa yields her fateful store;  
All gleaming hot the scarlet rivers creep,  
And fanned of great-leaved palms slip to the shore;

Then stolen to unplumbed wastes of that far deep,  
Lay the foundations for one island more.

## College News.

### **The Southwick Literary Society.**

THE first meeting of this society for this season was held in Berkeley Hall on Friday, October 28. The president, Miss Annie Blalock, conducted the business meeting. The following officers were elected: president, Miss Elsie S. Powers; vice-president, Miss Ruff, '99; secretary, Miss A. Evelyn Lewis, '99; treasurer, Miss Cousens, '98.

Miss Powers introduced Prof. Wm. G. Ward, who was welcomed enthusiastically by the students and their friends. Professor Ward prefaced his lecture with the remark that he had *heard* of Emerson College and was pleased to appear before its students. The lecture was sociological,—“The Training of the Future Citizen.” Practically the question becomes: “How Are the Other Half Going to Vote?”

Professor Ward spoke of Mr. George's experiment with boys of the city slums, showing that even such boys can be taught self-government. Through this they may be taught the meaning and necessity of State government and how to become intelligent parts of the citizenship of our land. They are given the opportunity to *earn* all they receive, and so become independent and self-respecting.

The work in Felix Adler's school for teaching the children of Russian refugees, in New York City, and the work among the Indians and in Reform Schools, is of similar character. *But* the startling fact is that the *average American boy* receives *no* training for citizenship! There is *no moral* basis in our public-school teaching. Our public schools are not *immoral*; they are simply *unmoral*. Dr. Ward spoke clearly and with convincing force on this point. He did not, for an instant, advocate

introducing religion into schools, but he did insist that moral training is an urgent and important need. His plea was for some teaching that would lead the boys and girls to prepare themselves for service for others.

Knowledge is power; but it may be used for bad as well as for good purposes. Our criminals are not an ignorant class, but they *are* deficient in morality. The end of all personal development is service to others. But we have educated the intellect, and neglected the moral, the social, and the æsthetic elements in human nature. How shall we correct this? How shall we develop the whole man?

Dr. Ward here spoke of the value of manual training in moral education. He said: “Intellectual dishonesty, known as ‘cramming,’ causes moral dyspepsia. Hand-work is free from this great fault, for in the co-operation of hand and brain any cheating would be too apparent to escape correction. So the boy comes to love honesty, and to form some idea of utility. Moreover, such is the irony of fate that brain power *is dependent* on the work of the hand.”

Children may be taught, too, that the only true beauty is that of mind and heart. This would tend to overcome that feverish desire to possess wealth which blights our land to-day. The law of beauty, appreciated and taught in school and home, would do much toward solving this problem.

D.

### **The Summer School.**

THOSE who attended the summer school at Cottage City can testify that there is no more satisfactory way of spending a summer than to take work in the Emer-

son College Department of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. Here we can truly combine work and pleasure, for we find pleasure in all the work and some labor in the aquatic sports. Aside from the attention given to recreations, the atmosphere is radiant with concentrated mental activity in this oldest and most comprehensive of summer schools.

Lectures, given by great educators, are provided for the students, and broadening influences abound. An important factor in these influences is the spirit emanating from the Oratory Department.

It is indeed a privilege to present our work to eager, responsive, mature minds. And Miss King and Professor Kidder fully appreciate and improve the opportunity to awaken interest and enkindle enthusiasm for our truthful system of education.

There was a large and sympathetic class working with marked unity of spirit and purpose. The enthusiasm culminated in a delightful reception to our beloved teachers. And who can tell how much the various inspirations added to the life purposes of all present?

The regular work was interspersed with readings from Miss King and her lecture on "Expression Necessary to Evolution," which were most heartily received.

E. E. B.

#### **Will Allen Dromgoole.**

THROUGH the intercession of a student, a friend of Miss Dromgoole's, she visited us Friday morning, October 28. She did not come to us a stranger; often have we been brought heart to heart with the author of "The Heart of Old Hickory." As the interpreter of her own creations she was unknown to many of us. We knew, however, that the love and insight, the delicacy of perception, which had portrayed the Governor and his staunch little friends would ring true in the expression.

Miss Dromgoole did not disappoint us. She gave us the children of her brain with that finer appreciation of their worth which always characterizes the mother—because she *knows*. We needed no better evidence that the negro dialect was true in its delicate suggestiveness than the faces of our sons and daughters of the sunny South.

We thank Miss Dromgoole for the morning's entertainment; we thank her for the dainty volumes she so generously left in our library; and above all, we thank her for bringing her personality closer within the radius of our thought and feeling. T.

#### **The Class of '99.**

AN important meeting of the Senior class was held on the afternoon of October 28. Miss Stevenson, the president for the past year, spoke warmly and eloquently of the great need for united and harmonious work through the class organization. Her earnest words met a sincere response from every member of the class.

The class of '99 begins the year's work standing together, *one* in spirit and purpose, determined to carry the college standard to heights never before attained.

The greatest harmony prevailed in the business meeting. The following officers were elected: president, Miss Ada Lewis; vice-president, Mrs. Smalley; secretary, Miss Tobey; treasurer, Miss Eddy.

#### **The Senior-Freshman Reception.**

ON Friday evening, October 22, a reception was given by the Seniors to the Freshman class, to welcome into our family the new members. It was a happy party that met in the College office, and bright smiles and hearty handshakes were given with good cheer. We mean much when we say we are proud of our

new members, and we welcome them most heartily into our midst. We were glad to have several members of our faculty with us. Their presence added much to the pleasure of the evening. Light refreshments were served in the library, and just before dispersing for the night all joined in singing some of the old college songs. The evening was voted a most delightful one by all present.

A. E. L.

### Our Chorus.

THE Emerson College Chorus has entered upon the second year of its existence with great enthusiasm and every prospect promising success. Under its able leader, Mr. Everett Johnson, who came to Emerson from the Oberlin Conservatory, the chorus is fast becoming one of the pleasantest features of our work here. The rehearsal is on Thursday, at 1.15 o'clock—an hour when you are all free from other classes.

Come and sing with us! The gentlemen are especially urged to come and help. We need your voices to complete the harmony.

D.

### Personals.

Prof. Henry L. Southwick has a very fine position this year as Master of English and Oratory in the William Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. This institution was established by William Penn, and is of the highest standing. Professor Southwick's position allows him liberty for work on the lecture platform, where we well know he is a most inspiring orator. We look forward to seeing and hearing Professor Southwick at Emerson this winter. We think of him as a helper and friend, and have a hearty welcome ready for his coming.

Miss Merritt and Miss Masson have been added to the faculty of the college this year. Miss Merritt is doing regular work in the Department of Oratory,

and Miss Masson is assisting Dr. Dickinson in Rhetoric and Psychology, while taking postgraduate work. There is no doubt as to the ability of these ladies as teachers, and they have already endeared themselves to their pupils as friends.

Mrs. Martin, '99, has been giving her picture-drama, "Prisoner of Zenda," in New England and elsewhere with the most flattering success. From many favorable press notices we select the following item: "She put her whole soul into her thought, and the large audience was thrilled with her eloquent words."

Miss Fanny C. Luscomb has been teaching Physical Culture at the leading hotels in the White Mountains of New Hampshire during the past summer, with marked success. The earnestness and accuracy of her teaching is an inspiration to her pupils, and has produced excellent results. She has won many new students, who pronounce the Emerson system the best ever introduced, and who look forward to a continuance of the work next summer.

"Miss Carol L. Colgrove, recently graduated from Emerson College of Oratory, has been secured to take charge of the Physical Department of the Young Women's Christian Association. A large number have already registered, and the outlook is very encouraging for a large class. T course, which differs from that of previous years, will consist of the Emerson system of physical culture, Roberts's system of gymnastics, together with popular games."

Miss Louise Downer is teaching in the afternoons at the Quincy Mansion School at Wollaston, Mass., while doing postgraduate work at the college every morning.



## Alumni Notes.

Miss Catharine M. Tinker is teaching at the State Normal School at Moorhead, Minn.

Miss Anna J. Guernsey is teaching in Red Bank, N. J.

Miss Mary F. Tice has a very fine position to teach the Emersonian work in Johnstown, Pa.

Mr. Charles D. Rice is presenting the work in Midland College, Atchison, Kan.

Mrs. White is teaching in Hillsboro, Ark.

Miss Blanche L. Keating is teaching in Grove City College, Grove City, Pa.

Miss Etta J. Collins is doing private teaching in addition to her postgraduate work at college.

Miss Ethel L. Latham is teaching in Fayetteville College, Fayetteville, Tenn.

Miss Grace I. Little is teaching in Sulphur, Ky.

Miss Clara M. DeLano is doing very successful private work at her home in Montclair, N. J.

Mrs. Pfeiffer, formerly Miss Frances Holbrook, is teaching in Oswego College, Oswego, Kan.

Mr. Harry S. Ross has a fine position in Worcester Academy, Worcester. He writes: "Besides the work in elocution, I have the English work that was taught by an instructor from Harvard last year."

Miss Luella Phillips has a position in Miss Round's private school for girls — one of the best schools of Greater New York. She writes: "I am very happy in my work. I have nine classes in Elocution, one in History, and one in English. . . . The girls are delightfully teachable."

Miss Ada B. Dean has a good position in Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. Theresa L. Kidder, '98, after some time spent in normal teaching at her home in Arlington, made a successful business trip to "Evangeline Land." She spent six weeks in that province, lecturing, reading, and teaching, and also took a prominent part in the Prohibition Plebiscite campaign just closed. Mrs. Kidder was the only lady sent out to speak by the Prohibition League, and was the first woman to address the public in that section, consequently arousing a good deal of curiosity. Her experience in visiting some of the famous gold-mines and in addressing the miners was unique and interesting.

The following students have returned for postgraduate work: Ellen M. Andrews, E. Estelle Barnes, Eleanor G. Barrett, Mary C. Breckenridge, Etta J. Collins, Emily B. Cornish, Nellie L. Cotton, Harriet S. Cousens, Jos. H. Crosby, Inez N. Cutter, Gertrude Davies, H. Pernal Dewey, Louise Downer, Gertrude Fox, George H. Galpin, Fred M. Hall, Harriet A. Howell, Alice Hutchinson, Helen Sanborn, Mary Sherman, Bertha Shafter, M. Eden Tatem, Flora G. Whittaker, S. Ernestine Witherell.

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THE EMERSON COLLEGE CHANSONETTES ARE almost indispensable to students who are teaching, especially those who are teaching physical culture. Send \$1.50 to Mr. E. E. Sherman for a copy. He also has a large stock of type-written cuttings desirable for readings.

### EMERSONIANS AND FRIENDS.

In soliciting advertisements for the College Magazine care has been taken to select reliable firms. Therefore the management earnestly requests that, in so far as possible, subscribers and readers of our publication give their patronage to those who advertise in our columns in recognition of the substantial aid received from them.





HON. JOHN W. DICKINSON.

# Emerson College Magazine

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DECEMBER, 1898.

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## Emerson College Magazine.

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TRUTH beloved ever spurs forward in the race after excellence in expression. Truth rising up within you will move to tireless labor that you may find for her fitting forms; and if words be indeed the vestments of Truth, we shall see that they are exquisitely fitting and worthy of the goddess, for Truth is too dear and sacred to be shown in rags or soiled garments. Conscience in seeking means conscience in the speaking of the truth.

J. S. MACINTOSH.



The Seventh Volume.

Has it occurred to you that this is the seventh volume of our magazine? This is significant of prosperity and happi-

ness coming from the experiences that such an advanced age indicates. As Jean Ingelow's child says,—

"I am seven times one to-day!"

Do not imagine, however, that we are oppressed by the weight of years. Far from that! Seven is yet so young that, although we profit by the past, we face the future gladly and bravely. We know that it holds yet better things for our College and for our magazine. Yet beyond doubt seven is a charming age.



### Professor Southwick's Visit.

One of the bright spots in the history of the month just past is the visit of Professor Southwick. Notice of his reading of "Richelieu" will be found in another column. It was a rare privilege to hear this wonderful rendering of Bulwer's mighty drama, and a great pleasure to see and greet our dear friend and teacher. Professor Southwick will be in Boston again for the Christmas holidays, and has promised to visit us! We may hope *then* for the "speech" which was called for in vain on the Saturday morning following the reading. Some of you may be disappointed that we are unable to publish Professor Southwick's introduction to "Richelieu;" for your comfort be it said that we are to have a contribution from him in a later number.



### The Perry Pictures.

We are to have, beginning with the present number, a series of articles on American literature, illustrated by pictures selected from the Perry collection. You will see that these pictures are the best that can be made. We are espe-



cially favored in being able to make arrangements to have them printed for you. We hope you will enjoy this new feature; also that it will *serve*, as all illustrations should, and turn your minds to the consideration of American literature.



#### American Literature.

The articles in this series are not intended to be exhaustive or final. Let them act as finger-posts to point you to the works of the authors mentioned. If your interest is stimulated in the direction indicated our purpose will be attained. Books *about* an author are of little value except to turn our minds toward the truth of his life, as shown through his words.

Among those who have promised us contributions for this series are Mr. Malloy, Professor Ward, Miss Powers, Miss Phillips, Mr. Paul, Miss Tatem, and others of our more advanced students. We hope that you will find the whole series both helpful and interesting.



#### Our Frontispiece.

We are pleased to present you this month with a picture of our honored teacher and friend Dr. John W. Dickinson. For more than five years Dr. Dickinson has been connected with the College as lecturer in Rhetoric and Psychology, and all those who have come under his instruction have felt the discriminating power and strength of his intellect. In educational circles in Boston he has been helpfully prominent for a long time, holding for seventeen years the position of secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education. Dr. Dickinson is a graduate of Williams College, studied psychology under the renowned Mark Hopkins, and brings to his work the full experience and ripe thought of

years of careful study and gracious living.



#### Christmas-tide.

This month brings us two very significant, and we hope, happy days. First to come is the closing day of our first term. It is a time to pause for a moment before we take up the new term's work. We are impressed by the fact that opportunity is a bird which flies in a straight line. After it has passed us it comes not back again. To change the figure, there is

"No backward path; ah! no returning;  
No second crossing that ripple's flow."

It is well that this is true. We may be sure that whatever is lovely and true in our past lives we may take with us in our characters, and whatever is unlovely and false we can, by divine help, cast into oblivion. This is the essence of hope and brings to us the revelation of divine love. Is it not the message which the humble shepherds heard on the plains of Bethlehem, the message which the earth hears again at every Christmas-tide? "Fear not!" Do not dwell upon the imperfections of your life. "For behold! I bring you good tidings, of *great joy*, which shall be to all people." Here is a way of salvation from all that troubles and distresses you; a way which leads to larger and freer spiritual life; a way to actualize in daily living your part of the benediction, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Margaret Bottomo says: "Christmas means eternal hope, and you must enter into the spirit of Christmas in order to have a real Christmas — a spirit of hopefulness. Bear in mind that hope has to do with the *future*, and never with the *past*. Whatever you have *not* that is good you must say, 'I shall have it; it is in the future for me.' Christ was born to tell us of an everlasting Father and of an everlasting love."

## The Mission of the Orator.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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THOSE who have entered this College have chosen oratory as their study or profession. Let us ask the question, not merely what books and ideas are involved in this study, but let us also look into its heart, — into its central tendency, — and ascertain, if possible, what the mission of true oratory is.

The first mission which I will mention is the mission of *conquest*. We have heard and read a great deal about conquest and about conquerors. Perhaps the historic conquerors occupy a higher position in the world's esteem than they ought, but I will not discuss this. Certainly it is inevitable that the conquerors should occupy a very high position in the esteem of masses of men. When we think of conquerors we think of Philip of Macedon, of Alexander, of the Cæsars, and of the Napoleons. We cannot imagine that Philip of Macedon had any other ambition than that of making himself ruler of the states of Greece and of the adjacent countries. Alexander, his son, never manifested any other disposition in life than that of becoming a ruler of men. When he had conquered the states of Greece he was not satisfied. He pushed out into the mighty kingdom of Persia. There is no indication that he had any idea of reforming or of benefiting the conquered territory; his only thought was of conquest. In these great conquerors this love of conquest, which belongs to human nature, was the love of overcoming men simply for the sake of conquering. It is a perversion of the natural instinct. We can accomplish nothing in this world without overcoming

difficulties; they are blessings in disguise. We walk not only by obedience to the law of gravity, but by overcoming the resistance of the earth. The bird flies by contesting its power with the air. The resistance of the air furnishes the occasion for the bird to fly. The resistance of the earth furnishes the occasion for man to walk. If there was no resistance, there would be no development of strength and power; and more than this, if the consciousness of resistance did not inspire a reaction, there would be no development of power. When man is healthy and normal, he is inspired by resistance, and when this is gone, he has lost much of his inspiration.

One thing that marks the moral progress of the world is the change from age to age in the character of its conquerors. The early conquerors were mere butchers; they loved to spill blood; they had a passion for killing; they boasted that they wished to conquer merely for the sake of overcoming. Their ambitions were no higher than those of persons who go hunting simply for the purpose of killing innocent and harmless animals. All who kill for the sake of killing, whether man or beast, stand on the same level. Love of killing is a perversion of the natural love of conquest, just as drinking of unhealthy drinks is a perversion of the natural appetite for water. Napoleon and Cæsar were more than mere conquerors for conquest's sake. They were great statesmen. They improved the countries they conquered. To-day no nation would dare think of conquering

simply for the sake of conquest. In the recent war with Spain, had America's purpose been mere conquest it would have brought down the indignation of all the nations of the earth upon her.

The orator is a conqueror. He should look about him for things to conquer with more eagerness than did Alexander of old, when, as the story goes, he wept because there were not more worlds to conquer. The orator's first conquest is the *conquest of self*, — not the crushing nor the annihilation of self, for we should not break down anything God has given us; we should simply direct it. We find that there are two spirits within us: one that loves truth and goodness, another that brings us into captivity, and it is this latter spirit which we should conquer. We should break all the fetters which bind us. The love of what seems to be personal enjoyment and personal indulgence often brings us into captivity. Not that any person loves evil for evil's sake, but he loves something which seems to him to have a sweetness in it. I shall not stop with this general idea, but pass more specifically to the work of the orator in fulfilling his mission. Outside of himself, but intimately related to himself, he finds some other things to conquer; namely, *the conquest of oppression*. How much the world has suffered from the oppression of the strong! "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn!" Orators should resist oppression, not only for their own sakes merely, but for the sake of others. The orator should "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." Many eloquent tongues have immortalized themselves by their resistance to oppression. In our own country the Revolutionary fathers, from 1775 to 1780, were developing in the colonies a disposition to resist a foreign

government and make themselves free, and this spirit gave birth to some of the most eloquent passages ever uttered by human lips. The great orators have always resisted oppression, and pleaded for the freedom of humanity. They believed that resistance to the oppressor was service to God.

Oppression oftentimes takes another form, that of persecution, and this the orator must zealously resist. He must teach the world that thought is free, and that no theory or philosophy is permanently established because some persons have advocated it, but that all theories are open to investigation. The spirit of the persecutor is, "Cursed be he who doubts my theory." The *forms* of persecution have changed from age to age, but the spirit of persecution has been the same in all ages. It is a spirit of evil, and it has in it the worst kind of oppression. It ties the fetters the closest because it binds minds as well as bodies. Men can and have endured having their bodies bound in servitude, but they cannot endure having their intellects bound in servitude. It is the mission of the orator to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." It is his mission to let the light shine so that people shall see that the pathway of progress is not closed. There are certain vital questions which confront every new generation,—questions of life and destiny, questions concerning Deity. Some of these questions have been answered by certain people who have organized themselves together with the determination that no other answer shall be given except the one already formulated. Of course helps have come to us from the past, and helps will come in the ages that are before us; how long it will take the human race to answer these questions we cannot say, for they are questions that involve the infinite. Is it right for the finite mind to attempt to

solve questions that involve the infinite? Undoubtedly, yes! It is as necessary to study the problems of Deity as it is to "study to be like Deity." Jesus commands us to study Him so that we may be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect. The orator should always encourage the spirit of investigation, for there is one foe, one oppressor, that always did and always will join with all forms of oppression, and that is ignorance. The orator cannot blast ignorance with a word, but he can bring light to men's minds, and when this comes ignorance flies.

The mission of the orator not only involves the conquest of oppression, persecution, and ignorance, but it has a *defence* to make. The defence of the laborer against trade is one which is worthy the best efforts of the orator. Labor has an intrinsic dignity. When God drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden and said, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread," the best thing possible was done for man's physical, moral, and spiritual nature. The laborer is not only worthy of his hire, but worthy of honor. At one period in the world's development the laborer was despised. No other class of men was held to be so mean. The pirate was noble compared to the peasant; the nobleman would sooner invite a robber to his table than a laborer. In our present civilization we are not entirely rid of this idea. Who would not think that it lowered his dignity somewhat to take a broom and sweep the street, or to go out and shovel snow in front of his neighbor's house? If it was necessary for us to scrub the floor, should we feel quite complacent if our rich sister should happen to call at that particular time? Should we feel as if there was dignity in what we were doing? If labor has an intrinsic dignity, then surely if we are called to work on our hands and knees there is

a dignity in it. We kneel only that we may rise the higher.

From instinct I always bow to such a laborer, for even though he be a stranger to me, yet I know one worthy thing of him, and it fills me with a desire to take off my hat and make my best bow to him, even though he is performing the most menial labor. How could any of us live if it were not for the men who dig the ditches in our cities? How could we get our water-supply, or how could we keep the streets clean and pure? Nobody wants to do this menial labor, there is no particular physical pleasure in it, but it must be done. We could not live if it were not done. One needs only to look at London when the great plague swept over it to see a picture of what Boston would be were it not for the men who dig the ditches. Some said London's plague was a dispensation of Heaven, because the people did not believe this or that, or practice this or that ceremony. Scientists knew full well that it was because the city was not properly drained. Looking on this picture of death in London, which destroyed such a large proportion of its inhabitants and which will ever be remembered in history, reveals to us how valuable is the man who digs the ditches. Off with your hats to him and defend him; if you have a spark of oratory in you, speak for him. Speak for the laborer who manufactures the material out of which our clothing is made; speak for the sewing-women who work up this material into garments. If the canvas could be lifted on the sewing-women you would see under what pressure they are working. If you want a holiday you have it. They have none. Legal holidays do not affect them; they are working by the piece, not by the day nor the week nor the month. If they take a holiday "mother" starves; "mother" is sick and can have no medicine if they take a



holiday. Children cry for bread, and cry in vain, if they take a holiday. Oh, these hard-working women whose fingers would have been worn off long ago had it not been for nature's kindness in throwing out on the surface of the fingers what seemed to be an artificial growth to protect it! Nature defends the sewing-woman better than our laws do. She throws out that added substance on the fingers which defends them from the prick of the needle and the wearing of the thread. Oh, there is no tragedy more horrible to look upon than the condition of many of the sewing-women in our cities. They must sew or starve! They do not choose it. Many of them were once as well off as you are, as well educated, as refined, but poverty has brought them down to hard work or starvation. Many of these women would rather have died than have entered upon this service, but others were depending upon them. *They* could starve, but they could not see their loved ones starve. Trade has taken advantage of their necessity, and says, "We will pay you only so much for making that garment," and in consequence many garments must be made to get pennies enough with which to buy one meal. Some of these women work on the eight-hour plan, eight hours in the forenoon and eight hours in the afternoon. Many more work twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. It is almost three times eight with them!

What can be done? As orators you can call the attention of the public to their needs. The orator's field is to advocate the truth, and thus educate the sentiments of mankind. He should be armed with the sword of the spirit; he should slay men with the breath of his lips. Agitate the question, and ways and means will be devised by which the ills can be remedied. The great orator is the great agitator. He does not agi-

tate for the sake of agitating, but for the sake of wise ends. The orator does not defend humanity by destroying the oppressors. His mission is not to destroy, but to build up. In advocating his cause Wendell Phillips sometimes found it necessary to refer to persons, because certain great principles had become incorporated in those persons and in order to awaken the minds of the masses to truth and justice it became necessary to attack these persons. He said that he would never speak a word against any human being except when that human being stood for a certain principle and he could not make the people see the principle without doing so. All this proves that every great orator has seen this thing clearly: that he is not sent into the world to make war on persons. If you would defend the poor, you cannot do it by attacking the rich. If you would defend labor against trade, you cannot do it by attacking trade. Many merchants would be among the first to change conditions if they could. They would say, "Clerks should be better paid. God knows we would do anything to help them, but such are the conditions of trade that we cannot give higher wages without giving up the business. Competition is the tyrant that is crushing the laborer. If all the merchants would agree to pay living wages to the sewing-women who are working themselves to death, we could bring about a change; but if only two of us say that we will do it, there will be nine hundred and ninety-eight against us who will not do it. Therefore they will sell goods lower than we can and live. Goods cannot be sold at what we sell them for now and still pay the laborers justly what they earn." There is a magnificent spirit of benevolence to be found among many of the merchants, therefore it would be unwise and unjust to attack persons. We do not want to make war between the rich

and the poor. The interests of mankind are one.

It belongs to the orator to show this to be true, to enlighten people on this subject. We not only should be brothers, but in our common interest we are brothers. We have need only to bring man to a recognition of this. The laborer is not only to be defended against trade, but he needs to be defended against himself. How shall we defend him against himself? He has learned of his so-called superiors to be dishonest, to get something for nothing, to get pay for service not rendered. When the laborer is paid small wages, his tendency is to slight his work and thus lose the mental discipline which comes from carefully executing the details of his work. The orator must show the laborer that skill always commands a good price, that a competent workman is always in demand; then he will be inspired to put his best effort into every piece of work he executes. The orator must agitate these vital subjects. He should never be dismayed. When he attempts to defend human beings against any evil, he will find that it is braided in with a thousand others. He must smite with the sword of his mouth, for reforms are needed in all lines, both political and social. He has no time to attack the Jews who lived two thousand years ago. There is work to be done to-day. The skilful orator makes men think from a moral point of view. I am not sure but what there is enough mental activity in the world if it could only be directed into the right channels. Turn the intellect toward a subject of right and wrong, and conscience springs to your help. We want to raise people's ideals very high. Do not think that you will study oratory so that people will praise and applaud you, and send for you on polite occasions to make polite addresses. Such a speaker is very soon *passé*. For popular work,

even, people would rather hear the old war-horses, men filled with earnestness upon the great questions of the conduct of life.

I have mentioned two things, namely, conquest and defence, as belonging to the mission of the orator. I shall now mention another which should be kept constantly in mind, and that is *advocacy*. The orator is not a condemner; he enlightens and lifts up; he awakens others' minds to the love of liberty; he overcomes the oppression of trade by carrying intelligence to those who suffer from it and who are instruments in it; he carries a torch which never grows dim. Ignorance and sin are darkness; the orator carries the light of intelligence into this darkness. He never overcomes evil with evil nor slander with slander. He overcomes falsehood with truth; he advocates the right and the wrong disappears. The orator, first of all, advocates *ideals*, and the world is made better by his advocacy. The orator who tells you that the world is bad, that it is very bad, does nothing toward reforming it. The world is ready to say, "Yes, we are all bad enough." If I should say to you, "We are all miserable sinners," you would not dispute me. Further than that, you would say, "Lord, have mercy upon us." Hold up the ideal of goodness, and the world will look upon it and be affected by it. Christ embodied this idea when he said, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." It is not so easy to paint ideals of goodness as it is to decry evil. It requires a person of industry, energy, research, and hard work to picture a better life to people. To call names is not difficult; it constitutes no part of eloquence. I tell you again, the orator is not the condemner of people. The moment he essays to be a condemner, that moment he steps down from his high estate. We should be advocates of people, advocates

of ideals associated with persons. People care very little for abstract ideals; they want to know that some one did an ideal thing. For illustration, tell them some ideal thing that George Washington did, if it is nothing more than relating the incident of his telling the truth about cutting down the cherry-tree. We are interested in persons, and this interest that humanity feels in persons is the orator's stock in trade. If you would have people fall in love with truth, tell them of some person who lived in obedience to it. Paint that person in relation to it until they feel that another angel has been added to their knowledge. Let the rising generation feel that all people are not bad, and that many, many more thousands of people practise ideal virtues than has yet been recorded. Writers of fiction should realize that people would far sooner read a book that tells of some moral hero than one that tells the exploits of some villain who was successful only in his villany.

One of the chief secrets of the success of Sir Walter Scott's writings is that he painted the virtues of moral heroes. Homer has immortalized himself as a painter of heroes, but his characters did not display such noble heroism as those painted by Sir Walter Scott. When Homer has ceased to be read, every young man of any degree of imagination or intellect will read Sir Walter Scott. Moral heroism is immortal. He who can paint it is immortal because he has painted it.

To-day it is often said that writers should describe things as they are. This is what I say; do not write like a liar and the father of lies. I once knew a preacher who seemed to have the gift of speech, and yet he was not successful in his profession. I never knew a man who could paint the exceeding sinfulness of sin more strongly than he could. He could tell you how damnable it was to do

wrong, and that the wrong-doer was sure to be damned. Some one said to him one day, "Why don't you speak of good men sometimes, so that we can get an idea of some one who has practised righteousness?" He replied, "I will tell you why. I once knew an insane man who went around the streets imitating some one sowing grain. He kept crying, 'Weeds, man, and tares! Weeds, man, and tares!' Some one asked him why he did not sow righteousness and wheat instead of weeds and tares. He replied, 'The soil will not bear them, the soil will not bear them, the soil will not bear them.'" This minister defended himself on the idea that the crazy man said so. If a man ever told you that this world would not bear righteousness and wheat he was either crazy or else he was a liar. What do you know about honesty except as you find it in persons; of kindness, only as you find it in persons? I do not like the spirit of criticism which is so commonly indulged in in all classes of society. Listen to the conversation of a group of people gathered for a social evening. As they assemble around the table which is spread for tea, take a closer view and see what is really upon the table. Some person is being discussed. He is laid out alive upon the dissecting-table, and coldly and deliberately he is being cut to pieces. If this is not vivisection, I do not know what is. They are dissecting the person, not that they may find his virtues, but his defects. The orator's mission is not to dissect but to advocate. There is too much of this cold analysis. Until you get away from it you will never be great. The only excuse you have for dissecting is to find the good, and you will not need to cut very far to find this. You say, "I do not want to be unsociable; the others talk about it. I do not want to call attention to myself." This is what the young man who takes the first glass

of liquor says. He does not want to be unsocial, and in that way he becomes a drunkard. The orator can stand alone with his God and truth. Credit or discredit, it is for him to be an advocate. Advocate your neighbor. Being an advocate in private life will make you a mighty advocate in public life. How it builds up heart and tongue to do this! Here are hundreds of you together. What an excellent opportunity for you to ask if such a one knows such a person in such a place that you happen to know! This is natural; this is right. You say, "Did you ever hear what a mean thing he did at one time?" "No; what was it?" Oh, now you have an audience. You tell something that makes them think of something. On the other hand, what an excellent opportunity it is for you to speak of something good about that person! I know no person in this world that I do not know something good about. I shall spoil all my powers of eloquence if I do not bring forward that good thing. Every true teacher looks to find the good in his pupils, and if he constantly keeps this before their minds their faults will disappear. Praise the good that is in a sinner and he will be much more likely to break off his sins than if you simply hold his sin-

fulness before his mind. If his sins are piled up around him, by and by he cannot see over them, and he will cry, "I am a poor, miserable sinner, anyway; it does n't make any difference what I do." On the other hand, find the one virtue which he possesses and praise this, and very soon another virtue will come forward. Continue to appreciate the two and soon there will be a third. Affirmation, affirmation, affirmation, is the work of the orator; denial, denial, denial, is the work of the empty head. It takes a power of mind to believe and affirm. The orator must possess this power. The orator must also be able to relate the principles which he advocates to the Infinite. Show that if a person has one virtue, so far is he related to the Infinite. Has he given a cup of cold water to anybody who needed it? In so far he is related to the Infinite Benefactor. Has he done one honest deed? This relates him to the Divine. This spirit of advocacy reacts powerfully upon the orator. Dwelling upon the faults of your enemy makes you miserable; dwelling upon his virtues makes you happy. Blessed is the privilege of the advocate! There is laid up for him a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give him at that day.

### A Yellow Pansy.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

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To the wall of the old green garden  
A butterfly quivering came;  
His wings on the sombre lichens  
Played like a yellow flame.

He looked at the gay geraniums  
And the sleepy four-o'clocks;  
He looked at the low lanes bordered  
With glossy growing box.

He longed for the peace and silence,  
And the shadows that lengthened there,

And his wee wild heart was weary  
Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden,  
I know not how it came,  
A single pansy is blooming,  
Bright as a yellow flame.

And whenever a gay gust passes  
It quivers as if with pain,  
For the butterfly soul that is in it  
Longs for the winds again.



## Studies in American Literature.

### Washington Irving.

FRANCES TOBEY.

THE year that signed the treaty of peace between the New World and its Mother Country ushered into existence a man who was to be one of the most potent factors in reconciling the discordant elements between the two kindred powers. On the third of April, 1783, in a house on Williams Street, in New York City, was born the child destined to become the first American man of letters.

Washington Irving was peculiarly fitted by nature and by circumstance to draw into closer touch the kindred elements of England and the United States. Cosmopolitan,—a man of all time and all peoples,—born of an English mother and a Scotch father, he wrote of England and English institutions as the Englishman would write, and yet he portrayed scenes and characters peculiarly American as could only one native-born.

The youngest of eleven children, frolicsome, joyous, fond of sports, and a rapacious devourer of tales of travel and adventure (an appetite that was nourished by stolen readings of "The Orlando Furioso," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Sinbad, the Sailor"), Irving received a fragmentary and desultory education. He heartily disliked mathematics, and throughout his life he was not bound down by system or routine. At the age of sixteen he left school, without a collegiate education, and entered a law office; yet he doubtless was more in his element when making the frequent trips up the Hudson, which his frail health made advisable, and to which we owe many of his later creations. About this time appeared the letters of "Jonathan

Oldstyle," which were published in the New York *Morning Chronicle*.

At twenty-one years of age his health demanded a change, and he embarked upon a sea-voyage, making his first visit in Southern Europe. He found Washington Allston in Rome, and becoming an art enthusiast, nearly decided to adopt painting as a career. He met Humboldt, De Staël, Cooke, and Siddons, and made countless friends wherever he went. In 1806 he returned to America and gave his attention seriously to preparation for the bar, to which he was admitted a little later. At the same time he was associated with James Paulding in concocting the "Salmagundi," a series of papers modelled on the plan of *The Spectator*. These appeared in New York semi-monthly, and were received with enthusiasm. A little later was begun that masterpiece of rollicking humor, "The Knickerbocker History of New York," which was published in 1809. A few of the old Dutch families were offended by the obvious "caricature," as they called it, of associations sacred to them; but cultured people in general read it with delight and were captivated by its inimitable charm.

About this time Irving became a partner in certain commercial enterprises with his two brothers. During the War of 1812 he served as military aid to General Tompkins. In 1815 he made the second visit to Europe, a visit to be prolonged through many years. His literary standing was assured, but up to this time his work had been desultory, and the press of circumstances which could influence him to adopt an exclusively



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WASHINGTON IRVING.



literary career was wanting. This soon came, however, in the bankruptcy of the firm in which he was involved with his brothers, and during the greater part of the seventeen years abroad he toiled faithfully for the maintenance of those dear to him. It is probable that to this reverse of fortune we owe much of his most valuable work.

In 1820 "The Sketchbook," the first number, was sent from London for publication in America, to the surprise of the English critics, who could not understand why he did not bring it out in England. Their reception of the book, however, was most gratifying to the American and his fellow-citizens, coming as it did from a people who had just asked "Who reads an American book?" He was at once ranked with Goldsmith; and as number after number of "The Sketchbook" followed and was early published in London, he was everywhere fêted and regarded as the lion of the day.

"Bracebridge Hall" was sent out from Paris in 1822, and was pronounced by some of the critics to be not inferior to "The Sketchbook." Three or four years were spent in Spain before the return voyage, and to them we owe "The Life of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." In Spain, as elsewhere, the kindly gentleman made hosts of friends, and he was afterward most warmly welcomed by the nation when, at the suggestion of Webster, he was sent as minister to Madrid.

On his return from the seventeen years' sojourn in Europe his country gave him such an ovation as is tendered to few citizens in a generation. He seemed now glad to pass the remainder of his days in his native land, and so made a home for himself and relatives at Sunnyside, on the Hudson. Here his house was open to every visitor, and he was sought by both humble and great.

Here were written "The Life of Washington" and "The Life of Goldsmith." Although for a few years he accepted the appointment as Minister to Madrid and performed the duties attached to the office faithfully and tactfully, yet the routine of duties and responsibilities oppressed him, and he was glad to return to the quiet life at Sunnyside. Numerous relatives were dependent upon him here; it is said that he had no less than nine nieces in his household at one time.

During the last months of his life he was a sufferer from a lingering cough. On the twenty-eighth of November, 1859, he dropped to his chamber floor without warning, dying instantly. So passed away the man that two continents delighted to honor.

So much has been said of the literary merits of Irving that it is superfluous to dwell upon the exquisite good taste, the genial breadth of humor, the peculiar elegance, that mark his style. As a model of style, his place is no less assured than that of Addison or of Goldsmith. Campbell said of him that "he added clarity to the English language." His style is purity itself, yet it never descends to the commonplace. Back of everything we may say of it remains that rare literary flavor, that peculiar essence of the mind of the man, which is indefinable, but whose charm is very real and potent, whether it displays itself in the gigantic humor of Knickerbocker or in the elegance of the essayist and the biographer.

A singular sweetness marks much of his work; some of the papers in "The Sketchbook" are most melodious and rhythmical. The characters and landscapes are painted with a few bold strokes, and are as real to our perception as if apparent to the senses. Who cannot shut his eyes and see the village of Rip's nativity, with the various friends who welcomed that happy-go-lucky fa-



vorite from his long sleep? What artist could not reproduce Ichabod Crane and his blooming Katrina on canvas with unerring accuracy?

Irving is distinguished above most men of genius by a due sense of literary proportion. This it was that made him remarkable for a sustained and even literary career. It is conceivable that men of greater intellectual vigor may arise, but we may hardly think to see one who shall create so much of worth, and all in due proportion—whose work proceeds always from a perfect serenity and poise. If, as biographer of the Father of his Country, another might have followed more brilliant and striking flights of fancy, it is to be doubted whether another could with such fidelity have shown us our hero in his true relation to the times in which he was the central figure. It is never Irving's way to call attention to his style. In this, as in other respects, the work is the natural exhalation of the spirit of the man.

And here at last we touch upon that that has made, and continues to make, the man of letters universally loved. It is the *man* in the page—the gentle, affable, benevolent, whole-souled gentleman, who found every child delightful because it stirred a response in the perennial youth in his heart; every woman beautiful because she appealed to his boundless reverence for the sex; and every man his equal because he saw in him a brother.

His sensitive spirit was never aggressive. He ever avoided controversy, and, while he was a true and zealous citizen, his peace-loving nature shrank from an active political life. Almost any career was open to him had he been willing to assume the duties and responsibilities of office.

One influence that doubtless colored Irving's whole life we have not yet

touched upon. This was the beautiful love-story of his early manhood. While studying in the law office of a Mr. Hoffman, he formed a deep attachment for that gentleman's charming daughter, Matilda. While he was seriously considering the choice of an occupation that might insure sufficient income to warrant his union with her, the lovely girl of eighteen died. With her died Irving's first and last dream of a family hearth. That he buried his great grief deep in his heart and was ever the sunny optimist to the world but heightens the pathos of the tragedy. After his death a casket, the key to which he had always carried, was found to contain, with a faded manuscript, a beautiful miniature, a lock of fair hair, and a slip of paper bearing the name *Matilda Hoffman*.

How great a blank this failure of his most cherished hopes must have left in such a life we can only guess. To one to whom the approval of even casual acquaintances was a joy, and the sympathy and appreciation of friends a necessity, the closer and more sacred ties of home would have been a paradise.

To few men of letters has it been granted to command immediate recognition from the world for every production. Irving's long literary career was marked by no failures and no discouragements. His sterling worth made itself felt from the first. And few men have won such universal love and esteem and received every honor with such unconscious humility. He was the centre of a new school of letters in New York City, which had not before been noted for its learning, but which now succeeded Boston as the centre from which emanated the most advanced thought of the New World.

Dear, delightful Washington Irving!—citizen, essayist, biographer, historian—Geoffrey Crayon, Knickerbocker—how shall we characterize him? What





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"SUNNYSIDE," IRVING'S HOME.

word, what volume of words shall suffice to name the man who brought literary America out of obscurity into universal recognition? For this service, no less than for his intrinsic merit,

Washington Irving's place in the hearts of his people is assured. While American literature endures no cloud shall arise to dim the splendor of that light, the Morning Star of American Literature!

### Edgar Allan Poe.

RACHEL L. DITHRIDGE.

IN that part of New York City called Fordham, in an old orchard on a hill-top, stands a small white-painted Dutch cottage. The winding Kingsbridge Road passes its low door. Pretentious modern houses, very stiff and new, crowd the little dwelling on one side. A quaint sign in the form of a raven tells us that this is "Poe's cottage." Here this strange genius, Edgar Allan Poe, lived for several of the last bitter years of his short and stormy life. Here his prose-poem, "Eureka," and many of his wild tales were written, and here his sweet girl-wife died.

Enough has been said—much, no doubt, that is unjust and even false—concerning Poe's weaknesses and sins. Both were bad enough, but we shall hardly be repaid for dwelling upon them. It does not concern us to discuss his failures, except so far as they illumine his excellences.

Poe's life as seen through the best of his poems ought to be something more to us than a sad spectacle.

He was perhaps even more sinned against than sinning. His story, soon told, is tragic from the beginning. He was born of gentle parentage in our own Boston, in 1809. His early childhood was passed almost in the glare of the footlights, for both his parents were actors. He was orphaned when less than six years old. Then came a boyhood in the home of his rich adopted father, Mr. Allan, of Richmond. He

seems to have suffered as much from neglect as from too much indulgence. He was morbidly sensitive and wildly imaginative, and there was no hand, both wise and kind, to direct his precocious mind. Five years were spent at school near London, and then the boy was brought back to Richmond. For a few months he attended the University of Virginia. He was proficient in mathematics, languages, and natural science. He excelled in athletic sports; was strong and handsome, and easily won the affection of his companions. About this time he became warmly attached to the mother of one of his schoolmates. This was "the one idolatrous and purely ideal love of his tempest-tossed boyhood." After her death he was for a long time quite inconsolable. This love and loss was the inspiration of "Lenore," and furnishes "a key to much that seems strange and abnormal in the poet's after-life."

Poe lived extravagantly, and often ran into debt. Mr. Allan paid his son's debts more than once, but at last, his patience exhausted, disowned him. In the meantime Poe had a short but unsuccessful career at West Point; published a small volume of verse, and finally began the bitter struggle to earn his bread by journalistic work. He had married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a gentle and beautiful girl, whom he loved tenderly.

For a while Poe worked on the staff



of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. His stories, always weird and fantastic, and wonderfully clever in plot, were read eagerly, and soon became known in England and France. In criticism he was independent to the point of severity. It is said, "He came down pretty freely with his critical axe, and made many enemies." His judgment was always bold and sometimes wisely discriminating, but too often warped and embittered by personal prejudice.

After leaving the *Messenger*, Poe had a position on the New York *Quarterly Review*. He made several unsuccessful attempts to establish a paper of his own. This was his pet ambition, and he was sanguine and depressed by turns in regard to the project. Again and again he thought himself on the verge of success only to be confronted by the despair of failure. All this was the bitterness of wormwood to his proud and sensitive spirit, and death to the free expression of his genius. To complete his misery, came the death of his beloved Virginia, in the midst of extreme poverty, in the little cottage at Fordham. Not long afterward he himself died, alone and unfriended, in a Baltimore hospital.

I have recalled this sad story because in considering this poet's work we *must* not forget the influence of his peculiar temperament and unfortunate training. "Let mercy temper justice."

Andrew Lang says, "Poe wanted as a man what his poetry also lacks: he wanted *humanity*." And in elaboration of the thought, "We see him pre-occupied, even in his boyhood, with the thought of death, and of the condition of the dead." This is reflected in all his best poems. "The Raven," "Lenore," "To Helen," "The Haunted Palace," and many others are the outcome of this morbid tendency. But there *must be* something else in them or

they could not live. Nothing lives by reason of, but rather *in spite of*, eccentricity and deficiency.

From his childhood Poe had a tenacious memory and a musical ear. What saves these poems from oblivion is their *music*. Sad, but wonderfully sweet, it rings through every line. Some one has said that his verse gives us *only* music. Ah, but music alone is much.

"Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore."

"We must take him as one of the voices, almost the shadow of a voice, that sound in the temple of song and fill a little hour with music."

Poe believed that beauty was the sole aim of poetry. This is well so far as it goes. It shows the natural reaction of his mind against the weak, didactic poetry of the day. We have to thank him for bringing sharply to men's minds the fact that poetry may be an end in itself, and that a "tacked-on" moral is an absurdity. His independence of thought in regard to poetry wrought a service similar to that rendered when he freed criticism from the bondage in which it was held.

But Poe failed to see that "beauty is truth, truth beauty." Such a narrow vision as his never belongs to the great seer; and the greatest poet is always a great seer. He felt the influence of Shelley and Byron in England, and these poets, great as they were, were little calculated to help him where he was weakest. We can easily conclude that Shelley's richness of imagination stimulated but did not guide Poe's wonderful power, and that Byron's morbid music struck a kindred chord in his soul, but failed to contribute to his mental poise. We are touched with a keen consciousness of what "might have been" if our poet's

imagination had been more sane and his life brighter.

"All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,

That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the  
man's amount."

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That, after Last, returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
That what began best can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

## Was Othello a Negro?\*

W. J. ROLFE.

IN Furness's New Variorum edition of "Othello," — which we may be sure gives an abstract of everything of importance on this as on all questions connected with the play,—some seven pages are devoted to "Othello's Colour;" but the subject appears to have attracted little attention until the present century.

The tradition of the stage made the Moor black. Quin (who retired from the stage in 1750), according to a writer in the *Dramatic Censor* (1770), played the part "in a large, powdered major wig, which, with the black face, made such a magpie appearance of his head as tended greatly to laughter;" and he came on "in white gloves, by pulling off which the black hands became more realized."

Edmund Kean seems to have been the first to dispute this old tradition. Hawkins, in his life of the actor (quoted by Furness), says: "Kean regarded it as a gross error to make Othello either a negro or a black, and accordingly altered the conventional black to the light brown which distinguishes the Moors by virtue of their descent from the Caucasian race. . . . Betterton, Quin, Mossop, Barry, Garrick, and John Kemble all played the part with black faces, and it was reserved for Kean to innovate, and Coleridge to justify, the attempt to substitute a light brown for the traditional black."

Coleridge, as Hawkins intimates, was the first of the critics to take ground

against the old stage practice. In commenting upon the epithet "thick-lips" applied by Roderigo to Othello, he says: "Roderigo turns off to Othello; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we suppose this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, — would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro claim royal birth — at a time, too, when negroes were not known except as slaves? Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and Negro, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary horse.' . . . No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

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In iv. 2. 229, Iago tells Roderigo that Othello, if displaced by Cassio, "goes into Mauritania,"—that is, returns to his native country, as Shakespeare evidently regarded it. It is true that, as Knight remarks, "the popular notion of a Moor was somewhat confused in Shakespeare's time, and that the descendants of the proud Arabs, who had borne sovereign sway in Europe ('men of royal siege'), . . . were confounded with the uncivilized African, the despised slave;" but I see no clear evidence that Shakespeare thus confounded them. In the only instance in which he uses the word *negro* ("Merchant of Venice," iii. 5. 42), *Moor* is, indeed, employed as a synonym for it; but this is apparently for the sake of the play upon *Moor*, which follows: "It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for." The same quibble on *Moor* and *more* occurs in "Titus Andronicus" (iv. 2. 52, 53), and Aaron the Moor is unquestionably black; but that play is almost certainly the work of an earlier dramatist, with which Shakespeare had little, if anything, to do.

*Blackamoor*, which did mean *negro*, occurs only in "Troilus and Cressida," i. 1. 80: "I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me." This word originated in the confusion of *Moor* and *negro*, or "white Moors" and "black Moors," as they were sometimes distinguished; and the form "black Moor" was in use, as we learn from the Oxford Dictionary, down to the eighteenth century.

Shakespeare's word for the negro is *Ethiope*, which occurs eight times, and invariably as a term of contempt. "I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie," says Claudio in "Much Ado" (v. 4. 38), when it is proposed that he shall marry another woman in place of Hero, whom he believes to be dead. In one instance

the word is an adjective ("As You Like It," iv. 3. 35):—

"Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance."

*Ethiopian* is used twice: in a slang way by the Host in "The Merry Wives" (ii. 3. 28): "Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully!"—and for the negro in a simile in "The Winter's Tale" (iv. 4. 375):—

"I take thy hand, this hand,  
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth," etc.

*African* occurs only in "The Tempest" (ii. 1. 125), where it refers to the King of Tunis, who has married Alonso's daughter, Claribel.

It is hardly necessary to say that no argument can be based on the word *black*, which is applied to the "dark lady" of the Sonnets and to other brunettes, like Rosaline in "Love's Labour's Lost" and Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," who calls herself "black" when "the lily-tincture of her face" is somewhat browned with travel. People who ought to know better have, nevertheless, sometimes misunderstood this use of *black*. In a certain anthology of quotations from Shakespeare, published twenty or more years ago, the passage, "Black men are pearls in beautiful ladies' eyes" ("Two Gentlemen," v. 2. 12), is put under the heading "Negroes"!

Christopher North (*Blackwood*, April, 1850) expressed his belief that Othello "is black, and all black." He could not conceive "the ethnography of that age drawing, on the stage especially, the finer distinction between a Moor and a Blackamoor or Negro." But the very existence of the word *blackamoor* proves that the distinction was then drawn, though the terms were sometimes confused. Shakespeare's notions on the subject may not have been absolutely clear, but he neither calls Othello an *Ethiope*, nor makes

Roderigo, Iago, or Brabantio call him so — which is rather remarkable, and significant withal, when he uses *Ethiope* so often elsewhere as an opprobrious epithet.

Grant White, Halliwell-Phillipps (who says that the reference to Mauritania "surely settles the question"), Hudson, and Verity ("Henry Irving" edition), all agree with Coleridge and Knight, as do Hunter ("New Illustrations of Shakespeare") and Henry Reed ("Lectures on Tragic Poetry"). On the other side are Lewes ("On Actors and Acting"), and Furness, who says: "Disregarding the 'thick lips' of Iago, or the 'sootie bosome' of Brabantio, or any phrase uttered by Othello's enemies in moments of passion, to me, beyond a peradventure, Othello himself supplies the evidence, 'which will not down,' where he says (iii. 3. 387):—

'My name that was as fresh

As Dian's visage is now *begrin'd* and *blacke*  
As mine owne face.'

The epithet 'begrin'd' amplifies and confirms the sooty hue."

I suspect that Furness must have some peculiar association with that word *begrime*, which really suggests filth rather than blackness. This is the only instance of the word in Shakespeare; but the verb *grime* occurs in "Lear" (ii. 3.9), where Edgar, planning disguise, says, "My face I'll grime with filth." We find the noun in the Syracusan Dromio's description of the kitchen-wench: "Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why, she sweats: a man may go overshoes in the grime of it." Warburton unnecessarily changed "crime" to "grime" in the same play (ii. 2. 143): "My blood is mingled with the crime of lust." The Century Dictionary defines *begrime* thus: "To make grimy; cover or impress as with dirt or grime;" quoting Macaulay ("History of England," x.): "The justice-room be-

grimed with ashes." *Grime* it defines as "foul matter; dirt; soil; foulness, especially of a surface; smuttiness." The Oxford Dictionary defines *begrime*: "To blacken or soil with grime, or dirt which sinks into the surface and discolors it." It quotes, among other illustrations of the word, Holland's Plutarch (1603): "Enjoying men to begrime and bewray themselves with dirt;" and the *Saturday Review* (July 8, 1865): "The blackened and begrimed people who had worked so hard." The instance in "Othello" is also cited.

In his use of "begrin'd" Othello refers to the foul stain upon his name;\* and in the reference to the blackness of his face there is a morbid exaggeration, not unlike that of the poet in the 147th Sonnet when he addresses the "dark lady" thus:—

"For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee  
bright,  
Who art as *black as hell*, as dark as night."

By the way, this is the only instance in which Shakespeare uses *dark* with reference to complexion, except "Love's Labour's Lost" (v. 2. 20), "A light condition in a beauty dark," where it is introduced for the sake of the quibble.

Several of the critics have referred to the description of the Prince of Morocco in the folio stage-direction of "The Merchant of Venice" (ii. 1.) as "a tawnie Moor." It shows, as they say, that Shakespeare, long before he wrote "Othello," knew that the Moors were not

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\* That is, if we read "My name," as in the folios, instead of "Her name," as in the 2d and 3d quartos. Knight follows and defends the former, but all the other recent editors adopt the latter. Dyce says that "my own face" proves that "Her" is right; but that expression seems to be antithetical to "Dian's visage." However we may interpret that, the entire context has to do with Desdemona, and the change to "My name" would be awkward. It is not likely, moreover, that Othello would compare his own reputation to "Dian's visage." But whichever reading we accept, the reference in "begrin'd and black" is the same.



negroes. But no critic, so far as I am aware, has seen fully the bearing of the delineation of Morocco upon this question of Othello's color.

Observe that when the prince first meets Portia he assumes that his color is likely to prejudice her against him. He is sensitive concerning the impression he may make upon her, because (as I endeavored to prove in *Post-lore*, vol. ii. p. 651 fol.), although he has come to Belmont as a mere adventurer, he falls in love with Portia at sight, and promptly avows it. If he chooses the right casket he wins the heiress whether she likes him or not, but, being in love, he would fain be loved in return. "Mislike me not for my complexion," he begs, for it is only "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun;" and he would not change it, he adds, "except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen." Portia treats him with gentle courtesy, quite unlike her bearing toward the self-conceited Arragon; but after he has failed in the trial and gone, she says, "Let all of his complexion choose me so!" When she first heard of his arrival, she had said to Nerissa, "If he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me." It is evident that Morocco was right: the lady had a strong prejudice against even the "tawny" complexion of the Moors, even those of "royal siege." "The complexion of a devil!" The exaggeration is like that of Iago when he warns Brabantio that "the devil will make a grandsire of him" if he is not prompt to avert the disgrace.

Knights remarks that "in the ages of her splendor Venice was thronged with foreigners from every climate of the earth, and nowhere else, perhaps, has the prejudice of color been so feeble." This might be true so far as business relations with foreigners were concerned, or the employment of Moors as officers in the

army; but there the proud magnificoes of Venice appear to have "drawn the line." They would say to the "tawny" strangers, as Shylock said to Bassanio, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, or pray with you." Brabantio did not go quite so far as that, for he invited Othello to his house, and introduced him to his daughter; but that the Moor should aspire to the hand of the daughter was too much. Othello understood the limits of the Senator's condescension; hence the elopement.

Possibly we have the hint of a similar prejudice against color — even no darker than a "tawny" hue — in "The Tempest." Sebastian, after the shipwreck, says to Alonso: —

"Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
That would not bless our Europe with your  
daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African.

.....  
You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise  
By all of us, and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience,  
Which end o' the beam should bow."

The reference to "loathness" seems to imply something more than mere dislike to go so far from home.

Incidentally I may also call attention to the fact that Shakespeare twice uses *tawny* contemptuously with reference to complexion. In "The Midsummer-Night's Dream" (iii. 2. 263), Lysander calls Hermia "tawny Tartar" a moment after he has addressed her as "you Ethiopie." We may infer that she was a brunette, and that Lysander when angry could indulge in hyperbolical epithets, like Iago and the rest. In the opening speech of "Antony and Cleopatra," Philo makes sneering allusion to the "tawny front" of the Egyptian queen; and the "gipsy" that follows is another contemptuous allusion to her complexion.

In conclusion, it may be said that Shakespeare's calling Othello a *Moor* really settles the question. The treatment of the Moorish prince in "The Merchant of Venice" proves that the poet knew the complexion of the Moors to be "tawny," not black, and was acquainted with their character and warlike deeds; also that he knew (or supposed) that in *Venice* there was a prejudice against marriage with the Moors on account of their race and color. This prejudice explains Brabantio's opposition to his daughter's union with Othello, and the

exaggerated references to the color of the Moor put into the mouths of the Senator, Iago, and Roderigo. It also explains Othello's own morbid sensitiveness concerning his color after he begins to doubt Desdemona's fidelity. It is significant that he does not appear to be sensitive on this point until that time.

Shakespeare also regarded the Ethiopians (or negroes) as an inferior and despised race, and could not have represented one of them as a general in a Venetian army.

## Relation of Voice Culture to the Study of Literature.

MAUDE MASSON.

THE speaking or reading voice should be cultivated to the end of voicing, naturally, the greatest thoughts and noblest sentiments that are possible to the human mind.

Taking this statement as my premise, and I admit no other, I would prove that the relationship between voice culture and the study of literature is indissoluble.

By literature I mean great literature. I know that to-day we have rank and noisome harvests, gleaned from the thought-fields of narrow and impure minds, and piled up in our book-markets under the name of literature. This unhealthy mass is offered to us with the assurance that it is the only solid food.

We have also vast harvestings from the fields of a mentality not so narrow, not so impure, perhaps not impure at all, but a mentality that cannot compass God's plan. These may satisfy our appetite for power while we starve for need of beauty.

Most bounteous of all is the harvest of colorless, odorless products which

belong to no species in particular, and which are catalogued as harmless. Among these products I would class the "Sunday-school stories," and most of the literature which is recommended for popular recitation. This tasteless stuff is, to my mind, the worst of all bad foods, for it deprives of its sense of taste, and robs of its vigor, every mind that feeds on it. "Pale, pretty, washed-out work with an easy melody, and a slipshod sentiment" is, as somebody has wittily remarked, "the work of those who aim at nothing, and hit it."

None of these fields produce the literature the utterance of which demands a beautiful voice. The literature we must study is the literature which prompts us to reach higher than we can grasp, which opens within us that inner eye which says, "I see," and calls into responsive action that inner voice which says, "I know." The great artist is ever singing the song of life triumphant over death. The chorus of his strain may be read in these words of "Abt Vogler":—

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear.  
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we  
musicians know."

That wonderful tribute which Tennyson pays to friendship becomes a work of art when it is lifted from the depths of despair to the heights of victory. "In Memoriam" would have died long ago had the soul of the author caught no higher strain than the wail that surges through the first sections of the poem. The Tennyson who lives, and who will ever live, is the Tennyson who, after ten years of soul-evolution (which we may easily follow through "In Memoriam"), utters from the calm poise of his soul these words:—

"That God which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off Divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

This literature of life and light is the visible thought of the few souls who have lived close to God. When we can *readily* and *adequately* express this thought we have reached a high state of mental culture, and a commensurately high state of vocal culture. A cultured voice is simply a free medium for a cultured mind. By culture I mean that condition of being which returns to a man who sows to the spirit.

A man may have traveled far at the beckoning of cleverness and never have reached the realm of culture. Just here is where we deceive ourselves. We mistake cleverness for culture, and make his accomplishments the goal of our aims. Cleverness is a devil. Do not be tricked by him. He is responsible for countless ruined possibilities. He will teach you many pretty tricks which, while they make the masses laugh, fill wise men with sorrow. If we come under the spell of this dangerous master, and advertise ourselves as students of Doctor Emerson and his teaching, we proclaim a lie. Cleverness could never have understood this philosophy, nor have built this

institution. "A man of mere cleverness," says Lanier, "can reach a certain point of progressive technic, but after that it is only moral nature which can carry him farther forward, which can teach him anything."

Tricks of the voice, such as mimicry of birds, or a successful imitation of the wind, belong to the realm of cleverness rather than that of culture. A cultured voice may be skilful in the performance of these tricks, but they do not constitute its culture. The cultured voice speaks not powers of mimicry, but powers of mind and *unlimited* powers of mind.

If one would have his voice suggest unlimited powers of mind, he must freight it with illimitable thoughts, not once or twice a year, but every day, and every hour of every day. The voice is the revealer of the individual, but not of the potential individual. A man's voice registers his present standing. It is adequate for the expression of his most familiar thought, and will not and cannot give full expression to thoughts with which he has only a formal acquaintance. To prove this we have but to attempt to voice thoughts which we can reach, but which are not habitually ours. There will be, and always is, a suggestion of unreality in the reading, not because we are insincere at the time, but because we are endeavoring to give to our tones a color and an atmosphere which have not yet become a part of them. This is recognized by people of literary understanding, and they say, "Spare us the agony of your elocutionary efforts and read naturally." Yet they are far from satisfied when they hear Shakespeare's Sonnets read in a voice which would be natural for the discussion of yesterday's dinner. What they want, without knowing it, is that the mental powers and those of expression be so commensurately developed that when we speak from

the heights we shall not speak with an effort that gives a sense of strain and vagueness, but that we shall speak none the less naturally because we speak loftily. We are too apt when speaking on a lofty plane to reveal through our tones that we are mounted insecurely on stilts, from which we shall presently descend.

How do I know these things? By experience. I have proved the truth of everything I have said. I will indulge in a bit of personal history for the sake of emphasizing the point on which I have dwelt.

A number of years ago I had some reputation as a recitationist in and about my home. I found I could entertain audiences, and it returned me both pleasure and money. After an absence of six years I gave a recital in my native town. I was comparatively unconscious of any change in myself. I read some things of a nature which had engaged my maturing thought, and I read some of the old favorites. The last I no longer enjoyed, but I thought my friends would. They did not. Neither did they enjoy my interpretation of literature. The day following the evening of the failure my sister said to me, "You have lost your naturalness." Everywhere I was met with the same disheartening remark: "You have lost your naturalness." That sentence sounded like a death doom. Then I began to think about it, and very soon I discovered the key to the difficulty. I was no longer natural in things which belonged to years I had outgrown. Neither was I natural in the interpretation of authors whose thought I had not compassed. One cannot read Browning until he *is* Browning, in thought, if not in creation. We may understand some things that Browning has written, may indeed understand all he has written, but we cannot read a single poem of Browning's until we can give the atmosphere of Browning's thought

When I recognized the difficulty, I said, "Good-by, proud world, I'm going home," and I came. There is no short cut to the mountain-top. Every man who would reach it must climb.

I was not deceived, though an imp whispered in my ear, "It is the fault of the people; they cannot appreciate the masters." I knew better. I knew the trouble was with myself. An audience will accept a master of art when he appears, even though he speak through a form not his own, but it will not listen to a wraith.

We read great poems and they fall flat, not because the people cannot appreciate them, but because we have not *adequately* assimilated them; have not reached, and stood easily thereon, the ground from which the poet saw. "We must," says Hiram Corson, "vocally realize the potentialities of the printed poem."

One cannot be a successful reader in any dignified sense until he has developed a great capacity for literature. By capacity for literature I do not mean a knowingness, but, to again quote Corson, "a capacity to respond to the spiritual life of a poem." This can be attained only by a constant study of the few greatest authors, and an equally constant vocalization of their thought. I would emphasize the fact that this "capacity to respond to the spiritual life of a poem" cannot be attained by the mere intellectual study of literature. The spiritual life of a poem is to be found in its atmosphere, and this must be conveyed to the sense-perceptions through tone. Words speak to the intellectuality; tone speaks to the soul! A man's words may inform us of the facts of a case; his tones may make us champions of a cause.

One may know a poem, that is, he may understand every word there is in it; he may also realize that the rendering



of that poem should produce certain effects on the auditors; he may even give an excellent mimetic exhibition of these effects, calling into energetic activity the motor muscles of the face and arms; he may go yet farther, and produce a decided impression on the audience, so decided that they are unaware that he has not stamped into their hearts the poet's purpose. I have seen audiences, repeatedly, delighted with a reader when he was not awakening within them one throb of the real feeling which propelled the author's thoughts. Such have disgusted me with readings and readers. But I have seen others whose thought and feeling spoke so easily through voice and body that one forgot voice, forgot body, and was conscious only of a thrill of heavenly joy, or heavenly pain, as the case might be.

A few evenings ago I had the extreme pleasure of listening to Mr. Riley. I was almost afraid to go to the readings, for I feared that I might suffer as I frequently suffer when I hear his poems read. My fears were groundless. His feelings flowed through his voice, even as they flow through his pen. He did not try to show us how the lamp-wick sputtered, nor how the wind goes Oo——. He gave us the privilege of doing our own feeling instead of trying to do it for us. I came away from Mr. Riley's presence with the light of my understanding brightened, and with a new realization of the possibilities of this work. We receive thoughts at the door of consciousness and know them as truths. We think we have embodied them, when suddenly something occasions an instant illumination

within us, and we catch our breath and say, "Ah! now I see."

I have discovered, as doubtless many of you have, that Doctor Emerson, like every other artist, suggests much more than he says. At our illumined moments we see the reach of those suggestions, and we say to ourselves, "Even to that point must I go." When we reach that point it is only to find a guide-post with a hand pointing on. All along the way are these guide-posts with the finger pointing on. Following this path we reach a point where we stand easily, comfortably, at home, with our heads amid the stars. We do not reach this path by a sentimental aspiring. People trade in spirituality to-day as they trade in stocks. "It is more fashionable to have spirituality than to have money, so come, let us be spiritual."

There is but one way, and this a very humble way. There is but one avenue to the realm of culture. It has few settees on which one may sit idly and enjoy the flowers; it has only a few shade-trees. It is a plain, homely street, and its name is *work*. We wish to become cultured in the art of expression, or we would not be here. We must attune ourselves to so true a pitch that we may respond to the subtlest touch of our leader's spoken thought, and to the still more subtle touch of what his spoken thought suggests. This we may do, through a consecrated intellectual study and an equally consecrated vocalization of the thoughts and feelings of those who stand on the mountain-peaks, and with symphonic utterance proclaim the glories of the New Jerusalem.

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"Life is the first thing to seek in any expression. The world will forgive much if you have abundant life."

"Nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity."

## Reformation of English Spelling.

H. TOROS DAGHISTANLIAN.

No great reformation is ever proposed or attempted which does not have numerous opposers. Reformation of English spelling is by no means an exception to this general rule. While the masses raise their hands in "holy horror" against any radical reform, they just as readily approve it when its utility is known. Thus we see it is entirely unsafe to attempt a solution of this question by reference to the popular sentiment.

The tendency of education at the present time is toward that which is useful. That reading and spelling are most vitally related to each other all will admit. It is a self-evident truth also that these two subjects are not only *necessary requirements* for success in all vocations of life, but they are as well the very foundation upon which the superstructure of education is reared.

While the ignorant masses often deny the fact, yet linguists and cultivated people admit that English is the most difficult of all languages to learn. Being built up from many different languages, it is very composite in structure, and naturally, therefore, contains very many irregularities. For every rule governing the meaning or the spelling or the pronunciation of words there will be so many exceptions that the rule is of little or no practical value.

Let us notice still more critically the difficulties which assail us in the study of English spelling by the method now in vogue. The letters of the English alphabet have in some cases as many as eight different sounds. Counting all the sounds, with their variations, we have in the English language over one hundred sounds. In acquiring these we practically have to learn an alphabet of one hundred letters or more, because we can-

not tell what sounds letters have only as we learn their diacritical marks. But even when we are masters of these marks we cannot read by their use, since they are not used in current literature. More than that, we cannot tell independently what sound any letter has in a new or foreign word, as it may have from one to eight sounds depending on the letter used. To illustrate the foregoing points, take as simple a word as *cage*, which word we will suppose we do not know, and see how many possible pronunciations it may have. Giving both *g* and *c* the hard sound, with all the variations of the sounds of *a*, we have *eight* different pronunciations. Giving the consonants the soft sound, we have eight more. Giving *c* the soft sound and *g* the hard sound, and vice versa, we have sixteen more. Now use *c* and *g* in the same relations with *e* as with *a* and we have twenty-eight sounds more, making in all at least *sixty* possible pronunciations for this simple monosyllable. The longer the word the more complicated and difficult is its pronunciation, since the possible pronunciations of a word of several syllables could be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

Another difficulty in our present mode of spelling is presented in the use of one letter for another; viz., *j* and *g*, *c* and *k*, *a* and *o*, *o* and *u*, *i* and *y*, and many other letters are used interchangeably. Shall cow be spelled c-o-u, c-o-w, k-o-u, or k-o-w? Shall city be spelled, c-y-t-y, c-i-t-y, c-i-t-i, s-y-t-i, s-i-t-y, or s-i-t-i? We cannot tell only as a mere matter of memory what letters to use.

Still another obstacle in our present system of spelling is the frequent occurrence of *silent letters*. I dare say one could not read ten words, nine of which,

on an average, would not contain one, two, or even more silent letters. We practical (?) Americans believe in taking short cuts in everything else, but when it comes to spelling we must often resort to the longest way possible. We write b-o-u-q-u-e-t and pronounce it bōōkā. We write v-i-c-t-u-a-l-s and call it vītūlz. Then to reach the height of inconsistency, we write c-h-a-m-o-i-s and pronounce it shāmŷ, and p-h-t-h-i-s-i-c we term tížik.

Again, we have many words and syllables which are spelled alike but pronounced differently. L-i-v-e-s may be lives (long i) or lives (short i). D-o may be one of the syllables of the musical scale, or it may refer to the act of doing. If h-i-c-c-o-u-g-h spells hīkūp, t-o-u-g-h and b-o-u-g-h ought to be tūp and būp; but if t-o-u-g-h is pronounced tūf the other two words should be hīkūf and būf; if we are guided by the last word, which we call b(ow) then the others should be pronounced hīk(ow) and t(ow); but, again, if t-h-o-u-g-h spells thō, all the other three words should be pronounced hīkō, tō, and bō. As ridiculous as these illustrations seem in themselves, yet the reader will see that they bear directly on the subject under discussion.

Many similar instances might be cited, but we must hasten to consider another great obstacle seen in the numberless homonyms found in English. These are in words spelled differently but pronounced alike. Pray tell what is there about k-e-r-n-e-l and c-o-l-o-n-e-l that causes them both to be pronounced kūrnl. In the sentence, "I would rather be right than president," Mr. Clay might care whether his "would" is w-o-o-d or w-o-u-l-d, and whether his "right" is r-i-t-e, r-i-g-h-t, w-r-i-t-e, or w-r-i-g-h-t. In the sentence, "Style in dress should be governed by good sense," the ladies might have a prefer-

ence as to whether it was c-e-n-t-s, s-c-e-n-t-s, or s-e-n-s-e that governed their s-t-i-l-e or s-t-y-l-e. Examples illustrating this point also could be multiplied indefinitely, but we must come to our conclusion.

Now all these difficulties are hindrances, not only in spelling but in reading as well. If spelling can be made easier and more practical by reform, as we will show that it can, as a result *reading* also would be much simplified. Having carefully diagnosed the serious symptoms of disease found in our present method of spelling English, we venture to suggest the application of a remedy. And we are not in the least theorizing when we say that this cure will be found in the adoption of a *phonetic* system of spelling, for we know its advantages as seen in many languages. Greek, Latin, and German students have little or no difficulty in spelling and reading correctly, simply because these languages are based on the phonetic system.

The Armenians, people of my mother tongue, never speak of learning how to read and spell. When the children have thoroughly mastered the alphabet of thirty-nine letters, knowing definitely the fixed sound of each character and of a few diphthongs, they have the key to spelling and pronunciation. Unlike the Americans, they are not required to study spelling all the days of their lives and then not be able to spell. They can spell without effort, and can pronounce the words even if they do not understand the meanings.

Let us notice, then, the fundamental principles which are used in the language spoken of above, the application of which to the English tongue would easily solve the problem we are discussing. In the first place, we should have to form an alphabet with sufficient letters to represent the principal sounds in the English language. Then assign

one sound to each character, never using the letters one for another. In the next place, spell the words exactly as they are *pronounced*, never using any silent letters. Finally, pronounce the words precisely as they are *spelled*, giving only the *fixed* sounds of the letters found in the word.

To all generations to come this system would mean an immense saving of time which could most beneficially be spent upon other subjects. This question has often been agitated, and we

may yet live to see the dawning of a better day, when words shall be *spelled as they are pronounced*, and good spellers will not be great curiosities to be admired. Their numbers shall only be bound by the limits of the English-speaking races, whose sovereign sway stretches from sea to sea, from shore to shore, yea, unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

[A second article answering objections to spelling reform will be published in a later issue of the current volume.—ED.]

## Relation of Emerson College Work to the Cynic.

CAROLINE W. CLEAVES.

OUTSIDE the doors of Emerson College we meet a spirit absolutely antagonistic to the work. I refer to the spirit of cynicism. The cynic holds hypocrisy to be the dominant chord in life; selfishness a legitimate end. He has for his motto, "A sneer and kick for the man who serves other than himself."

He meets the Emerson student, fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm, and he ejaculates, "Gush! Mere sentimentalism!" We try to interpret the true theory of life, and prove that love may be the foundation of every thought, word, and deed—and he laughs.

We say, "Come to Emerson College just one term and candidly judge of the work for yourself," and he asks what *commission* we receive, that we are so earnest to win disciples to fill the general coffers.

In short, every ideal we place before him (and it is the glory of our college work that it believes in ideals), he ruthlessly attempts to shatter. There are true, sensitive souls among us who are crushed to earth by contact with the spirit of cynicism; who stand dumb in presence of the cynic while he cuts

away at the very fabric of their being. Have you not had this experience? This matter is worth our consideration.

What has Emerson College for the cynic? What shall be our attitude toward him?

Primarily, if *as yet* you are not strong enough to affect his mind, look to it that he has no opportunity to affect yours. Remember yours is a normal, his an abnormal, state of mind. There are diseases of so contagious a character that avoidance is one's only safeguard. Avoid the leprosy of cynicism as you would the leprosy of D'Arcy Island.

But the greatest danger does not lie in these extreme cases. The half-fashionable, more insidious form, is most to be feared—*unless met squarely*. The person who would conclusively argue that

"Truth is forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,"

needs to have Lowell's added lines fairly hurled at him,

"Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim unknown



Standeth God within the shadow  
Keeping watch above his own."

Are you afraid of his criticism? In more than one sense the man who stands squarely is "*one* with the power that holds the stars in their orbits."

But every elaboration will evolve from this: In the very application of the *principles* taught at Emerson College is your personal safeguard, and the final, if not immediate, emancipation of the cynic. You are learning eternal laws of right and good, and you will be proof against error and falsehood *in the ratio*

you concentrate your energies to fulfil these laws.

If you are living for the good of humanity, the cynic's disbelief in the human race will not affect you. His laugh and sneer will leave no impression if you are looking heavenward to catch the smile of God to reflect it to His children. His words can have no weight, for the Christ words will be ringing in your ears, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, my children, ye do it unto me."

## College News.

### The Southwick Literary Society.

On Friday, November 25, the Southwick Literary Society held its second meeting, in Berkeley Hall.

After a few words of cordial welcome, the president, Miss Powers, introduced Prof. Henry L. Southwick, former secretary of our College, who was most enthusiastically welcomed by the large audience. Although Professor Southwick was a stranger to the new members of our College, yet before the afternoon had passed all recognized a kindred spirit. It was indeed a great pleasure to welcome home our friend and former instructor.

Professor Southwick presented Bulwer Lytton's great drama, "Richelieu." After a brief introduction, in which Cromwell and Richelieu were ably compared, the reading of the play was begun. There was marked progression throughout each scene, and in the play as a whole.

Difficult and praiseworthy as it is for one person, among others on the stage, to hold *one* individuality throughout a play, to present and hold *all* the characters of a master drama is the summit of artistic skill. Professor Southwick was equal to this great task. The distinctive

personality of each character was maintained throughout the play, and the transitions from one character to another were marked by the utmost ease and grace. The characters lived and moved before us, and their words and action revealed their inner life.

Through whose interpretation could the peculiarly great personality of the cardinal be better portrayed than through the sincere, scholarly, and artistic rendering of Henry Lawrence Southwick? How could the king-cardinal's strength, tenderness, and passionate love of country be shown more vividly? In "Julie," Richelieu's ward, we were introduced to a character sweetly suggestive of womanly purity and strength.

A pure, spiritual atmosphere characterizes the public work of Professor Southwick, lifting it into a realm far above that of mere entertainment,—a realm of highest soul-satisfaction. Under and above all his work is the perfume and strength of a mighty purpose, no less than the power which rings forth the inspiration: "In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood there is no such word as *fail*."

L. D.

### Class Photographer.

At a called meeting of the class of '99 the report of the committee on selecting a class photographer was received.

After considering several offers made through the committee, the class voted unanimously for Mr. J. E. Purdy. Mr. Purdy has done this work for several of our graduating classes with very general satisfaction. The large picture of the class of '98 in the college office is Mr. Purdy's work, and was presented by him to the class. So from past experience we are sure that he has not only the ability, but the inclination, to please, and that he is ready to show equal attention and courtesy to all his guests.

Special and generous rates are offered to all Emerson students. Cards entitling the holder to these rates may be obtained in the library.

D.

### Emerson Debating Society.

On November 16 the first general meeting of the Emerson Debating Society was called to order, with Mr. Daghistanian in the chair. After a few general remarks on the merits of a debating society, the following officers were elected: Mr. Arthur L. Carpenter, president; Miss June N. Southwell, vice-president; Mr. Chas. E. Baldwin, treasurer; Miss Sophia Miriam Russell, secretary. The subjects chosen for the two following weeks were: November 23, "Resolved, That Thanksgiving Is Properly Observed." November 30, "Resolved, That the United States Was Justified in Going to War with Spain." Each debate is to be preceded by a short general programme.

SOPHIA M. RUSSELL, *Secretary*.

### Personals.

As we came back from our Thanksgiving-Day vacation we were saddened to hear of the sorrow that had come to

our friends Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter in the death of their little daughter. Since they have been in the College the earnestness of purpose and the never-failing spirit of sympathy and helpfulness shown by Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter have endeared them to all, especially to the members of the Junior class, and our hearts go out to them in loving sympathy. That they may be sustained by a divine help to which there is no limit is our desire for them. And as they come among us again, simply and bravely taking up the every-day duties of life, not only they find the truest comfort for themselves, but they help us all to a deeper realization of the power of true, unselfish lives.

J. W. S.

Dr. Dickinson is suffering from shock, caused by a fall on the ice. We hope that even before this reaches you he will be able to be with us again. Our warmest sympathy is with him in this trial.

Mrs. Martin wishes to express her deep appreciation to the faculty and students of the College for their hearty co-operation in making her presentation of "The Prisoner of Zenda" such a success.

Professor Walter Bradley Tripp has favored us with several brief visits this fall. He is eagerly surrounded by his old pupils whenever he appears, and needs no assurance that he is always heartily welcome. Professor Tripp has opened a studio on Worcester Street and is doing very successful private teaching.

Mrs. Anna Delony Martin's recital given on the afternoon of November 4 in Berkeley Hall was a decided success in every way. Our most sanguine expectations were realized in hearing this remarkably clear and true rendering of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The pictures used to illustrate the story were so well adapted for their purpose, and Mrs. Martin's ease and grace in speaking with her audience were so pleasing, that expres-

sions of pleasure and interest were unanimous. We were more than glad to see and hear this picture drama, which has been enthusiastically received in so many other places.

Several of our old students, now teachers of the work, took advantage of the Thanksgiving holidays to visit old friends at College. Among these were Mr. Harry S. Ross, Miss Emily MacIntosh, Miss Nichols, Miss Whitehead, and Miss Churchill. The editor will be glad to have alumni make themselves known, that their friends may hear of their work through the magazine.

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#### Allison Johnson.

In the death of Mr. Allison Johnson, of Ohio, Emerson College loses a faithful student, and the Senior class a loyal member. To his friends who knew of his aims and purposes his death is a source of deep regret. Mr. Johnson came to Boston two years ago to take the course at Emerson College, and was making splendid progress until within a few days, when, on account of ill-health, he thought it wise to return home, where he died on December 1.

How different was this home-coming from that which he had cherished in his heart through so many lonely days since he has been away; and what bitter disappointment it must be to the loved ones who had kept his place vacant, and the fires burning on the hearth, anxiously awaiting his return! We wish this sorrow might have been spared us. Yet we are comforted to know that he spent his last hours among dear ones, whose dis-

interested love smoothes the rough places to the end of life's pilgrimage.

Mr. Johnson was of a happy, cheerful disposition; a man of lofty aspirations and high ideals, and a constant seeker after that which is good. He never obtruded his opinions upon others, but, with becoming modesty, he would give them when solicited, and their good sense always commended them to careful consideration.

The writer had occasion to know him very well, and under the softening influence of friendship he learned that the trend of his life was toward higher living and higher thinking. To him, his death is peculiarly sad, for he seemed to be surrounded by the happiest conditions, with nothing ahead but the brightest prospects. But let us try to see the wisdom of God in all things. We know that Death is a reaper, who reaps in season and out of season, and that the wise and the great, the pure and good, are not spared. Let us remember that no life, however short, is lost. God comfort his loved ones. They have our deepest sympathy. G. A. M.

At a meeting of the Senior class held Saturday, December 3, 1898, the following resolutions were passed:—

*Whereas*, God has called O. Allison Johnson, and

*Whereas*, By his death our class has lost a friend gentle and courteous, a classmate faithful and helpful, and one whose memory will ever be held in tender regard, it is

*Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved parents and friends, and

*Resolved*, That the Secretary be directed to forward to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson a copy of these resolutions.

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#### Alumni Notes.

Miss Margaret Randal is teaching in the University of Arizona, Tucson, Ariz.

Miss Augusta H. Gilmore is teaching in Whitworth College, Brookhaven, Miss.

Miss Junia M. Foster is located at Colorado Springs, Col., where she is teaching our work.

Miss Romaine Billingsly is reading with a concert company of Binghamton, N. Y.

Miss Fannie G. Nash is entering on her third year of successful work at the Lucy Cobb Institute, of Athens, Ga. She writes that she is able to see many gratifying results of the application of Emersonian principles.

Through mistake the following names were omitted from the list of postgraduate students published last month: Miss Henderson, Dr. Kidder, Miss Lougheed, Mr. McKie, Miss Masson, Mrs. Messer, Miss Mills, Mr. Merrill, Miss Nichols, Miss Perrson, Mrs. Puffer, Miss Root, Miss Sands, Miss Stewart, and Mrs. Ritchey.

#### Emerson Alumni Association.

We are happy to note that the Alumni Association is preparing for a more active winter than usual, and that we are

to have the benefit of three meetings at the College during the year, thus enabling the present classes and the former graduates to meet on social occasions for the discussion of subjects of vital interest to us all.

The first meeting has been arranged for Monday evening, December 5, a little too near the time of going to press to be reported in this issue. The topic for discussion is, "How To Introduce and Carry Forward the Work of the Emerson College in Public and Private Schools." Much interest is being manifested by those whom we have seen, and a most enjoyable evening is expected.

The second meeting will be held about the middle of the winter term. The topics for discussion will be, "How To Form Private Classes," "How To Introduce the Work to Clubs," and "How To Obtain Private Pupils."

The third meeting will be early in the spring term. The subject to be discussed will be, "How To Conduct the Emerson Work in Summer Schools."

### Exchanges.

*The Journal of Education* always contains much that is helpful. On the editorial page in the issue for October 27 Dr. Winship says: "Facts are valuable, but not as facts so much as the standards by which to estimate knowledge. Life consists largely in estimating values promptly."

In *The Southern Educational Journal* of last July there is a good article on "The Evolutionary Point of View," by L. G. Crozier, and an excellent and practical paper on "Art in the Public Schools," by Martha Norton. The value of manual training is hinted at, but not so definitely stated as might be desirable. This significant sentence occurs:

"Teach the children to *think with their fingers.*"

In *The Geneva Cabinet*, from Beaver Falls, Pa., we notice an article on "Oratory—Its Place in a College Course." This is by Elizabeth L. Randall, one of our own graduates, who is teaching in Geneva College, and it has the true ring.

*The Unit* from Iowa College is one of the most attractive college magazines we have ever seen. The October number has some graceful verse by students.

[Exchanges will be kept in the library, where students may consult them. It is well to keep in touch with college work all over the land. Many other excellent exchanges have been received and will be mentioned next month.—E.D.]



Verses—Old and New.The Passing of the Year.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

[By kind permission of the author.]

O GENTLE Year, I'll not entreat thee stay,  
 Since now thy face is set to some far land  
 Not named of men, untrod, a shadow-strand!  
 And those most powerful prayers that lips could  
 pray  
 Would not obtain thy tarrying for a day.  
 Yet, gliding from us with the sliding sand,  
 Thou shalt not pass till I have kissed the hand  
 That gave me joys, and took but time away.

Can Love, that of the soul's delight is born,  
 Being changed in stature to the soul, increase?  
 Not so: but Memory, leaning at his side,  
 Waxes with every rosy draught of morn,  
 And gathers to her every moon's full peace,  
 And dreaming on dark seas of summer,  
 grows deep-eyed.

O Helen, Helen Dear!

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

How lightly up the winding stair  
 We ran together, she and I;  
 And still I see her lovely face  
 Look downward from the landing-place;  
 For she outsped me. Through the gloom  
 Of the great hall, into her room,  
 She led me on that summer day,  
 In years that fled too quickly by.

I pray you, if you ever pass  
 This sunken grave within the grass,  
 Touch tenderly the crumbling stone,  
 And say for me, in undertone,  
 "O Helen, Helen dear!"

How fair she was, how straight and tall,  
 My Helen in that far-off day!  
 Like living thoughts that longed to go,  
 The curtains fluttered to and fro,  
 As up and down the room we walked;  
 Perhaps of love and lovers talked,  
 As girls have always done, and will,  
 And nothing whispered "Yea" or "Nay."

I pray you, if you ever pass  
 This sunken grave within the grass,  
 Touch tenderly the crumbling stone,  
 And say for me, in undertone,  
 "O Helen, Helen dear!"

What trifling things the heart will keep!  
 They seem too simple to be told.  
 That day she lifted from its place  
 A dainty thing of flowers and lace,  
 And held it up that I might see.  
 O little bonnet, plain to me,  
 Your ribbon streams across the mist,  
 A shadowy streak of palest gold!

I pray you, if you ever pass  
 This sunken grave within the grass,  
 Touch tenderly the crumbling stone,  
 And say for me, in undertone,  
 "O Helen, Helen dear!"

Rejected.

E. NESBIT.

WE wandered down the meadow way,—  
 The path beside the hedge is shady,—  
 You did not see the silver may;  
 You talked of art, my sweet, blind lady.

You talked of values and of tone,  
 Of square touch and New English crazes;  
 Could you not see we were alone,  
 Where God's hand paints the world with  
 daisies?

You spoke of Paris and of Rome,  
 And in the hedgerow's thorny shadows  
 A white-throat sang a song of home,  
 Of English lanes and English meadows.

You talked about the aims of art,  
 And how all art must needs be moral;  
 I heard you with a sinking heart,  
 And watched the waving crimson sorrel.

For when I found you had not heard  
 The song—nor seen the dewy clover,  
 I cared no more to find the word  
 Should make you hear and see a lover!

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CHANSONNETTES

ARE almost indispensable to students who are teaching, especially those who are teaching physical culture. Send \$1.50 to Mr. E. E. Sherman for a copy. He also has a large stock of typewritten cuttings desirable for readings.

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ELSIE S. POWERS.

# Emerson College Magazine

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## Emerson College Magazine.

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sence let us not neglect, but rather deepen, our attention to this vital subject,—the study of mind. Miss Masson's enthusiasm has communicated itself to her pupils, so that we are beginning to realize that January is a good month for revivals!

We speak often of "mental tones," "mental concept," and so on. Let us be sure we know whereof we speak. We cannot do the most intelligent work in expression, we cannot do the best teaching, unless we are acquainted with the laws of the mind. Let us lay the foundation broad and deep. "Do your own thinking."

We speak often of ideals. That is well. But, be assured, O seeker after truth, that ideals are worth nothing unless they are built upon *ideas*. Stand ready to justify to an unbelieving world your wisdom in holding ideals, by your ability to prove that their foundation is laid in eternal laws of mind. Prepare yourselves, now, to meet upon an equal footing students and teachers in the wide educational world beyond our college walls. Your common meeting-ground must be that which is both source and subject of all education,—the human mind.



### Greeting.

A HAPPY New Year to you all! Another term of earnest work and endeavor is not the least of the blessings which the new year is already bringing to many of us. And another blessing is the renewal of interest in the study of psychology. As Dr. Dickinson's fall proved to be worse than was at first thought, he is not yet able to return to us. However, he is improving slowly, and in his ab-

### Our Illustrations.

We have the great pleasure this month of presenting you with the pictures of two of our beloved teachers. Miss Elsie S. Powers, whose gracious sweetness and strength of character bring inspiration to all who know her, needs no word of introduction to Emerson students. As a reader, Miss Powers is well known and most highly esteemed in many cities of



New England and elsewhere. The power of her personality wins her audience to the high plane of living which she has attained.

Of Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, whose picture we gladly reprint in response to many requests, we need only say that her own words bear her message, pure and fragrant from her own heart to the heart of all. Mrs. Southwick's ever-ready and wise helpfulness and sympathy hold us in bonds of love and gratitude, so that in Browning's words we say:—

To praise, you search the wide world over;  
Then why not witness, calmly gazing,  
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?  
I cannot praise, I love so much!



#### The Contents.

The contents of the present number need little comment. But we wish to express our gratitude to Miss Grace Delle Davis for her full and accurate stenographic report of Mrs. Southwick's inspiring talk, which we are happy to print this month. Miss Loretta Lewis very kindly reported Professor Southwick's address to the students. These things are invaluable to the editor, and though she may not always mention them, they are never unappreciated. It was very pleasant and quite natural to see Professor Southwick occasionally during the first week of this term. We wish his vacations came more frequently!

Professor Ward's suggestive and helpful article on "The American Branch of English Literature" will be continued in a later number of the magazine.

Do not fail to read the report of the December meeting of the Alumni Association and the extracts from letters from graduates who could not attend the meeting.

#### Will You Help Us?

Do you, who are alumni and teachers, find the magazine a help in crystallizing the philosophy and practical application of the Emerson system of education? Do you know any one who needs to learn and apply the principles involved? There are teachers and ministers and students all over our land who would be grateful for an introduction to the work of the Emerson College. "Let your light shine." Do a little missionary work. You are orators—take your magazine in your hand, and, convinced of its value to yourself and others, go forth and find those others and suggest in your own tactful and positive way that they write to the business manager. Teachers can do no greater kindness to their pupils than to put into their hands a copy of one of Dr. Emerson's lectures.



#### An Alumni Question-box.

The idea of instituting a question-box to which teachers and students may send questions regarding any phase of the Emerson College work has been again suggested. It is a good thought. If there is sufficient demand such a question-box will be started in our next number. Now is your opportunity to ask questions. Send questions to the editor, at once, and she will arrange for answers to be given by members of the faculty. Please do *not* write to the faculty, but directly to the editor if you wish your questions answered through the magazine. We would hesitate to ask any *one* of the teachers to take charge of this work, but we may be very sure of the hearty co-operation of all. This new feature may be made very practical and helpful.

## A Plea for Higher Education.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]

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OUR subject to-day naturally leads us to inquire, first of all, what education is. This we will more clearly define as we go on. I wish first to introduce your mind to the latest thought that looks in the direction of education.

It is said that we begin, in the kindergarten, with objective education; but as I study the methods taught in the kindergarten, I find that they are not exclusively objective, but that the objective and the subjective go hand in hand. As a system of education, it would not be a perfect introduction to the development of man if it were not so. The purpose of true education is to educate the *man*. It is not to add to him more faculties than he already possesses; it is not merely that he shall acquire facts. Facts are necessary only so far as these facts go toward the development of man as man.

There have been many systems of education. There will be many more. In other ages there were systems of education — the details of which were entirely unlike ours — by which men developed their powers. If you had entered an ancient classic school you would not have found the same studies pursued there that you find in our modern schools. The studies of the ancients were adapted to the development of their minds. This is proven by the fact that the classic scholars became such mighty men that they have cast their shadows down to our present time, and from these shadows we derive some of our best lessons. What must these men have been, then,

when reflecting the splendor of the thought of their own age?

We are adding study after study to our schools, and we vainly think that by these specific studies, by these specific sciences, we shall add to the power of man; and these sciences which we add to our schools we expect will always be studied. But they will not, they will be changed. Other studies will be substituted. There will be great changes in our systems of education within the next twenty-five years. There is a revolution going on now which will change our methods of study, and which will affect our public schools to a very great extent.

But we are not trying to discuss the present methods, whether they are right or whether they are wrong. We are attempting in this discussion to point the mind to its highest forms of attainment and power. We want to know in what direction our powers lie. All of us are conscious that there are powers within us which we cannot command; powers that we are conscious of, but at the same time powers which we are conscious do not serve us. That man who is greatest among us knows full well that there are powers lying dormant within him that have not come to his assistance. They seem to be unavailable. They are waiting to be called up; they are waiting to be invited.

*Those studies are best which will invite to our own use our own powers. That education which makes a man more a man and a woman more a woman is the right education for that man or that wom-*

*an.* What would be the proper culture of an orange-tree? That culture which would make it more an orange-tree. We plant an orange-seed here in this climate, but it cannot reveal to us what an orange-tree was intended by nature to become. Its perfection will never be reached nor realized in our climate. Our climate is not suited to it. It must be planted in another soil and surrounded with another atmosphere before you can tell what the orange-tree was meant to be.

Are the savages in Central Africa true representatives of the human race? No. The human race is truly represented only by this highest product. These natives must be brought under the right influences. Strictly speaking, they are under foreign influence,—influence foreign to their souls. If they could be brought into a proper relationship with the Author of their being, we should, in process of time, see what was meant when they were created.

There is not such a great difference between different people, so far as good and evil is concerned, as we are apt to believe there is. When I see a man who is not a good man nor a great man, I do not see the man. I see that man under lights which do not reveal him. I see him under conditions which do not show me what the man is. I see only his conditions, and not the man.

We want an education which shall develop the man as man. The One Person who said over and over again, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" every time naming Himself as the rounded man, the legitimate fulfilment, the divine man, introduced a system of education for the purpose of developing men and women. It is wonderful, beyond all power of comparison, what men He made of those ignorant fishermen! They were in daily contact with Him for three years, and with the

education derived from this contact they went forth teaching, preaching, and converting. This teaches us the unlimited possibilities of the human race. Theoretically, we believe in caste to-day; practically, we will not allow it. We talk about the lower class, the upper class, the neglected class and the educated class, the moral class and the immoral class, as though these castes were fixed.

What is the difference — not radical, not in the nature of man — between these classes of men? Some have been trained on the wrong trellis and thus they have been guided into a wrong form. The vine must have sunlight and air. It must have moisture, and it must have the right elements around it upon which its roots may feed. This is not all. The character, the productiveness, and the appearance of the vine will be, in addition to what I have said, determined also by its guidance and by the shape of the trellis.

Once give the vine nourishment, once give it life, once give it continued existence, then it can be guided into almost any shape, because it is in its nature to be trained. You can make nothing but a vine of it, but its manifestations will change according to its training. You can make nothing out of a human being but a human being, but his character will be determined by his training. Elements there must be upon which the human mind can feed; but there must be influences brought to bear upon it which shall give it training, which shall give it form, which shall guide and direct the use of the elements which its nature takes up.

We say that external circumstances rule men, such as climate, associations, etc. They rule men so far as an external training is concerned, but you can carry, through the right methods of education, such training to a people in any climate, surrounded by any class, or subjected to

the influences of any scene, that will make strong men and strong women of those persons. This is not merely a theory. Such things have been proved. Our missionary principle is based on this idea. As a principle it is a righteous one. It rests on the faith that education can train the character of any class of people into a nobler development. My faith in the power of education is unbounded. This faith is my inspiration. This faith is my comfort, my solace. It is my life. This unwavering faith in the power of right education stands behind all my work.

Now let us see a little further in detail what we mean by this matter of objective and subjective training of the mind. What is the objective method? Teaching by means of an object, or an external physical thing. I look at a sheet of paper on a desk. It is an external physical thing. It is now patent to my senses—it is a thing of my senses. As I look at it now, it is objective. I move it and listen to the sound of the paper—it is objective. I turn away from the paper. I look in another direction. I am still thinking about it. But what has the paper become? It was *objective* when it was patent to my senses. It is now *subjective*. What paper am I looking at—the one on the desk? No; I have left that. Still I see it. It is now subjective. It has become subject to my mind. I now hold it there. It is mine. You cannot wrench it from me. I can hold it there so long as I have the ability to reproduce my present state of mind by that power which we call memory. Now the object can be viewed in as many lights as I please; it can be carried with me wherever I go. I want to say right here that until an object becomes a subject it adds no power to the mind.

Every person who has natural form and function throughout has come into

this world to observe the outer world,—to look at it as an object first, and then to take it into his mind and look at it as a subject. What a marvellous power of the mind this is! You look at yonder mountain. It is an object. It is not yours. You turn away from it. Where is it now? The mountain is now your own, because you have it in your mind. It has now become a thing of power. Before it was not a thing of power.

A great many times we hear people say when looking at a beautiful landscape, or some quiet nook, "Here is the place, surrounded by these trees, in the midst of these flowers, to write poetry!" One said, "If yonder sunset could only last, I think I could write a poem; but it fades too soon." Remember this: no poet ever wrote a poem describing a mountain while he was looking at it. No poet ever gave you a description of a sunset while he was looking at the sunset. No person ever wrote a poem on flowers while he was looking at the flowers. An observer might report a sense perception; he might measure a certain thing and give you the geographical or the square contents of it; but the poet does not do this.

Poetry is a part of the literature of power, as distinct from the literature of fact. All classic literature, whether poetry or prose, is a result of that power of mind which we call subjective. The lower powers of the mind may describe objects in a mathematical or a geographical way, but it is the higher powers of the mind which discourse to you in poetry.

It is the higher powers of the mind which translate the sounds of earth into music. This power was illustrated by that mysterious character, Blind Tom, who after listening to the dropping of water from the eaves went to the piano and discoursed music in which you felt all the poetry and all the beauty which



was aroused in your inner life when you listened to those sounds. By listening to these external sounds the creative power of his mind was awakened. When you read statistics you do not sense any additional power. They are an accumulation of facts, which may perhaps be useful, but they have added nothing to your creative power.

When Pericles's artists had finished the buildings upon the Acropolis, they stood forth as the handsomest group of art work ever designed and executed by man. To-day almost every stone which we can find in its heap of ruins suggests another life. Had ever such a house as the Parthenon been seen? No, not exactly. This stands, I believe, the best, the most everlasting, object of beauty which the world has ever seen. From what did it spring? From the subjective power of the Greek mind.

The Parthenon seems to have been projected from another world; it seems to have come like that splendid picture in Revelation,—out of the heaven: "And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." A great many hold the idea that we get all of our highest products in architecture through utility. Not so. There are other powers of the mind through which man can look than that of utility.

The Parthenon spoke of another world which man had not seen. "O Phidias, how could you do it? You are a mortal man, and yet the temple which you have builded is the home of the gods." "Yes," Phidias would reply, "it is what I saw to be the home of the gods. In my mind I visited the mountain of the gods, I climbed the ladder of Mount Olympus, and when I came back I brought this with me. It is a model of the home of the brilliant ones. I have exhibited to men the home of the gods, and between the columns I have set up I will place

the figures of the gods as they appeared to me on Mount Olympus." How did Phidias arrive at the perception of this home of the gods which he has reproduced in a splendid and shining model in the Parthenon? By his study of the ancient poets — by his study of Homer.

He saw these gods, he saw Mount Olympus, as Homer's imagination saw them. Now note! How did he get this perception? From his study of ancient Greek literature. He must have studied to some purpose to bring out this original creation from having seen it subjectively only. Oh, yes, this subjective power of the mind has its language; it has power to communicate what it has seen; it has power to picture what it has found to be real. The best form of its language, when we take durability into consideration, is the written word. Painting is one form, architecture is another, sculpture is a third, music a fourth; but, taking it all and in all, it is highly probable that literature is its best organ. The communicating language from soul to soul is best found in the form of literature, for it can outlast the other forms — it is immortal. The other forms are perishable; time will dissolve them, while time will only add to literature new light and show it in higher aspects.

Through this æsthetic power in the human mind man gets his revelation of the unseen; and he does not *know* what he sees in the objective world until he views it in the light of the unseen. He must get the higher light upon them, else he will not know the things he sees in the external world. "Agassiz, will you please testify to this point?" Agassiz has never been spoken of in connection with literature, but he was a great student of the literature of power. He knew how to find reality in that form. Some people say, "I see books, but I can find nothing in them." Agassiz could. Let us put him to the test. He

was sent at one time, as you know, on a commission, to ascertain the geological formation of a section of country in the South, the geology of which was then very little understood, and then to present his theory of its construction. Did he take scientific works with him? No,—he was seeking to discover something of which the scientific works as yet knew nothing about. What did he take? A volume of his favorite poems. And in the morning, before he started out to make his investigation of the strata of the soil, he took out his volume of favorite poems and gave his soul to the poem which he read.

People with a shorter view of life might stand beside Agassiz and say, "What are you doing, Agassiz?" "Reading a poem. And I am lost in its splendor." "Don't you know that you are to make a scientific examination to-day?" "Oh, yes. That is why I am reading this poem." He said that it was reading that "literature of power" which enabled him to find out the construction of that part of our country. "Why, did the poem say anything about it?" Oh, no; but the poem awakened a power that was in Agassiz; it awakened the soul within him. Is there not some truth in the words of the great philosopher, "The soul knows all things"? We have from Agassiz the most definite, the most accurate, the most scientific description and theory of the construction of that part of our country which is now on record. We speak of Agassiz as a man belonging to the objective world, yet his power, as all great power is, was subjective. He was lifted up into the heaven of his own powers while reading the "literature of power."

How few persons can really read literature! Let me ask a question. Is your work here — your study of so-called elocution — educational or not? What is education? *That which introduces*

*man to his own native powers; that which puts him in communication with his own highest powers and thereby makes those powers available.* I find that the chief trouble with the ordinary student of literature is that he does not know what he reads.

When I was a boy I was sent to the district school, but I did not learn anything. I had a Webster's spelling-book. I wish I had it now. I should know it anywhere by those marks which my thumb wore down through the leaves. But there were no marks left in my mind. I was a *bookworm* of Webster's spelling-book, and you can see where I ate the leaves, but I could not digest them. How many persons are there whom we think know books — yes, as books; but do they know authors as authors? Have they seen things for themselves? We must see the outer world, as we have already hinted, from the standpoint of the inner world. We cannot fully understand the outer world by looking at it merely with our external powers.

This principle can be illustrated by reviewing your experiences when you have visited mountains. You stand first in a flat interval, looking on either side. The grass is growing; the flowers interest you. A river is coursing its way along between the banks; this is pleasant because you are viewing it from the bank. Now climb the mountain, carrying with you the impressions of the valley just as you saw it while in the interval. You turn to look upon the valley — but where is it? Nowhere to be seen, nowhere to be seen. It is another valley now! Viewed from that height how it has changed! It was a very prosaic thing when you stood in it. Now look at its splendor!

I have never yet heard men talk about a great business man but I have lived long enough to see him fail in business. "He commenced as a poor boy; got rich

very soon ; large business powers ; etc., etc." A great power never rings a bell in front of it — the man who only has "scissors to grind" rings a bell in front of him. A great man never sounds a trumpet before him.

The men who succeed in business are the men who turn the high lights upon the business world. I mean *succeed*. I do not consider a flash-light a successful light. I do not consider the light which the meteor gives us once in a thousand years a guiding light nor a successful light. The successful man is the man whose powers are steady ; a man whose beginnings are small, but the latter end of whose business increases. Steady power ! I have owned horses that could strike what is called a 2 : 30 gait. Yes, they could strike it, but they were not successful trotters ; they could not hold it two minutes and thirty seconds successively. The man who is successful is successful through a lifetime. I do not mean that he will not meet with reverses, but every reverse will be a help. Men who are successful in business are those who have thrown high lights upon business, and their success is permanent.

Webster was the greatest financier of his time. You ask, "Did not Webster die poor?" Yes ; because he did n't take the pains to die rich. But because of him the country was richer in money and in literature. He understood our commerce, our banking laws, better than any one else of his time. He ruled the finance at one time. When he said that a bank must cease because it was not for the good of our country, it ceased. He did not advertise himself as a financier ; nobody ever thought of him in that way ; but he was the mightiest financier of his time.

Men think they are going to succeed because they are accumulating a few facts, or perhaps a chain of facts. Sup-

pose you get a link and lay it down, then place another at the end of that one ; place still another, and another, and so on *ad infinitum*. If the links are not united, the chain will be of no service. It is the *welding* of the separate links that makes the mighty chain. You may obtain detached facts until you are an encyclopædia of facts on every subject, and yet not be a successful man, unless you have in your mind the welding power which unites those facts. Whence comes this welding power? It is the higher light which unites things.

We hear much about unity in art, unity in literature. What does this unity come from? It comes from the higher lights. Thirty-four years ago, in the month of June, I was travelling through a certain valley, and was thinking what a "hacker" man has always been. Once this was a forest primeval. How beautiful it was, unmarred by human hands ! In those days, this valley was a landscape garden. Soon I had occasion to leave the valley and climb the mountain. As I looked back upon the valley, humbled was I, for lo ! in place of the irregularities in the landscape, all around me there was a garden of paradise. All the notches in the wood were hidden, all the parts of the landscape were so beautifully related to every other part. No landscape gardener could lay out such a garden. What had changed the valley? I did not know how to look at it before. I had not really seen it until I stepped up where I could get a perspection upon it. I then saw there was unity in it.

What does the great writer do? He awakens your soul. He invites you to use your powers. You need the work of this College to enable you to develop your powers. From day to day, from hour to hour, you are drilling upon that which develops the power to see what the great minds of the world have seen and are revealing to you. Suppose you

see what they saw, will your power end there? No. He who can see, mark you, what another great mind has seen will see *more* than he saw. I repeat it. He who can see all that a great mind has seen will see more than that great mind saw. Why? Because in *this great subjective power of the human mind there is a creative energy which is as everlasting as the mind in which it dwells*. It was placed there by Omnipotence, and it will accomplish its ends. He who sees all that Shakespeare saw will see more than he saw. He who sees all that Plato revealed will certainly see more. The mind will not stop there; it will go right on developing more and more. This is the way the orator's powers are developed,—by seeing what other minds have expressed.

What is the end of education? I told you the other day that it was character. Can I not put it in a more analytical form? *The chief end of education is a correct estimate of values, and a corresponding choice*. Will this do nothing for the world? In this day we are much agitated concerning reforms,—reforms of every kind,—but especially is our mind turned toward the business world, toward the financial world. Poor men ought not to suffer for want of the common necessities of life. They ought to be well paid for their labor. That this end may be secured, unions are formed. And no man ought to say that a union is not a good thing. Only *let it be a union*.

Our fathers, in the days of the Revolution, thought a union was possible; and it has been realized, so far as the government is concerned, upon a higher plane than ever before. The Revolutionary fathers saw that a republican form of government had not been successful in other countries that had tried it. They saw that they would rather live under a monarchy, even under despotism, than live in Rome in the days of

Scylla, or in the days of Julius Cæsar, except when Cæsar had the power. A most dangerous place to live in was a republic. Republicanism had been tried, and in the estimation of thoughtful historians it had failed.

There was a man, a great philosopher who lived in the republic of Athens, who wrote his ideal of a republic. It is a good one. He put into that republic, not men and women as we see them in this world. Before he could have even an imagined republic worthy of the name, he had to change men and women—he had to educate them to an ideal, else they could not unite. This ideal became nearly realized in this country in the days of Benjamin Franklin and his coadjutors. The people had been developed through an individualism. That is what fitted them for association. It was the individual development of their personalities which made it possible for them to unite upon a higher plane.

Unite men by the feet and they will kick each other. Unite them by their hands and they will strike each other. Unite them by the head and they will pull away from each other. Unite them by the soul and each becomes a mighty power, a mighty organ of the soul. In that higher relationship is unity, and nowhere else. Before we will have a republic that will furnish employment to every man, that will do away with this competitive system, we must have it made of individuals whose souls speak. They must be united from above.

I said in the early part of my discourse that my faith in education is unbounded. Some men of foresight say that we stand upon the brink of distressing times; that the worst times the history of the country has ever known are yet before us; that there is to be war—war among ourselves—war over the question of capital and labor. What will save us? *Education, and nothing*



*else.* Everything else is but temporizing; it is but a patching that will make the rent worse. Men and women must be raised to where the soul speaks. They can be united only by the pure, mutual bands of the soul. Anything less than this is a prophecy of disintegration, dissolution, and ruin.

Well it is for our future prospects that the greatest thinkers in Germany, in France, in England, and in America are turning their splendid powers toward the thought of *education*. The German thought is one of the advanced lights of a higher civilization. They have not only made many valuable discoveries in science, but they have announced principles for developing the powers of the human mind. Their thought has been directed toward the birth of man. Intellectually and spiritually man is not yet born, and the leading thought of the day is carrying the light toward his birth. Plato said, "The teacher assists at the birth of the soul." And we say, in the light of that thought, "Man has not yet been born." He is to be born. He is to be assisted in the birth of his own powers, of his own activities, through education. But it must be through a system of education which appeals to the powers of the man; appeals to him as a unit, not as a fraction; appeals to him as a mental being, not merely a physical being; that appeals to his will; that appeals to his higher wisdom, so that he shall be able to look into the heavens, on the earth, and on all around him, and compare things, and judge what is their real value. Then there must be involved in it the will, the ability, to select for his life ends, purposes, principles, the most valuable things.

We learn this thing, and that thing, and the other thing in our various institutions of learning. But we want institutions that shall go farther than this—they should give us the power of *relating*

*values*. When this principle is established in all our colleges a college graduate will be a man of power. He will have command of those high powers which he now possesses only potentially. He will be not merely a possessor of facts; he will be able to judge of values. He will see the new and judge it in the light of the old. He will see things on the earth and be able to judge of them in the light of heaven.

Let no one fall down and idolize any system of education, but cling to the divine in all systems which tend toward the development and unity of the powers of the soul. Judge everything by the end toward which it brings man. Does it bring him toward an individualized choosing of values? Does it lead him away from his lower desires, his meaner sensibilities? Does it lead him into higher purposes? Then it is a right system of education. That which does not do this, but which only gives him the faculty to do a particular thing, does not educate him. It may educate certain faculties, but it does not educate the *man*. It does not so much as lift the rainbow of promise before him. Why, the bee has faculty in a certain direction that goes beyond the faculty of man in that particular direction. The beaver who is building his dam across yonder little stream has a kind of education—transmitted tendencies—that gives him faculty. *But has he a great soul?* He is only a beaver. There are men who think they are getting an education because they develop a faculty. No, I am not talking about that kind of an education. I am talking about that which elevates faculty into an outgrowth of manhood; that which takes the farmer and makes a poet of him. We want no system of education which takes man away from practical things; which takes the farmer's boy and educates him so that he cannot go back to the farm. We want an education such

as will educate the powers of the young farmer, and send him back upon the farm to develop it.

This educating a great brood of do-nothings is poor business. They are good for nothing. They are drones. Society will drive them out of the hive. There must be introduced into our institutions that which will make men more practical in all the ways of life; that which shall enable them to feed five persons where now only one can be fed. For, alas! our grandfathers could feed five persons where their grandchildren cannot feed one. I hear men say, "Oh, yes, men could once get rich by farming, but we cannot live by it now." Why? Produce brings more in the market now than it did then. What is the matter? *Lack of brains.* That is what is the matter.

Education should turn to practical ends, and train men to practical things with a diviner impulse. So business will become moral. So the world will become moral. A man who was talking with me in a beautiful way in my parlor—he had a sweet little face, and his coat set just right—said when speaking of business, "The time has come when a really honest business man cannot get a living." Why, my little fellow, who told you so? This must be a dreadful time. The strongest and the best working man I knew when I was a boy worked for \$12 a month. He became comfortable at last, had a beautiful home and a fine family. That was a time when men could be honest and get a living.

Infidelity, heresy, scepticism! Be frightened at all these things, O you pulpits; but the worst form of infidelity, heresy, and scepticism is that which divorces God from business. Ministers on Sunday should *preach honesty.* The Lord calls for you to preach the success of honesty. The pulpits should thunder every Sunday with the idea that hon-

esty is practical; that honesty is worth while.

To those who say a man who is honest cannot get a living, and that a man cannot connect honesty with a successful business, Franklin replies, "Honesty is the best policy." The moralist says, "Oh, don't talk about honesty being policy." It is this sentimentalism and scepticism that have divorced honesty from policy. This is what ails our government. This is what ails our great financial organizations. This is what has ruled Tammany for the last thirty years. Turn right around. Carry the lamp of higher education right into business, right into politics, right into the home, right into daily life, and then we shall see things in a higher light.

We talk about the "new heavens, and the new earth," that "the old heavens and the old earth shall pass away as a scroll." I believe it. There shall come "a city let down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." I believe it. In this city shall be the "river of life." There shall be the trees upon its banks, bearing "twelve manner of fruit," the leaves "for the healing of the nations." I believe it. But when and how will this "new earth" appear? When men are sufficiently developed to see what it is.

"This earth is as full of beauty as other worlds above;

And if we did our duty it would be as full of love."

There is no beauty that can excel the splendor of the scenery of this world. There will be a "new heaven" when men are honest! It is not the light of the sun nor the moon that lights the higher life, but God is the light thereof, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people.

There is such a time coming, not from a literal "earthquake," but from a spiritual one; not because, literally, the stars

shall fall from heaven or the heavens be rolled together as a scroll and pass away with a great noise, but because man shall see what the stars mean. He shall look out upon the earth and see what it means. He shall recognize the Mind of God in business, in the affairs of men

in this world; he shall find Him in history, in politics, and in secular life of all kinds and descriptions. Then we shall have "a new heaven and a new earth," wherein shall dwell righteousness, and the old heaven and the old earth shall have passed away.

### Unity of Spirit.\*

MRS. JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.

*[Stenographic notes by Grace Delle Davis.]*

I ADDRESS myself to-day to the whole College, but especially to the hearts of our women. My heart reaches out toward the womanhood that I find around me among the students and co-workers in the cause of education. I feel that this is in some sense a woman's age — not an age when woman dominates, but an age of nobility; an age when the true office and influence of woman is recognized; an age when we see that education may so unfold all the possibilities of woman's nature that she may be, while not less womanly, more truly and universally a power than she has ever been in the past.

The motive of this talk is not to tell you something new, but to establish a closer companionship, and to promote that unity of spirit which will enable us to strike together with a power that is irresistible. We all know full well through philosophical research, by the perception of our inner consciousness, and by the experience of life, that there are common chords in human nature forming a bond of sympathy in which people may meet in spite of all diversities. Let us endeavor to grasp more earnestly the power of this spiritual unity, and rise to a realization of our possibilities. We look out upon all the students who assemble with us in

these classes and try to care for them, as they come and go. A new class comes to us every year, and every year an old class passes out. Nevertheless, as we remain year after year, we learn to feel that you who come, come not as strangers, but pass at once under the dominion of that responsibility which we feel toward all. Our aim is to emphasize the truths that are of value to your lives that your souls may grow under our influence. You have been sent to us. There is a common interest in our associations which causes us to feel that you are ours and we are yours, whether you are strangers or old friends. To the class that has just entered I want to say this for all the teachers.

We are trying to enable every soul that comes under the influence of our teaching and effort to live more in earnest, more in touch with the oversoul, and to express that unity, that common chord of humanity, the brotherhood of mankind, which we all know exists, but the force of which we do not always realize. This is the something permanent beneath all the changing waves of human life. When we rise to the heights of perception expressed in that beautiful poem "Thanatopsis," this universal consciousness gives us faith, and with "a sublime, unflinching trust," we

\* An address to the students of Emerson College.



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK.





go forth to meet whatever may be in store for us in this life or in its closing, knowing that all will be well. We see that if the diversities of human life have a tendency to throw us apart, the universal must bring us together, for humanity is one. We meet in this recognition of the grand purpose for which all live. Life is a lesson, and we as teachers want to help you to learn that lesson more easily than you could without our guidance. We endeavor to lead you, through this grand study of oratory, to unfold in expression all the possibilities of human influence. We aim to open the channels by the force of our endeavor, as Lady Macbeth said, "to chastise with the valor of my tongue all that impedes thee from the golden round,"—the golden round of human possibilities. The study of oratory is the endeavor to do no less than that.

It is said that man should be measured by what he tries to be, by what he tries to do; and we chastise, we exhort, we urge, we seem to criticise at times, all because we believe in your possibilities. We believe that you can awake to the consciousness of what you may become and to the influence that may go forth from you as individuals. Each life may become "one grand, sweet song." We want the avenues of expression to be unobstructed. We want to open the doors, that your souls may reach out and touch other souls and awaken in them vibrations corresponding to those of your own. You do not know what possibilities are locked in any soul to be awakened by the touch of the orator's influence. The orator is not only he who has the great responsibility and the great opportunity of standing before the public, but each of us has influence over others whether we will or not. Think of that vital truth, *whether we will or not*. The force of our influence lays hold upon the lives of all who

come in contact with us, to help or to hinder. The divine force is working in humanity through its individuals; and the chorus of all, the harmony of all, is made up of the true attunement of every individual heart to the heart of all.

If you appeal to what people ought to be, they will respond. It is never in vain. "Never was a sincere word utterly lost." *Until you give up your purpose, your life cannot be a failure.* Let us remember that, and act with courage. You come from your various homes to an institution like this, where there are certain motives and aspirations set before you. Certain ways are opened to you that you may try to realize possibilities locked up within yourselves. You come to a place where you face your opportunities. I have known the Emerson College from its early days; I have seen the force that works, the earnestness that impels, the grand endeavor that leads ever onward, and I know how much it may mean to you as individuals if you can recognize this: that here there is an opportunity for you to unlock the possibilities and the powers of your lives. If this were not true it would not be worth our while to work. Do not misuse or fail to appreciate your opportunities.

We enjoy a certain stage of youthful pleasure. It is right that we should; but let us not forget that change is inevitable, and what we do now is the index of what that change will be. You will change. That is inevitable. Young girls, who have come from your homes, some of you from afar, neglect not your opportunity, but see to it that the change that is inevitable in your lives shall be for the better. Although you may not see the way, although you may make mistakes and stumble, if the *motive* to make life better is always there, even your temporary failure may be turned to

your advantage. We can climb up *over* our failures. Remember that. We can climb up over our failures, as over the rounds of a ladder. Some one has said, "The possibility of making mistakes is the price of education." If we could be trained like animals to perform our tasks, and be forced to do right by some outside power or providence, we would lose the most precious heritage of human nature,—*free will!* You can go wrong. No outside power will compel you to see an opportunity, but opportunities are appearing all the time. Doors are opening and closing. Will we go through while the door stands open?

The only thing that any human being can claim is that his face is Zionward! Do not dwell upon the faults of others, but ask, "*Which way* is that person going?" Recognize faults only when you can help the person out of them; otherwise, ignore them. You have no time to meddle with other people's imperfections. You have enough of your own, if you look for them. Remember this. Some one has said that everybody wants the brotherhood of humanity to be established. So they do, but at which side are you looking? Do you want other people to exercise brotherhood toward you, or are you willing to take the first step whether you receive any reward or not? If you are *not* willing to do this, you will never achieve anything.

Honesty of purpose is necessary. What is honesty? Is it not unselfish sincerity of soul toward all humanity? Aspire to that. I wish that the spirit of love could go forth and shine into all the dark places and illuminate them so that they would be dark no more. Wherever we are in life, we have responsibilities. What are they? First of all we have responsibilities to ourselves. What self? The higher self. We all know that we have dual natures. There

is something selfish that impels us to do many things which we know are not for the larger good of any one. There is another self which tells us what is right, and what will make for harmony. Oh, remember that your highest responsibility to yourself is to see to it that whatever it costs, you do nothing less than the highest duty or truth you can see at any given moment. Duty is the royal talisman of spiritual progress. *Pay any price for that.* Young people, it is the only thing you can afford to do. Your responsibility is to lift yourself above self, and to become in the world a beneficent force. No individual can exist in antagonism to the universal good. Our responsibility to ourselves makes us respect the responsibility of others. You are responsible for what you believe in. Let every individual soul represent something.

You have a responsibility toward your classmates. Do you know there are people all around you who are depending upon your influence? I do not mean that any individual soul must lean upon another. We must stand alone, but in unity. Every one must fight his own battle, but others can hinder or help. We have a responsibility to help others to do their best. Do not lay a straw in the path of progress of any human soul by discouraging that person in any except the wrong direction. I wish I could speak some sentence that would convey the inevitableness of responsibility. You cannot say, "I am not my brother's keeper." You cannot stand back from human beings. You must exert some influence, and the responsibility is inevitable. If you do not exert a positive force for good you will do harm.

We are brothers and sisters here. There is no sentimentalism about that. We are brothers and sisters in a common endeavor to realize all the possibilities

opened up by a common opportunity, in a common relationship of responsibility. No one can lay down rules for the conduct of others, but there are certain things that keep us safe, so that we cannot be more than touched by any criticism, or unkindness, or misunderstanding from the outside world. See to it that you are always in earnest. Do not let yourselves be surprised out of earnestness by anybody. I do not mean you to be serious all the time, but never forget that tap-root of earnestness that will hold you fast amid the gales and storms of life. If you keep that, and you are blown a little away, you can right yourself and your integrity will resist the gale; but if you forget that, you will be swept away by the power of the whirlwinds that are all about us; you will be swept you know not whither.

Be careful that you do not let yourself be turned into any line of conduct which is the result of thoughtlessness. Do not let yourself be trifled with, by any one. Girls, all of them, want to please; they want to please men. But what we really want is to be honored by them, and if any man will not accept your earnestness instead of nonsense, *let him go*. You cannot *afford* to be flattered. Let nothing take you away from your studies. I do not mean do not do anything else at any time, but do not be diverted from your purpose. Use time for valuable ends, and in the years to come you will be glad; any diversion that you take that hinders your duty will be paid for bitterly when the change comes. When the *change* comes, and it is coming all the time.

O girls, be in earnest! I do not say, Men, be in earnest; for if the girls are in earnest the men will have to be. That is what I mean when I speak of "woman's influence." This is a woman's age, an age when women are endeavoring to reach out into larger

possibilities. Although a few women make the mistake of endeavoring to turn their backs on womanly qualities, and compete with men, doing those rude things which do not belong to either sex, nevertheless there is a spirit in this age which means that woman is destined to shine upon the world and help reveal the meaning of life. She can do it. *We* can do it. Let none of us flatter ourselves, for we can be great only as we attach ourselves to the forces which are not of us. No woman can stand out from her sisters and be peculiar in something — peculiarly beautiful, great, or attractive. If a woman does not stand *for women*, and stand *by* women, no matter how brilliant she may be, she is nothing. Womanhood is to be revealed in every individual soul of woman. Stand for womanhood. Do not pose for anything else. If you do, God help you! The world will sweep you ruthlessly out of your place.

The influence of womanhood means enlightenment; it means love, loving-kindness; the love that is great, that is uplifting, that is unselfish, that does not seek for itself admiration, but will go forth to lift up those who have fallen, wherever they are; the love that is grieved when any sister comes short of what she might be; the love that is willing to help any, whether they are worthy or not. Should we cling to people if they are wrong and won't go right? No. But although we need not be afraid to stand unflinchingly against any wrong, we must stand by the soul that makes the mistake — even against itself! Any woman who will keep before her mind the aspiration that she may stand for womanhood, although she may stumble and make mistakes, will struggle up and onward. She will never be conquered while the world rolls, because she has put herself in touch with universal power! Elec-



tricity does not manifest itself solely in one electrical machine ; neither do love, beneficence, courage, and hope take exclusive possession of any individual.

Our only right to exist is that we are in touch with that which is not of ourselves. Let us keep ourselves in touch with the divine currents, that we may become the instruments of divine love. This will be a safeguard against all dangers. It will be an ever-guiding star towards which we, with faltering feet but not with faltering hearts, may find our way.

We do not know humanity when we look at it in its complex elements; but if we look into our inmost consciousness and see to *what* the impulses of the soul respond we will perceive that there is a tendency onward and upward. If we are in touch with that current, though we may suffer and be discouraged, we shall go onward and

upward and carry others with us in the current. It is an impertinence to have anything in which humanity has no share.

Now let us join hands. I have said only things that you all know; things that we try to teach you every day; things for which our grand leader lives, and toward which he strives to lead others. All these teachers want you to realize that no demand that can be made upon our possibilities of service is ever unwelcome; that no one, however little known before, can appeal in vain. We will respond according to the best of our possibilities. We may not see; we may not be able; but we will do the best we can. We want you to feel that we are one with you; that you are one with us. Let us go on with renewed endeavor, with renewed enthusiasm, to the realization of the highest possibilities of life and faith.

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## Studies in American Literature.

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### William Cullen Bryant, 1794-1878.

H. G. CROSBY.

A LITTLE more than a century ago, had we peeped into the district school of Cummington, a small village in the highlands of Western Massachusetts, we might have seen a curious sight. Surrounded by the lazy buzz of the droning pupils, more lazy by contrast with the sounds of awakened spring without, sat the school-mistress, and in her lap a child of three summers, fast asleep. In this child, delicate, but comely in appearance, with a profusion of brown hair, we scarcely recognize William Cullen Bryant, with whose later portraits we are most familiar, and whom Hawthorne described as we best know him,—“with a

long white beard, such as a palmer might have worn as the growth of his long pilgrimages; a brow almost entirely bald, and what hair he has quite hoary; a forehead impending, yet not massive; dark, bushy eyebrows and keen eyes, without much softness in them; a dark and sallow complexion; a slender figure, bent a little with age, but at once alert and infirm.”

That this sleeping child was the great poet in embryo we know from his own words. “I have no recollection,” he says, “of irksomeness in studying my lessons or in the discipline of the school. I only recollect gathering spearmint by



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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



the brooks in company with my fellow scholars, taking off my hat at their bidding in a light summer shower that the rain might fall on my hair and make it grow, and that I once awoke from a sound nap to find myself in the lap of the school-mistress, and was vexed to be thus treated like a baby."

William Cullen was the second of seven children, and, like the poet Longfellow, was descended from John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, passengers of the *Mayflower*. His father was a man well read for his day, and fond of music and poetry. He gained considerable renown in his profession of medicine and had a library of some seven hundred volumes. For these two reasons students sought his home for instruction, and some of them in after-years delighted to tell of "the cold baths they were ordered to give the infant poet in a spring near the house, early mornings of the summer months, continuing the treatment, in spite of the outcries and protestations of their patient, so late into the autumn as sometimes to break the ice that skimmed the surface."

The mother of the family was one of those marvellously capable, old-fashioned housewives who dipped her own candles, spun, wove, and fashioned the carpets and clothing for the family, and yet had time to superintend the intellectual and moral training of her children. Nor did her services stop at her own door-sill; but to the whole community she was a reliance in illness and a motive-power of reforms. Of her Bryant wrote:—

"A person of excellent practical sense, of a quick and sensitive moral judgment, she had no patience with any form of deceit or duplicity. Her prompt condemnation of injustice, even in those instances in which it is tolerated by the world, made a strong impression upon me in early life, and if in the discussion of public questions I have in my riper age

endeavored to keep in view the great rule of right without much regard to persons, it has been owing in a great degree to the force of her example, which taught me never to countenance wrong because others did it."

As this was one of Bryant's strongest traits and the corner-stone of his great moral pre-eminence,—his all-ruling ambition for virtue and truth without respect for persons,—we can see in a measure for how much he was indebted to such a mother.

The poet attended the district school at Cummington until he was fourteen years old, when he was sent to North Brookfield to study Latin with his uncle, Rev. Thomas Snell, as a preparation for college. From there he went for his Greek to the "Bread and Milk College" of Rev. Moses Halleck, at Plainfield. Of this Bryant says in his charmingly simple way: "He was paid one dollar a week for my board and instruction. 'I can afford it for that,' he was in the habit of saying, 'and it would not be honest to take more.'" From this small cost of instruction we can easily understand that the receipts of the college might not cover a more expensive diet than that which gave the place its nickname.

In 1810 he entered the Sophomore class at Williams College, but did not enjoy the work there, and at the close of two terms was honorably dismissed at his own request. He hoped to enter Yale, but an ebb in the family finances forced him to give up this plan, and he returned to Cummington, where he pursued his studies as far as possible in his father's library, and by making the most of what was at hand became to a considerable degree versed in chemistry, botany, and medicine.

But capable as his mind was in many directions, he never lost sight of his first-born, and we may say divinely nurtured



desire to be a poet, for in his childhood he held this as his ideal and prayed, as he tells us, "that I might receive the gift of poetic genius and write verses that might endure. I presented this petition in those early years with great fervor, but after a time discontinued the practice, I can hardly say why. As a general rule, whatever I might innocently wish I did not see why I should not ask, and I was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer."

And those early years bore fruit remarkable for that, or any other time. As his biographer, Bigelow, aptly put it, "Thanatopsis," which was written by Bryant when he was only seventeen years old, "proved to be not only the finest poem which had yet been produced on this continent, but one of the most remarkable poems ever produced at such an early age, and a poem which would have added to the fame of almost any poet of any age, while it would have detracted from the fame of none."

Even before this, however, his poetic genius had manifested itself, for when less than ten years of age he received from his grandfather a ninupence as an expression of approval for a rhymed version of the first chapter of the Book of Job. The same year the paper of the county published in its columns a poem written and declaimed by Bryant and descriptive of the school he attended. Even these earliest verses were marked by the two strongest technical characteristics of Bryant's poetry,—his absolute correctness in measure and rhyme. Illustrative of these points are lines found in a letter of his later life:—

The season wears an aspect glum and glummer,  
The icy north wind, an unwelcome comer,  
Frighting from garden walks each pretty hummer  
Whose murmuring music lulled the noons of summer,  
Roars in the woods with grummer voice and  
grummer,  
And thunders in the forest like a drummer.

Dumb are the birds—they could not well be dumber.

The winter-cold, life's pitiless benumber,  
Bursts water-pipes and makes us call the plumber.  
Now by the fireside toils the patient thumber  
Of ancient books, and no less patient summer  
Of long accounts, while toppers fill the rummer.  
The maiden thinks what furs will best become her,  
And on the stage boards shouts the gibling mummer.

Shut in by storms the dull piano strummer  
Murders old tunes. There's nothing wearisomer!

To us who think of Bryant always as the author of "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," "A Forest Hymn," "The Antiquity of Freedom," and other verses of high and solemn thought, it will hardly occur to associate such playfulness with that same earnest thinker. But, although of a serious nature, he was by no means a man of but one mood. He possessed a bright and playful humor which he often used, ever with becoming dignity and pleasing effect, in his public speeches and in his correspondence.

In a study of the poet and the man we must not pass too lightly over the time spent at home after he left college, for then opportunity arose to indulge his love for nature, and from this formative period grew much in after-life. It was during this time "Thanatopsis" took form, and doubtless the rootlets of later poems began to stir with life.

"I was always, from my earliest years," he says, "a delighted observer of external nature. . . . The poets fostered this taste in me, and though at that time I rarely heard such things spoken of, it was none the less cherished in my secret mind." Of this part of his life spent at home on the farm, he afterwards wrote:—

The time has been when, fresh as air,  
I loved at morn the hills to climb,  
With dew-drenched feet and bosom bare,  
And ponder on the artless rhyme;  
And through the long laborious day  
(For mine has been the peasant's toil),  
I hummed the meditated lay  
While the slow oxen turned the soil.

The peasant's toil was not to his taste, however, and realizing that the life of a literary man in this country at that time held all chances for financial failure, and his modesty forbidding thoughts of success for himself, he turned to the study of law. After three years, in 1815, he was admitted to the bar, and began practising in Plainfield, a little village four or five miles distant from his home in Cummington; but finding too little to do there, he transferred his office to Great Barrington. It was during his journey on foot from his home to Plainfield, there to begin his career, and when he was feeling "very forlorn and desolate," that he saw "darkly painted on the crimson sky" that lone wanderer pursuing its solitary way, and to whom, on the arrival at his journey's end, he wrote the poem,—by many judged to be the brightest jewel in his crown of songs,—"To a Waterfowl."

Although Bryant practised with some measure of success, the muse of poetry was his first love, and he never became fond of the law. Therefore in 1825 he gladly availed himself of an opening to a more congenial field of labor in New York. He, however, did not leave Great Barrington as he had entered it,—alone,—for he there met and married a Miss Fairchild, whom he portrayed in his verses:—

"Oh, fairest of the rural maids."

We know from her husband's pen little of Mrs. Bryant, for the poet held that a gentleman should never talk of his love affairs or of his religion, and was reticent on both these subjects. But that he was very happy in his married life we may fairly judge from the loving devotion he always paid his wife.

For a few years, now, Bryant was, as he styled himself, a "literary adventurer," but this was an up-hill path, and did not lead through the gold-fields. With a wife and child dependent upon

him, his financial outlook grew very dark; but even then he did not despair, and from his pen flowed "The Journey of Life," in the closing stanza of which we see the same "unfaltering trust" that marks his lines, "To a Waterfowl:—"

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,  
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,  
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone;  
And, like another life, the glorious day  
Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height  
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

Almost another life did open for him when he was invited to become an associate editor of the New York *Evening Post*, to the columns of which he had already been a contributor. For the remainder of his life, almost half a century, Bryant was the ruling spirit of this paper, and from it he received an ample revenue; for although its fortunes varied, once to the verge of bankruptcy, it was, for the most part, valuable property. During his connection with it the paper was marked for the honesty of its political and ethical opinions, and the editor, though he might be opposed by partisans for his politics, was everywhere respected. He wrote simply and fearlessly, and his editorials, as literature, are specimens of some of the finest prose in our language. Politically he always stood for the side he deemed right, and his journal never wavered in its course if he saw the popular tide flowing from it, nor exercised a newspaper despotism when the waters turned.

Bryant's career as a journalist was one of great credit to himself and of benefit to his countrymen, and had he not been greater as a poet, he would have made a lasting name for himself in this field. He proved, too, the truth of Dr. Holland's words, who, in commenting upon him, said:—

"Mr. Bryant was a poet who could take care of himself and get a living.

He could not only do this, but he could do a wise and manly part in guiding the politics of the country. He could not only manage his own private and family affairs in a prosperous way, but he could discharge his duties as a citizen and a member of society. . . . He has proved to all the younger generation of poets that hysterics are not inspiration, that providence is not an unerring sign of genius, that Christian conviction and Christian character are not indications of weakness, but are rather a measure of strength, and that a man may be a poet, and a poet a man."

From the returns of his newspaper Bryant was enabled to indulge his passion for nature, for his love of it amounted to that degree of feeling, and he bought a country home at Roslyn, Long Island. This he called "Cedar-mere," and here he lived as a poet, never allowing his office cares to come into his country life. This place was sacred to his muse, and we are told that there was something pontifical about him when he put on his singing-robcs, that "the spirit of poesy descended upon him only upon the Sabbaths of his soul."

This absolute separation of his poetry from his politics and journalism was recognized by his countrymen as seen in the interesting fact that even when his journal and political views were publicly denounced in Tammany Hall, a quotation from his poems by the speakers would be received with universal applause. In his editorials he might attack and criticise the faults and failings of men, but his poetry always brought the hopeful side, and he loved nature for the beautiful lessons it taught humanity.

When Bryant found himself possessed of the means for travel, he embraced the opportunity. He went six times to Europe, besides making journeys to Mexico and Cuba. In these wanderings he met many people of interest and note,

and was often entertained by them with honor, but he held that the laws of hospitality were sacred, and so, when afterward, at the urgent request of his friends, he published his letters, his high sense of honor in personal relationships bade him omit all mention of them. For this reason the letters lose something of the interest they otherwise would have; but as they stand they are pleasant reading, and are marked by the same faultless English of all his prose, for Bryant took pains in everything he did to do it so well that it might not in any way lessen his reputation as a poet. They appeared in two volumes entitled "Letters of a Traveller" and "Letters from the East."

As he grew older he shifted, in a measure, his editorial labors to younger shoulders, and when seventy-two began the translation of Homer. This was a vast task for any time of life, and the more so for one of his age; but at the end of five years he had put both the Iliad and the Odyssey into blank verse, and such verse as Richard H. Stoddard deemed "the best that has been written by any modern poet whatever,—the most sustained, the most impressive, the most unforgettable." Naturally his translation has often been compared with Pope's, and it is generally conceded that, while the latter is more pleasing because of the rhymed version, and for this reason may always be more popular, Bryant's, on the other hand, is more faithful to the spirit of the original. The charge can never be brought against his that Bentley made of Pope's,—"A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer."

Bryant was much sought as a public speaker, especially in his later years, his very presence bringing honor and dignity. He never spoke for himself, but always for the subject and the occasion; and yet, by this pleasing self-effacement, just so surely he added to his own pop-

ularity and power. It was as Dr. Holland said,—that “by reason of his venerable age, his unquestioned genius, his pure and lofty character, his noble achievements in letters, his great influence as a public journalist, and his position as a pioneer in American literature, William Cullen Bryant had become, without a suspicion in his own modest thought, the principal citizen of the great republic.” That he was so recognized we know from the public honors heaped upon him. He declined what he could, and gracefully submitted when he must to hearing himself praised in a manner sincere, but embarrassing to one of his modest nature. At such times he used to deny for himself the larger share of the honor, and was fond of attributing it to his years, saying that he was by reason of them a sort of curiosity. The historian Bancroft voiced the sentiment

of his countrymen when he said, at a dinner given by the Century Club to Bryant on his seventieth birthday, “Our tribute to you is to the poet, but we should not have paid it had we not revered you as a man.”

Although well advanced in his eighty-fourth year when he died, Bryant was not impaired by years, and his death was the result of a fall. In accordance with his often-expressed wishes, the family declined an ostentatious public funeral; but throughout the whole country respect was shown to his memory, and he was sincerely mourned.

Great as he was as a man, Bryant will live to posterity as a poet, and distinctly as an ethical poet. His work was of that high order that the world, as its moral standard advances, will draw to it, rather than outgrow it.

### The American Branch of English Literature.

PROF. WM. G. WARD.

THE expansion of England is the most astonishing movement of modern times. From a nation of four or five millions at the time of the Spanish Armada, England has grown to be an empire of four hundred millions. More than seventy-five millions of these now speak the English language, and by adding our own population to the total, there are probably one hundred and fifty millions who to-day speak English. The Anglo-Saxon race has thus become the leading force in Europe, America, Asia, Oceanica, and Africa. No other race holds a first-class rank in more than one of these continents. It is this fact which shows the pre-eminence of the English-speaking people as a world power. Nor is this all. The real significance of the expansion of England is not expressed in numbers. The vitality,

the energy, the noble life, of this race of men, is in every way more wonderful than its astonishing growth in size.

In no way is this life better revealed than in literature. English literature is the longest in point of time, and the best sustained in consecutive energy, of any of the modern literatures. Beginning with the slender line of the Anglo-Saxon letters, the main volume of our literary life has expanded with the growth of the people, until an original type of English literature is now to be found in each of the great continents above mentioned. With the possible exception of Africa, which is the latest in time of the English possessions, we may say that English literature has already obtained an Indian, an Australian, and an American phase of development, as well as the phase which the British



Isles exhibit in our own day. It therefore becomes necessary to speak of English literature hereafter under the main heads of its modern development as above suggested.

Of the 150,000,000 people who now speak the English language, one-half live in America. This estimate assumes that our census of next year will show a population for the United States of 75,000,000; but even if this be not realized, there are 5,000,000 more English-speaking people who live in Canada and who constitute, for all literary intents, a part of our public. There has been a disposition to make Canadian literature a separate branch of the parent stem, but this is unnecessary, since the word "American" includes Canada as well as the United States. If one-half the Anglo-Saxon race to-day are in America, and the other half scattered on four continents, it will have to be admitted that the American branch of the English race is the largest body of English-speaking people in the world. Indeed, they are almost twice as many as the inhabitants of the British Isles themselves. The relative importance of this American branch of the family is likely to become much greater in the near future, though as Americans we have no desire to overestimate it. So far as our literature is concerned, it is enough for us that the parent stem of English literature belongs to us just as much as it does to Great Britain. Shakespeare and Milton were our poets, and we are just as proud of them as though our fathers were still residing in England.

Nevertheless, they are not American, nor is the main current of English literature as yet to be found on our shores. The British literature of our day may be almost evenly matched against our own; but taking the century into account, it has been far superior. This has been accounted for by the newness of our in-

stitutions and the relative suddenness of our growth. There are plenty of men still living who can remember the birth of American literature and whose lives have seen its entire growth and progress. We have had too many interests which were greater than our interest in literature. In the face of these, literature had to be transplanted and slowly nourished, whereas the parent stem of the British development of the family was the continuation of an unbroken succession.

It is customary to speak of Benjamin Franklin as the founder of our literature, and of his day as its first period. It is doubtful, however, whether we ought to indulge in such a conceit as is involved in the last clause. One man does not make a literature, and it is difficult to think of any great propriety in using that word until the day of Irving. With his age, however, we may feel sure of our ground and speak of American literature as it was represented in the men who preceded and surrounded him. Irving's group of writers were in existence for twenty years before the New England group arose. Remembering this fact, we can see a certain progression by which our literature originated with Franklin in Philadelphia, which was then the leading American city. Its next stage brings us to New York in the days of Irving, while the third step brings us to Boston, as the centre of the New England development, under the influence of Emerson and Hawthorne. Since their day schools and localities have ceased to be important; our cosmopolitan public, reaching from ocean to ocean, has carried the spirit of literature to every part of our land.

To be sure, America is so large a country that we cannot help noticing certain characteristics as belonging to certain parts of the country, as our

Southern States' literature, the Canadian and the New England, not to mention the Central West and the Pacific slope; but none of these are confined within distinctive geographical limits. The heritage is a common one and is fast becoming more so, as the facilities for communication are becoming more perfect. Time and space are no longer barriers to the progress of ideas. The characteristics of the literary product of one region are speedily disseminated among all the others. In this way American literature will in time become great and complex, possibly leading all the other branches of the fam-

ily in excellence, as we now do in numbers.

Meantime we may rejoice in the relative growth of the Anglo-Saxon, which is more astonishing than his actual size. At the beginning of this century there were only twenty millions of English-speaking people in the world, while there were more than thirty millions each of both the French and the German. To-day there are only fifty millions of the French and seventy millions of the Germans, but our twenty millions have increased to one hundred and fifty millions, or more than seven hundred per cent.

## Portia.

HELEN PERNAL DEWEY.

IN studying the character of Portia we are studying one of Shakespeare's most womanly of women. Although she has been called an intellectual woman, or one in whom the intellect predominates, yet if you seek for life, affection, and will in her character you find them all, and find them most abundantly. In fact, we find not only variety but unity as well.

Beginning with *life*, we see in Portia a keen sense of wit and honest humour—not sarcasm, for “sarcasm is the last resort of a small-minded person,” but brilliant, sparkling wit. Narrow minds never approve of wit, because the shutters of self are so tightly closed that should a ray of sunlight pierce through their eyes are dazzled and they see nothing. Portia's wit reminds one of the dew-laden flowers when the sun is shining upon them. The dew does not detract from the flower, but looking through it you see clearer and more definitely the fine lines and fibres of the

plant. Her keen perception shining through her wit reveals the true character of those with whom she is associated. It is her continual interest for others that brings forth this animation, or life. Not once in the entire play do we see her with a real tinge of what we call “the blues.” She did not have time. She looked “out, not in; up, not down.”

The affection in her character and her ideal of love is shown when she speaks of Lord Bassanio and Antonio. She says, “Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love.” A yoke is that which unites, which draws together. It takes two to wear a yoke. We reveal true love only by thoughtfulness in little things. It was not her thoughtfulness for Bassanio alone that strengthened her love for him, but each word and bit of kindness to others brought them nearer each other. Swedenborg has said, “‘Do you love me?’ means, ‘Do you think the same truth that I do?’”

In the scene between Portia and

Nerissa, Portia seems anxious to be rid of her many suitors, and did not, like many nineteenth-century maids, rejoice in having them "linger round with a dejected haviour of the visage," and their countenances "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Who could ever doubt Portia's will-power? The words "*Veni, vidi, vici*" might well be written of her, for indeed she came, she saw, she conquered.

At the present day, when we have so many women lawyers and doctors, it is rather difficult to place ourselves in Portia's place and see the difficulties she had to overcome before succeeding in her plot. She must of necessity not only have a broad education upon general subjects, but a legal knowledge as well. She must have not only the knowledge, but the will-power, energy, and purpose to put such knowledge into effect.

Portia is one of Shakespeare's finest tributes to our sex on the score of intellect. To her many suitors she is hospitable, generous, courteous—no

more. The friends of Bassanio she treats with loyalty of heart and great sympathy. This is shown particularly in the characters of Jessica and Lorenzo. Balthazar and Nerissa she treats with respect, but no familiarity.

Bassanio is her other self. She sees through his eyes, for "eyes are but the windows of the soul;" speaks with his tongue, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." She says, "One half of me is yours—mine own, I should say, but if mine, then and so all yours;" and again, "Live thou I live."

In the court scene we see all the womanliness of her character. She tries first of all to pierce the selfishness of Shylock with kindness, "The quality of mercy is not strained." Failing in this, she decides to mete out to him measure for measure, knowing that this is the only way by which he may be brought to repentance. "For as thou urgest justice, be assured thou shalt have justice."

## Reserve Power.\*

FREDERICK MANNING HALL, '98.

IN all dwellings classed under the romantic title of farmhouses there is a room at the top called an attic. There may, in some houses, be several attics, but never a house without at least one.

In this attic is kept everything from a goose-quill to a spinning-wheel. It is the magazine for the household's amunition.

It is on a shelf in this room that the consumptive bellows lie in state. It is here the old flintlock hangs, its scarred and splintered stock telling gruesome tales of bloody combat back in "76."

In the corner stands the quilting-frame, tied together with remnants of the last great "bee." On the nails in the rafters hang old hats, coats, and the proverbial popcorn, sage, and other "roots and herbs." Over behind the spinning-wheel stand the abandoned bedstead, the table, and the old armchair.

In the winter the boy comes running in at the kitchen door calling at the top of his voice, "Marm! where's my sled?" The answer comes, "Up in the attic." In the spring he wants his kite; it is "up in the attic." He wants some old

\* A lecture given before the Postgraduate class, Friday, December 30, 1898.

clothes to "fish in." "I guess you'll find something up in the attic."

The "hired man" cuts his foot while splitting wood, and the motherly old soul, removing her hands from a pan of "dough," tells him he will find an old boot "up in the attic." And so on and on.

There is an attic in the human mind, where we store our facts from childhood up, where we place everything we think we shall need at some future time.

In some mind-attics the spinning-wheel is still present, and to all appearances has never come to a full stop since first set in motion. The different articles are thrown carelessly about, defying even the skill of a Sherlock Holmes. The old relics are scattered ruthlessly upon the floor, and an "unorganized mass" is the result.

In other mind-attics the furniture is kept dusted, the old articles are ready at any time to renew their usefulness, and could we but look in upon this mind-attic the place would show an orderly and presentable appearance.

In our mind-attic is stored our reserve power. Reserve power is an unlimited array of well-organized knowledge, *combined with an ability to use that knowledge with strength, force, and conviction.* No man can be confident of success in life without it. What commander would think of going into battle without a reserve force held in the rear? What orator, then, should think of going into debate with simply a prepared speech?

We are apt to look upon our routine

of preparation as a waste of time, but every hour adds to our attic treasure; every day increases our reserve power. Why do machinists invariably build engines of a greater horse-power than is indicated by the work to be performed by them? Reserve power!

How often did the Imperial Guard of Napoleon turn defeat into victory by one of its irresistible charges! Reserve force did it. At Waterloo the lack of a proper reserve lost the day. We are all Napoleons. Let us not meet defeat at our Waterloos from any lack of reserve force. If we possess reserve power let us not lose confidence in its mighty force.

Webster, in his debate with Hayne, furnishes a striking example of this confidence in right. While his friends were anxious as to the results, Webster sat unmoved by the fierce attack upon himself, his State, and all New England. He had measured his rival; he had measured himself, and was as confident of success as though the battle had already been fought. He described his feelings as follows: "It seemed to me that all I had ever seen, heard, or read of, was floating before my eyes in a vast panorama, and that all I had to do was to reach up, cull a thunderbolt, and hurl it at him."

Let us, then, like Webster, never be found in want of a panorama from which to cull. The power of our thunderbolts depends upon our work of to-day, and their frequency is determined by our work of yesterday.

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Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, all in one. — *Ruskin.*

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal; the winner is he who gives himself to his work body and soul. — *Charles Buckter.*



College News.**Professor Southwick's Address.**

Your applause means, I suppose, that you expect a speech, but I am afraid you will be disappointed. I have no address to make, but only a few words to say.

I am glad to come back among you, and I almost envy you your privilege in being in an institution like this. Happy is he who has learned the lesson taught here. I think you are all learning it: that the way to work is to work for the sake of the work, and not for personal pride, nor for the profits, nor the honors, which, while they surely come to those who are faithful, come by indirect approach rather than by fevered pursuit.

In reading your magazine, —I always read and appreciate it,— I saw a little article relating to the cynic. What shall we do when we go out and meet the sneers of the cynic? Remember this, there is no positiveness like that of ignorance. When you have said your say to the cynic, remember that there is an all-powerful Ruler who will take care of him.

I know a man, a friend of mine, whom I meet sometimes. We discuss some little plan, and he takes it up with great enthusiasm. The next day he comes back with a long face and says, "I have been thinking this over and talking with so-and-so about it, and I don't know about it." After half an hour he is all hope again and starts off in a new frame of mind. What is the matter with him? He does not know what he thinks. Do your own thinking; know what you know; stand secure on two feet; wear your intellectual sovereignty on your own hat; remember that love and enthusiasm are the life-blood of every noble impulse and of every successful achievement. The cynic is never successful. Every noble idea, every impulse that has led the world forward, has met the cynic; has

met apathy. As one of our great men said, "Stagnation is the last station this side of damnation." Don't worry too much about popularity. It is sometimes inconvenient. There is only one kind of evil to be dreaded, and that is unpopularity with yourself. Go about with your eyes open; recognize truths which come through your intuition. Carry your torch high, and if you meet criticism, hold it a little higher. Remember what Emerson has said, "It is easy in the world to live after the world; it is easy in solitude to live after your own way; it is the great man, among the crowd, who can live after solitude." L. C. L.

**The Southwick Literary Society.**

The Southwick Literary Society met in Berkeley Hall, December 8, for the third and last meeting of the fall term. The usual business was conducted, the president, Miss Powers, presiding; then with a few well-selected words she introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. W. Hinton White, a former student and co-worker.

Mr. White possesses a very pleasing manner, easy and direct. His voice is clear, and marked with that conversational quality which we can all appreciate.

The lecture was on "Australia," and proved most enjoyable and instructive. It was superbly illustrated. So magnificent were the pictures, so lifelike in form and color, as to arouse the audience to spontaneous bursts of enthusiasm. In fact, so real were the scenes before us that our minds immediately responded, and we were soon speeding away on a deep-sea voyage at the rate of twenty knots per hour. We had a thrill of terror as we experienced a storm at sea;

we felt an unspeakable delight as we beheld the great ship resting, as on a mirror, upon the calm sea. But we were not privileged to enjoy this long, for we found ourselves upon the island continent, where we visited with pleasure and delight the cities of Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide. We were then carried to the slopes, where we visited the great

flocks of sheep, and on to the central portions, which have been so marvelously endowed by nature. When the last picture was flashed upon the scene, the shutters thrown open, and we returned to Boston, we all joined heart and hand in our expression of thanks to Mr. White for the pleasures of the afternoon.

H. S. C.

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### Alumni Notes.

Miss Carol L. Colgrove is teaching in Johnstown, N. Y.

Mr. Jos. S. Gaylord is teaching in the department of Psychology and Education of the State Normal School of Winona, Minn.

Miss Emma F. Patch is teaching Oratory and Physical Culture in Webb City College, Webb City, Mo., and writes that she is enjoying the work very much.

Miss Emily Robinson is teaching at Andrew College, Cuthbert, Ga. She has been very successful in recital work and in private teaching, besides her regular class work.

Miss Mabel H. Vaughn is introducing the Emerson system of oratory and voice culture to large classes in the Evening High School in Providence. This is the first time any system of oratory has been taught in Providence. Miss Vaughn's earnestness and enthusiasm are the forerunners of success.

Miss Margaret A. Klein writes from Walterboro, S. C., where she is supposed to be resting, but where she finds such demand for the Emerson College work that she has several large classes. For the past four years she has been in or near Chicago, teaching in the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., as well as in her regular college classes.

Miss Maud Barnes, '98, is teaching and reading with great success in her home in Chicago. It is reported that the third week of her professional experience she gave thirty-eight lessons, and read several evenings.

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#### Meeting of the Alumni Association.

The Alumni Association convened in the College office and library, on the evening of December 5, with the president, Professor Kidder, in the chair. A goodly number of members were present, as well as many of our friends of the Senior class, to whom the privilege of attending this year's meetings has been extended. The theme for the evening's discussion was "How To Introduce and Carry Forward the Work of the Emerson College in Public and Private Schools." The president called the meeting to order at 8.15, and introduced as the first speaker, Miss Edith Nichols, of Somerville.

Miss Nichols gave an interesting account of her success in introducing the work into the Somerville schools, where she has about six hundred pupils. She emphasized the importance of tact in introducing as well as in carrying on the work, and spoke of the infinite patience requisite in awaiting results, in a case where the amount of time allotted is so disproportionate to the number of chil-

dren. She supplements the work in oratory by requiring each pupil to memorize and repeat good quotations as a regular exercise. This serves a double purpose; it impresses beauty of sentiment, and tends to perfect enunciation. In conducting a class in the Evolution of Expression she devotes the first part of the period to a discussion of the selection, including a study of the meanings of words,—a necessary precaution, as pupils are slow to study words in a reading-lesson, unless urged by the teacher. In the regular drill the teacher has only time enough to lead the pupil to a suggestion of what she would have him attain. For the rest she must have faith that some of the seed is fallen upon fertile soil, though she may not soon see the harvest; and in so many cases is her faith justified, in promise, and in actual results, that the rewards of the work far outweigh the discouragements.

Each pupil takes part in two recitals during the year, having previously subjected his choice of a selection to the teacher's approval, and having had regular drill in preparation.

Miss Nichols's bright enumeration of the difficulties, and the delights, of this phase of school work was most helpful to all hearers. She closed with an earnest expression of her belief that the fields are ripe for the harvest.

Miss Nichols was followed by Miss Masson, who told of her three years' experience in one of the leading colleges of the South. Miss Masson went South to introduce the Emerson principles, expecting to take charge of a department which was on an equal footing with the other departments of college work. She found the subject ignored, and crowded from the curriculum. She began with five pupils, and with difficulty arranged for a period for them on an already crowded schedule. She made friends with other members of the faculty, and

enlisted the sympathy of the president by insisting that her department should be strictly educational. She made nothing compulsory, demanding only that at the weekly recitals no popular recitations should be presented. Before she left the college one hundred pupils were in her classes.

Miss Masson realized that if her work was to be recognized by other educators as a dignified department it must be educational from beginning to end, admitting no performances, no useless expenditure of time and energy on the study of inferior literature. As soon as practicable, she gave students' public recitals, dealing only with the classics. This served to create an interest and to impress doubters with the high standard held. The first program was from Mrs. Browning's poems; the second, Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," with interludes of appropriate music; the third, and most ambitious, a simple adaptation of Tennyson's "Princess."

Miss Masson paid a tribute to the South, speaking with enthusiasm of her love for the people. In response to questions, she made further suggestions, as follows:—

"In regard to the corset question, do not be arbitrary. Appeal to a girl's æsthetic nature. Girls want to be beautiful. Arm yourself with beautiful pictures, copies of works of art which present the free, developed human form, as the Venus de Milo, and Venus de Medici, and Queen Louise.

"Again, girls will do anything from a high moral motive. If enthusiastically held to the right, they will recognize and follow it. The physical exercises are essentially religious, and girls can be made to appreciate this. Prepare a talk each week. Don't rest upon tradition. Students are bright, and quick to feel any hesitancy in the teacher. *Think the principles anew for yourself, and work*

out your own plan of procedure from day to day."

In general, wherever your field lies, make a careful study of the prejudices of the people, and avoid them.

Mrs. Sherman, of Cambridge, spoke a few words for Miss Hogley, who was absent. Mrs. Sherman urged the importance of making each pupil feel a desire for the work, as the demand comes from the students. She would have the teacher improve every opportunity for her own personal development.

Professor Kidder gave a brief summary of a letter from Professor Metcalf, telling of his work in the Kansas State Agricultural College. He introduced the work patiently and tactfully, until its value was recognized, then demanded five periods each week for the oratory, and its full recognition as an essential part of the college work. We who know Professor Metcalf need not be told that he carried his point triumphantly.

Miss Whitmore, of Lynn, spoke briefly of her work among teachers, especially in the physical culture and voice. Wide experience with singers has taught her that physical exercise is reported in the quality of the voice—a fact which makes it of vital importance to singers that their bodies are freed and developed by a true system of physical culture.

Miss Kelly advised giving occasional timely programs to arouse interest, as a war recital during the recent national struggle, or a program consisting of extracts from some of the best political speeches during a campaign. She said people regard physical culture as a frosting, to be taken or not, as one wishes.

Mr. White suggested that the widest field for the propagation of the principles was with large bodies of teachers, both in our Normal Colleges and in Teachers' Institutes. He thought that in the case of the Normal College it might

be an object to secure a period for work every day during some one year of the course, rather than to depend upon fragmentary work during the four years.

After the announcement of the next meeting, to be held Monday evening, January 23, at 7.45, the meeting was adjourned.

A pleasant half-hour was passed in social intercourse, and informal discussion of the question of the evening, during which time light refreshments were served. All carried from the meeting a new realization of the responsibilities, and the difficulties, confronting those who are to bear Doctor Emerson's grand gospel into the schools, and a new revelation of the reward which awaits those who bear it in love and faith.

The announcement of the meeting met with a spontaneous response, which proves the keen interest and loyal advocacy of the graduates of the College. Lack of space forbids quoting in full from any one source. The following "suggestions" are brief extracts from a few of the many valuable letters received.

In behalf of the Association I wish to thank the many members who have responded so generously and willingly to the call to co-operate. Other meetings will follow this. If you cannot be present, send a message. Give to the younger graduates, who are going out to spread the Emerson philosophy, the benefit of your experience. Keep in touch with us. In so doing you will give definite help to those who are inexperienced, and will, in return, receive added inspiration and a more vital and closer relationship with the Alma Mater.

"All are needed by each one."

JULIA T. KING, *Secretary*.

### Extracts from Alumni Letters.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Emerson *principles* must be dealt with by the teachers. 2. Methods must be individual,



and adapted to time and place. 3. *Existing conditions must be accepted as found*, and by slow processes the school or college brought up to Emerson ideals.

Miss ALICE F. TOURTELLOT.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Once a month the teachers hold a meeting for mutual benefit, presided over by the superintendent. As reading is a subject which few know how to teach successfully, but in which all are interested, I suggested that an informal talk might be given on the teaching of reading, illustrated by some familiar selections, and enthusiasm aroused among the teachers themselves. This might lead to the formation of a class of teachers, who, in turn, could impart their knowledge to the pupils. If the work met with the approval of the superintendent and Board of Education, it would be an easy matter to present the work to the children in much the same way that the music and drawing lessons are given in the schools. Physical Culture is already a departmental branch in many schools, and I believe that reading will be similarly introduced, as it has been in some cities.

Mrs. HORTENSE MATTESON BOOTH.

WALTERBORO, S. C.

To introduce the Emerson College work, first be sure you have the *principles* as part of yourself, then get a hearing before the principal and the trustees of the school where the work is needed. *Let your light shine*. To carry forward the work keep its principles alive in yourself and growing. If possible get a class of teachers and as soon as possible set them to teaching. Let the simplest trifle in the way of a recitation in public be a lesson to the multitude.

Miss MARGARET H. KLEIN.

WORCESTER ACADEMY, MASS.

There is one point that occurs to me in regard to "carrying forward the work of Emerson College" after it has been introduced in any school, and that is that when for any reason a teacher is about to leave a school he should see that

his successor is, if possible, an Emerson student.

I believe that one department of the magazine should be devoted to Normal work.

HARRY S. ROSS.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

It is the children who need it the most. The kindergarten prepares the ground which, if only cultivated by the Emersonian philosophy, would produce men and women who would revolutionize the world.

Miss CLAIRE M. DELANO.

ELLSWORTH, ME.

My experience in presenting these principles has shown me how essential these teachings are to the development of character, and how they are responded to by even the youngest pupil.

MARY ANN GREELY.

WEST NEWBURY, MASS.

A valuable way of introducing the work is by reaching the home. If the mothers can be interested in the principles it would seem that the battle was half won.

PARKER H. NASON.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC SCHOOLS, N. Y.

Let those who hope to carry forward the work familiarize themselves with the broad and fundamental principles on which the work of the College rests. Let them understand for themselves, and then they will not be bound by any preconceived notions of how a thing should be done, but will be capable of adapting what is theirs to the needs of the occasion.

He who would introduce the work into the public schools must be eminently practical. He must be definite, concrete, specific.

Let us bring to our work that breadth of culture without which any specialty can be only inadequately presented. Let us qualify ourselves to present our specialty to the public in a way to convince them of its genuineness by embodying in ourselves that which we hope to inculcate in others. Let us become well grounded in the principles of pedagogy — then would it appear that success must attend our labors.

CAROLINE M. PAIGE.

#### IMPORTANT.

As soon as this number of the magazine reaches you, why not send in your subscription, if you have not already done so? Such an artistic, valuable magazine must needs have strong financial support. We depend upon you.

#### EMERSONIANS AND FRIENDS.

In soliciting advertisements for the College Magazine care has been taken to select reliable firms. Therefore the management earnestly requests that, in so far as possible, subscribers and readers of our publication give their patronage to those who advertise in our columns in recognition of the substantial aid received from them.





W. J. Royce

# Emerson College Magazine

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Reach your hand to me, my friend,  
With its heartiest caress,  
Sometime there will come an end  
To its present faithfulness—  
Sometime I may ask in vain  
For the touch of it again.  
Meeting, greeting, night and day  
Faring each the self-same way,  
Still somewhere the path must end—  
Reach your hand to me, my friend!—*Riley.*

WE do not wish to anticipate the day of parting, though it comes toward us with swift and silent tread, but may we say, Make the utmost of these days of help and inspiration? Seek to grow into a fuller expression of that charity which

we all covet. That charity which suffers long and is kind may be the controlling force of our lives. Too often when we have to suffer we fail in kindness. So long as we are all human beings it will be easy to find fault, but on the other hand, so long as we are spiritual beings we may by keener insight find virtues. Let us draw nearer to one another for mutual sympathy and help. We do not seek to detain these days, "this Present, just meant to give thy soul its bent," but we would "seize to-day" and make it worthy to last forever. For ourselves as individuals in our beloved college world and for our country in the agitation of Imperialism we may continue to hope, since we do not cease to aspire. Only he who has given up aspiration need despair. The vital question is, What does the present mean for your character? Do not ask, What have I achieved, but, What am I aiming to deserve?



Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe.

The excellent half-tone cut used as a frontispiece this month pleasantly reminds us that our genial friend and scholarly lecturer, Dr. Rolfe, will be with us again during the spring term. A hearty greeting awaits him! Dr. Rolfe's work as editor and scholar of Shakespeare's plays commands world-wide attention and appreciation. We are sensible of the great privilege that is ours in hearing and knowing such a master.



The Snow Scene.

We give you the picture of Whittier's home in its white winter dress with this



issue instead of placing it with its appropriate article, because the month is propitious for snow scenes, and we fear if we wait until next month the beautiful snow mantle will have disappeared.



Correction.

The definition of reserve power in the lecture by Mr. Hall in the January issue should read, "Reserve power is an unlimited array of well-organized knowledge, combined with an ability to use it with strength, force and energy in producing conviction."



To Nicholas II.

The poem "Salutation," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is a noble tribute to the Czar of the Russias. If Nicholas II. is indeed "compassionate of soul," the people he rules may expect happier days than have been their fortune in years past.

Salute the soul that dares, though royal born,  
Become knight errant of the hope forlorn;

Mighty the voices of powers  
Pent in the prisoned world;  
Mighty the forces of nations,  
Peoples on peoples hurled.

Mightier the cry of the human  
Wakening from his sleep;  
Mightier the woe of the ages  
Wailing up from the deep.

Challenge the drum-throbs to tell it!  
Bugles, oh, sing it wild!  
Worth the world, dear are the kisses  
Of wife and of clinging child.



The Business Side.

The frequent and hearty expressions of appreciation of subscribers and readers of our magazine in and out of college are a source of gratitude to us.

To know that our effort to please you, by giving an ideal magazine both in literary merit and general make-up, is successful in turn gives us satisfaction.

But the financial side must not be overlooked. An enterprise of this character cannot be maintained successfully without money. We have improved the quality of the paper and cover of the magazine. The magazines, for this year, will contain, on an average, three half-tone cuts of the faculty and American authors and their homes. We have purchased a cabinet and made a number of other improvements. All this means that strong financial support must be had.

Here is the point: Have *you* paid your subscription for this year? Many have not yet done so. If you are among the delinquent number why not give the matter your *immediate* attention and by so doing relieve yourself and us of further thought and worry?

There is not the least cause for financial embarrassment. We know whereof we speak. The magazine will come off with flying colors *if each* subscriber does his simple and pledged duty of sending in his subscription, and that early.

Yours in earnest,

H. TOROS DAGHISTANLIAN,  
*Business Manager.*



By means of our physical culture and oratory we are developing intellect and character. We develop the intellect by giving the whole mind strength of concentration on whatever we are doing. Out of this concentration of the mind grows our power to think. We develop character because physical culture and oratory give us high ideals, and our voluntary use of mind and body develops will. High ideals and strong wills go hand in hand with a noble character.—*E. M. Whitmore.*

## The Human Brain: Its Friends and Foes.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]

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A MODEL of the cerebrum lay upon the desk; Dr. Emerson, taking it in his hand, said: The human brain—the centre of man, the theatre in which is enacted everything that pertains to human life, whether physical, mental, moral, or spiritual! What a vital subject it is; not only the most vital subject that can be treated in discourse, but the most vital subject of study! The study of how to care for it is of the same importance to the individual that the brain itself is, because the brain is the source of all a person's power. If it is rightly treated it becomes a servant of his life; if it is wrongly treated it not only becomes a master, but a tyrant, because in its very structure it is the Nemesis of the individual's existence. The human brain is impressional and, if you allow me to use the word, expressional. It is a reflector. It receives; it gives. It receives the impression of whatever comes to man from without, and reflects it. It receives whatever comes to man from within, and reflects it. Nothing stays in the human mind, in the strictest meaning of the word "stay," any more than anything stays on the surface of a polished mirror. The nature of a mirror is to reflect. The nature of the human brain is to reflect whatever comes to it. It is the *organ of thought*. I do not say that it is the source of thought, the cause of thought, but it is certainly the organ of thought. We know of thought only as it is manifested through this agent. We know of nothing that pertains to the individual life of man except as it is manifested through this agent. I repeat. I

do not say that the brain is the cause of thought. I believe man has a soul, which is the cause of his every manifestation; but I also believe the soul requires an organ through which to act, and that organ is the human brain. Whatever you experience of joy or sorrow comes through this agent. Whatever you experience in thought or reflection comes through this agent. Whatever you experience in purpose or will comes through this agent. What is your history for the future? Many persons have sought fortune-tellers to forecast their future. Fortune-telling has had a sort of low popularity from the early dawn of civilization. Tell me what my brain is, what its possibilities are, and how I will treat it, and you tell my fortune; you tell me all that is to come to me in this world; you tell me all of my future successes and failures. It is often said, "A man's fortune is in his own hands." This is true to a certain extent, because it lies in man's power to treat his brain well or ill, and his fortune depends upon this. There are no dreadful fates, no gods let loose in the universe to guide or misguide man, to work out their own necessities, not to say their own wills, upon him.

Much theological discussion in the years gone by has been expended upon the subject of man as a free agent. Today it is no longer discussed. All theologians, all students of psychology, assume that man's will is free. The question is, In what *direction* is his will employed? Man's early scientific studies were of things outside himself. What an advance was marked in human develop-

ment when the mind was turned to the study of astronomy to learn the movements of the planets and their influence upon each other! For many years astronomy was the study of all the greatest minds; it affected the world; it influenced every idea in education. It greatly influenced religion. Old superstitions felt its power and fought against it, and tried to slaughter the mightiest discoverers of the heavenly bodies. That time has passed. To-day the heavenly bodies are studied as much as ever, and with greater success, owing to modern facilities; but the great minds are turning to the study of the spiritual heavens as they are spread out before us; and where do we go for the geography of the spiritual heavens but to the human mind.

The study of the human mind transcends in importance, in influence, every other philosophical study; and all study of the human mind leads us to look directly at its chief agent. The whole body is the agent of the human mind. All its parts constitute its many agencies, but the one great, transcendent, dominant agent is the human brain. Everything in the body derives its power and its impulse from the brain, whether that thing be physical or mental. Paralyze a point in this brain and you paralyze some remote point in the body. Paralyze much of it and the whole body becomes paralyzed, and death ensues. Your power to move, your power and strength to act physically, is not confined to your muscular system; it proceeds from this mighty engine,—the human brain. There is never any disease in any part of the body that does not affect the brain, and it is very evident that if the brain could receive sufficient energy and power, no matter how great the disease might be in any part of the body, it could give renewed life and health to the individual. Too much cannot be said for the power of the human brain. That

person is a great philosopher. Why? Because he effectively uses his brain in the direction of philosophical study. That person is a philanthropist, dispenses blessings to mankind wherever he goes. By what power? By that giant,—the brain. That person is immortalizing himself by his saintliness, by his faith, by his religion, by his life. Why? Because he uses his brain in that direction. Stop its high activities and the saint is no longer a saint. Stop its intellectual activities and the philosopher is no longer a philosopher. Arrest the intellectual activities, even in a certain portion of the brain, and a Socrates is no longer a Socrates, Plato no longer a Plato. Injure a certain portion of the brain and Shakespeare is no longer a Shakespeare, no longer distinguished for his poetic and creative powers. Some may say, "This is materialism. You are resting everything upon the material." No, I am not. I rest everything upon the spirit, upon the immortal soul; but the immortal soul works by means, by agencies.

Often-repeated controversies have taken place between the advocates of the materialistic and spiritualistic hypotheses concerning the nature and source of mental phenomena. The former advocates have advanced the theory that all the operations of the mind are but manifestations or expressions of material changes in the brain, and that modes of action are simply the consequence of the reaction of the brain upon the impressions which call it into play. The spiritualistic advocates place the mind altogether *outside* the body, and deny that its action is ever disordered by bodily conditions.

This latter doctrine recognizes that which is ignored in the former, but it is opposed to the facts of common experience. Mind and matter cannot be brought into the same category; an im-

passable gulf separates them, but the *activities* of the *mind* and the *activities* of the *body* do meet somewhere in the human organism. When you trace the activity of the body up to a certain point you can go no further, and yet you have not reached mind. When you trace the manifestations of the mind to a certain extent, you can carry it no further. There they stand, these two identities: the identity called the human body, and the identity called the human mind; yet during this earthly existence they never act separately. They unite somewhere. They are intimately blended in their actions, and they should be studied at their point of contact, which is the *human brain*.

The brain, so far as scientists can ascertain, is composed of an infinite number of centres, which are divided into two classes, — the physical centres and the mental centres. Certain centres have been located which influence the muscles of the arm, others which influence the action of the heart, etc. To a very great extent the physical centres have been located; scientists are still probing to find others, for it is believed, beyond question, that every part of the body is controlled by some physical centre. These discoveries have been of great assistance to surgery. To-day we hear of things in surgery that seem like miracles, and compared with any practical knowledge of the past, they are. It is astonishing what is being successfully done in this profession. How much life is saved! How much suffering is relieved! Not altogether because the surgeons know where a certain muscle is, or where a certain artery is, that they can cut safely among intricate parts of this mysterious machine; but in addition to that they are getting to know what centre in the brain influences the various parts of the body, and now they cut, not only in relation to the physical or-

gan, the artery, the muscle, or the nerve, but in relation to the invisible point in the brain. Many scientists have attempted to locate mental centres, and there is no doubt but that there has been much progress made in this direction. The ground is so debatable, however, that anything we might remark upon concerning it would be inferential, and would not furnish a sufficient illustration. For a hundred years men of the profoundest thought have been studying the human brain for the purpose of locating the mental centres, and I believe they have, to some extent, succeeded. There is a great future for this study. Much is to be done. Careful investigation is to be rewarded.

Enough I have already said to illustrate what I termed in the beginning the importance of the human brain. It being true that you can strike a blow only as the brain gives you power; that you can think only as the brain gives you power; that you can exercise your choice only as the brain gives you power; that you can have health only as the brain gives it to you; that you cannot have success in life unless the success comes from a succession of living waves from the brain, it is of the utmost importance that you should devote your care to it. Therefore I shall turn at once to the discussion of the friends and foes of the human brain. We will first consider its

#### PHYSICAL FRIENDS.

I. *Nourishment.* A person should eat enough not only to nourish his muscle, but he should also carefully select that food which will nourish his brain and thereby replenish its wasted tissues. The burning of the fuel in yonder engine produces the power which runs that engine, and it may be ever so perfect in all its mechanism, and yet if it lacks fuel — something to destroy — the engine cannot move.



The very fibre and fabric of the brain furnishes the power that is converted into activity. To use a figure which suggests the truth, the brain becomes fuel, the burning of which gives power to the activities of thought in all its variety. Let that brain cease to burn, in other words, let the process of destruction cease, and the brain ceases its manifestations of power. This process of destruction is going on all the time. The fabric of the brain is being burnt up, therefore it must be replenished. The engine moves no longer when the fuel gives out. It is of the utmost importance that the brain should be furnished with fuel. Chemistry aids us by showing the elements which the brain needs for its nourishment. I cannot take the time to tell you what the brain feeds upon, but that it *must be fed* is what I want to impress upon your minds.

Some persons think they can starve themselves into spirituality. In the Middle Ages the monks thought they could become saints if they would starve themselves and inflict physical suffering upon themselves. They inflicted misery upon their bodies. They whipped themselves until blood would stream from their wounds. They put on vests next to the skin to irritate it until the whole surface of the body was almost an ulcer. Then when they had temptations in their dreams they thought the devil was very bad. They had starved the devil and whipped the devil, and the more they starved him and the more they whipped him, the more constant were his visits; especially when they had slept an hour or two and he had something to take hold of. When they were absolutely exhausted there were no temptations to steal, eat, or do anything that was wrong; but when they slept they began to dream of the most vicious things. They would dream they saw the devil. It is a kind of wonder that it was not

something more than a dream, the way they treated themselves.

All this has changed. "We do not know of any starving saints now; that is, any who starve voluntarily for the purpose of being saintly. People say it is because there is not so much religion as there used to be. That is a mistake. Never was this world more thoroughly baptized with religion than it is to-day. Never was there so much Christianity in the world, real Christianity, as there is to-day; but it is not the lean, starving, emaciated kind. It is broad-breasted to-day, and has purpose and activity in it. It is not the Christianity that does nothing, that simply moans and laments and starves; it is a Christianity that does something, works for mankind, feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, soothes the disconsolate; it encourages and inspires, and teaches lessons to humanity. Never was Christianity more extensively at work for mankind, never did it carry so many burdens, never could it carry so many burdens, as it is carrying now. God said, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh." This, like all of God's promises, never ceases to operate. No, from that infinite source it is continually pouring. More good is done now than formerly, because people understand the New Testament better and better every century. Many earnest voices cry, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me do?" The voice of the Spirit seems to come back to them, saying, "Do thy duty, love mankind, bless all within thy power to bless." Again goes up the cry, "Lord, how shall I do it?" And again comes the answer, "Devote your bodies a *living sacrifice* to the holy purpose of benefiting mankind." Feed the body, feed the brain not only with thought but with material food, that its waste may be supplied with nutriment. Feed it for the purpose of using it. What shall we feed it with? The hy-

phosphites—not the mineral, but the vegetable hypophosphites. The phospho-cereal coffee, prepared for the market by Clark & Alden, contains a great amount of nourishment for the brain. I first suggested their preparing it, and I always advocate it, because people as a rule are so ignorant concerning elements which will nourish the brain. When man could get no food except that which he obtained from the soil and from the waters, he was obliged to take what he could get, be it right or wrong. Usually it was nearer right than the ingenuity of man has been able to devise; but now, when all the ends of the earth are brought to one man's table, he can select what is best. What shall guide him in his selection? Science. You ask, "Why not appetite?" Because appetite is so susceptible of being perverted. You can easily develop an appetite for anything,—for things that nourish the body and for things that destroy the body,—therefore the appetite is not a guide wholly to be relied upon. Science is our safest guide in the choice of the elements we should seek for the nourishment of this most important organ, the human brain.

II. *Exercise.* In my book on "Physical Culture" I have elaborated this subject, so I simply mention it as one of the physical friends of the brain. No one doubts that mental exercise is necessary for the development of the powers of the mind, but we must realize that physical exercise is equally necessary to the fulfilment of this end.

#### PHYSICAL FOES.

I. *Alcohol.* Alcohol, when brought into the circulation, prevents the brain from going through the process of dissolution, and thus for the time preserves its tissues. Man walks by the light that is within him; if that light becomes darkness, how great is that darkness! That

light is as the torch which Prometheus brought to earth and which leads him ever onward through life. That torch is literally enkindled by the consumption of the human brain, which burns and gives forth fire, mental light, and physical power. Stop that burning, quench that fire, and you can never act or think. You are no longer man. Anything that interferes with this process of combustion in the brain is a deadly foe. The very nature of alcohol is to prevent this chemical solution and dissolution. If the human brain be taken fresh from the cranium and placed in alcohol it will last scores and scores of years—we do not know but what it would last forever. When a person drinks it, it has precisely the same effect, only not to so great an extent. It has a strange affinity for the brain. Scientific investigation proves that alcohol can be detected by its fumes in the brain sooner than at any other part of the organism. Some persons say, in defence of their habit of drinking, "When I have taken alcohol, I am conscious of more life, more fire, than I had before." Your consciousness is not worth anything as a witness because you have already so arrested that combustion that gives you power of consciousness as well as other forms of sensibility that anything you sense now will be only a resistance which God gives to the human brain. The time will come when you will not even get that sense of resistance which is the counterfeit of power. If you cannot destroy your brain, you cannot think. If you can destroy your brain by something as delicate as an impulse, you can act. The impulse starts the destruction; the destruction goes on and is guided to centres of power through the body as steam is generated and guided to the various parts of an engine. This subject of the human brain, its friends and its foes,

should occupy our chief study in this world. Nothing else in value can be compared to it.

II. *Tobacco.* Tobacco is the most terrible evil that walks in the world today. Alcohol, red as it is, grows pale beside it. Why? Because alcohol is not used so extensively as tobacco. Tobacco is an insidious devil; its influence is wide-spread; people's consciences are not awakened against it because their knowledge is not sufficient on this subject. Tobacco aims for two points in the human organism; viz., the brain and the heart, just as though it were conscious and knew where it wished to go. It injures other places through a reflex from these centres. It softens the tissues in the brain and weakens their power, and it also tends to cultivate a desire for strong drink. I cannot speak of this tobacco question as well as I would like. My hindrance is chiefly this: for forty years I have studied the influence of tobacco upon the human organism. I have piled up in my mind argument after argument against it, and my feelings have become so aroused that now when I speak of what a foe tobacco is to the human brain, what a foe it is to sweet and serene thoughts, what a foe it is to every human power, I have no language by which to properly describe its hideousness. The devil is called the father of liars. He is also compared to a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. We sometimes call tobacco a devil, but the name is not bad enough. No name have I. There is no one evil that I watch in humanity with so much grief, because it is so insidious, so subtle, and because it works against the brain with such overwhelming power. It would give me some comfort if I could only see the habit growing less; it seems rather to increase, for on the street it is almost impossible to get a breath of pure air. A great physician was once riding past

a house with a friend of mine to whom he said, "There is a woman in that house dying from the use of tobacco." "Why does n't she stop it?" asked my friend. The doctor replied, "She cannot." "Why, where is her will-power? Can't you appeal to her womanhood?" "Her womanhood is active, she is one of the noblest women I ever saw, but she cannot stop using it." "Why, Doctor, it seems to me that this is paradoxical. Why is it?" "Oh," he said, "her husband uses it and she lives with him; the symptoms of tobacco are more apparent in her than in him." This came into my mind, "One sinner destroyeth much good." When you are poisoning the air that people breathe you are unconsciously slaughtering your fellow beings to a greater or lesser degree. Sometimes people say to me, "My grandfather lived to be ninety years of age, and yet he used tobacco the greater part of his life." How long would he have lived if he had not used it? I am not making an argument as to whether it lengthens life or shortens it. I want my life to be worth something while it stays with me. If I knew it would prolong my life I would not use it. My life is valuable only as I can bring good to others by its proper use, and if tobacco stands in the way of my usefulness, the habit or myself better die. You say, "The doctor says I will die if I stop using it." Try it. If you live your life will be worth something. If you die you die in a good cause. I have n't any too much brain. Have you? I cannot think any too well. Can you? I have not any too strong a will. My aspirations are none too high. Are yours? When a foe which is more subtle than any foe that ever entered a palace is trying to enter my brain shall I let him come in? If he enters shall I allow him to remain? O brain, sacred charge, holy treasure, given in trust to me!

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky."

If I load thee with tobacco my soul will be murky. Lady Macbeth says, "Hell is murky." The emblem and representative of murkiness in this world is tobacco.

#### MENTAL FRIENDS.

I. *Intellectual Culture.* Teaching the mind to think continuously on a subject is a mental friend to the brain. Our schools furnish that friend. Other influences are at work for it. Although intellect takes the lead as its mental friend, the power to hold the mind on the right subject for as long or as short a time as one chooses is a test of intellectual development. Intellect flies from a subject when it has not been trained. All physicians, forty years ago, when treating a patient for brain or nervous trouble used to try to have that patient suspend thinking. They did not know psychology as well as they did physiology. A person cannot stop thinking; the mind must be directed and directed wisely. To-day the greatest physicians who treat diseases of the brain recommend consecutive scientific study. This regulates the activity of the brain and allows it to grow stronger.

II. *Proper Emotions.* The emotional nature exerts a tremendous power over the vital organs, influencing the heart, stomach, and liver, etc. Harmonious, pleasurable emotions are healthful. Emotions arising from grief or fear deitalize the vital organs. Emotions that proceed from trust, from hope, from belief in God, send health through the body. The emotions need directing; they need to be controlled by the will. They should not be allowed to run wild. They should be contained. How we delight to meet the self-contained person! Teachers of politeness teach

their pupils to be self-contained under all circumstances. It is not that they should have no emotion, but their emotions should be contained. Be master of your emotions. Never allow your emotions to be master of you. What will give you control of your emotions? Right and elevated purposes. Right and elevated purposes are among the noblest friends of the brain.

III. *Conscience.* The profoundest and most learned writer in physiology in the English language says that obedience to conscience is a safeguard against insanity, and that when a person has violated his conscience for the first time he has taken his first step toward insanity. Conscience, then, is the friend of the brain. Paul said he had lived in all good conscience before God up to this day. Paul, did you not hold the clothes of those who stoned the flesh of the innocent Stephen? "Yes, I did," says Paul. "I helped drag men and women into prison. I brought afflictions upon men and women, and yet I have lived in all good conscience up to this day. I thought I was doing God's service in doing many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth." If a man does what he thinks is right his conscience is clear. A great light may come about him, and his point of view may thus be changed. His conscience is no better than it was before. He simply sees things differently. O Paul, thy conscience was healthy from a boy up, and when thou didst see that it was fighting against God to fight against Jesus of Nazareth thou didst turn thy course. This enabled thee to write most cheerfully when thou wast doomed to the headsman's block. When in that horrible prison how beautiful were thy words! "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." "I have lived in all good conscience be-



fore God until this day." Paul, from childhood to old age thou didst follow the master, conscience, — the friend of the brain. Conscience lifts man finally to the acknowledgment of the Supreme Being.

When I was a student at medical college the dean, who did not believe in any future state of existence, nor even in the existence of God, said, "Gentlemen, it is your duty, if you practise medicine, to do all you can to prevent disease as well as cure it, and one of the most valuable things you can do in this direction is to have your patients select some church and attend upon its services, for religion is a friend to the sympathetic nerve, a friend to the human body." O my dear sir, that proves too much for your point of view. If religion is a friend to the brain it must be true, essentially true, in itself. Religion is a friend, faith is a friend, and they give endurance to the body. Nothing in the history of the human race ever gave such power and endurance to the human body as faith. It moves mountains of difficulties. It cures the sick. Wonderful is the power of faith! It is the friend of the human brain. Faith in God? Yes. Faith in His Son? Yes. Faith in human nature? Yes. Faith in your fellow beings? Yes. Suspicion in the human mind engenders poison in the

blood. Faith gives a healthy flow to the blood. Scientific men will tell you that suspicion secretes a narcotic poison. Then suspicion is a foe. Do you suspect your neighbor? That neighbor will suffer because you suspect him, but you yourself will suffer far more because a deadly poison is being secreted into your blood. Some people entertain a chronic suspicion. They will not live out half their days. They are destroying their own peace; for what gives such happiness as a belief in our fellow beings? I trust in my friend. I believe in my friend. Let me turn and suspect he is not my friend. I am shooting through and through the life-tide of my being with poison, poison, poison.

I must stop at this point; but for the sake of your own welfare and that of others, seek for the friends of the human brain. Sacrifice for them, if need be, to any extent. Whatever sacrifice you make for these friends is a good investment and will reward you beyond anything else. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." If thy right eye has become a foe to thy brain, pluck it out. "Lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset thee, and run with patience the race that is set before thee, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith."

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### Light.

HARRIETTE M. COLLINS.

THOU wert the first of all created things,  
 O Light! The Alpha of creation! Thou  
 From out chaos and darkness spread thy wings  
 At God's almighty word; e'en then, as now,  
 Indispensable — wondrous and sublime  
 Thou wert, O Light — benignant twin of Time!

Thou art the fairest of God's gifts to man,  
 O Light! The least corruptible; the source  
 Of life and beauty! He who, as a span,  
 Spread the heavens and, each in its own course,  
 Ordained the worlds to roll, has to thee giv'n  
 His own great name, O Light, first-born of Heav'n!





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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## Studies in American Literature.

### A Day with James Russell Lowell.

ON a cold, gray October day not many years since two ambitious young women just entering on a college course in the vicinity of Boston started out, guide-book and note-books in hand, to visit shrines made memorable by our Pilgrim forefathers or by continued association with great souls. Drawn by some irresistible impulse we started at once for the homes of the much-loved poets, Lowell and Longfellow. Perhaps something in the crisp autumn atmosphere recalled Lowell's exquisite little poem, "The First Snowfall," and, reminding us that,

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood,

made us wish, before cold winter could prevent, to see this "little headstone" and also the larger one near it which marks Lowell's earthly resting-place.

So we went to Mt. Auburn, and having found without difficulty the graves of Phillips Brooks, Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Holmes, Everett, and others, including the much-loved Longfellow, we were surprised after fifteen or twenty minutes of searching to find the object of our quest in such modest surroundings. Aside from the well-beaten path, which gave proof of countless other visitors to the grave, and the sentinel hornbeam trees, whose few remaining ragged leaves were still singing as if the dead

poet could hear and respond as he did in life, the place is marked only by small, plain, gray tombstones, bearing the briefest inscriptions. The entire lot is conspicuous for its simplicity. It is entirely uninclosed, being without granite curbing, hedge, or even location blocks.

The poet's grave is in the centre of the family lot, on the right of Fountain Avenue and just beneath the shadow of Indian Ridge Avenue, in plain view of the beautiful mausoleum which marks the grave of Longfellow. After several minutes of meditation on the life and work of the poet, and wondering comparisons between that and his choice of a resting-place, we started for Elmwood, a place ever dear to all admirers of Lowell, who was born, lived,—with the exception of those years abroad,—loved, suffered, and died there.

We found the house, a large, square, substantial structure, painted yellow with white trimmings, surrounded by elms, standing in the midst of several acres, forming a triangle of garden and meadow. It is well screened from intrusive eyes by almost a wilderness of high hedges, lilacs, and grand old trees, mostly elms and pines.

Pines are the best friends I know,  
They mope and sigh and soothe your feelin's so.

Birds of every kind made us aware of their presence by their tuneful chatter, and recalled to our minds immediately the author's "My Study Windows," in which he shows such an intimate acquaintance with birds and nature lore. Flowers, too, were dear to him, his daily



companions, and none were too common to receive his admiration. His exquisite poem, "The Dandelion," shows the keenness of his appreciation, and even had he written nothing else, makes all the world richer for his life and love.

Amid these beautiful surroundings, on Washington's birthday, 1819, the poet was born. His father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, was the minister of West Church, Boston, for over fifty years. His mother, Harriet Spence Lowell, a sensitive, refined woman, was a descendant of the family to which Minna Troil of Scott's novel "The Pirate" belonged. The little poet was placed in charge of a sister eight years his senior, afterwards Mrs. Putnam, who amused him by reading from the poets, frequently Spenser and Shakespeare. Indeed, Elmwood was to the five little Lowells a diminutive Arcadia.

The poet's first school-days were spent in the classical school of Mr. William Wells, not far from Elmwood. Of this school both Holmes and Higginson have given their memories. The poet began his story-telling here, often entertaining the boys with purely imaginative yarns. From this school, familiar with Cambridge and all its interests, Lowell entered Harvard in 1834. It is said that athletics and sociology are now the fashion at Harvard; but then it was literature. In this literary atmosphere Lowell lived and studied for four years. From our note-books we learned that he was not considered especially brilliant in college. He never could perform a task that was required of him, but was most expert in doing what he wanted to do. Toward the last of his course he was sent to Concord under a tutor, and graduated *in absentia*, which is not exactly a synonym for "with honor." He had been chosen to write the class poem, which some one else read for him, and copies of which soon afterward became very valuable.

After graduation, in 1838, he studied law two years and was admitted to the bar, but did not practise. His early inclinations toward literature, united with his first successful ventures, changed the course of his life here, and caused him to break his promise to his father that he would stop writing verse and go to studying. In 1841 he published "A Year's Life," now out of print. In 1843 he was associated with Robert Carter in editing *The Pioneer*. In 1844 he published "A Legend of Brittany." In this same year he was married to Maria White, who has been described as a most beautiful woman in mind, heart, and natural acquirement. Herself a poetess and sincere appreciator of all that was beautiful, she was in every way fitted to be the wife of a poet. Her death a few years later, 1853, on the same day a babe was born into the Longfellow household, was the occasion of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Two Angels."

In 1845 was published "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," which is now out of print. In this year also appeared "The Vision of Sir Launfal." In 1848 appeared a new series of poems and also "A Fable for Critics," which has been described as the wittiest of literary satires and the most faithful of caricatures. During the Mexican War appeared his "Biglow Papers," including poems in the Yankee dialect.

In 1852-53 he first visited Europe, and two years later delivered a course of lectures in the Lowell Institute upon British poets. In 1855 he was appointed to succeed Longfellow as professor of modern languages in Harvard, where, after a year of study in Europe, he began teaching in August, 1856. The following notice of this event was given in one of the Boston papers:—

The most noteworthy addition to this year's list of professors is the name of James Russell Lowell. So Harvard is, after all, to retain this one of her

most illustrious sons! Evidently his attachment to his Alma Mater has not waned since the time when Cambridge and Cambridge men were the topics in which his pen delighted. But that was twenty years ago, and yet the interval of time, the universal admiration of his literary genius, and the praise of nations for his political services have caused no difference. His return to Harvard is certainly a fact worthy of congratulation, especially in face of the inducements held out to him by the more renowned English University. In his capacity of professor of *belles-lettres* he will conduct two courses: one will be chiefly a study of Cervantes; the other will be devoted to Dante.

From another publication: —

As Mr. Lowell's declension of the Professorship of English Literature at Oxford was based upon considerations of a purely domestic character, the electors do not despair of making him reconsider his decision. What will President Eliot say to this? Behold what we get for sending England a clever minister! But it's always the way. Give John Bull an inch and he will take an ell every time, and a Low-ell at that, if he can get it! But in this case he will take two ells, unless we can persuade Mr. Russ-ell Low-ell to return to his native land.

In addition to his college work he was for five years (1857-1862) editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Then for nine years was co-editor with Charles Eliot Norton of the *North American Review*. The years now became full of work. In 1864 "Fireside Travels," containing "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," and sketches of travel in Italy and elsewhere, was published. It was full of dainty touches from the Charles, that slipped smoothly through green-and-purple salt meadows, darkening here and there the blossoming black grass, or with a stranded cloud shadow to the cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean, beyond comparison for simple grandeur — like Dante's style, bare and perfect.

In 1869 a volume of poems, "Under the Willows," appeared, and shortly after "The Cathedral," suggested by the Cathedral of Chartres. In 1870 appeared "My Study Windows," containing, among others, essays on Lincoln, Carlyle,

Chaucer, and Emerson, and also that well-known sketch, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." In this year also appeared the first volume of "Among My Books," containing essays on Dryden, Shakespeare, Lessing, and Rousseau. This volume was dedicated to his second wife, Frances Dunlap, with the following lines: —

Love comes and goes with music in its feet,  
And tunes young pulses to his roundelay;  
Love brings thee this; will it persuade thee,  
Sweet,  
That he turns prosier when he comes and  
stays?

The second volume, published in 1876, contains Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats, and was dedicated to his friend Ralph Waldo Emerson.

And here we were warned by the approaching twilight that our holiday was ended, and slowly and regretfully we walked away under the elms and sighing, moping pines. Our guide-books were lined and interlined with annotations, our note-books enriched by newly gained information and associations, our hearts were softened and our minds inspired.

This day will always stand out as one of the brightest of "red-letter days" in my calendar, and never shall I lose the impetus it gave me for more earnest and thorough literary study. Among the constantly growing Lowell items in my notebook are the statements that

"Lowell never wrote merely for the sake of writing. Only when the spirit of song moved him did his thought overflow in poetical language. It required something more than a whim to induce him to write, and he always chose a theme worthy of his best efforts."

"To say that an author is versatile is generally a depreciation. Lowell was not versatile, but there were in him two men, — idealist and realist. In one allied to Tennyson, and Keats, and Emerson; in the other, to Poor Richard and Hudibras. He was as truly one as the other. His evident care is for ideas; if the lines are also sonorous, that he will consider fortunate, but he will not mar the

expression of his thought for the sake of melody. These various manifestations of power are unusual, but Lowell is an exceptional man. His prose is the prose of a poet; it has a basis of sound reason, but it proceeds with ellipses and bounds instead of keeping upon a level track; it flashes with poetic similes and is studded with allusions that tax the knowledge of even well-read men. 'There are sentences in the essay on Milton as gorgeous as gilded armor or a king's robes of cloth of gold; others, as in the essay on Chaucer, are as delicately beautiful as spring flowers in a meadow.' His prose style can never be popular, but for scholars it is an unfailing delight."

As a poet: "While very unequal, owing to the constant injection of his opinions on things temporal, as well as things eternal, into his verse, it is noteworthy that he produced the best poem of several classes we have had. His 'Biglow Papers' placed him easily at the head of all dialect poets of his and younger generations. There is no such mingling of pathos, humor, wit, and intellectual force in any modern work of their kind. Again, his 'Coronation Ode' is the most noble and massive of American lyrics. And in such minor lyrics as 'In the Twilight' he reaches a music of dithyrambic quality almost unapproachable."

As an essayist: "Lowell is a most suggestive essayist. He sets us a-thinking, and after a stretch of comments halts in by-paths, or enlivens us with sudden wit. He has the intellect held to be a mark of greatness, that 'he puts in motion the intellect of others.'"

As a critic: "Among American critics the name that stands highest is that of James Russell Lowell. In liberal scholarship, keenness, brilliancy, and fine judgment no one can surpass him."

As a diplomat: "When he delivered the address of the unveiling of Fielding's bust at Taunton it was remarked by the English papers that no Englishman could have discharged the duty so satisfactorily. Mr. Lowell's discourse at Taunton was properly a critical estimate of Fielding's genius; but at Birmingham he spoke of the genius of Democracy in a strain which has not been surpassed by any one who has treated the theme. Such a discourse was an event, and an event without a precedent. A foreign minister stating in the country to which he is accredited the most radical views, and asserting that they are

the ultimate logical result of the political constitution of the country to which he speaks, and which repudiates such a conclusion, yet to do this with a temper, an urbanity, a moderation, a precision and courteous grace which can charm doubt into acquiescence and wonder into a tribute of unfeigned admiration and acknowledgment of a great service to political thought — greatly done — this is certainly an unprecedented event in the annals of diplomacy, and this is what Mr. Lowell did at Birmingham."

As a minister: "No minister from the United States ever had a warmer welcome in Great Britain, and his popularity was the more to his honor for the reason that he was an American to the last drop of his blood. He felt the ties of kinship with England, but as in his famous poem, 'Jonathan to John,' he never hesitated to uphold the honor of his country. His enthusiasm for literature, his varied and exact scholarship, and his mastery of the English language, in which no living man excelled him, made a profound impression."

"The Queen said that no ambassador or minister during her reign had created so much interest in England as Mr. Lowell; no man had won so much regard."

"As a man, Lowell was courteous, rather reserved with strangers, affectionate with friends, fond of stories, and himself a delightful story-teller, brilliant in repartee, apt in quotation, a keen observer of nature and of human traits, generous to a fault, a hater of shams, the best friend, the most charming companion, and one of the ablest and wisest of his generation."

His death at Elmwood, Wednesday, August 12, 1891, was not only a national but a universal loss. "He was buried from Appleton Chapel on Friday noon, August 14, Bishop Phillips Brooks conducting the services. Among the pallbearers were Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, President Eliot, of Harvard University, Charles Eliot Norton, and William Dean Howells."

Peace to thy slumbers in the forest shade!

Poet and patriot, every gift was thine;  
Thy name shall live while summers bloom and fade,  
And grateful memory guard thy happy shrine.

S. L. P.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804-1864.

ALFRED S. BOE.

NEARLY a century ago, in our quaint old town of Salem, was born the subject of our sketch. He first saw the light amid the boom and rattle of fireworks necessary for the proper observance of the great national holiday which marks the beginning of our liberties. His ancestors were of unadulterated Puritan stock, to which the Quakers and poor witches can attest. From father to son they had followed the sea upward of four generations, spending their later years at the old homestead, if they were fortunate enough to return. His father, Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne, was among the unfortunate ones who never returned, leaving young Nathaniel fatherless at four years of age. His early childhood was mostly spent under the care of his uncle, Robert Manning, and he often lived on their estate near the town of Raymond, not far from Sebago Lake, Maine.

While yet a child, he was a voracious reader, spending hours at a time over "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Faerie Queen." This was presumably the key to his fertile imagination in later years.

When he was about ten years old his mother moved with him and his two sisters to their property near Sebago Lake. The lasting effect of this residence is put by Hawthorne in these characteristic words: "I lived in Maine like a bird in the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed; but it was there I got my cursed habits of solitude." His greatest enjoyments in this wild country were skating all alone in the soft moonlight, or with his gun to roam the pathless forest on long summer afternoons.

At fourteen he was sent back to Salem to attend school, and at sixteen entered Bowdoin College. Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, and Horatio Bridge were fellow

students. Bridge entered the navy, and his "Journal of an African Cruiser" was edited by Hawthorne, who in turn dedicated his volume of "The Snow Image" to his friend. In the dedication he gives this glimpse of himself as a student: "If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries, in study hours, under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs, as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trouts in the shadowy little stream which I suppose is still wandering riverward through the forest, — though you and I will never cast a line in it again, — two idle lads, in short (as we fear, not acknowledged now), doing a hundred things the faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us; still, it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

From this "country college" he returned to Salem at his majority, having graduated with honor. Most of his time was spent in solitude, writing by day and walking out at night. In about three years he published a slight romance entitled, "Wilt Thou Go With Me?" He was dissatisfied with this work and would not consent to having it republished in later years. Copies of it are now very rare. During this time he also wrote most of the "Twice-Told Tales."

In 1841, after eighteen months as Assistant Collector of Customs, at Boston, he lost his place through political changes and went to live at Brook Farm. This was an institution intended to practically



illustrate the "transcendental" ideas advocated by so many at this time. He did not seem to like the experiment, and left as soon as he with honor could do so. Human nature was here observed in its various forms; and "Blithedale Romance," worked out of the results of these observations, is an argument against all such schemes.

Two years later he married Miss Sophia Peabody and retired to the old manse at Concord, which is so vividly described at the opening of "Mosses from an Old Manse." Here he wrote the "Wonder Book for Children," "True Stories Told from Grandfather's Chair," and gathered together his "Mosses."

After a three years' residence here, we see him surveyor of the port of Salem, appointed by Mr. Bancroft. It was here, as we all know, that his literary monument, "The Scarlet Letter," was conceived. It was not written until 1849, and published early the following year. The book was given a hearty welcome as the first work we could send across to our cousins and feel that we gave nothing inferior to what we received. Who does not sympathize with poor Hester Prynne in her sense of shame? Who does not admire her fortitude at the most trying moments? "Wondrous strength and generosity of a woman's heart! She will not speak."

After his first great success he retired for a couple of years to Lenox, where he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables" in something less than a year. This is the longest of his three American novels, and considered by some as the best. It comes nearer to being a picture of American life than the other two. His Judge Pyncheon is an ironical portrait, very richly and broadly executed, very sagaciously composed and rendered — the portrait of a superb, full-blown hypocrite, a large-based, full-nurtured Pharisee, bland, urbane, impressive, diffusing about

him a sultry warmth of benevolence . . . ; but in reality hard, gross, and ignoble." "Holgrave, the modern young man, who has been a Jack-of-all-trades, is an attempt to render a kind of national type." His "Tanglewood Tales" were also composed here. "The Blithedale Romance" was brought to the world in the winter of 1852, at the town of West Newton. It is the brightest and lightest and liveliest of his unhumorous writings.

After a short residence at Concord, he left for Liverpool, England, where he remained United States Consul during the administration of President Pierce. Shortly before the campaign he published a "Life of Franklin Pierce," which may have been instrumental in securing his election. It belongs to the class of literature known as "campaign biography."

Hawthorne was close to fifty years of age when he assumed his consular duties; but his experiences with the outside world had been narrow, being confined chiefly to Boston and surrounding towns. He seemed to enjoy his stay in England, though the duties were far from agreeable. "Our Old Home" and his "English Note-Books" give a full account of this period. After his return to America, in 1860, the former was rewritten with some care and published three years later. This phrase in the preface gives a clue to how the sportive irony was received in England: "Not an Englishman of them all ever spared America for courtesy's sake or kindness; nor, in my opinion, would it contribute in the least to any mutual advantage and comfort if we were to besmear each other all over with butter and honey." He has been criticized for his mistrust of the English, but it seems his grounds had some good foundation, as may be noticed to-day (when we are thought of as one people) by mingling with them on their own soil. The note-books deal chiefly with super-

ficial aspects and material objects with which he is surrounded.

In January of 1858 he and his family went to Rome, while the following summer and autumn were spent at Florence. Returning to Rome for a second season, he complains of the many inconveniences to which they had to submit. His material for "The Marble Faun" was gathered during his residence at "The Villa Montanto," which in fact figures as the castle of Monte-Beni in the story. The title is sometimes given as "Transformation."

Hawthorne returned to America in the summer of 1860 to spend the remainder of his days at his home in Concord. "Septimius Felton" and "The Dolliver

Romance" were begun here, but neither one seems to have been completed as the author would have done had not a weightier summons called him. His health had been failing for some months, and on the 18th of May, 1864, he passed peacefully away, without sigh or sound, in his sleep. He was buried at Concord, lamented by all who knew him.

Mr. Hawthorne was personally known to few, and intimately known to very few. To know was to love, to see was to remember. The name Nathaniel Hawthorne was at first thought to be fictitious, but is now known as one of the lasting facts of our American literature.

### The Ladder and the House.\*

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep and said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. . . . This stone which I have set up for a pillar shall be God's house, and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee. — *Gen. xxviii. 16, 22.*

THIS was the spiritual awakening of the patriarch Jacob. It was his response to the recognition of God as intimately related to human life. It made heaven seem near, and the earth on which he lay seem holy, and gave to life a new impulse and purpose. Whatever there was in his life thenceforth that was hopeful and true, save that grasping, covetous disposition which up to that time had proved his moral ruin, but which was capable of being transformed into moral strength, tenacity of purpose, and patient fidelity, dated from that night. No one pretends that he became perfect. He had in him still many palpable elements of rascality. He had need of other lessons in duty to God, and not less did he need the night-long wrestle at Peniel, that taught him duty to his defrauded brother. He was still no saint. Even in his pledge of a tenth

there was apparent an effort to make terms with God and turn the occasion to good account. But he was a changed man, or at least a man capable of being changed. We do not know in full his spiritual biography, but we know enough to be sure that the events of the one night when, from the vision of the ladder, he learned the nearness of heaven; and the other when, through adverse wrestling with God in human form, he learned the divine authority of human duty, and that God is the adversary of every man who, having wronged his brother, does not seek so far as he may an honorable reconciliation; — these two nights were the way-marks of his spiritual progress.

The discovery which he made at Bethel was fundamental and of supreme importance, and his response to it was essentially normal, both in the intent and in the form of its expression.

The perception of God as active in human life is the beginning of true religion. The man who lies down at night hugging to his heart that which he has

\* From a sermon by Rev. W. E. Barton, D.D.

secured by his own shrewdness and his brother's incompetency, or folly, or lust; the man whose only thought of good in life is to get and to hold; the man to whom the only real things are the material things, who wakes up to find that his own hard pillow is the foundation-stone on which rests the ladder rising to the very throne of God, wakens, if he truly wakens at all, a changed man. That recognition of God in human life which wrought a measure of change in Jacob was the same which Christ came to reveal in larger measure, and so the result which it produced may be assumed to be the same.

Fundamental to every right conception of life is the recognition of the reality of the power of the Unseen. An age or a man lacking this has lost the inspiration which should make life noble. It was the lack of this which wrought the dishonor and doom of France in the days of the Revolution. It was the lack of this which produced the spiritual stagnation and political despair in our own country in the opening days of the century. It was the lack of this and the consequent complacent, unspiritual materialism that paralyzed the higher impulses of England a generation ago, until there came forth certain prophets of God to call men back to the thought of the ideal and the spiritual. Charles Kingsley, with his novels and his essays and his poetry, teaching men that duty is more than material progress; Thomas Carlyle, vehemently protesting against the thesis that mere blacksmith work may constitute progress in civilization, and mercilessly lashing society for its worship of clothes; Matthew Arnold, indignantly denying the alleged axiom that the basis of England's greatness is her coal, and reacting from his own unfaith in the creeds of his day in a demand for an abiding faith in a Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness; Robertson and Maurice, whose pulpits had in

them a tongue of flame that called man from the low level of materialism to a recognition of God not as an absentee, but as active in human life; and John Ruskin, to whom stucco-work was hideous immorality, and neither art nor religion nor political economy were worthy except they rested on the reality of the ideal; and later, Henry Drummond, who taught that God is Lord of all worlds, and that what we call the natural is indeed the supernatural, and governed by spiritual law; these were voices calling on men to waken to a realization of the ladder on which God descends to earth, and to make Him an altar and a habitation in human life.

We are following the lead of teachers such as these to-day. They have given our thought its trend and nomenclature. Their books are on our shelves and parlor tables, and sell at prices so low that they must sell by scores of thousands. We have learned the lesson that God is immanent; that the things that are unseen are the real things. It is a commonplace with us that "God is in His world." We quote glibly Elizabeth Barrett Browning's words that

Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God.

But it is easy to disregard even truths like these. Even a truth of such incomparable importance as that God lives in contact with the lives of men may become a trite and unprofitable bit of cant devoid of spiritual power. We need constantly to rub our eyes and look again ere the vision fades, or we turn, but half awake, to sleep again, and rise doubting whether we have more than dreamed. We need to loose our shoes at sight of the bush aflame, lest, to adopt Mrs. Browning's less frequently quoted closing metaphor, we lose sight of the flame of the bush and content ourselves with the berries. We need, indeed, to do much

as Jacob did,—to vow that God shall have a home of our making on this earth and in this heart of His and ours—a home that represents our welcome of Heaven descended to earth, and our aspiration to rise on the same ladder above the merely earthly into a oneness with the Spirit of God.

It was a perfectly normal thing for the recognition of God to suggest to Jacob a gift to God. It was a beautiful anthropomorphism which suggested the erection on earth of a home for God. The primitive sacrifices of the race have usually sprung from this high and generous impulse. Modern students of ancient religions tell us that we have been quite mistaken in assuming the consciousness of sin and the desire for forgiveness as the fundamental ideas in most ancient sacrifices. According to what they are now telling us, this consciousness of sin, while often present in worship, was not that which primarily prompted the offering which men made to their deities.

This sprang more frequently, they tell us, from the mere thought of giving something to their gods. Men ever have been prone to return the compliment of creation and create their gods in their own image. They have believed the needs of the gods to be like those of themselves, and hence have offered in sacrifice the things which they themselves most prized. Special offerings there came to be with consciousness of transgression; but sacrifices in many ancient nations, if not in all, originated, as did the gift of Jacob, in simple recognition of the unseen God and a desire to express the worshipper's sense of what was fit to be counted a response to that revelation; and so far as I am able to judge, this is normal. Wide-spread as is the consciousness of sin, I believe it to be somewhat exceptional for the individual or race to make its first discovery of God in that consciousness. I doubt if it be the de-

sire of God, as evidenced by His method in creation or in revelation, that the fact of sin, terrible as it is, should constitute the standing introduction of the Maker of all souls to the souls which he has made. If I am right in this, then religion is instantly put upon a somewhat high plane. The consciousness of sin is by no means eliminated,—that is too terrible and potent to be disregarded,—but there is left dominant in our conception of the religious life a recognition of God and a warm and generous response.

I have not used inadvertently the word "generous." I note that the giving of the tithe on the part of Jacob was a matter of personal willingness and apparently of human suggestion. It came not as a divine mandate, but as a willing response to a divine revelation. Now this may be called generous, not as exceeding our duty, but as cheerfully assenting to our duty, and determining its limits by a choice of our own as well as by a command of God. We are owners here. If you prefer to say that we are stewards, that is simply a matter of definition. It is the only kind of ownership of which we know,—an ownership which God respects. It is the kind of ownership which enables us, if we will, to build a house of God at the foot of the ladder of revelation.

There are some good people who delight in the thought of their relation to God as that of perennial paupers. They constantly affirm that they have nothing of their own. They rejoice to use the expression that they and their fellow Christians are "pensioners upon God's bounty." I find no fault with any conception of the Christian life which causes any man to realize his absolute dependence upon God; and yet I cannot forget how much God has done to stimulate normal human self-respect, and I rejoice in the fact that every man has something



which he may fairly call his own and which he may give to God.

The revelation of God is the revelation also of duty. The realization of the contact of God with human life calls ever for a response. How this conception of God and the duty shall express itself must vary in individual lives and according to individual duties. It must express itself in some sort of a gift, and a gift that represents the individual life that makes it. Any way in which an earnest life expresses its response to the life of God and gives itself to Him is inherently beautiful in the sight of God and man. We have talked of little during the past week but the terrific storm that has swept along the coast, paralyzed our industries, cut off our communication with the world, buried the earth and its activities under deep snow, and hurled scores of vessels high upon the wintry rocks. In these days, just when we have felt our helplessness in the face of these mighty natural phenomena, we have had revealed to us again the power and value of the individual human life in the deeds of personal heroism of the men of the life-saving crews. For several years, when these storms have come upon us, I have searched the papers, and rarely have failed to find mentioned among the heroes the names of an old skipper and his sons at Hull, whom I chance to have met, and have sailed with a few times at long intervals in these past years.

They are men hard of hand and broad of speech, but pure in word and thought, and heroic in their deeds; men who have known griefs in their own households, and who have choked down the great sailors' sobs that would have taken the place of words they never learned. Those men stand, living, tingling, thinking fingers, at the extremity of the great arm of rock and sand which the coast puts out to shelter Boston Harbor. With a re-

spect for the sea resulting from long years of knowledge of its power, they combine an absolute absence of fear when human lives in peril give to them a sense of duty, and a chance to prove themselves men. Their Jacob's ladder is the fast-whizzing life-line; their revelation of the will of God the minute-gun, or the flag flying with the Union down. And their gift, in response to their recognition of the duty which is to them the presence of God, commands the admiration of the world. Their religion is of a simple sort that knows few doctrines, and them mostly by intuition and silent reasoning, while the hand bears hard on the tiller, or the oar cracks against the thole-pin, and the soul looks out for help. But in the presence of God, when it shall be revealed to us at the last day, I would rather be Capt. Joshua James, who, in response to the call of duty, leaps into the teeth of the sea to drag a human life from the jaws of the undertow, than the most ostentatiously religious man who counts his religion a substitute for heroic effort, or the most loudly heralded benefactor who gives his superfluous goods to feed the poor, but who has never found the recognition of God a sufficient motive for a real and supreme sacrifice.

Paul says, first they gave themselves unto the Lord, and then gave their special offerings as an expression of that gift. No gift in money can ever be a substitute for a gift that takes the man with it. God seeks not yours, but you, and seeks yours only as an expression of your gift of yourself.

But what is this thing which we call money? The answer depends on how one looks at it. It is "filthy lucre," if you please to call it so; it is part of your life, if you choose to think of it in that way. It represents, if you earned it, a definite part of your life. It represents that which might purchase food or clothing to sustain life, or books to enlarge

its knowledge, or music or art to enrich it. It represents, not everything, nor even the best things in life, — the very best things you cannot buy, — but it represents much that belongs to life. Money is stored energy, concrete labor, hermetically sealed and transportable energy, good or evil, as you choose to make it. How long did it take you to earn that dollar? When you gave that dollar you gave that part of your life. More than that, you gave the portion of your life from which that dollar was the net saving, — a day, or a week, or a month. If you despise it you do wrong. You should know how much it cost you, and give it with a knowledge of what the gift means to you. So shall it mean more also to the work to which it goes, and if you give it in this spirit you may rightly speak of it as in line with the gift of a life. There is no real gift that does not in some sense include the life of the giver.

My friends, duty is fundamental in the moral universe. God Himself is not above the sense of duty. We shall never be anywhere in heaven or on earth where we can escape it. The only reason why God is not hampered by what He knows

to be His duty is that He makes duty a privilege. Duty and privilege are one and the same to God. Shall we seek to evade duty by substituting privilege? God has found no way to do this either for Himself or for His children.

And because we are not under the law but under grace, shall we prove ourselves graceless? If the law be abrogated it is because God trusts us with larger liberty, taking it for granted that we have learned the lesson of the law. Shall we therefore do less than those that were under the law? By so much do we prove that the law has not done for us its preparatory work, and that we personally still need the severe and rigid discipline which Christians more truly consecrated may have outgrown.

To maintain a house of God, to respond to the thought of the presence of God with an offering that shall be adequate and sincere, — this is our desire and our opportunity.

So shall the vision repeat itself to us. The vision of Heaven brought near to us, and the ladder close to the life of each, shall inspire us to an effort to which we give our heart's best love.

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## Relation of Our College Work to the School-Teacher.\*

ANNETTA BRUCE.

WE often hear this statement, "As is the teacher, so is the school." If this be true, and we doubt it not, what a force the school-teacher is in shaping the future of the rising generation! She is the open book, read and studied, and from *her* the children get much more than from the written page. What she *is* is infinitely more to them than what she *says*. She may be their inspiration, calling forth all that is best and noblest in their natures, lifting them upward,

and pointing onward, never allowing them to rest satisfied with present attainments.

It makes less difference what you study than with whom you study. Garfield understood this when he said that it would be an education to sit on one end of a log with Mark Hopkins on the other. The presence of a great personality awakens the highest impulses of the soul, and that is education. It is not an outer cloak of book-knowledge that may

\* Lecture delivered before the Senior class.

cover the villain or the knave. "All true education is from within."

The day has long since passed by when the school-teacher's duty ended with the assigning of lessons and the hearing of recitations. The true teacher realizes that what she is physically, mentally, and spiritually goes into the minutest detail of every lesson. There is no nobler task than to train children to meet successfully life's great duties; to lead them out of the cramped present into the larger future. Every lesson points to this end. The children are led to see the present in the light of the future, and thus character is formed and lives are moulded.

The teacher must herself *be* all that she would have her class become, for she cannot lift others higher than she is herself. Where could she go to perceive higher ideals than are held before us here? Our introduction to the work of Emerson College brings us into close contact with minds. We are taught the laws which govern the mind, and how to present a subject in obedience to those laws. All our efforts are directed towards influencing the minds of our fellow students with the noblest thoughts of the great authors. To do this with any degree of success means the reproduction of those thoughts in our own character and life. What better training could the school-teacher have than this? Her work is with the mind of the pupil. She touches his heart and life through his intellect. Every subject she presents has a definite aim,—the further development of the powers of the child, the unfolding of his inner life.

To keep the minds of forty or fifty pupils actively employed for five hours a day—and this is the only way to maintain order—requires unlimited resources of both body and mind. How quickly the child loses his interest unless it is

kept alive by the vital interest of the teacher! To keep up this vitality one must have not only nourishing food, but the right kind of exercise. Here the Emerson System of Physical Culture meets our needs. *Its* exercises are based upon those physiological laws which govern the body,—laws which are universal in their application. By obeying these laws we are brought into harmony with the universe, and the power which controls it then becomes a force to help us. The careful practice of these exercises brings harmony in the body by rightly relating all the parts. Where there is perfect harmony there must be perfect health. The body then becomes a fitting instrument of the soul, through which it may convey its highest emotions.

But perhaps the greatest benefit comes to the child from the moral and spiritual influence which the teacher exerts. When honesty, truth, and uprightness are characteristic principles of her life she can root out the weeds which will show themselves in young minds. Children can pick out the false from the true more quickly than their elders. Nothing passes current with them unless it bears the stamp of reality.

The tones of the voice reveal the inner life. Through tone the child reads with amazing accuracy the secret springs of the soul. The teacher who would be a true helper realizes that her words must be the overflow of her own life. Then they will touch and leave their impress on the minds before her.

A high standard, you may say. Yes, it is; but we would not have it anything less; indeed, we could not, and be true to the principles taught here. They are the principles which emanated from the Great Teacher, whose life when here upon earth was spent in the *service of others*. Let us follow this ideal and we all shall reach our highest possibilities.

Relation of the College Work to the Work of an Author.\*

EDITH M. McDUFFEE.

IN the study of these relationships we must not forget that all art is one. What is art but the expression of the truth and beauty that the soul has seen? The longing for such expression is universal. The common, bitter, complaint that we have been misunderstood means that there is something in our inner lives which we fail to make clear to others. When a human soul grasps a divine truth there rises in that soul an almost inarticulate cry, "Woe is me if I teach it not!" Some carve their life message into stone, some paint it on canvas, some weave it into music, some write it on paper, some speak it simply and directly in words that find the heart. But, however the message or the methods of expression may differ, the outreaching effort of the soul is one.

Of all men who thus endeavor to make others see what they have seen, probably the orator and the author are most nearly akin. Both depend upon words as the medium between their minds and the minds of others. One speaks to the ear and one to the eye, but both aim at the mind and heart. One speaks to men in public and the other in private, but the secrets of their influence are almost the same. The same things are essential in the training of both. The same things must enter into the life preparation, without which all mere intellectual preparation is lost.

They must both study Nature. They must have learned their lesson from trees and hills and rivers, have felt their hearts respond to the warmth of the spring sunshine and the terror and grandeur of the storm at night.

They must both know humanity. They must study people of all ages, for

they will need to deal with them all. They must know both the joy and sorrow of the life around them. They must have seen happy homes, have dwelt with men and women of refinement and culture, and must also know something of that other world which is ever present, where some men achieve wretchedness and despair, and some have it thrust upon them.

Nor do I hesitate to say that into the preparation of the great orator and the great author there must come some personal knowledge of the Divine Life; for we are told that men follow those who bring them what they most need; and, until the needs of the world are different from what they now are, the godless message will be unsatisfactory and the godless book will be lacking in power.

The same things are essential in the technical preparation of both, and it is from this point that we can trace most closely the relation of our college work to the work of a writer. We shall find that the steps in the evolution of expression in oratory are also steps in the evolution of expression in literature. The writer, like the orator, must strive to make his subject interesting. His style must be alive or his book will perish. From the determination that the interest of his reader shall never lag comes that steady flow of thought and language which, in oratory, we call smoothness, and to which the literary critic refers when he says a book is sustained. The author's subject will grow as he writes, it will become larger and more valuable, and every part will become distinctly outlined. Each part will grow vital and valuable, until his

\* Lecture delivered before the Senior class.



words begin to paint pictures, ever more brilliant and varied. As he realizes more fully the bearing of the parts of his argument, or the characters of his story, upon the meaning of the whole, he ponders then more carefully, he weighs them against each other, that their relative value may be unmistakable.

The use of that which in oratory we call ellipse is an excellent test of an author's power:

"Strive not to say the whole; the poet in his art  
Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest  
part."

If he have a worthy subject and work upon it worthily, he becomes magnanimous. Like the orator, he grows into wider thinking and wider loving, until at last he can create something that will endure.

In like manner, the perfective laws of art may be applied to literature. What is more important in a writer than that he should say clearly and definitely what he has to say, that he should say it in the light of all that has gone before and in the light of all that is to come, that he should write with the sympathy and the self-command of one who knows to whom he writes, and the positiveness of one who testifies of what he has seen?

These things being true, what follows? The training of the orator and the training of the author are similar. More than that, the training of the orator, as we receive it in the College, is, or may be, the training of the author.

People say, "Why do you call it a college of 'oratory'?" Why don't you call it a school of elocution, or rendering, or interpretation, or anything but oratory? An orator is one who speaks his own thoughts!" True! and is that not just the reason that we call it a school of oratory? For it will never reach the highest mark at which it aims till it sends out pupils who can speak for themselves. If any one thinks that the aim of the College is to fit persons to recite popular selections in a pleasing manner, he must belong to the class who, having eyes to see, see not, and having ears to hear, hear not.

There are only a few kings in the realm of literature. To comparatively few is it given to add anything of permanent value to the world of letters; but to the many is given the power which, with training like ours, should fit them to think and speak, when thought and speech are needed.

It would be hard to find a young man who has put his heart and mind into his employer's business who does not, at times, hope and intend to set up in business for himself. And we have failed to understand all that our college work may mean to us if, in our earnest endeavor to interpret the thoughts of others, there does not sometimes come to us that question which Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, asked of her lover when he came bringing the message of another: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

### College News.

#### **The Southwick Literary Society.**

Mr. Charles T. Grilley, entertainer, Mr. Van Veachton Rogers, harpist, Miss Lida L. Love, pianist, Miss Miriam Heidenreich, soprano, with Miss—Eddy, accompanist, were the artists who

provided the feast which the Southwick Literary Society set before its friends on the afternoon of February 1.

Mr. Grilley fully sustained his reputation as a character artist, and from his opening number, "Selected Scenes from





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WHITTIER'S HOME. SNOW SCENE.

a Midsummer Night's Dream," until the time when he was obliged to refuse any more encores, he held the attention and won the appreciation of the large audience. Perhaps the gem of his offerings was Penny's "Green Grow the Rushes O," in which Mr. Rogers, in his sympathetic harp accompaniment, gave us a delicious taste of what we might expect in his solo which was to follow.

In Godefroid's "Rondo Brilliant" and the "Fantasy on Southern Airs" and "Kentucky Home," with which he responded to repeated encores, Mr. Rogers showed the possibilities of his beautiful instrument, and brought each one into harmony with the spirit of music.

Miss Love, in the contrasted "Cantique d'Amour" by Liszt and Chopin's "Waltz in E-minor," proved a pianist of no ordinary ability. Her technique was accurate, and the thrilling love song and dancing waltz were sympathetically revealed.

Miss Heidenreich possesses a soprano voice of good range, particularly sweet in its medium tones. Her numbers were "Because I Love You, Dear," and "Good-night, Sweet Dreams."

Miss Eddy artistically allowed the soloists to do the solo work, and showed herself to be a true accompanist.

#### STUDENTS' RECITAL.

The Southwick Literary Society brings us many artists from a distance, and every one of them receives a hearty welcome. Yet it cannot be said that Emerson College does not appreciate her own prophets.

It is safe to say that the favored few who were chosen to take part in the students' recital, recently given under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society, never faced a more sympathetic audience than that which they found waiting for them in Berkeley Hall on Tuesday, January 10. The pianist of

the occasion was Miss Prentiss, who received hearty encores.

Mrs. Priscilla Puffer, of the postgraduate class, was the first reader of the afternoon. Mrs. Puffer has a charming personality, and she showed herself to be thoroughly equipped for her work. Her selection, "The King's Pardon," was worthy to be the traditional "strong first number."

A selection called "Love Wins the Race," of quite a different character, but one which held the attention of the audience equally well, was presented by Miss Adelaide Jump. Miss Jump is already having a wide experience as a public reader.

Miss Frances Waterhouse followed with a most entertaining story entitled, "What William Henry Did." The practical maiden aunt and the irrepressible small boy were portrayed with truth and effect. This was a genuine small boy, however, and not the abnormal specimen who is accustomed to strut and fret upon the stage.

Then came Miss Caroline Cleaves with a story of the heart that she knows so well how to tell. One cannot fail to be impressed in all her work with her irresistible eagerness to have her hearers catch the spiritual truths which she presents. "What the Fiddle Told" will live long in our memory.

Miss Ada Evelyn Lewis held the audience breathless while she told "How the LaRue Stakes Were Won." Miss Lewis is the beloved president of the class of '99, but she is far from being a figure-head in the presidential chair. In all departments of the college work she "allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way."

The quality of the selections, the arrangement of the programme, the ease, grace, and power with which the programme moved, reflect credit upon all concerned. All honor to our own prophets!

E. M.



Alumni Notes.

Miss Ida M. Page is teaching at Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Miss Mabel H. Drought is teaching oratory in Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

Miss Cora St. John Fitch is teaching at the Cumberland Valley State Normal School, at Shippensburg, Pa.

Miss Claire M. Delano is "thoroughly interested in spreading the new gospel" at her home in Montclair, N. J. She has a children's class in physical culture as well as private work in oratory.

Miss M. Elizabeth Stace is doing private teaching in Oratory and Physical Culture at her home in Grand Rapids, Mich. She also has classes in the Y. M. C. A. of that city.

Miss Annetta Robinson writes from her home in Platteville, Wis.: "I am waiting anxiously to hear from the dear old college and my many Emersonian friends through the columns of the magazine."

Mr. Frank J. Stone was married last August to Miss Minerva Hunshberger, a lady of fine culture who ranks high as an artist and musician. Mr. Stone is meeting with marked success in his teaching at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.

#### Meeting of the Alumni Association.

The second regular meeting of the Emerson College Alumni Association was held Monday, January 23, in the college office and library. A large number of alumni and of Seniors were in attendance. The president, Professor Kidder, opened the meeting, at 8 P.M., with an announcement of the next session, to be held March 20, to consider the subject, "How To Conduct the Emerson Work in the Summer Schools."

The topics of the evening were, "How To Introduce the Emerson College Work into Clubs," "How To Conduct Classes," and "How To Obtain Private Pupils."

The first speaker, Mrs. Sherman, class of '93, discussed the phase of work included in the first subject. The suggestions covering the field of work in women's clubs were eminently practical, and coming from one whose position is assured in that field, were doubly valuable. Mrs. Sherman, while treating the work in its relation to the women's clubs especially, suggested that the same general methods would apply to all club work. Every town has its clubs, and perhaps there are few broader fields of action for the Emerson graduate. The larger clubs often have from ten to twenty departments, and our work can be adapted to many of these. It relates itself naturally to the department of art, since its principles are the principles underlying all art. It is needed in the department of education, since its philosophy, based on a study of the laws of the mind, involves true principles of education. It takes its place naturally in the home department, since it aims at the highest culture of those who constitute the home. It is indispensable to the study of literature, as the highest appreciation of a literary work is attained only through a true vocal interpretation. And it can easily be related to the department of science, for its principles are nothing if not scientific.

There are five hundred and ninety-five women's clubs in this country, according to the last census of the General Federation. These clubs have a membership of sixty thousand. As there are many other such organizations that are not enrolled as a part of the National Federation, there are, at a low estimate, one

hundred thousand club-women in the United States. These women all need our work. The only question is, How are we to reach them? In answer to this, the speaker affirmed that the field is clear for our work. Most women really want and appreciate the physical culture when they see its value. Seek an interview with the president of the club. She is probably an intelligent, cultivated woman, of executive ability, whose whole heart is in the organization over which she presides. Secure fifteen or twenty minutes for a talk before the club, or hold a meeting at the home of some prominent woman. If this cannot be done, hire a hall for your lecture. Illustrate your talk with some of the exercises. Be sure to follow it with a definite announcement of a meeting to begin work. Do not fail to interest all. Health appeals to every one. A beautiful voice is desired by all. Lead through this to the importance of the rendering. Introduce the Evolution of Expression. Some may not want to commit the lessons to memory. You may be able to introduce a play first, to create interest. Have good music with the exercises, and make marching a regular drill. Call for occasional miscellaneous recitations. For variety, encourage the members at times to bring in bits of information regarding health or other related topics, as hygienic dress. Let them read these items to the class.

Invite delegations from other clubs. Encourage the members to bring their friends. As soon as possible, have a drill before the club. All clubs have "home talent" days. Make the most of this opportunity to present an object-lesson to the club. Give a physical culture drill, with marching and music, making everything as attractive as possible; or you may make an afternoon with an author a pleasing programme.

Mrs. Sherman showed how out of

these club classes other work grows. Many will want further personal drill, and there will be a demand for private lessons in voice, in the Evolution of Expression, or in the physical culture. The mothers will want it for their children when they appreciate what it is doing for themselves. If you succeed in one club other organizations will want what you have to give.

In some clubs there is an appropriation to cover the expenses of such classes. In others each member pays a fee. If you feel that this is a burden on the members, meet part of the expense through a recital. If you do not read yourself, engage the best talent you can find; if possible, a graduate of the College.

Mrs. Sherman earnestly urged the importance of inculcating the Emerson principles among this large body of women. The demand exists. It arises out of the personal needs of the women. If we do not help them some one else will. Further than this, the club work will be a wedge to help introduce our philosophy into the schools. The members are progressive women, and the influence they exert cannot be measured. If they see the high educational value of the work, it is inevitable that the way will eventually be made clear for reaching the children.

Mrs. Sherman closed her address with a cordial invitation to all interested to visit one of her classes in connection with the Cantabrigia Club, of Cambridge. This class meets in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, at ten o'clock, Monday mornings.

Miss Henderson, of Cambridge, class of '97, supplemented Mrs. Sherman's modest reference to her association with the Cantabrigia Club by an enthusiastic tribute to Mrs. Sherman's faithful, inspiring work in the club, and the high success that has crowned her efforts.

Miss Henderson spoke of the lofty ideals presented by Mrs. Sherman. In all her work she holds the *principles of the College* high, always putting aside *self*.

Miss Maud Gatchell, class of '93, discussed the relation of the teacher to the private pupil. Even more depends upon close relationship in work with the private pupil than in the class work. The teacher must be very near the pupil, or he cannot create the atmosphere which must furnish the occasion for the development of the latent powers.

Miss Gatchell spoke of the "non-impulse" to move" which restrains most new pupils. They can think, they can talk; but they don't know what to do with their hands. This hindrance is not so readily overcome by the private pupil, whose imagination must supply the lack of an audience, as by one who is impelled to use every agent he can command in the service of a real audience. A suggested impersonation of each object he describes will help the former toward freedom. Never lose sight of the importance of the Colossal period. Make your pupil feel that a garment too large, and fitted, is better than one too small and patched out. Again, the responsive work unifying voice, body, and mind is a great aid in overcoming the difficulty of being so imprisoned. The principle can sometimes be adapted to children, even before they are old enough to respond to the muscular sense in any one agent. Miss Gatchell illustrated this suggestion from her own experience with little ones. One device mentioned was to encourage a child standing behind the others to tell a story, using the letters of the alphabet instead of words. Then lead the others to act the story as it appeals to each, as if acting charades. When the pupil begins to make pictures these are usually more or less obscure. This results from a wrong relation to the audience. Dr. Emerson's application of

the triangle will help us here. Self is but the starting-point. One may vary the application by considering the audience as the base of the triangle. This will aid the pupil in relating his thought to the audience and in holding his pictures in the proper perspective.

Three essentials in the teacher are knowledge, faith, and love. You must know your principle. Don't for a moment think of criticizing a pupil unless you have a principle back of you. You must know your pupil in order to adapt your method to his individual need. And you must know your selection. Then you must have faith in the principle. This will inspire trust in yourself, because you rest upon the principle. And you must have love for your pupil if you would truly help him.

Emerson says, "Each mind has its own method." If you have the principle your application of it will conform to the need of your pupil. "No mind that has a real life is but an echo of another."

Professor Alden followed Miss Gatchell with a most interesting and helpful account of his experiences in organizing private classes in various New England towns. Lack of space forbids a summary of his numerous successes, but the same general method was employed in all cases. Professor Alden found personal contact to be the most effectual form of advertising. On entering a town where he desired to introduce the Emerson work, he called on the people likely to be interested, afterwards securing a room and giving a short talk. He usually gave the lessons at a private house. He found that teachers were almost invariably interested, but that they were overworked, and had little or no time to devote to drill outside of the class period. He found it better to adapt to the pupils the amount that they could assimilate. He succeeded in giving them work that

they could immediately apply in their schools. If they had no time for voice exercises, he aimed at clear-cut speech through the rendering, encouraging them to present each thought as clean and clear as possible. If you are familiar with your principles you can select a vital point and make it count. If the pupils have not time for the physical culture, you can at least teach them how to stand and to walk. In regard to the fee, Professor Alden advised requiring a deposit in advance, in private classes. When this is done the pupils are not so inclined to be excused from a lesson, and at the end they will have acquired greater benefit, and will be more of a credit to the teacher.

Professor Alden is accustomed to dealing with private classes of sixty or more, and his suggestions were founded on a wide and unusually successful experience.

Dr. Field, class of '87, also brought valuable lessons learned from his long experience as a teacher. He always introduces the work by a lecture, involving as many points, both of philosophy and of detail, as can possibly be covered in an hour, or an hour and a quarter. He finds it well to secure the concurrence of the educational departments of the town.

Dr. Field spoke of the work among ministers. In many places the clergymen hold regular Monday morning meetings. Go to the officers of such organizations. Appear before the regular meeting. Classes and private teaching will often be the outcome of such personal effort.

Again, the great mass of American

people are to be reached through various channels. It is better to utilize existing organizations, such as the Y.W.C.T.U., than to attempt to get the ear of the general public without an organization. There is a large percentage in every class of people who have intelligence, feeling, and aspiration enough to become pupils in this work, if we can command their attention.

Professor Kidder spoke briefly of his work in the Y.M.C.A. He began with one hour a week. In a class of seventy-five working men, tired from the labor of the day, the first need was momentum. The work could be only very general at first. The teacher must go slowly. Take up your selection in the *Evolution of Expression*; then give a brief talk. The next night begin with the same selection. Then, after drill in voice and physical culture, devote the latter part of the period to a new selection. Work continually for momentum.

Professor Kidder earnestly urged the importance of becoming thoroughly grounded in the principles while in the College.

Do not forget that the next meeting will be held March 20. We very much desire the *presence* of each member of the Association. The time has come when every graduate is called upon to show his or her loyalty to the Alma Mater. There are many who have not yet joined the Alumni Association. We need your vital interest and help. Please let us hear from you at once.

JULIA KING,  
*Secretary and Treasurer.*

*Per F. T.*

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## Exchanges.

The *Converse Concept* has an interesting article on Shylock in the December issue.

The *State Normal Magazine*, of North Carolina, has several good papers on educational problems peculiar to the South.



We are glad to welcome our neighbor, the *New England Conservatory Magazine*, in its new and tasteful cover. The readings in the Elocution Department are well selected.

*The Lowell*, from San Francisco, has an artistic cover and is well edited. The Exchange Department is as well conducted as in any school journal we have had the pleasure of seeing.

*Art Education* for December has some very beautiful illustrations, the frontispiece being a charcoal study of an angel, by Otto Stark. Students in expression should see this simple and lovely figure.

"Hobart's Christmas Note," in the December *Unit*, is a bright short story; but the farce, "A Change of Schedule," in the same number, is decidedly poor. On the whole, this representative of Iowa College is one of the best exchanges we receive. Specially noteworthy is the really good verse printed in its columns.

What is the purpose of the many "selected" quotations in *The Criterion*? However, we would rather see even these than the worthless short stories that *The Criterion* has printed lately.

In the *Phono-Meter*, besides an extended account of the recent meetings of the Michigan State Association of Elocutionists, in Detroit, there is an able article on Wendell Phillips, orator of emancipation, by Thos. C. Trueblood, of Ann Arbor University.

*Werner's Magazine* often publishes articles which are far from harmonizing with the best thought in voice-expression and education, but the editorials for December seem to indicate a true conception of what constitutes oratory. We are glad to notice this. You will be interested in reading "Shakespeare in Music," by Louis C. Elson; and an article which may enlarge your conception of the use of Visible Speech, "The Deaf Hear; the Dumb Speak."

## The Child and the King.

GEORGE HENRY GALPIN.

UPON the broad white marble steps  
There played a child  
Whose hair the sun had kissed  
To living gold,  
Until it rivalled far the gorgeous tracery  
That weighted all the hangings of the throne;  
The doll, clasped closely in her arms,  
Was valued more  
Than all the costly velvet swaying there;  
And, as she played,  
A little childish song she crooned, and rocked  
To sleep her doll, and talked, and laughed in  
childish glee,  
Till the wind, in tender mood,  
Swept the satin hangings to and fro  
Across the marbles,

Making thus a long, low lullaby, which soothed  
The little one at last to sleep.  
A lackey came, and, seeing there the tiny form,  
Would fain have awakened her; but, lo!  
The king, then entering, cried, "Hold!  
Do not disturb her. Could king or state select  
A better ornament to grace a throne  
Than that fair child? Could I ascend those steps  
With half the innocence and faith which there you  
see,  
I should ne'er have need of priest and shrine,  
Of chant and prayer.  
Pass on, and ne'er forget the lesson taught you  
there—  
That royalty, magnificence, and power, all pale  
Before the face of childhood's purity and peace."

### MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

May find it to their advantage to see the Business Manager regarding applications to Teachers' Agencies. Give the matter early consideration, as there are only a few application-blanks on hand.

### OUR ADVERTISERS.

Emersonians and readers of our magazine are respectfully requested to patronize those firms who advertise with us.

We find these firms to be courteous and reliable, and ask you to give them a trial.





THE PERRY PICTURES.

FROM PAINTING BY RICHTER. 1823-1884.

QUEEN LOUISE.

# Emerson College Magazine

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## Emerson College Magazine.

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### Our Physical Culture Number.

THROUGH the hearty co-operation of teachers and students we are enabled to issue a physical culture number which we believe, to some extent, represents the work of our College in that department.



Miss Annie Blalock.

To Miss Blalock, teacher of physical culture at Emerson College, belongs the credit of the success of this issue of our magazine. She has been untiring in

her work in this regard, and this is but an added expression of Miss Blalock's intelligent enthusiasm in all parts of her chosen work. Born on a vast and lovely plantation of sunny Georgia, with her every breath the Southern girl was inspired with the love of the beautiful, and within her heart was fostered the appreciation of art that characterizes her in womanhood. Miss Blalock was graduated with honors from the Gordon Institute at Barnesville, Ga., one of the leading institutions of the State. She studied art in Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga., one of the oldest of American colleges. About ten years ago she came North to continue her education in music and elocution. At the Emerson College she found the expression her heart and mind craved, and the success of her work testifies to the wisdom of her choice.

After her graduation here Miss Blalock was placed upon the faculty, but her work has not been confined to the college walls. Her teaching of oratory and physical culture in the Conservatory of Music at Newburyport, Mass., was marked with brilliant success, and the same may be said of her work at the Chautauqua Assembly of Mont-eagle, Tenn.

On the lecture and reading platform Miss Blalock is as much at home and meets with as flattering a reception as in the class-room. Indeed, her lectures before Boston audiences, and her readings and lectures in Atlanta, Macon, Nashville, and many other places, proclaim her supremacy in this wide and important field of work.

Miss Blalock's loyal heart is proud to claim Georgia as her native State, and



to the Southern students, especially, she is a wise and tender sister. In her they feel the thrill of meeting one of their own kindred. Thus, although all members of our faculty have the rare power of making us feel at home among them, the Southern girl is bound by peculiar and tender ties to this beloved teacher and friend.



Dr. Sherman.

We are glad to present our readers, in addition to the other beautiful cuts in this issue, with a picture of our honored friend and teacher, Dr. Sarah E. Sherman. From the Annual of the Boston University we quote the following: "Sarah E. Sherman was born in Fays-ton, Vt. She began to attend the district school when only three years of age. Her higher education was limited to the country academies of that day.

"In 1872, while teaching in the city of Fitchburg, she decided to make the practice of medicine her life-work. She began her studies with Dr. D. B. Whittier of that city, and completed them at Boston University Medical School, being graduated in 1876.

"Dr. Sherman has devoted herself heart and soul to her work and has acquired a large practice and a wide reputation. She is prominent in educational matters, being for three years a member of the School Board of Salem, and is actively interested in the reform movements of the day.

"Dr. Sherman is a lecturer on anatomy and physiology at the Emerson College of Oratory. She is one of the trustees of that institution and of the Boston University. She is president of the Massachusetts Surgical and Gynecological Society, of the Salem Woman's Club, and she is also an active member of several other prominent medical societies in the State."

### Gustav Richter's "Queen Louise."

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Perry we are enabled to present our readers this month with a print of the well-known portrait of Queen Louise of Prussia, painted in 1879 by Gustav Richter (Karl Ludwig). This picture appeals directly to the æsthetic sense by its perfect harmony and wonderful suggestiveness of animation in repose. The motionless figure is instinct with life. There is queenly dignity in the poise of the beautiful head, strength as well as sweetness in the firmly closed lips, and an indescribable something about the entire portrait which impresses us with a sense of conscious power held in reserve.

From the picture let us turn to the painter. Gustav Richter was one of the most successful of modern portrait painters. He was born in Berlin Aug. 31, 1823, and died in his native city April 3, 1884. He studied art at the Berlin Academy under Edward Holbien, was a pupil of Cogniet in Paris, and also studied in Rome. He rose rapidly in his art, became a member and professor of the Berlin Academy, and honorary member of the Munich and Vienna Academies. Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Munich, and Philadelphia recognized his genius by the award of medals. His pictures are familiar to us all through prints.

In an article in *The Chautauquan* Maurice Thompson writes of Richter: "... "His portraits and figures are excellent as vivid presentations of life; their eyes can see, their lips almost move, the bloom of their skin is exquisitely delicate, and their cheeks would be warm to the touch." Of Richter's portrait of Queen Louise Mr. Thompson says, "Here is an expression of the highest civilization through the most delicate medium of art."

HARRIETTE M. COLLINS.

Relation of Right Physical Culture to Moral Development.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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I THINK I never stood before you when I felt so much embarrassed as I do at this hour, and that for this reason: I see so much more in this subject than I can possibly suggest in words. The race has been slow to awaken to the idea of moral development, slow to awaken to the idea of what morality is, and even slow to give it any thought. Ideas of religion come early in human development, but ideas of morality come late. Christianity had been preached a long time before it was able to awaken so-called religious people to the realization that morality and religion were one and inseparable. For hundreds of years there was plenty of religion in the world, but it was not of the right kind. Before Christianity was revealed to the world various systems of religion were taught which, as systems, were taught with purity and exactness; but the spirit of religion in its application to moral conduct was only vaguely suggested. To-day our missionaries tell us that they find a great deal of religion among the heathen in foreign lands, and they also find them willing to accept theories of a new kind; but they are very slow indeed to learn practical morality and to connect practical morality with religion. The ancient classic nations, Greece and Rome, wrote a great deal about virtue, but they did not have definite ideals concerning its application to conduct. Are we not, even now, a little slow in relating religion to right living, to noble purposes, and to the fulfilment of these purposes? Is there not still a tendency

among Christian believers to keep religion and moral life separated? Do we not sometimes hear it said, "That person is a man of conscience, a man of reverence, a man of benevolence, but he has no religion." You and I cannot understand how a person can have a great deal of benevolence, a great deal of reverence, and a great deal of conscience, and illustrate these divine attributes in practical life, and yet have no religion. If we can live a life of benevolence, of truth, of love for our fellow-beings; if we can fulfil the divine ideals of justice and mercy in conduct, and not have religion, then what is the need of religion? If we are living actively in the higher realms of our being, so far as conduct is concerned, I believe *that religion is at the root of it*. In the early intellectual development of the race religion was interpreted through sacrifices, through ceremonies, and through theories; but finally Christian teachers and ministers have reached that degree of intellectual and spiritual development where they draw their illustrations of what true religion is from life. They point to what religion has done in elevating the lives of those who have accepted it. The best evidence they bring of the power and might of the Christian religion is that it elevates its followers into a higher state of mind, into higher conduct, into finer feelings, finer purposes, and more elevated characters. The inspired apostle of old said, Show your faith by your works; that faith without works is dead. To-day if a minister should wish to

show that a certain form of religion was wrong, he would not merely denounce the creed, but he would speak of its ill effects upon the lives of those persons who believed in it. The lives of those who practise it would be the best testimonies to the value or valuelessness of it. Religion is at the root of moral conduct. Right living is not only the blossom, but the fruit of religion.

My belief is that the race is following the same steps in relating secular education to morals that have been followed in relating religion to morals. I dwell long upon this subject, for I wish you to understand what I mean by morals. I do not mean something negative. I do not mean that a man who does not steal, who does not lie, who does not live in obedience to his lowest instincts, is a moral man. This is merely the negative aspect of the subject. I interpret that as being moral which impels a man not merely to refrain from being dishonest, but which *impels* him to be honest,— honest in his dealings, honest in his conversation. I interpret it as being that impulse from within which impels a man to speak *kindly* to you when he sees you and *of* you when he does not see you. "By their fruits ye shall know them." To-day everybody understands this to mean what I am calling moral conduct. Do you live a spiritual life? Show it by your fruits, by living virtuously, by loving mercy, by walking humbly, by being self-controlled, by loving others, and by being willing to sacrifice for others.

Let me now direct your minds to a consideration of the relation of *physical culture to moral life*. If I should say the relation of intellectual culture to moral life, that would not sound unusual. If I should say that intellectual culture leads to moral development, you would say, "Yes, it should; but it does not always do so, for although the statistics

show that fewer crimes are committed among the educated than among the uneducated classes, still many so-called highly educated men do not fulfil Christ's teaching in their daily conduct." I do not say that a man whose intellect is highly cultivated will be noble, that his life will be pure and honest—in a word, virtuous; I say that is *the tendency*. I am urging this plea,— that systems of education should more and more awaken and inspire the moral life in the student. Our laws do not provide for, nor allow, the teaching of any particular form of religion in our public schools, yet all teachers have perfect liberty in teaching morals, in teaching virtue. We want more than this. We want every teacher of every branch of learning to realize that she is not fulfilling her divine mission until she becomes inspired by the relation which her branch of learning sustains to the higher moral life, and until she teaches it so that her students will feel their own impulses and ideals quickened. I would like to see in our institutions of learning more seriousness, as a result of the mind's being concentrated upon the problems of life.

How can physical culture be taught so as to end in moral conduct,— in the development of character? If it cannot be taught in this way, it were better not to teach it. I would rather a person would not be what is called educated, if he is educated in the wrong direction morally. Physical culture should be taught so that it will lead every student to believe in the supremacy of righteousness, in the supremacy of benevolence. Can it be taught so that its study will lead the pupil to live a higher moral life? If it can, should it not be so studied?

Some one might say, "We grant that physical culture makes people healthier; is not this a sufficient reason for teaching it?" In the large sense of the word

"healthier," yes; because the highest health of the body involves rectitude of character. "Deceitful and bloody men shall not live out one half their days." A physiological law is involved in this statement. True physical culture should embrace the care of the body; it should embrace the study of diet, of sleep, and a proper obedience to conscience, for nothing will wear the body or lead to insanity quicker than a violated conscience. The great English physiologist, Carpenter, says, "The first time you violate your conscience you have taken your first step toward insanity." Do you want health? Then dare not violate your conscience. This idea of obedience to conscience should not only be incorporated into the teaching of physical culture, as a whole, but each exercise in the series should be an object-lesson to the one who is exercising, and to the beholder, in conscience, in reverence, in benevolence, in spirituality. You ask me if this is possible. I want you as students to answer it, and I also want you to be able to demonstrate the fact that every exercise in your physical culture is an object-lesson in these higher activities of life — not merely by saying that which has been said a great many times, that it is easier for a healthy man to be honest, upright, and pure than for an unhealthy man; but by showing definitely what each exercise represents and suggests in this higher moral and spiritual life. Dr. Jonson said, "A man is a rascal as soon as he is sick." I remember that Mr. Beecher said in one of his lectures that when a man was neither sick nor very well, then was the time when he would yield most easily to temptation. He said that it was easy for a man to resist temptation when he was well, for he could obliterate the image of the temptation from his mind; but that when a man was sick he lacks this resistance. I shall never

forget Mr. Beecher's illustration. He said if a drop of water is put upon a stove when the stove is not very hot, the water will sizzle and fry and sizzle and fry and remain on the stove; but if the stove is red-hot off goes the water with a snort. When a temptation took hold of a man who was neither sick nor well it would stay there and sizzle and fry and sizzle and fry; but when a man who was healthy and strong knew it was a temptation he could more easily resist it.

There is much in Mr. Beecher's argument. I want to go further, and say that we want to make it still easier to resist temptation by practising such exercises that are object-lessons in right living. To do this we must understand the meaning of movements — what they express. The study of physical culture must be directed and guided by a knowledge of expression, else we cannot be sure that physical culture will prove beneficial morally. I also believe that physical culture does not prove as beneficial to the body unless it expresses the higher attributes of the mind. Life is expression. In what we do every day we are expressing our innermost lives. This all will admit. It is equally true that we express our inner life not only by *what* we do, but by the *way* we do it.

You cannot make a movement in which you do not express your innermost life, the innermost impulses of your being. It is in your walk as well as in your talk. It is in every movement of your hand. It is in the way you take hold of things or let them go. All persons cannot truthfully interpret your revelation of yourself, but you are nevertheless conveying your states of mind, your character, to others, whether they can read the signs or not.

We can see vivid illustrations of this if we watch the lower order of animals. They convey their states of feeling to



other animals by their movements. If a bird is frightened it will make such a movement as expresses its fright, and this fright will be communicated to other birds. Let something dangerous come among a herd of cattle; if only one sees the dangerous thing he does not turn around deliberately and say, "Now this thing is dangerous. The others do not see it; I must inform them." He does not go through this process; he is frightened, his movements show his fright, and instinctively he communicates his fright to the whole herd.

When I was a little boy I was very fond of watching large flocks of sheep, and I learned much from them. A movement from one of them would be communicated like electricity throughout the whole flock. The sheep made no sound, but if he was frightened he communicated his fright to the entire flock. It is the same with a herd of horses. If one becomes frightened soon there begins a stampede and all are frightened.

Man, who has all the powers which the animals below him possess, instinctively reveals his state of mind by his movements. This is not due to the fact that he knows how to make gestures; all of his instinctive movements come without calculation or plan. Nature makes them for him. No man can plan a gesture and make it as well as he could make it from instinct. Our knowledge of gesture is derived from observing people's gestures when they are moving under the influence of certain emotions. What is seen is an external manifestation resulting from an inward impulse. If a person is full of fear, this fear vibrates through his nervous system and reaches others. If he is joyous, that joy vibrates through his nervous system and reaches the nervous systems of others, and they in turn are

filled with joy. If he is melancholy, that melancholy vibrates throughout his whole nervous system and is communicated like electricity to others, who are thrown into the same state of mind. We are so constructed by nature that we *manifest* that which is going on within. On the other hand, we are so constructed by nature that we are influenced by the mental states of others, which, being manifested, communicate themselves to us. Colonel Ingersoll is reported to have said that if he was God he would make health as contagious as disease. This is just what God has done; *he has made health as contagious as disease. Whatever* we are we impart to others.

I believe we should employ much of our time in studying and in teaching the manifestations of healthy and noble states of mind, and of body. These manifestations should constitute the exercises which we call physical culture exercises, thus resting the study and practice of physical culture upon a moral and religious basis. The exercises themselves should represent what the individual *would like to be*. When we pray "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done; . . . forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," we are praying for a higher life, we are giving outward expression to our highest and holiest purposes. Physical exercises should also be a *prayer*. Let your morning and evening prayers represent in words what you would be; let your daily exercises represent in movements what you would be. This representation is contagious. You cannot hear a person repeat the Lord's prayer from his heart without being inspired with reverence. On the other hand, if you observe a person taking exercises which represent *what he would be*, corresponding ideals and aspirations are awakened in you.

Physical culture should be lifted into the realm of moral and religious culture. It should be a part of, and an element in, your religion. Your physical exercises should be connected with your thoughts of devotion. The ancient apostle had a revelation of this divine truth when he said, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" . . . "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

I shall not enter into details to-day and show what each exercise of the series represents or expresses of the inner life. This will be brought out in the class work, but I want to inspire you to-day with the idea that when you take your exercises you should feel that those exercises enter into the service of the soul, into the service of the spiritual nature, into the service of religion. I do not mean to say that exercise taken without a definite purpose will result in a moral life, or in a spiritual state of mind; what I do mean to say is that if a person takes certain exercises with a *desire in his mind to express his moral convictions, and if the exercises are of such a nature as will naturally express them, it will tend toward the development of character.* Some years ago, when no system of physical culture had been prescribed by law or order from authorities, the system which you study here was carried to many of the schools by teachers who studied here on Saturdays. I wrote to several masters of high schools where these exercises were taught to ascertain if the younger children were interested in them. The letters received from the masters were similar; they said the children were full of interest and enthusiasm for the exercises, but the thing which was most marked was their influence upon the moral conduct of the children. Their deportment was very much better and they attended to their

studies better. I inquired further in regard to this matter, for I wanted to know how the teachers of physical culture presented the exercises to the children so as to make them distinguished for their moral conduct in school. Upon further questioning, I found they used the same methods they had learned here for teaching adults. They told the children what it meant to elevate the chest — told them that it indicated that they were honest, noble, true-hearted. Then they carried the same idea throughout the series of exercises. The quick, responsive natures of the children caught the idea readily, and whenever they found one of their comrades with his chest down they would say, "You don't look as if you were honest; our teacher says when a thief steals he drops his chest and shoulders just as you are doing now." In consequence of this taunt the boy lifts his chest, and ever afterward he associates correct standing with the idea of being honest, noble, and open-hearted.

A system of physical culture should reveal the student working toward or representing what *he would be*. It is not sufficient to say that physical culture will make you healthy, and that health leads to honesty. This is true, I grant, but to some people it is a long road around. There is a tendency in that direction; but you and I know that some people are healthy a good while after they have entered dishonest courses; neither can we say that a person is sick because he is a thief, a liar, or a cheat. I have known some very healthy rascals.

The Emerson System of Physical Culture is based upon the laws of expression; it might appropriately be called *the expressive system of physical culture.* Educating the body to where it spontaneously expresses in a beautiful way the higher sentiments of the soul is my definition of physical culture. You ask

what the practice of such a system will do for the health of the individual. Look at the statistics and they will show that when an epidemic breaks out in a great city it rages worst among the morally lowest classes of people. This may not be true in every individual case, but it is unquestionably true when you judge by masses. If the cholera should break out in Massachusetts to day, the doctors would tell you that it would rage worst in the most immoral districts of the city. Morality has much to do with health.

Every exercise in the system you are studying is immediately related to a moral state and expresses it. Some one might say, "Well, I will not exercise any more, if by so doing I show what I am." You cannot stop this mighty law of expression. At all times and under all circumstances you are revealing what you are through your outward expression, and you are not only *expressing* what you are, but you are communicating it to others. If I am dishonest and people know it it is not as bad as if I communicate dishonesty to them when they do not know it. Whether you take these exercises or not, you will reveal and communicate to others what you are in your inmost soul. A story is told of a boy who was semi-idiotic. He talked a good deal, and every time he spoke he revealed his idiocy. His father said to him one day, "You must not talk any more when people are near, because if you do they will know you are a fool." The boy obeyed, and when a stranger said to him, "What is your name?" he kept perfectly still. Again the stranger asked, "What town do you live in?" No answer. "Where were you born?" The boy remained perfectly still. Fi-

nally the stranger said, "The boy is a fool." Then the boy cried out, "Father, father, they have found me out."

Education should develop man in his threefold nature, mind, soul, and body—not by educating them separately, but by educating them at the same time. To-day there is a tendency in education, and it will soon be realized, to make education the means of developing an all-round individual, lifting him up morally, opening his eyes spiritually, giving his body health and his movements grace. This is the unit toward which we are looking, the unit of knowledge, wisdom, goodness, beauty, strength. Physical culture twenty years ago was thought very little about, spoken still less of. Ten years ago considerable interest was manifested in the subject. For the last five years there has been intense interest in the subject. Now nobody need argue for the excellence, the value, and the benefit of physical culture. Everybody accepts it. Twenty years ago not one in a thousand accepted it. Now the question which is agitating the minds of the masses is, What kind of physical culture?

You, students of Emerson College, must lift up the standard and say to the whole world, "Here is a system of physical culture that tends to make man more righteous, true, and upright in his moral conduct, a system every part of which quickens your aspirations for something higher." Physical culture should join hands and become one with moral culture, with spiritual culture, so that the blessing of physical culture shall not end when our bodies are laid off like a garment, but the results which we have gained in this life, like the results of intellectual and spiritual culture, shall abide with the soul forever.







MISS ANNIE BLALOCK,  
TEACHER OF PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

## Hygienic and Aesthetic Dress.\*

ANNIE BLALOCK,

*Teacher of Physical Culture in the Emerson College of Oratory.*

ALL perfection of body and mind should be sought for the sake of enlarging our sphere of influence. When one's garments are regarded as an expression of character and as an aid to the unhindered manifestation of noble states of mind, the thoughtful consideration of hygienic and artistic dress will become an essential part of a woman's education.

As students of physical culture we need definite study of this subject, because when we depart from the accepted standards of fashion we find very little to guide us in the realization of our ideas in the realm of artistic dress. The hygienic aspect of the subject has agitated the minds of great thinkers of the past; and many noble women, with the courage of their convictions, have stemmed the tide of public opinion. Thus they have made it easy for their sisters in the closing decade of this glorious century to exercise their rights in this direction.

All reforms move slowly; but no earnest soul who consecrates her life to the emancipation of woman leaves the race, in its development, where she found it. What yesterday was bitterly contested on every side to-day is accepted by the masses. That there is a necessity for educating the race on the subject of "dress" no one doubts. This work properly belongs to the teacher of physical culture, for with the consciousness of the sacredness and beauty of the human form, which every true teacher of this subject brings to the minds of her students, will come a wise consideration of ways and means for the revelation of the beauty and grace developed through physical culture.

The first requisite for the teacher, therefore, is that she shall be familiar

with the laws of art as they relate to dress, and that, having mastered the philosophy of the subject, she shall make her own appearance its best exponent. Teachers must be able to make definite and helpful suggestions to their pupils. Having destroyed their false gods of fashion, they must supply something better in their places. If you stand before your class in tight, stiffly boned waists, which destroy the soft, delicate curves of the body and suggest rather a torso of plaster than of flesh, you cannot hope to inspire enthusiasm in your pupils for the sacredness and beauty of God's highest creation,—the *human body*.

I need not urge upon Seniors the necessity of healthful dress, for I know that your study in this College for three years has educated your ideals to the perception and appreciation of natural forms, and that your study of anatomy and physiology has revealed to you the delicate, exquisite structure of those organs in the torso which demand "room" for the performance of their functions. We are all very familiar with what we must *not* do in the direction of dress; but the sources of information in regard to planning a truly healthful and artistic gown are very limited.

All owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Jenness-Miller, a graduate of our beloved College, who with her well-developed body and artistic gowns awakened interest in this subject among all classes of women.

In connection with one of the Woman's Clubs in Chicago, a movement was inaugurated for the study of physical culture and correct dress. Much valuable information was contributed. Mrs. Steele and Miss Adams, members of this society,

\* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

published a book called "Beauty of Form and Grace of Vesture," which is invaluable to those interested in these subjects. It contains many beautiful pictures which train the eye to an appreciation of beautiful forms; it discusses the subject and its various aspects and leaves one richer for its perusal.

Ideals of fashion prevail everywhere. The average woman uses her mind, not in the study of her own figure and its needs, but in the study of the fashion-plates, to discover the latest fad. The fashions restlessly shift from one thing to another, constantly distorting our perception of what is really beautiful. Into this world of fashion we enter. We need not antagonize it, but we must make it *serve*. Avoid all extremes of fashion. No woman is so conspicuous as the one who is gowned in the "height of style." Dress should reveal the spirit of the wearer. It should form a setting for the person. The setting of the diamond should not call attention away from the beautiful gem; it should simply allow the gem to reveal itself. Never wear anything that is loud or showy, or that makes you conspicuous. Every true woman wishes to be womanly, quiet, dignified, and elegant, and the dress should be in harmony with these ideals. Every detail of the toilet should be carefully studied in the light of these ideals. If any part of your dress calls attention to itself it is not in good taste. The criterion of taste that Dr. Emerson gives in the "Evolution of Expression" is "necessity,"—necessity to the fulfilment of a certain end.

In your garments, what do you wish to express? This is the question you should repeatedly ask yourself. This leads us into the realm of what we would be and involves character-development. The dress should tell primarily of the individual, of the cultivation of her mind and body. A gown may be ever so beau-

tiful and artistic, yet unless the wearer is cultivated in mind and body, unless her sympathies are broad and her thoughts pure and holy, she will not succeed in making a beautiful picture of herself. What the person *is* in her inmost soul is the thing which affects us, and if the *within* be insincere and unlovely no garniture from *without* can make up for this deficiency.

The proper study of this subject reveals its relationship to all phases of education,—physical, intellectual, and moral,—and touches the practical workaday world in its details of ways and means.

Furthermore, we realize, when we use the word "artistic," that we are in the realm of art, and we perceive that the same laws which govern the painter or sculptor in the treatment of his subjects should govern women in the selection and arrangement of their garments.

We are led to inquire, What is art? Dr. Emerson has given the best definition I have ever found: "Art is nature passed through mind and fixed in form." Another has said, "Art is the visible expression of the sublime and beautiful." The word "dress" literally means a covering, mark you, *not a case*. A covering conforms to the shape of the thing covered, and is not a case, which *reforms* it. Again, we are led to perceive that artistic dress and physical culture go hand in hand, for we can secure beauty in the form of the covering only as it conforms to the shape of the thing covered.

#### CONFORMITY TO THE NATURAL LINES OF THE BODY.

The first essential for an artistic gown is that it shall conform to the natural lines of the body, suggesting the play of the muscles beneath it. The parts of the body are joined by definite articulations which allow the body to move in undulating curves. That dress is artistic

which allows this play. Any garment which encloses the body like a case and suggests that it is a plaster cast, with the clothing plastered on outside, whether corsets be worn or not, is ugly and unhealthful. We are in a world of expression. Everything in the universe says something to us. Your bodies are constantly revealing something. Are they revealing the undulating curves of nature, or are they revealing the sharp angles and hard lines which fashion creates? Every woman should make a definite study of her type, and seek to perfect it. Select those materials which aid you to this end; which enable you to reveal your good points and conceal your weak ones. This requires patient and persistent effort. Aid may come from others through enunciation of general principles, but the specific application each must make for herself.

In the study of artistic dress you are seeking to reveal through a medium unresponsive, at best, your personality, your highest ideals; you are striving to make a glorious picture of yourself; therefore, you must not be discouraged if you fail in your first attempt. I wish to inspire you to turn your minds upon this subject. Form your ideals, educate your bodies and your perceptions of beauty as revealed in nature and in Greek statuary rather than through fashion, and the battle is won! Greek civilization was such that the human body in its natural perfection was the constant object of study. Their statues represented the human form as they saw it, and consequently Greek art became the model for all the subsequent ages. A perfected system of physical education, together with their Olympic games, which were religious festivals, became the corner-stone of Greek civilization. The minds of the people were inspired by the divine passion for beauty; their

ideals were derived from the natural forms constantly before their eyes.

Love of beauty is an attribute of the human soul, but it demands education and culture. Man projects his concepts of beauty and of Deity from his own intellect, and the nature of these concepts marks his degree of development in these directions.

The savage mother binds a board against her child's head to form it into a cone, or perhaps to shape it into a fascinating flatness; the Indian woman of Alaska ornaments her upper lip by sticking a pin or ring through it; the civilized woman finds the lobe of her ear a more convenient place from which to suspend her ornament; the Chinese mother squeezes the foot of her helpless baby into a shapeless mass, because the rigid rules of Chinese caste would dub her as plebeian unless she bore this mark of aristocracy. Why should the American woman, who is superior to the other nationalities mentioned, insist upon deforming, not a subordinate part of her body merely, but the vital centres — the vital organs themselves? Why should she insist upon a "blind adherence to old standards and outgrown ideals which cannot be defended by reason? In the social world fashion has successfully defied all true standards of art, principles of common sense, rules of hygiene, and, what is still more important, the laws of ethics which underlie all stable or enduring civilizations." History tells us that as soon as men were sufficiently elevated above the beast to admire the forms of women, women began to shape themselves to an ideal. "That beauty is the normal state is shown by the perpetual effort of nature to attain it." Throughout the ages false ideals concerning beauty have existed; but sometime we shall all see that the God who made the rosebud and the lily, who painted the



sunset and the rainbow, knew how to fashion a woman's form.

In order to fulfil the first essential of an artistic gown, namely, that the gown must follow the natural lines of the body, it is necessary for women to know what the natural lines are. Almost every torso which one sees is *deformed*, the lines from the shoulders converging toward the waist in an angular V shape, instead of being a succession of undulating curves from shoulder to hip.

One of the truths taught in our College is that we become like the objects we steadily contemplate. Nowhere is the steady contemplation of proper ideals more necessary than in the realm of artistic dress. Since we can derive little education from forms which are about us, we are driven to the study of masterpieces of sculpture and painting. The doors of our Art Museums are open to us; reproductions of great works of art can be obtained for a mere song among the famous "Perry Pictures," and it is a necessary part of every student's education to train her eye to the perception and appreciation of these beautiful forms. A constant study of these models will elevate and refine your taste, and soon you will feel a sense of disgust and abhorrence for the stiffly corseted, conventional fashion-plates.

Place pictures of beautiful forms in your room. Hang a picture of Venus de Milo by the side of a fashion-plate. Study the two in relation to each other. Draw the lines of the torso of the Venus again and again. Compare it with the contour of your own body when it is gowned. Study Richter's exquisite painting of Queen Louise descending the stairs; concentrate your mind upon it until you feel inspired by her queenly bearing, her exquisite poise, her gentle, sympathetic face; then fancy another picture of her, corseted, gowned in the conventional

two-piece garment, stiffly boned about the waist, and your æsthetic feelings experience a shock.

Having learned correct ideals of beauty concerning the human body, the next thing to be done is to practically apply the knowledge to your own needs. In order that a gown may follow the natural lines of the body it must be free enough to admit of the fullest expansion at the waist line, and it must suggest not a *straight* but a *continuous* line from head to foot. A tight belt or a tight binding will break the line and at once make the body ugly and the gown inartistic. If the gown be made in two pieces it must suggest *one*, for in the natural body there is no provision made at any point for a horizontal division. Again and again we hear young ladies, and old ones too, saying, "Why, my corset is not tight; my bindings are not tight." Your testimony is worth very little. Constant pressure has so weakened the muscles and lowered the tone of the nerves that muscular sense is no longer a correct guide. If your garments are supported entirely from waist and hips you may be sure they are too tight. When a muscle is kept bound it cannot develop through use and consequently becomes atrophied. It becomes smaller and smaller, accommodating itself to the unyielding case, and if corset or binding is drawn no tighter the gown will become looser as the muscles shrink. Once give a slave his freedom and he will never voluntarily assume his chains again. Once give a sensible, honest woman freedom from corsets, tight bindings, and heavy skirts, and she will never again become fashion's slave. It is your privilege and prerogative as American women to claim your freedom in this matter of dress. There is no rigid caste to bind you to the orthodox and conventional. The fact that you have a large waist does not bar you from soci-

ety; it rather stamps you with the nobility of a moral hero.

Many of the leading physicians of the day are prescribing healthful modes of dress instead of pills and plasters for their patients. In many sanitariums hygienic dressing is made an essential part of the treatment, health thereby coming as a result of right living. We rejoice that they wage a vigorous warfare not against corsets alone, but against stiffly boned, so-called *health* waists, tight bindings, and heavy skirts. Anything, whether it be a steel or a string, which produces pressure upon the soft, yielding parts of the torso is bad — is inartistic.

Remember that the garment must follow the *natural lines of the body*. If this criterion be religiously observed, all good things will follow in its wake.

#### UNITY.

A gown to be artistic must obey that criterion of art which is called *unity*. Dr. Emerson's definition of unity is clear and comprehensive: "The whole in each part." In every work of art there is a central idea which every part must illustrate and obey. In the selection of material and in the form of your gown what is your concept or design as a whole? Do all the parts of the gown serve the whole, enhance each other, and combine to produce a revelation, not of itself, but of the spirit of the wearer? A person possessed of what is called "good taste" will instinctively obey this law, but a knowledge of the law is valuable as a criterion and as guide to those who are seeking education in this direction.

Use is the price of acquirement. Whatever problems you solve leave in your own constitution the strength of the conquest. In the selection of material for the gown and for its trimming, this great law of unity must be held steadily in mind. Each part must blend with every other part in color and form

to produce a central unity of expression. If the garment is cut in two pieces avoid that which gives two impressions,—the waist *and* the skirt. They should be so related as to suggest perfect unity.

#### LENGTH OF LINE.

The next criterion which we will consider is *length of line*. This idea was perfectly fulfilled in the flowing robes of the Greeks, which have retained their favor with all true artists since the days of Phidias. Our modern civilization forbids the exact reproduction of the Greek robe, but this principle of the "flowing line" must be obeyed in the garment before it can claim the right to be called artistic. A person can never hope to attain this high ideal in dress unless her body has been trained through the practice of those exercises which allow the higher attributes to express themselves through attitude and movement. Emerson says: "Things are pretty, graceful, rich, elegant, handsome, but until they speak to the imagination, not yet beautiful." A body which has been trained to spontaneously express the highest states of the imagination will awaken the imaginations of others. Again, Emerson says: "Nothing interests us which is stark or bounded, but only what streams with life, what is in act or endeavor to reach somewhat beyond." . . . "Beauty is the moment of transition, as if the form were just ready to flow into other forms. Any fixedness, heaping, or concentration on one feature—a long nose, a sharp chin, a humpback—is the reverse of the flowing and therefore deformed." The parts of the garment must seem to melt and flow into each other. Any rigidity through the torso, occasioned by tight corsets, tight waists, or tight bindings, forbids this freedom.

#### HARMONY.

There must be perfect harmony be-

tween the colors which are used in the costume. Then again, the colors of the gown must harmonize with the complexion and with the eyes and with the hair. The form of the gown must be in harmony with the form of the individual who wears it. A costume which would prove most effective on a tall, willowy blonde would be totally unsuited to a plump, round brunette. It requires a careful analysis of one's type and a corresponding knowledge of effects to perfectly obey this law. It comes finally through experience, that safest and best teacher. You may not succeed in making yourself as beautiful as your friend across the way, but you can at least perfect your type.

#### SERVICE.

"Beauty rests on necessity. The line of beauty is the line of perfect economy." Question yourself very closely to find if your garments fulfil the law of service. "Beauty is organic; outside embellishment is deformity."

Never ornament for the sake of ornamenting. Anything which attracts attention to itself away from the wearer does not fulfil the law of service, for that garment is most beautiful which serves to reveal the personality of the wearer; which serves as a visible expression of her lofty and noble states of mind. It is the person we are interested in. The human heart concerns us more than dry goods, and no objects really interest us but human beings. It was for beauty that the world was made, yet we love any form, however ugly, from which great qualities

shine. "There are faces so fluid with expression, so flushed and rippled by the play of thought" that we can hardly find what the mere features really are.

After a careful study of this subject we begin to realize that it touches human life on all sides, and that in it are the very sources of life and power. Women are the mothers of the race. They not only determine the physical status of each generation, but also its intellectual and moral life. It has been truly said that a nation can never rise higher than its women. Although she is often a silent factor in the great body politic, woman wields a sceptre of power which a higher than man has placed in her hand. If her spiritual eyes could be opened, if she could look out from her exalted place, the question of healthful living and dressing would be solved. But we must patiently wait for education to remove the scales and clarify the vision.

You, students of Emerson College, are to aid in carrying forward the gospel of good health. You are responsible for the illumination of the darkness and ignorance which envelop the world.

Having learned and put into practice the right, go forth to teach and to preach. Arm yourself with facts and enter the noble band of American women who are working for the physical and intellectual upbuilding of the race, believing that through obedience to the laws of health, which are the laws of God, a glory will crown the human race "such as the most inspired tongues of prophets and poets have never been able to describe."

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Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession.—*Emerson.*

For the hues of sunset also have for us their revelation. The whole universe is tending to beauty—none the less real because it comes to us in a fantasy wrought but of light and air.—*F. W. H. Myers.*







DR. SARAH E. SHERMAN.

## Symposium of Physical Culture.

### Physical Education in Emerson College.

FRANCES TOBEY, '99.

To man propose this test,  
 "Thy body at its best,  
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"  
 — Robert Browning.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. . . . therefore glorify God in your body." This is the text of that lofty sermon by Dr. Emerson in that gospel of health and deliverance, "Physical Culture." This is the theme of all his lectures that bear upon physical training. With this ideal ever in view, need we wonder that he cannot see in mere athleticism *culture* of the body? True physical *culture* is the education of the physical organism toward free, spontaneous, beautiful service of its master, the soul.

In this day of advanced thought we hear much of the influence of mind over body. We are even told sometimes that matter has no existence, and that disease is but an illusion. No one appreciates the power of mind in a fuller sense than does Dr. Emerson. He knows *thought* to be a positive energy. Indeed, his entire system of philosophy is based upon the assumption that spirit is master and will command its own form. Yet he recognizes that this is but a half-truth. While the spirit is in the body it is affected by the condition of the body. Man is a unit. However free spirit may be in a future existence, spirit and body are so intimately associated in this life that they are mutually dependent. The educational world to-day is coming to recognize that "expression is necessary to evolution." How may the soul express its highest states, and so develop,

through a medium that is not educated to respond to the higher impulses of the soul?

Dr. Emerson holds, then, that the perfection of education of the individual cannot be attained by systems that ignore the dual nature of man, soul and body, and fail to make provision for the harmonious culture of both. More than this, he asserts that physical culture is the *foundation* of education, and cites the perfection of the Greeks, realized after many centuries of physical culture.

With conceptions no less lofty than these, Dr. Emerson, during years of study, has evolved his system of psychophysical culture out of a wide knowledge of anatomy and physiology, psychology, art, and human nature. Reverently, religiously, he pursued the study, until, as by some special revelation of inspiration, he sees the human form as a thing sacred—nothing less, indeed, than "the temple of the Holy Ghost."

The result of this consecration to a high, dominating purpose is a system of physical culture that is a perfect organism. Each exercise is necessary to the whole. Provision is made for freeing each part of the physical organism and unifying the action of all, until the body becomes the servant of the soul. This freedom in service involves health of body. It casts aside all restrictions imposed by habit or fashion, and restores to the human form its birthright,—natural and beautiful development.

It is not possible in a brief sketch to give any adequate suggestion of the principles involved in a system which

Dr. Emerson has elaborated in a volume of more than one hundred and fifty pages. The exercises are psycho-physical in nature, corresponding to the higher attributes of the mind, and demanding that the entire personality shall be in each exercise. Thus the ultimate end is *presence*.

The series can be taken in fifteen or twenty minutes, thus admitting of frequent *repetition*, through which only does culture of any power result.

When a student enters the College there is little impulse to physical action in his expression. He is bound by habits of repression, temperament, conventionality, or manual labor. Or if in his zeal to impress his thought he does use his physical agents, it is often not in beautiful service, and the result is incongruous.

The student's attention is never called to these limitations. He is encouraged to use every agent at his command in impressing the thought of his selection upon the minds in his presence. But nothing is ever said to him of gesture. Indeed, he does not know that he uses gesture. Or, if he does at first, he soon forgets it. The first concern is that he shall *express* the correct thought with spontaneity.

But from the day he enters he is taking the physical culture exercises daily in the College, under the guidance of Mrs. Emerson. With a leader embodying the perfection of culture, beautiful, inspiring presence, the student very soon yields himself to the subtle influence of harmony, as the rhythm of the exercises blends with the rhythm of the inspiring music that is commanded by the magic touch of Miss Chamberlain. If he be a faithful student, he also practises the exercises at home several times each day. In addition to this, during the first year he has careful drill every week with Miss Rogers and Professor Alden, who

patiently and enthusiastically labor with the student, inspiring him to stand and walk in service of his higher nature, teaching him to lift his vital organs into the cavities designed for them by their Creator, re-establishing him in natural relationship with the law of gravitation, helping him over and over with each exercise until he has the consciousness of the right form and can practise intelligently at home. You cannot know of the beautiful ideals held before our student unless you are of the initiated.

And how is it with his work in expression during all this time? A change is taking place in his gestures—a change so subtle and gradual that it is hardly noticed day by day, least of all by himself! As he forms habits of clear, definite thinking, his action becomes definite as well. His movements are becoming freer and begin to serve his thought more truthfully. Perhaps now, as he feels his growing freedom, he shows an inclination to glory in it (all unconsciously) and to make a show of it; but that, too, will take care of itself. No one attempts to repress him. Each teacher merely directs him toward an ever closer concentration upon his thought and his audience, knowing that in the course of the evolution of his powers of oratory he will come to realize that *freedom is not an end in itself, but only a means toward service*.

By the beginning of his second year our student has realized some degree of freedom in his physical movements, and he is introduced to a line of work entirely unique and altogether delightful to him. This is the department known as Responsive Work, which is in charge of Mrs. Emerson. It aims at the cultivation of the muscular sense, upon which depends all unity of action in the body. That the student may not be restricted by self-consciousness, he is one of a large class. Here he is led to assume a

primary position of some one agent, and, holding an expectant attitude of mind, allows the whole person to respond to the impulse given by the active agent. He is usually given some strong position first, as the clenched hand, representing will; for until the muscular sense is educated the muscles will not so readily respond to an impulse less marked. When the student is interpreting thought to an audience, his only concern is that his audience shall be influenced by his thought in a way to help them. The soul will command its own gestures, much more truthful and effective than any that can be contrived for it. They will be vital, because they will be reinforced by perfect unity of the entire organism. They will never attract attention to themselves, for they will serve perfectly.

In the latter part of his Junior year, however, the student is privileged to hear a series of lectures on "Gesture," by Dr. Emerson. By this time his habits of spontaneous expression are so established that he is in no danger of attempting to conform himself to rule. The lectures involve an exhaustive exposition of the universal laws of nature which govern gesture and form art criteria for our student. He understands that a knowledge of these general principles will not make his action any more graceful or effective, any more than it will quicken the circulation of his blood to know that it is a law of nature that his blood shall circulate. As an artist, therefore, he might dispense with this knowledge, but as a teacher he will need it as one of the keys to the mental action of his pupil.

But it is equally important that our student should have definite, scientific knowledge of the structure of his physical organism and the laws governing it, if he hopes to teach physical culture in-

telligently. Provision is made for this need by a three-years' course in anatomy. He is brought under the influence of a personality so beneficent and serene, so broad and scholarly, that the three years' association with Dr. Sarah E. Sherman is in itself a liberal education. Here the student gains a comprehensive knowledge of the structure and functions of the organs of his body, and a practical application of this knowledge to the physical exercises and the laws of health.

Throughout the Junior year, too, the student is studying the text-book of "Physical Culture" conscientiously with that inspired disciple of Dr. Emerson, Miss Blalock, and continuing the weekly drill with Miss Blalock and Miss Rogers and Professor Alden. During the Senior year all of these various courses of physical education are continued. Through the responsive work his muscular sense is becoming so acute that his body spontaneously responds to a complex attitude of an agent (an attitude corresponding to a complex state of mind) with perfect unity. He still practises the exercises daily and studies the text-book for principles. Under the direction of Miss Blalock he is applying his knowledge in two new avenues: delivering carefully prepared lectures on "Physical Culture" before his class, and teaching his fellow students to take the exercises properly. Under the inspiration, too, of Dr. Emerson and Miss Blalock, the student is learning the art principles involved in true physical culture. The student learns to discriminate between true and artificial standards of beauty in the human form. He comes to see that Art and Dame Fashion are too often at variance, and he sees practical applications of art principles to dress. He has caught more or less of Miss Blalock's "divine enthusiasm," and could never be utterly



subjected to slavery again, whatever was his physical condition when he entered the College.

In short, the student has learned to *stand* for what he *is*; to suggest in his

person the potential as well as the actual wealth of his being. He has learned that the end of physical culture is the end of all education, — perfect service.

### Anatomy in Its Relation to Physical Culture.

JEAN E. EDDY, '99.

At this vacation period when most of us have for a time turned our backs on the ever-perplexing study of anatomy,—to seek enjoyment found through a change rather than from cessation of work,—I would like to take advantage of this opportunity to encourage the acquirement of a practical knowledge of the anatomy of the human body. I know there are those who regard this subject with feelings of aversion, and I honestly admit they have just cause, by reason of the magnitude of the task. So we will consider it in the light of an indispensable feature of a course in physical culture, rather than as a luxury, for the relations are such that the anatomy of the human body must necessarily be taught to those who are to intelligently understand physical culture as it is at present.

To maintain with dignity and power a position of responsibility, suitable and adequate preparations are requisite. Efficiency commands respect. Whatever increases the resources of an individual adds proportionately to his independence, and when the supports of college life are withdrawn he will not collapse into a condition of helplessness. The study of the body, formerly, was confined to members of the medical profession. To legalize the study of anatomy, addresses were given by prominent men. Why should not a subject which so closely concerns all engage the attention of all?

The mind dwells in a body so constructed as to be continually subject to

disorder, and yet we are never taught the way to keep it in order nor to prevent it from premature decay. "To keep the mind and heart right, we should know how to keep the body right."

The present period is distinguished by a diffusion of anatomical knowledge, as it is also distinguished by the remarkable expansion in the science of physical culture, "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" We are going out to teach health — not through medicine, which so often injures the system, but "through such exercises as are authorized and required by the laws of the human economy." Are we ready for our task if we are ignorant of the structure of the body, or unacquainted with its mode of action? With enlightenment on this subject, we are not only prepared to combat disease, but prevent it. Were teachers of physical culture better acquainted with the anatomy of the body and the laws by which it is regulated, medical men would not be so exclusively consulted. There is a large field open in this direction. Through work and well-directed attention much may be accomplished. Work? Why yes, "it is the rent we pay in this world for living."

The body is under the dominion of law. It is well for us to know the laws and the secret of governing the body according to law. These same laws are universal. They not only govern vital forces in the body, but control the movement of the stars. Law demands that

the body shall have exercise and that of a definite kind. Can we intelligently make an application of the laws without knowledge of the object to which the law relates? Our system of physical culture aims directly at the vital organs. What do we know of those organs, from whence the fountain of life flows? Have we learned their relative position and movements?

The muscles of the body, numbering about four hundred, "are not all snarled together" as it might appear, but are arranged in layers lying over each other. Have we a conception of the arrangement and distribution of the most important? We know that exercise is necessary for developing and improving the muscular system. We must also be able to explain *how* it acts in imparting tone and strength to the entire body; that when the muscles are exercised, increased action in its vessels and nerves takes place. The principal blood-vessels lie imbedded among the muscles. The muscles cannot contract without at the same time stimulating them. Muscular activity assists most tremendously, and in fact is one of the great powers for effecting a regular circulation. When this power is neglected the blood flows less freely.

A scientific knowledge of the relation between muscular exercise and the circulation of the blood is essential. Increase in circulation creates greater vitality, and is attended by corresponding waste.

There is something extremely interesting in the changes going on in the body, and especially in that of waste and supply. No act of life can take place without a waste of material. When a muscle contracts a part of its substance dies, as does also a part of the nervous substance which furnishes the motor power of the contraction. Hence the enormous waste that is constantly going on and the continual demand for re-enforcement, which

is supplied in the form of food taken into the system. "In a single year an adult man requires half a ton of solid food and three-quarters of a ton of water. This mass is wholly expended in carrying on actions of life, and for its removal from the interior of the system nearly half a ton of oxygen gas is required."

As a result of exercise the appetite becomes keener, the process of digestion correspondingly vigorous. The food is more easily converted into chyle, and its absorption more rapid. Respiration becomes deeper, paving the way for the reception of a larger quantity of life-giving oxygen, which carries freshness to all parts of the body.

Then there is the nervous system, including the great centre,—the brain. This system is subject to the same law of growth and decay as the other parts of the body. Whether we are awake or asleep this is the motor force which presides over the entire body, governing all acts and emotions. Can ignorance be indulged when a study of the nervous system involves a knowledge of the pneumogastric and sympathetic nerves, upon whose activity life itself depends? A practical knowledge along these lines is a mighty shield, and doubtless will prevent much annoyance that otherwise will come to us sooner or later.

During our career we come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men,—men who crave information as they do food; men who not only expect us to teach grace when entering a drawing-room, but, if necessary, to set a broken bone. Our experience will be not only varied but, at times, amusing, for the general idea regarding physical culture is most alarmingly vague, and the term often misapplied. Why, I have seen men who sniffed most unpleasantly at the slightest mention of the subject; in fact, nothing but a miracle could rouse them from their lethargy; and yet the in-

stant a scrap of information was incidentally volunteered on the natural function of the liver they "pricked up their ears" as from an electric shock. They are now travelling the royal road that leads to the proper elevation of the chest.

We can never tell through what channel a person may be reached. It is always safe to be well armed and equipped to contend against opposing forces. To the apprentice is given this opportunity, which, if neglected through carelessness or indifference, is rarely repeated. He who has a clear perception of the end he is pursuing and great persistence in its pursuit seldom fails. Others fall by the wayside, which may be paved with good

intentions, and are lost in the onward surge of advancing humanity. It is indeed great to do one thing well.

Is not the time near at hand when bodily culture will become universal? I truly believe it is, and I believe the time will be hastened by making the work valuable from an anatomical standpoint. The number of workers in the field is increasing every day, and the amount of work correspondingly increases. We are not striving for impossibilities. It is the privilege of every Emerson College student to keep ideals before him, and to work unhesitatingly and courageously toward them. Thus may we hope for advancement in its highest sense.

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### The Emerson System as Adapted to People of All Ages.\*

MARY L. SHERMAN.

THE Emerson System of Physical Culture is universal in its application. It is adapted to all people of all ages. Children are very easily taught the exercises. Their bodies are usually so free, and they imitate so naturally, that after seeing an exercise correctly given a few times they will often take it perfectly. They like to know the meaning of each one, and it is remarkable how well they remember.

In many of the public schools it is the custom for the teacher to spend a few minutes each day in talking on various subjects outside of the regular lessons, such as hygiene, physiology, or nature. In one case, when questions were asked about the correct position in standing and walking, a little girl who had been taught the Emerson exercises raised her hand and said she knew the correct standing position. She described it, telling why it is correct. She so interested the teacher and pupils that she was re-

quested to illustrate, which she did with pride and pleasure. After school she hurried home, eager to tell her mother that she was the only one in the class who knew how to stand and walk properly.

In another instance a mother complained of headache. Immediately the little one said she knew how to cure it, and gave the neck exercise. A few days later, as I was calling at this house, the mother took the exercise for me, and it was right in every respect.

And so one might continue to multiply instances of the practical application that children will make of the exercises. They delight in teaching, and nothing develops greater accuracy in them than giving them an opportunity to teach when they have made sufficient progress. They demand much more of their little pupils than the teacher would, and often succeed in getting more. The class, too, will watch the teacher, and if the counts

\* A talk given to the Postgraduate Class.

are not accurate, or any mistakes are made, will call attention to them. In this way they help each other.

The crowning privilege for the children is to be allowed in turn to lead in the march. They plan all through the week what new figures they can introduce. Two children are usually appointed, and one can but marvel at the intricate and really beautiful figures they will prepare. Those attending dancing-school will use the march they learn there, and others will get suggestions from seeing the boys drill in the public schools; but even these they try to vary, as they feel the responsibility of introducing something new. Instead of feeling it a task to attend this extra class, they count the days until Saturday, as classes for children are usually held on that day, and they urge their parents and friends to visit the class.

Children are greatly benefited by the exercises, especially those who, in growing fast, have been allowed to assume careless positions in school, and so have slight curvature of the spine, or a misplacement of hip or shoulders. Let the teacher be sure that she stands for the system herself, for through presence does she exert the widest influence. Parents often find that the teacher's name is a magical word in its effect in bringing up little heads and chests and correcting slovenly attitudes.

The older children enjoy the work quite as much as the little ones. As they begin to realize greater freedom in the body, it is a real joy to escape from the sense of awkwardness with which growing youths and maidens are prone to be afflicted. They gradually lose that self-consciousness that made it painful merely to cross the room in a company, and they really forget their hands! Their recreations become a keener pleasure to them, since they are enabled to run, dance, or skate with much less ex-

penditure of nervous and muscular energy, and consequently with less fatigue.

Every teacher has had experience with boys from sixteen to eighteen who have grown very rapidly, and in consequence have a stoop in neck and shoulders. Such boys, after having been urged again and again to throw the shoulders back, without result, when taught the correct standing-position take it with great enjoyment. In most cases they will ask for the rest of the exercises. Those who care for athletic sports find they run more easily, have better breath control, and endure more after faithfully practising our system.

Students find the exercises most invigorating, especially those who have a great deal of brain work to do and little time for exercise. After hours of study the system will be refreshed and strengthened if the entire series of exercises may be taken. If there is not time for all, the student may take at least the neck and the reaching exercises, that the vital supply necessary to repair the waste of brain tissue may be quickened. The scientific basis of the Emerson system is a great revelation to the student. After a few lessons he discovers it for himself and feels that he has a firm foundation upon which to build. Students who have broken down under the continued strain of severe application, after a faithful practice of the exercises have been able to continue and complete their course without injury to the health.

Older people, too, are often pleased when they find that they can take these exercises. Perhaps they have felt the need for a long time, but they have thought of all physical culture as a means of recreation for the young. They could not take gymnasium work, and thought ours similar. They resort to the physical culture as a relief from various ills,—headache, dyspepsia, rheumatism, or lung and nervous diseases. But help



comes through the exercises in many ways that are not expected. Perhaps there are few adults, especially women, who do not need our first exercises. Teach them to stand properly, with the weight over the balls of the feet and the vital organs lifted into place, and you have accomplished much. They have never thought of these things, and many who could not walk any distance or who were very tired from standing a long time find that they can do both without fatigue. Freeing the various articulations has been a benefit to many who had appealed to physicians in vain. Most people are susceptible to the influence of the psychical nature of the exercises. Many who, through ill-health and sorrow, were depressed and discouraged have been so strengthened and inspired that they have become the strongest advocates of the system.

At the close of a season of lessons it is often of great value to have a kind of experience meeting. Here much may be told of the help received by each, as ease in standing, walking, or breathing; freedom from rigidity and pain; ability to endure; loss of friction and gain of grace; increase of elasticity in the body; gain in control of nerves; and disappearance of headaches or indigestion.

As soon as people are thoroughly interested in the system they will speak of it in the home, and when any member of the family is "indisposed" will try to introduce some exercise for his relief. The neck and waist exercises have been used very effectively, and, little by little, one exercise after another is added. This good news of improved health is repeated to neighbors, and neighborhood classes are formed, and so the work spreads.

Men who at first think the exercises simply easy and graceful soon find that they furnish occasion for the exertion of all one's strength, and that they afford

great relief, especially in the brain work necessary to carry on any business enterprise.

The test of a system is in its results. It is interesting to hear the various comments of dressmakers in regard to the changes that have taken place in women whose bodies have been developed by the Emerson System of Physical Culture. It is not unusual to hear a dressmaker express the wish that all her customers might have the benefit of the system, as it would be a better advertisement for her than anything else.

Physicians, too, are learning that their patients are much better when practising the exercises. They often aid us by recommending our physical culture. Some even have in their offices during certain hours each day one who can teach the system. Let the teacher, then, co-operate with the physicians of the own in which she locates. She may call on the leading doctors and explain to them the principles of our system. Many think it is regular gymnastic work, and will not allow patients to join classes on that account. As soon as they understand the aim and scope of the exercises they will recommend them.

Teachers of singing are often glad to avail themselves of the work. They frequently spend half the time of a lesson in teaching the pupil to take a correct position, and then not until his body has been trained in unity can he make this habitual. The teachers will often take lessons, and if they cannot procure an instructor for their pupils will teach them also, since it is most important that a singer shall assume habitually a good standing-position, and command a large breathing-capacity.

The longer we teach, the more apparent become the possibilities of the system. It can be adapted to all, but we must know to what we may appeal in each one in the application.

The one thing necessary is that the system shall be better known, and every graduate of the College should feel a personal responsibility in proclaiming the gospel of health and freedom to all who come within the radius of his personality. We who have had the great privilege of coming in touch with this great work, and of being benefited by it, should make every possible effort to introduce it into every section of the country. Wherever and when-

ever it has been rightly presented there has been a demand for it because it meets the needs of people. We should feel that we have not fully discharged our duty to our beloved Alma Mater until we have induced others to sit at the feet of our beloved teacher and drink of the living water of truth which flows from his great heart. Let us join in giving to the whole world the truth and value of the Emerson System of Physical Culture.

### The Expressive Side of Physical Culture.

MINNIE B. BRADFORD.

THE highest aim of physical culture is to free and develop the body that it may perfectly express the mind and soul. I had almost said that it may express the noblest sentiments of the mind and soul; but no, the cultivated body will reflect the individual as he is. The body is the window of the soul; through it we may see what is within—no more. Let us bear in mind, however, that only those of the keenest vision can see all parts of this wonderful sanctum, the soul. Only the All-Seeing Eye can look into all the nooks and corners.

Some bodies are very dingy windows, so dingy that we catch only little glimpses of the soul within. Some of the stains on these dingy windows have been there many years, and it is a hard task to remove them, but if we persevere we shall succeed at last. Perhaps some of the glass in these windows has served, years before, in other windows, and it has been brought here with the stains still on it; but let us not despair. Patient toil is always rewarded; we shall reap benefits ourselves, and that part of the glass which helps to form other windows, in years to come, will be so much the clearer for our labor.

How shall we work to rub away the

stains from these windows of the soul? First, we must remove all barriers, that the light from *within* may be revealed, and also that God's sunlight from *without* may cheer and light up the soul. This done, we must work, with heart and soul, on the glass, the material of our windows.

The first step, then, to be taken in physical culture is to free the body, that the soul may shine through it un hindered, and that it may be receptive to all God's influence in the world without.

Loose clothing will not bring freedom of the body. Many people who wear loose clothing have stiff, ugly bodies. Loose clothing is a *condition* of freedom, however. The *cause* lies deeper. Much of the war that has been waged against hygienic dress has been caused by the *appearance* of the ones who have presented the subject. A great responsibility rests upon those of us who intend to present this subject. Our bodies must reveal the highest kind of freedom,—the freedom secured through harmony. This word "harmony" means so much! If there is perfect harmony in the body, perfect health, perfect beauty, and perfect service is the result. If the individual is in perfect harmony with God,

perfect health, perfect beauty, and perfect service of the mind and soul is the result.

Freedom of dress! How strange it is that so many people in the world *lock up* all the expression of the torso! I have so often wondered how the "lock-up" idea originated. We have only to study the figures in our greatest works of art to realize how much the expression of the torso means. Imagine the figures in "Aurora" moulded in the form of the fashionable woman of to-day! Oh, but some one says, "This painting represents an old Greek myth, and *our* bodies are not supposed to look like the bodies of the Greeks." Are n't they? It is strange that when an artist of to-day wishes to express the highest themes of art he uses the body of the Greek. Why is it? Emerson says: "It is the office of art to educate the perception of beauty. . . . How willingly we would escape the barriers which render beauty comparatively impotent . . . and suffer nature to entrance us." The body of the Greek is beautiful because it is natural; it is as God intended it,—an expression of the

soul. The "lock-up" idea must be done away with before the first step can be taken toward physical culture.

We must put heart and soul, and not merely intellect, into our work. Technique, although it forms an important *part*, is by no means the *whole* of art. Imagine two men looking at a magnificent painting. One views it with his intellect only; he is versed in all the technicalities of art,—form, color, etc.,—and studies the picture that he may discover how these technicalities are carried out. The other has all the technical knowledge of the first, but in addition to this he opens his heart and soul. Which will get the most from the painting? The latter; to him will be given *all there is* to gain. "All that reaches the intellect does not reach the heart, but all that reaches the heart will, in time, reach the intellect." Let us be sure that the study of physical culture reaches our *hearts*. If it reaches our intellects it may result in theory only, but if it reaches the *heart* it will be *theory and practice*.

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### Cure of Prevalent Physical Deformities and Organic Disorders by the Emerson System of Physical Culture.

H. H. HALL, M.A.

By physical deformities and organic disorders I mean the forward carriage of the head, round shoulders, hollow or sunken chest, stooped body, curvature of spine, prominent abdomen, visceral displacements, and prolapsed vital organs, from incorrect positions in walking, standing, or sitting, or from heavy skirts or corset constrictions; incorrect walking, as rolling, swaggering, etc.; muscular inequalities between the right and left sides of the body; dormant mus-

cular groups; thoracic or claviclar breathing; expressionless, pale, or wrinkled faces; excessive fleshiness; torpidity or sluggishness of liver; disorders of nutrition of the circulatory, the muscular, and the nervous systems, and of the digestive and the pelvic organs.

Any system of physical training or culture that can correct any one or more, or even all, of these deformities or organic disorders, giving to an individual a well-poised body, with beauty in form,

movement, and expression, and abounding health, with its necessary outgrowth of vivacity, freshness, good-nature, and good cheer, is of priceless value to deformed, suffering humanity. Such a system of physical culture (including voice work and Evolution of Expression) belongs to the Emerson College of Oratory, and to it only.

The time at my disposal allows me to state only the aims and the general principles involved in this system.

*The Emerson system aims* to establish the individual through the muscular sense in "right relation with the law of gravitation," in poised attitudes in harmony with the law of equilibrium; to elevate and deepen the chest cavity; to secure healthy lung-action and normal breathing; to widen the back; to erect the spinal column; to elevate the vital organs; to secure freedom of action and diffusion of energy through all their parts, and to strengthen the muscles that hold them in proper attitude; to remove that friction in walking which exhausts the back and stomach; to exercise the muscles over and around the organs of digestion; to develop vital supply while wasting the old tissues; to develop the trunk of the body and strengthen the centres while freeing the surfaces and exercising the limbs in relation to the trunk; to secure harmony of muscular movements among all the parts; to secure flexibility and durability of muscles; to develop fulness and roundness in all parts of the form; to promote free circulation of the blood through all parts of the body; to free the different parts of the body joined by articulations; to give beauty, ease, dignity, strength, and grace to movements, walking, and bearing; to refresh and invigorate the nervous system and preserve a due balance between the forces of the "pneumogastric and sympathetic nerves" and "the forces of the spinal cord and spinal

nerves;" to create dynamic force and conserve it by transmitting it into harmony of action and also into psychological force while developing the relationship of mind to body, and to educate the body in reference to the soul.

This system aims to follow the laws and requirements of nature, giving such exercises as the structure of the organism demands. The ordinary observer of a class taking this system of exercises has but little conception of the great *mechanical, chemical, physiological, therapeutic, and prophylactic principles* involved, and of their action directly or indirectly upon every structure and function of our bodies. Time will only permit of a brief outline of the action of these principles as a whole upon the leading structures and functions. Motion and activity are the principal characteristics of all the functions of the body. As mind acts on the nerves and nerves on muscles and muscles on bones, etc., we will follow this order in the outline indicated.

#### I. THE EFFECTS OF THE EMERSON EXERCISES UPON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

They have (*a*) a direct stimulating effect upon the cerebro-spinal and the sympathetic nerves; (*b*) a sedative effect, produced by the closing exercises; (*c*) a refreshing effect upon the brain, caused by the increased circulation, which oxidizes the toxic substances produced by mental activity.

#### II. THEIR EFFECTS UPON THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.

The muscles constitute about forty-three per cent of the weight of the body and receive one-fourth of all its blood. When the muscles are inactive much of this blood goes around the muscles rather than through them, and they are weakened by not receiving their proper quantity of food. Hence,



(a) *these exercises feed and develop the muscles without exhausting them.* The stretching exercises of this system obey the law of physiology which demands that stretching and relaxing, pressure and relief, shall follow each other. When a muscle is contracted its mass is condensed and pressure is exerted upon the soft parts surrounding it. This mechanical process has a very important and stimulating effect upon the veins and lymph-spaces and channels, in hastening their fluids to the heart. This mechanical device is made possible by a system of valves in the veins and lymphatics by which fluid displaced toward the heart is prevented from returning. (b) *They aid the oxidation of glycogen stored in the muscles as the source of muscular energy,* and develop muscular electricity. (c) *Taken lightly, they remove the toxic substances* which cause the sense of muscular fatigue by their action upon the nerves and muscles.

### III. THEIR EFFECTS UPON THE BONES, JOINTS, AND LIGAMENTS.

The exercise that will increase the size of a muscle will at the same time increase the growth of the bone to which it is attached. Note that a bone has practically the same blood supply as its overlying muscle and is largest at the point of attachment. The size of bones and joints of persons, as a rule, are in proportion to the labor performed. Note also that at the joints where the bones are the largest the blood-vessels and lymphatics are largest. The change of fluids caused by joint movements increases the nutrition of the joint.

### IV. THEIR EFFECTS UPON RESPIRATION.

They increase the depth of the respiratory activity. This is partly due to the reflex action of exercise and partly to the waste products brought into the

circulation and needing elimination through the lungs. They are also an efficient means of increasing tissue metabolism. The increased activity of the diaphragm causes both blood and lymph to hasten toward the heart with greater vigor. The increase of oxygen and the more perfect movement of venous blood greatly aid the functions of the brain.

### V. THEIR EFFECTS UPON THE CIRCULATION.

They increase the rate and force of the heart-beat and act upon the heat functions of the body. While the chemical process of combustion is burning out parts of the tissues the blood is hastening to the scenes of wreckage with new material for repairs and nourishment, and thus maintains a balance between the forces that waste and the forces that build up the body. This increased activity in the circulatory system reddens the surface and increases the warmth and general vital activity. It has been shown by experiments upon animals that either the rate or the depth of respiratory movement increases the flow of lymph in the thoracic duct. The effect of the Emerson exercises upon the lymph circulation deserves further attention.

### VI. THEIR EFFECTS UPON DIGESTION AND NUTRITION.

The increased circulation of blood and lymph and the removal of waste creates a demand (through an improved appetite) for larger supplies of nutriment. These exercises promote the secretion of digestive fluids in sufficient quantity and quality, hasten the absorption of the products of digestion, and aid peristalsis. They stimulate the blood-making process, increasing the amount of hæmoglobin and the number of red and white corpuscles. This increase of

corpuscles is not due (according to the latest theory) to the production of new blood-cells, but to the bringing into the circulation of those which had previously been retained in the large vascular viscera, especially the spleen and liver. By rescuing these unused cells from destruction and bringing them into activity we have greatly increased nature's curative process. These remove anæmic conditions and give a glow to pale faces. The increase of white corpuscles hastens the removal of chronic exudates and begins a war of extermination upon all

animal parasites and foreign microbes that assail the body.

These hints are sufficient to the suffering and deformed to show how we exercise and grow into health, shape, and beauty at the Emerson College of Oratory. At the same time, we exercise our minds upon the highest themes, under the most inspiring teachers, and laugh away shades of paleness, wrinkles of care and despondency, and grow happy, useful, and beautiful. Reader, come, let us laugh and grow together.

### Coadjument of the Physician and Teacher of Physical Culture.

CLAIRE M. DE LANO, '98.

THE first requisite a physician desires in any system of physical culture presented to him is assistance on the part of the teacher.

The physician is not seeking a rival, but one who will aid him in the preservation and restoration of health and in the development of the physical powers, by the quickest and surest means possible. Massage, he will tell you, is simply a stimulant, exciting and increasing the action of the muscles only for the time being. He wants a system of physical culture that can be applied to existing conditions—one that has no need of apparatus, that is founded on scientific principles and applied by a teacher thoroughly conversant with the laws of anatomy and hygiene. Such a teacher he not only wants, but is seeking.

A noted physician near New York was called in to relieve a young girl of fourteen, who had been suddenly seized with violent spasms. The poor child had just been taken from a plaster jacket, in which she had endured untold agony for weeks; she also carried on her left

foot a huge shoe, the sole of which was six inches thick.

Hip-disease, with curvature of the spine, was given as the excuse for these instruments of torture. The doctor found that there was not only a morbid contraction of the muscles, which produced the spasms, but that the whole trouble lay with the muscles; that a contraction of the entire left side had produced both the hip and spinal difficulties.

This physician had heard of the Emerson system and had even procured one of the "physical culture" books, but where to find a teacher she knew not; therefore, knowing that in such a case medicine was worse than useless, she studied the movements, arranged apparatus whereby the girl could lift herself, threw away the horrible shoe, and slowly but surely stretched the muscles, thereby restoring them to their normal strength. Within six months the patient could run and romp with her school-mates, and the next year left home for college. This was an extreme but by no means unusual case. The physician

was particularly interested and exerted every means in her power, but she would far rather recommend a teacher to give the medicine which she could prescribe but not apply.

Physicians recognize that in all muscular diseases physical culture is the safest and surest remedy, especially in weak action, palpitation, and valvular trouble of the heart.

A personal experience will perhaps illustrate this.

A lady suffering from heart-trouble, irregular beat, with a feeling of suffocation on reclining, also weak valvular action, was told by New York specialists that a surgical operation was absolutely necessary. Our family physician did not agree with them, claiming that to strengthen the entire system, especially those muscles around the heart as well as the heart itself, would remove all difficulty.

The patient took private work in physical culture.

She was an ambitious little lady, and owing largely to her conscientious practice, in six weeks' time a friend did not recognize her on the street, so greatly had she improved. Instead of spending her winter in bed as the result of the surgeon's knife, she has been enjoying life travelling through the West.

Doctors employ physical culture not only in muscular diseases, but in all nervous affections and parasitical diseases as well.

Dr. Shrady, the eminent New York physician, says that "nerves" are the result of mental rather than physical conditions, and although a drug might be given for every nervous ailment, it would be useless; it is a snapping of the nerves, a thinning of the nervous cords that bind up the body; these must have relaxation, with plenty of oil, or a hot-box is imminent."

The Emerson system of physical culture will provide relaxation, not inertia, and will supply not only oil for the nerves, but food for the entire body.

"It is in the power of man to cause all parasitical diseases to disappear from the world," says that great master of modern medicine, Louis Pasteur.

Graduates of Emerson College of Oratory, will you not help eradicate this dread disease; help to kill and exterminate the terrible tuberculosis which lives and has its being in so many human bodies? Consumption is said to be the most fatal and also the most frequently contracted of any disease, and yet Dr. S. A. Knopf tells us that this same disease is the most curable of all chronic ailments. It can be the most frequently cured, and is the most easily prevented. How?

Dr. Knopf, speaking before a large medical assembly, says, "Perspiratory exercises, out-of-door singing and declamation, all are educational, preventive, and curative, at the same time. This, with the prevention of bovine tuberculosis by direct legislation and hygienic education for all classes, is the system we must have to stamp out this terrible disease."

Dr. Knopf also says, "Restoration to health should be at or near the home of the patient—at least in the same climate in which they must live and work after their restoration."

Who is better able to undertake this restoration, prevention, and cure than the Emerson graduate? Does not Dr. Emerson bid us carry into all lands the blessed gospel—the torchlight of health, beauty, and truth! Take it, then, to the sick and the dying; heal their infirmities and cure their diseases. The doctors will bid you welcome if you only will prove yourself the true disciple of Dr. Emerson.

Physical Culture in Our Schools.

ANNETTA BRUCE.

ALL educators of the present day believe that physical training of some kind is a necessary part of the school course, and that no system of education is complete without it, but all do not realize its far-reaching benefits.

Free exercise in the open air was at one time a part of the daily program, but in many cities this has been dropped and fifteen minutes a day are devoted to exercise in the schoolroom. This exercise must be of such a nature as to secure the normal development and healthy working of the body. It must fit in with other studies, and be so harmoniously related to them that the exercise will give added power and stimulate to further efforts. "It must prove its fitness not only as a part of general education, but as a positive educative force" to receive the approval of the teachers, without whose co-operation it cannot be a success. The teacher should have as thorough a knowledge of this as of other subjects, in order to teach it intelligently and make it helpful to her pupils.

Physical culture should begin the first day the child enters the schoolroom and continue regularly to the close of his school life. "Every year adds to its beneficial effects on both body and mind," and if it has done all it may for the child he will go out to his life-work with a stronger body, a more vigorous and active mind, and a keener moral sense of his responsibility. When it has appealed to his threefold nature it has touched the highest chord in human life.

The aim of education is to awaken all the powers and natural gifts of the child, to put them under the leadership of a strong, pure will that fixes itself upon those objects that are life-giving, elevating, and worthy of his effort. Physical

culture must aid in this character-building. It must be an all-sided cultivation of the body—such a cultivation as gives it not only health and beauty, but which also develops its relation to the mind, and brings the body under the control of the higher powers of the soul. As taught in the Emerson College, it is a broad foundation upon which all the superstructure is reared, and it is this breadth which makes it so important a factor in education. It begins with the body, but it does not end there. It reaches out and touches all sides of the nature,—the physical, mental, moral, and æsthetic,—giving a harmonious development of the whole.

Our life, so far as it relates to the body, is a continual interchange of matter and energy with our environment. We take in energy in the form of food, which is digested and absorbed, becoming a part of the physical organism through the blood. By every vital action energy is set free and living matter in the body is destroyed. This process of waste and repair is continually going on, and in none to a greater extent than in the active school boy. Physical culture must be so adapted to the structure of the body as to help repair this waste and build up stronger tissue. In mental development we reach the best results by obeying the laws of the mind; so here we must obey the physiological laws of the body and thus aid nature in her work. This the Emerson system of physical culture does. Each part of the body is exercised in its natural relation to the whole, and to every other part, as well as in its normal relation to the nervous system. There is thus established a harmony of muscular movement which will result in more accurate and careful habits of mental action. The body is brought to a higher physical con-



dition, which gives healthier brain and nerve tissues and a stronger medium through which the mind may act.

But there must be a symmetrical and harmonious development of body and mind to secure the best discipline. "True discipline firmly places the child, in all his actions, on the recognition and feeling of human worth and on consequent respect for his own nature." This is the ideal discipline toward which all aim, and which when secured gives, in place of wilfulness and impropriety, firmness and harmony of action. The will must control the actions at all times, and the body should be enabled to implicitly obey this master. Only harmony of mental and bodily education renders this possible. The Emerson system of physical culture develops this harmonious relationship. The exercises of the last division, to which all the others lead, are of a semi-psychological form, a form in which exercise for the body unites with healthy attitudes of the mind, and so intimately are mind and body related that one reacts on the other. The poise, graceful bearing, power of endurance, and increased capacity for work both physical and mental show the benefits of this system.

We develop this relationship further in order that the body may "spontaneously express in a beautiful way the highest sentiments of the soul." It is the soul-life which we wish to awaken in the child, the true soul-beauty, which makes life arger, grander, nobler. We educate the mind to a higher appreciation of the beautiful and true in nature and art, in music

and poetry, and we cultivate the body that it may the more truly express this beauty. We know nothing of the soul except through the body. It is the medium for thought and expression, and when it becomes the perfect medium the power of both becomes the power of each.

"Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul!"

Still closer is the relation between the body and the moral nature, and one great value of these exercises in the schools where they have been tried is a marked improvement in the general behavior of the children. Every exercise is training the body to be an expression of the higher and purer manhood. What could be of greater advantage to the child than this? It is a lesson in moral instruction which leaves its impression on body and mind. The trend we give these young lives will, to a large extent, shape the course of their future life.

Through physical culture and gesture we get a truer conception of the works of the great artists and sculptors of the human form. The young student may find himself, as we found ourselves, at the Art Museum and Art exhibitions, looking for the lines of beauty and trying to read the soul of the artist in his work. Can any other study or any other system of physical culture give us a broader education than this?

Wholeness, or shall we say holiness, was God's plan for each one from the beginning, and this perfect whole can only be attained by a perfect system of bodily as well as mental culture.

### Value of Practically Following Art as an Ideal.\*

MAY ROBSON.

THE highest form of art is revealed when a state of calm and blessedness is represented. Then it is that art gives

the feeling of profound satisfaction. We are satisfied because we feel strength and unity. We are face to face with

\* Lecture delivered before the Senior Class.

truth, which is ever free from limitations.

This feeling of satisfaction we wish to see realized in a practical way in individuals. Every cultivated person admires paintings of beautiful forms free from the rigid lines that we see in the bodies about us, and every one will purchase those pictures which are most restful to the eye. In fact, we never see great paintings or great statuary modelled after the so-called conventional form, and I doubt if there would be sale for such. There is in every one that artistic sense which leads him to admire the beautiful.

There is a story told of a certain woman who, when furnishing her home, brought most of the decoration from abroad, and among other things, of the kind, two statues, one of the Venus de Milo, the other of the Venus de Medici. These she placed in her drawing-room on either side of a mirror. She was a very stout woman, and her size was accentuated by her way of dressing. One day as she was entering her carriage to be driven to church she made a false calculation in her aim for the step, and in her somewhat forceful contact with the carriage door her bonnet lost its equilibrium. She made several attempts, but her dress-bound efforts to straighten it were ineffectual. Much to her discomfort she was conscious of the irregularity of her headgear throughout the service, but she was helpless to remedy matters. As she entered the drawing-room on her return home her eyes fell upon the majestic grace and womanliness of the two statues, and simultaneously she saw herself reflected in the mirror,—a red-faced, deformed human mass, topped by a bonnet which was coquetting with one ear and proclaiming by the same act the bondage which made it impossible for its owner to raise her arms to her head. She stopped and

reflected a moment; then said, "I admire this statuary and spend hundreds of dollars buying natural forms, and what good do they do me? Am I benefited by looking at the curves of their bodies? Am I trying to be like them? No." Her dormant faculties were aroused, and she determined to set her body free, and furthermore, to cultivate it toward nature and the ideal. This woman is but one example of hundreds. Women realize the beauty of art, but seldom apply to themselves the lesson these beautiful creations teach.

Notice Queen Louise coming down the stairs; we are moved by the poise she suggests. She uses no words. She needs none to communicate the thoughts and feelings her body is expressing. Why are our senses moved by the nobility and majesty radiating from these forms? Because of the love of beauty which is in every heart. Let us not be satisfied to hang our ideals on the wall; rather let us endeavor to realize them in our own bodies, which possess possibilities which no paint-brush nor marble can reveal.

Ours is a great privilege, and when I say privilege I feel a deep reverence for that word, for we are enjoying the advantage of having as our teacher the man who has awakened the minds of thousands to this need of freeing and developing the body to the end of revealing the inner life,—the soul.

To us is given the rare opportunity of taking to others what we have learned from him. He has armed us with a *gospel* in these exercises; for who can feelingly practise them without gaining an added strength and an uplifted and kindlier feeling toward humanity? Let us not become mechanical in our work, but let us follow, day by day, a growing and glowing ideal. Thus may we attain the highest beauty, which is truth.

**Fourth Division of Physical Exercises: Its Basis and Aim.\***

EMILY CORNISH, '98.

THE Emerson system of physical culture is founded upon exact physiological laws. The laws that govern the universe have been applied to educating the body in health and expressiveness.

The primary object of the fourth division of exercises is to develop harmony of muscular movements, thus turning the physical activity generated by the preceding vigorous exercises in the direction of mental power. We are to consider briefly the natural law upon which this object is based,—the correlation of forces and conservation of energy.

It is a law of nature that no energy is ever lost—that if it seems to be lost it has really been changed to some other form. Thus law is active, both in inorganic and organic matter. Two common illustrations will serve our immediate purpose.

If you drive a nail into wood the force exerted in striking with the hammer appears again in heat generated in the nail. In nature, an illustration of this law is observed in the formation of a gorge. The force of gravity which caused the stream to flow from the higher altitude of its course to a lower is changed into friction which wears a channel through the rock.

Now wherein does our system of physical culture conform to this law?

The first three divisions of exercises make for the development of physical power, and the next requirement is for *harmony* of activity. The fourth division of exercises aims definitely to establish a perfect relationship in the movements of each group of muscles, thus eliminating the possibility of friction.

All perfection comes from harmony—in nature, in art, or in science. For the highest mental development there must be harmony of bodily action or strength is dissipated in overcoming adverse conditions.

We know of law only by its manifestations. We cannot tell why a certain proportion of oxygen always unites with the same per cent of nitrogen to form air, but observation teaches that it does so. We cannot see the successive steps by which heat is transmitted into electricity. Nor can we tell *how* physical force is transmitted into psychic power. Harmony in the physical organism gives added power to the mind.

At the close of the series of exercises there has been developed reserve power in the individual which is ready to respond to any demand. Unity has been developed in all parts of the physical structure, and ease and readiness in the body to serve the mind. The mind is alert, active, attentive, with a feeling of power to control and command.

**College News.****Our Visitors.**

DURING the past month we have had many visitors whose words of appreciation have been an inspiration to us.

It is rarely that one comes among us and in a few weeks obtains the deep

insight into the college work exhibited by the Rev. T. C. Williams in a recent talk to the students.

President Capen of Tufts College has been a frequent visitor, and was so kind as to give us a lecture, not long since,

\* Lecture delivered before the Postgraduate Class.

richly suggestive of his varied experience in educational work. Only lack of space prevents us from printing this helpful and scholarly address.

The same thing may be said regarding the Rev. Mr. Hamilton's eloquent talk. Mr. Hamilton is a trustee of Tufts College, as well as occupying one of our prominent Boston pulpits. It is of real and lasting value to view life through the clear vision of such men.

Miss Carson's heart-to-heart talk concerning the settlement work conducted by her and Miss McColl, an Emerson graduate, will live long in our memory, and will, we trust, prompt many Emersonians to aid in this noble work for their less fortunate sisters. Emerson College sends heartiest greeting to these consecrated workers in New York City.

How shall we tell of our intense pleasure in again listening to our friend Mr. Elbert Hubbard? We eagerly anticipated his coming. Sometimes we feared that he had forgotten us this year. But one day our anticipations were fulfilled and our fears dispelled. You must know Elbert Hubbard to realize just how much it means to have him take you into the inner life of a man like Rembrandt. Long ago, when we read his "Little Journeys," we said, "Here is a genius in literature, a rare spirit who can not only see and appreciate, but who can express to others what he has seen and lived." Since we have heard him read his own books we say more: "Here is an orator!"—Ed.

### Dr. Emerson's Saturday-Noon Lectures.

Every Saturday at noon, during the school term, Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson lectures in the Odd Fellows' Hall in the College building. One of these lectures is reported each month for the magazine, but those that do not reach the public in this way are of equal power

and great practical value. The subjects are broad enough to relate to human life in its various phases and conditions.

We believe that there are many people in Boston who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to hear so inspiring an orator as Dr. Emerson if they were informed concerning these lectures. Therefore we take this means of inviting you "to come and bring your friends" to Dr. Emerson's Saturday-Noon Lectures.

### Southwick Literary Society.

Surely we all came and brought our friends to the meeting of the Southwick Literary Society on Friday, February 17, and glad we were that we did so. The entertainment was one of great merit, and held perhaps a particular interest for us as being furnished entirely by talent from the Freshman class, with the exception of unexpected, but very welcome, numbers added by Mr. Miller and Mr. Van Vactor. Mr. Miller again delighted those who had heard him in the morning, and charmed afresh all strangers by his presentation in song and story of "The Old Plantation Negro." Mr. Van Vactor, with his harp, gave us great pleasure. The rest of the program was as follows, with the introduction of encores given:—

1. "How the Cap'n Saved the Day." Williams.  
Miss Margaret Josephine Bright.  
Encore — "I Don't Want To Steal."
2. "The Lost Chord." Sullivan.  
Mrs. Permelia Wesner Clark.
3. "A Tale of the Airy Days." Riley.  
Mr. Bert Foland.  
Encores — "Unusual Circumstances."  
Song — "A Woman's Pocket."
4. "His Mither's Sermon," from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Ian Maclaren.  
Miss Wilda Wilson.  
Encore — "You Can Tell."
5. Song — "Mignon." D' Hardelot.  
Miss E. Blanche Sickler.  
Encore — "The Venetian Lullaby." Wolf.
6. "My Young 'Un." Miss Lena D. Harris.  
Encore — "The Bobolink."



## 7. "The Tears of Tullia."

Fawcett.

Miss Camilla B. Roberts.

Encore — "My Star."

Browning.

Mrs. Clark's cornet solo was very pleasing and called forth hearty applause; but with characteristic modesty, she returned only to bow her thanks. By no means the least contribution to the success of the whole was Miss Agnes Susan Henderson, the accompanist.

The professor of Greek in the Ohio State University, writing in *The Columbus Dispatch*, says: "Mrs. Alice White De Vol, a scholar and reader of whom the community has a right to be proud, provided the literary part of the program, reading selections from 'The Merchant of Venice,' which were interspersed between the musical numbers. Mrs. De Vol's flexible and powerful voice has not fully recovered from the strain imposed by her recent successful Eastern

trip; but her art is all present to overcome any physical depression. By her intelligent conception of character and by the verity and charm of her reading she made a profound impression upon all who heard her, reaching, as might be expected, the climax of effect in the famous court scene, in which her portrayal of the abysmal contrast between Shylock and Portia left little to be desired in the way of histrionic interpretation."

Emerson College graduates are teaching in almost every part of the United States and Canada. If you are interested in any phase of the Emerson system of physical culture and oratory, and wish to know more of it, will you not write to us for the names of teachers in your vicinity? A personal interview with some one who knows the work will be of more value than information by letter.—Ed.

Exchanges.

Read the *School Journal* for general educational news. You will be repaid by increased ability to relate our work to other lines of thought.

We would be glad to mention all our exchanges at length, but, as this is impossible, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Educational News*, Philadelphia; *The Father Matthew Herald*, Boston; *Scarlet and Black*, Iowa; *Journal of Education*, Boston; *Christian Endeavor World*, Boston; *Southwestern*

*School Journal*, Nashville, Tenn; *Inter-collegian*, New York; *Geneva Cabinet*, Beaver Falls, Pa.; *The Vidette*, Normal, Ill.; *Pingry Record*, Elizabeth, N. J.; *Boston Young Men*; *Illustrated Youth and Age*, Nashville, Tenn.; *Boston Ideas*; *News-Letter*, Johns Hopkins University; *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston; *High School Herald*, Westfield; *The Midland*, Atchison, Kan.; *My Neighbor*, Boston; *The Sunflower*, Wichita, Kan.

SENIORS.

The Business Manager has a few more application-blanks of Teachers' Agencies.

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

# Emerson College Magazine

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## Emerson College Magazine.

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### I.

SWIFT moving, moving swiftly on  
Through depth of night, through misty dawn,  
Two spirits fair attend Time's way  
From the birth-hour to the death-day.  
  
Starry-eyed Hope looks ever on before;  
And when the way is long  
She cheers men with a song.  
And in the darkest night  
Brighter her clear eyes' light.  
Starry-eyed Hope looks ever on before!  
  
Hope's sunlit mantle sweeps Earth's lowliest ways;  
Her smile inspires when there is none to praise;  
Upon her brow serene  
Glow the light of the unseen.  
Starry-eyed Hope looks ever on before!

### II.

Slow moving, moving slowly on  
Through depth of night, through misty dawn,

Two spirits fair attend Time's way  
From the birth-hour to the death-day.  
  
Tender-eyed Memory slowly cometh after.  
She looks adown the days long past,  
She sighs to think they could not last;  
She sees dim forms in the fading light,  
Her sweet eyes dwell on the long-loved sight.  
Tender-eyed Memory slowly cometh after.  
  
Memory's dark sceptre sways the hearts of men;  
With her they tread the vanished years again.  
Love's roses crown her thoughtful brow,  
But the glowing colors are faded now.  
Tender-eyed Memory slowly cometh after.

R. L. D.



### Literature and Oratory.

THAT literature is intimately related to life, of which it is an expression, has been acknowledged among teachers since Milton said, "Books are not absolutely dead things." Literature is not only a manifestation of living thought; it is a very high kind of expression—intellectual and spiritual. Corson says, "Literature, more especially poetic and dramatic literature, is the expression in letters of the spiritual co-operating with the intellectual man, the former being the primary, dominant coefficient." This is a definition, as the writer goes on to say, which will be readily accepted by all those who have truly assimilated any great literature. Ruskin has called literature the "science of life."

The importance of literary study, in such a way that the student's mind and heart may be quickened thereby, must be granted. Teachers are quick to see that this intellectual and spiritual awakening comes not by analysis or paraphrase or word study *per se*, important as these things may be in their place. Gradually we are beginning to see that the teacher cannot fully impart, nor the student fully apprehend, the spirit of



great literature except by the aid of vocal rendering. We do not decry for an instant the careful, silent study, without which the spoken word is too apt to be mere "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," but we insist with Corson that "the best response to the essential life of a poem" is to be secured "by the fullest interpretative vocal rendering of it."

Even to this point, then, many thinkers and educators have gone. It is a long way, but not far enough. Dr. Emerson has shown us clearly the bright path beyond, and it is ours to follow and also to lead. This is your mission, Emersonians,—to establish upon this strong foundation of literature the fair superstructure called oratory. This is what the world, the world of education and literature, wants. It is a practical thing. *Acknowledged*: the desirability of vocal rendering for a full appreciation of the spiritual life in literature. *Wanted*: the power and growth necessary to secure such vocal rendering. You can supply this want if you will. Here is an open door of opportunity. Individuals have seen it and passed through, but our schools need hundreds of teachers who can and will fearlessly carry this high ideal into their daily work.

The value of vocal expression as an aid to the study of literature has been discussed more than once in these pages. The main purpose of the present issue is to emphasize the fact that literature, oratory, and pedagogy are essentially one, and that they are interdependent, so that right study of one involves right study of the other two. They are in reality identical in aim,—the fullest normal development of the individual. Do not fail to notice carefully all that Dr. Emerson's lecture says on this mighty subject. We would call your attention also to the excellent contributions from students in this issue.

#### Commencement Week.

We hope that many old students can make it convenient to be with us during Commencement Week. A program of the week's doings will be found under the Alumni Notes. Let us make this a time of sweet reunion rather than of parting. Hope and Memory stand very near together at such times, and we love them both. We would part with neither. But life is progression; so although we may pause and look backward we may gain new strength from the look and go forward, led by Hope.

From the Rev. Solon Lauer comes this month a welcome message just in this line. It is a backward glance that makes us realize the unity of all seekers for truth.

The dominant thought, after all, must be one of calm though joyous gratitude that we have been led, some of us by a way we knew not, to a truer appreciation of the value of all life and a stronger zeal for service. The lesson of experience that we have to study so often ere we know it perfectly resolves itself into the simple lines, "Hitherto the Lord hath led us. . . . Henceforth let us trust Him."



#### Somnus.

THE crimson poppy, her bent head downreaching,  
Stands in her regal state amid the corn;  
And Morpheus, god of mortals' slow beseeching,  
Holds back his goodly gifts in kingly scorn.

His heavy lids droop low, his gaze unseeing  
Dreams softly out from his half-closed eye;  
The soft, sweet call of summer birdlings fleeing  
Swoons slowly on to stop not at his shrine.

The summer sea upon her beaches yellow  
Breaks softly, softly, through the shining day;  
The ships in silence pass the dim horizon  
Like butterflies in azure deeps at play.

The poppy hangs her head and droops and slumbers;

The fair young god with ivy-crowned hair  
Sleeps still, nor recks him of the mortal numbers  
Who wait his touch amid life's weary glare.

LOUISE M. DITHRIDGE.

## Relation of the Study of Oratory to That of Pedagogy.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[*Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.*]

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It has been only within a few years, comparatively speaking, since the study of pedagogy, or the science of teaching, has been lifted into any prominence; now it is engaging the minds of the best thinkers, and the minds of those who are most interested in the welfare of the human race. Upon pedagogy—that is, the science of teaching in its largest sense—more depends than upon any other science which is taught. A person may know a great deal about a particular science or art and yet not be able to teach it. The knowledge of a subject and the ability to teach that knowledge are not necessarily the same thing. Pedagogy is just as much a special science as astronomy or arithmetic, and as such it deserves special attention in our institutions of learning. This subject needs the attention of the best minds of the age. It is as profound as the possibilities of the human soul, for teaching means the help that one soul can give another in its evolution. Plato called education “being born again,” and he considered the teacher the physician who assisted in the birth of the soul. Plato emphasizes the fact that being rightly educated, in the best sense of the term “educated,” was being born again. He did not say education was a new creation, but that it was pressing the powers out,—*expressing* what is within. Plato believed profoundly in the possibilities of human nature. He believed that all the powers that will ever be realized in any individual are locked up in his constitution. He believed that they are part and parcel of his organism. He

even went so far as to say education could bring an individual nothing new, for it was all in the soul—education helped to bring out what was already there. This great ‘Greek philosopher placed no other mission for an individual so high as that of teaching. All scholars who have made the human mind a study have been impressed with its possibilities for development. Phenomenal things have been done in developing the powers of the human mind in persons who lacked some of the special senses,—one case being on record of a person who lacked all the senses save that of feeling becoming a great scholar and profound thinker. This was not a suspension of nature’s laws; it is an evidence of what will come as a result of right teaching. A teacher found this person in midnight darkness, not only physically but mentally, and by right teaching led her mind out of that darkness into the splendor of the light of truth, until she became not only one of common ability but one of extraordinary ability, possessing a deeper insight into profound questions of philosophy than most scholars have developed.

We see another illustration of what education can do in the case of that wonderful person called Blind Tom, whom many of you have probably seen and heard. He was considered almost, if not quite, an idiot. One day the man who officially owned him said to one of his children, “Why don’t you teach Tom something?” “Why, father, I can’t teach Tom anything; he is an idiot.” “I don’t believe it. To be sure, he lies

around like an animal—yet an animal can be taught something, and I believe Tom can be taught something.” The work was begun, and very soon this poor, blind semi-idiot, in one particular direction,—that of music,—became extraordinary; not only extraordinary compared with semi-idiot, but with musicians generally.

Ability is of two kinds: actual and potential. If a person possesses actual ability the commercial world will recognize it and give him employment; it is the duty of the true teacher not merely to estimate the actual ability of the pupil, but his *potential* power also. A gardener looking at a seed knows that what that seed is *potentially* he by horticulture can enable it to become. The teacher knows that what the pupil is potentially he by proper education may become. What a help it is to a young man or a young woman if father and mother believe in his or her possibilities! Is there any danger that a mother or father may overestimate the possibilities of their child? They may overestimate what that child can do to-day, but they never overestimate his possibilities. No mother, no father, no friend, ever overestimated the possibilities wrapped up in friend or child. They doubtless often overestimate the actual in friend or child, but the *possible* never. The soul of man came from the Infinite, and into every human mind the Infinite is so inwrought it has within its structure the possibilities of Infinity. The *teachers* stand along the path of every child that is born into this world, to awaken and quicken his mind; to appeal to the possibilities that the Infinite God rolled up in him before he was born.

Every system of religion which has existed has succeeded in just the ratio of the perfection of its pedagogical principles. Measure the Mohammedan religion by pedagogical principles; you will find that it has grown in its influence in

just the ratio that it has incorporated into itself pedagogical principles. A form of religion was started some six hundred years earlier than the Mohammedan religion, with less pretence, less outward show, but its principles have turned this old world upside down. Apply pedagogical principles to the Christian religion, and there you will find their fulfilment. The founder of the Christian religion is truly called The Teacher. His first organization was a school with twelve students—twelve disciples. He did not go into all the world and teach great schools and large classes. He selected twelve pupils, not because of their superiority over others, but because they were ready for His teaching. He strangely drew them to Himself, then they became interested in His theme; finally He said to them, “It is given to you to know.” Christ did not choose for His pupils the Greek scholars, who excelled all others in the arts and sciences; the great Teacher said, “We will look farther into life than their science has reached; we will study the science and art of living, the science and art of developing to the highest extent the powers of the human soul;” and in three years these twelve pupils swept by the Greek scholars and philosophers. They so transcended in knowledge the Greek philosopher, he said, “I, who possess all the learning of the world, cannot understand you. The problem is too deep.” Soon they said, “Anything too deep for me with my scholarship and my understanding does not exist, therefore this is all foolishness,”—thus fulfilling the expression, “to the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Greeks foolishness.”

Did you ever see a scholar who considered that which was above his reach in any wise superior to that which was below his level? If a man be an egotist he calls “foolishness” that which is above the power of his intellect. There has always been a tendency in human

nature to class the highest things that ever gleamed on earth with the lowest shadows that ever darkened it. There has always been the tendency to take the chief benefactor of the human race and nail him to a cross by the side of the lowest malefactor. The Greek scholar classed that which was spiritually above him with that which was infinitely below him. At that period of the world's development the Greeks were the profoundest philosophers the world had yet seen; wisdom was their God, foolishness was their Devil, therefore they said, "Christ's teaching is foolishness." Christ's teaching dropped the plummet deeper than all the soundings of Greek philosophy; Christ's teaching was so perfect it could transform the fisherman and the tax-gatherer into seers with profound insight and universal sympathy. The Christian religion involves with perfect precision the profoundest and the most perfect principles of pedagogy. Earnest, sincere people sometimes become alarmed lest Christianity may go to the wall. If these honest souls would compare the principles of pedagogy with the principles of Christ's teaching, all their alarms would be taken away. They would see that such a perfect system of teaching as Christianity involves can never fail. The stone that was cut out without hands, that crushed and battered the idols and the kings of ancient times, will not only become a great mountain but, according to prophecy, will fill the whole earth. I believe that there is more than a millennium before us, more than a thousand years, when the highest things in human nature shall triumph. The human race is journeying in its progress not merely to a thousand years of triumph, but to endless ages of triumph of the supreme sentiments that have been born in the human heart. The golden age is before

us. The race is moving slowly and in zigzag fashion, but, nevertheless, it is moving ever onward. What is carrying it forward? Some say it is this or that discovery. I would not disparage any of them; but over and above them all, as the heavens are spread over the earth, are the principles of pedagogy in the Christian religion. /It is teaching that will save the world./ If you want this or that thing to be improved, teaching will do it. One mighty teacher used to say, "If things are wrong agitate, agitate, agitate." He meant "teach, teach, teach." If the government is wrong, teach the people, and they will throw it off and a better government will spring forth. Teaching will conquer.

We speak about conquerors and we usually think of the Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Napoleons, but these achieved minor conquests when compared to the conquests wrought by teaching. Men have, by force of arms, revolutionized a nation; but the principles of pedagogy, when carried out, will not only revolutionize a nation but turn the world upside down. Not infrequently mothers bring their daughters to enter the College and say to me, "I would like to have my daughter take an elective course. I would like to have her take physical culture, because that will make her graceful, beautiful, and expressive; I would like to have her take oratory, because I want her to become a public reader. Now can she not take these studies and omit the study of the principles of teaching? Her father does not want her to be a teacher; it will never be necessary for her to teach." These sincere souls do not know what they ask. (It is impossible to study a system of oratory that will result in the development of the powers of the orator without studying pedagogy, without studying the princi-



ples of teaching. ' The orator is the teacher. It is not teaching *and* oratory; they *are one and inseparable*. ' An orator changes the thinking of the people to whom he speaks; he educates them. In this institution we develop the power of the orator on precisely the same principles that we develop the power of the teacher. Why are Webster, Calhoun, and Phillips considered mighty orators? Because they are teachers. Watch Webster in his treatment of the famous Dartmouth College case. Previous decisions had been made *against* Dartmouth, but Webster persisted and finally carried the case before the Supreme Court of the United States,—the highest tribunal in the land. There sat the judges before him, a full bench. They knew the facts; they had read the testimony and they thought the law was against Dartmouth. Daniel Webster, the great teacher, assumed that the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States needed educating on this subject, so we find Webster standing before the judges just as a teacher stands before his class. He watched the eye of the chief justice just as a teacher watches the eye of his pupil to see if his brow opened to the facts and duly considered them. Step by step he took him on, presenting his own idea of the case as a "*whole*;" then he took up the "*parts*" and showed how each part related to the whole, that is, to Webster's idea of the whole. An hour went by and he was still engaged in interesting the chief justice in the subject as a whole. He saw the eye of the justice begin to kindle; he had never before felt such an interest in the Dartmouth College case. Webster showed him that it was a mightier case than he had ever dreamed of; that on trial was not merely Dartmouth College, but on trial were the principles upon which rested all the colleges over which the govern-

ment should have supervision in the years to come. This decision would be quoted; it would become law. Webster knew how to show this subject in all its magnitude, and never was a great judge more thoroughly enkindled on a subject than he.

Mr. Webster continued to unfold his subject, showing how the parts served the whole, and then showing how the parts related to each other; showing how that relationship which naturally existed between those parts supported the whole question, not only *this* part supported it and *that* part supported it, but the *relationship* that was neither the one part nor the other came as a mighty supporter to the whole. The judge was greatly interested, but he evidently said to himself, "The law will not admit it. I think the time will come when some decision of the Court will admit of this whole which Mr. Webster is presenting as being the true one—but not yet." He did not say this in words to Mr. Webster, but Mr. Webster was a teacher and knew by the look of his pupil's eye what he was thinking about. Without this power of diagnosis he could not have been a teacher or an orator, for to be a teacher is to be an orator and to be an orator is to be a teacher. Webster said to himself, "Now if this man's mind can only be sufficiently awakened, so that he can get a deeper look, a wider survey of the question, out of his decision shall be born law." Webster, therefore, watched the eye of the justice very carefully, all the time taking him up a spiral road to where he could look down upon the false decisions and really see the truth of the case; by and by he saw that the look which he had seen coming into the *eye* of the justice had spread over his face. The lines of rigidity which are peculiar to some judges began to melt, and he saw the perception of truth which he was trying

to present spread like an overflowing fountain submerging his whole face. Webster saw it, and then in his own mind he graduated the justice, giving him a diploma certifying that he had passed over all the stages of a proper system of education. The pupil did not disappoint the teacher, for soon he gave his decision, saying substantially, if put in pedagogical language, "The whole which Mr. Webster has advocated I have found to be law" — and the case for Dartmouth College was won. At the close of Webster's mighty plea the chief justice was in tears, and to-day some lawyers say that the decision which the chief justice rendered was due to the fact that he was swept by his emotions. Those tears did not mean to Mr. Webster, that great teacher, what they might mean to some one studying the history of the case. They did not mean that the chief justice had been carried away by a kind of sympathetic emotion; such a judge was never known to be carried in that way. His own mind travelled up to where he saw the ocean of truth that Mr. Webster opened before him, and he bathed in it and on his cheeks you saw the dews of the bath. O Mr. Webster, you have been called a statesman, you have been called a great senator, you have been called a great lawyer, but "the greatest is behind" — a great schoolmaster, a great teacher of the law in its relation to fact.

Read the speeches of Demosthenes, the great Grecian orator, and you will find them to be the teachings of the great pedagogue. The people of Greece knew something about King Philip of Macedon. Demosthenes taught them more. His teaching finally lifted the curtain in their own minds and they saw that their mortal foe was King Philip of Macedon. Then they seized their swords and rushed against him. This is the secret of the orator's power.

When I was a youth I was startled when I heard for the first time some man who was said to be a great orator; I expected he would outdo my pastor, who was a Methodist minister. My pastor had a magnificent roaring voice. He could make his voice weep and he could certainly make it shout, and it seemed as though he was possessed of seven thunders. Now I said, "This man who is called a great orator, the greatest in the State, will certainly out roar my minister." I expected the very rafters would tremble. But no. I heard only a still, small voice, but I *saw something* I had never seen before. The audience looked so grave, so thoughtful; their brows were knit, their minds were fully concentrated. They looked as if they were all composing a lecture themselves, as indeed they were; and through their own studies at that hour they became advocates of the thing the orator was advocating. He was teaching them. Do not expect to learn to be an orator without learning to be a teacher, for the great orator is the great teacher.

When a person can repeat facts to his pupils he is an instructor; but when he can present truth to his pupils, when he can enable their minds to see it and make it their own, when he can concentrate their minds upon the truth which he is presenting so that they will arrive at right conclusions through their own thinking, when that thinking changes their feelings and subsequently their wills,— he is a teacher in the true sense of the word, he is an orator. The great educator is the great orator, although no one may have thought of associating the name with him. When the world sees what oratory means, how differently people will think of its study from what they do now! The other day two notable men said to me, "That institution of which you are president has had phenomenal success; there is nothing

to be compared with it in the history of education; but one thing, sir, we would like to know,—whether it is its educational value which makes it so great and famous or whether it is a fad.” In response to these gentlemen I should like to ask if the principles of teaching constitute a fad? if pedagogy constitutes a fad? I should also like to say that all the work at Emerson College rests upon the universal principles of pedagogy. I think I should be allowed to speak upon this subject, for I have had a splendid opportunity to know what meat these students have fed upon that they have grown so great in numbers. Pedagogy is taught not merely in its application to oratory, but it is also taught as a science. According to the principles of pedagogy the students here study the laws of the human mind. According to the principles of pedagogy they study language, they study rhetoric. According to the principles of pedagogy they study literature. According to the principles of pedagogy they study physical culture. According to the principles of pedagogy they study expression in reading. According to the principles of pedagogy they study the methods by which one human soul flashes truth upon another. The result is the minds of the students are elevated, they think better, they analyze with greater precision, profundity, and care. According to the principles of pedagogy the battle has been won thus far. Think for a moment what the study of pedagogy introduces one to; think what a power the knowledge of it gives to a student.

Did you ever look at a little child with its bright eyes opening on the world without saying to yourself, “What will this child be when it grows up? What place in life will it hold? Will it be successful?” Then you say to yourself, “Oh that I had the power to keep

the clouds away from this little one! Oh that I had the power to tear down all the hedges that stand in the way of its progress and its success!” When you have felt a little head pressed against your heart you have thought, “There is something in childhood that no philosopher has yet compassed; that no scientist has yet analyzed;” and like an intuition it comes to you that there is something deeper and grander in that little soul than you have ever dreamed of, and with it comes a longing prayer, which, if voiced, would be, “Oh for a key with which to unlock the powers of the soul of this little one, for in it I feel there is an infinite depth of power! Oh that he might realize in himself the perfect man,—the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ!” My friend, there is such a key. What is its name? Pedagogy! Pedagogy will unlock the latent powers of that little one. It will enable him to fulfil his own ideals, as well as those which you have conceived for him. It will enable him to understand the movements of the planets. It will enable him to weigh them and to measure their distance from the earth. It will enable him to tell what influence they exert on other planets. Such knowledge was possessed by the great astronomer Herschel. He had come under the influence of the principles of pedagogy, and it unlocked the powers of his mind, as indeed it will unlock the powers of us all. When the time came, as it must come to us all sooner or later, that this great Herschel should pass on, he calmly talked with his friends concerning the life to come. He was asked if he believed in the immortality of the soul. The substance of his reply was, “There is no death. When I drop this material garment which has served me in this state of existence, I expect to wend my way upward, and to plunge still deeper into the study of the mysteries of the

stars. I expect to take in my course upward those bright shining stars I love so well." O Herschel, what unlocked the mysteries of the heavens for you? What gave you the power to gather up the lights of heaven and shower them upon the minds of men? Out of the silent depths there comes a voice, so still and yet so audible: "Pedagogy, pedagogy, the principles of pedagogy, the principles of teaching."

The trinity of study in this College is Oratory, Literature, and Pedagogy. These three are co-equal, co-dependent. Year by year I grow more and more enthusiastic in my teaching; it is never old, because these principles touch the depths of human life. When you are asked what you study at this College, respond by saying, "Oratory, literature, and pedagogy." Literature, in its grandest sense, when studied for the sake of revealing it to others and studied according to the principles of pedagogy,

stands beside the graves of the authors of the past and says to them, "Arise, live — live again in the minds and souls of men." You, students of Emerson College, are called to blow the trumpet of resurrection over the graves of the great authors. Think of teaching as the highest thing possible to man, because it is the power that unlocks the mysteries of the human soul. The spires, which arise like finger-points toward heaven, gleaming in the sunlight, say to all the world, "Worship the Teacher. Look up, look up to whence thy help cometh." Look up to the Teacher who first made His appearance on earth, not in a college, but in a stable, not on a throne, but in a manger, not with rings and diamonds, but in swaddling-clothes. Out of that manger He arose triumphant over death, and now He sits at the right hand of God, the Father.

### Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow.

HARRIETTE M. COLLINS.

#### YESTERDAY.

COULD we lay hold upon the wheels of Time,  
And by some superhuman pow'r  
Turn their course backward but for one brief day,  
Aye, even for one fleeting hour,  
Would one amongst us do as he had done?  
Nay; for in the clear, searching light  
The present throws on yesterday, we see  
So much amiss — so little right.

The selfish act we cannot now undo,  
The unkind look that gave such pain,  
The hasty word that may not be recall'd —  
These are the things that must remain  
Of yesterday. Ah me, had we the pow'r  
To turn Time's course a day, or e'en an hour!

#### TO-DAY.

To-day is yours. Let the past days be past;  
Pause not to look upon their cold, dead faces,

But use to-day as tho' it were the last  
That heav'n would lend thee. Leave thou  
some traces  
Of thy work on earth that will courage give  
To future toilers in Life's harvest plain;  
And generations that are yet to live  
Will rise and say, "Thou hast not lived in  
vain."

#### TO-MORROW.

To be over-anxious for to-morrow  
Is cowardly, ungrateful, and unwise:  
Cowardly to dread the cloud of sorrow  
That may possibly with its sun arise;  
Ungrateful to doubt the power and love  
Of One who has kept thee thy whole life  
thro';  
Unwise to worry, since but God above  
Can know if to-morrow will dawn for you.



Studies in American Literature.Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

H. TOROS DAGHISTANLIAN, '99.

LONGFELLOW! How our hearts throb with joy and satisfaction at the very mention of the name! How full of significance is that one word to him who is acquainted with that sunny and lovely nature! A welcome guest is he to the fireside of the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly. We open wide the doors of our hearts and with softened voice and extended hand bid him "come in." To one who gives welcome to this benignant guest he interprets the story-book of Nature in his simple, melodious, and graceful style.

Without question Longfellow is entitled to a place among the great poets of America. Signs of his future greatness were apparent when he was yet very young. "The early blossoms of his genius were indications of the promise of its spring," and no one will quarrel with the phrase who remembers that the seven earlier poems of the author's poetical works were all written before the poet was nineteen years of age. These were: "An April Day," "Autumn," "Woods in Winter," "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem," "Sunrise of the Hills," "The Spirit of Poetry," and "Burial of the Minnisink." Many of his juvenile poems were originally published in the *United Literary Gazette*, a Boston magazine; and at a later day, when success increased confidence in his own powers, he contributed a number of admirable papers to the *North American Review*.

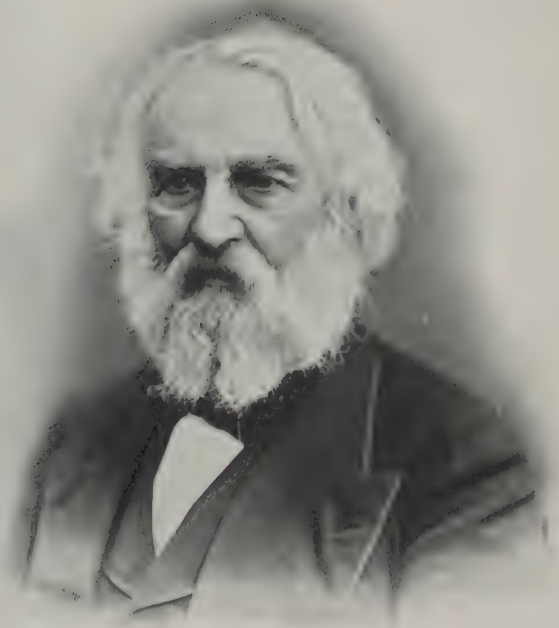
Thus even at an early age we see him fairly committing himself to a literary career. One might have prophesied

that thus early in life he had begun to pave his way to fame and distinction in view of the fact that even at this juncture of his young manhood he was abundantly encouraged by critical judgment and popular favor.

He was fortunate in life and death: living at the right time and with the gift of years; dying before the years came for him to say "I have no pleasure in them." He helped to quicken the New World sense of beauty and to lead a movement which precedes the rise of a national school. The poet himself must have read in his own sweet songs the apostolic nature of his mission. He seems to have been sent to bind America back to the Old World taste and imagination.

Our true rise of poetry may be dated from Longfellow. At a time when his countrymen were hardly ready for it he wished to portray sentiment and beauty. Puritanism was opposed to beauty as a strange god, and to sentiment as an idle thing. Longfellow so adapted the beauty and sentiment of other lands to the convictions of his people as to beguile their reason through the finer senses, and speedily to satisfy them that loveliness and righteousness may go together.

At first he sang of his own sea and shores, and native themes were foremost in his thought, but soon "his nativity was submerged in his universality, and later he is said to be the least national of our American poets." He always gave of his best to the world; neither toil nor trouble could dismay him until art had done his perfect work.



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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



One of the key-notes to the success of Longfellow as a poet may be found in his devotion to his calling. The poet transcends the critic, journalist, lecturer, and the man of business. A long and spotless life was consecrated to the service of song, and verily he had ample reward.

His first production of great importance was the romance "Hyperion." Although written in prose form, yet it displays the characteristics and the spirit of poetry. It seemed almost impossible for this genius to produce any work without impressing upon it his innate poetic nature. Some one has commented upon the book as, "the production of a man of taste, refinement, and feeling — in truth, a pure 'poem.'" The scene of the book is laid chiefly in Germany and Switzerland, along the picturesque Rhine, but "its shadows come from the maker's heart." He had passed through bereavement, and the opening words re-echo his grief: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. . . . We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars rise, and the night is holy." "Hyperion" showed what changes and experiences four years could bring while the man is still young.

In Paul Fleming, the chief character and the very mainspring of the story, Longfellow gives us an unconscious word-picture of himself. The book has a simple, easy, poetic style — is not at all dramatic; it is slightly tinged with the characteristics of a novel. It is interspersed throughout with descriptions of nature in all its forms. The book abounds in pictures of Middle Ages, as well as descriptions of the Rhine. Mr. Fleming discusses literary lives and the fame of men who have courted literature; however, we cannot but notice his constant diversions to nature. He tells us that Art is revelation of man, but Nature

revelation of God. Once, while making attempts at writing, his attention is diverted by some flowers, and in an almost unconscious mood he reflects, "I wish I knew the man who called flowers 'the fugitive poetry of nature.' Yes, this morning I would rather stroll with him among the gay flowers than sit here and write, I feel so weary."

The purpose of the romance is not left for inference but put in the printed page, — "Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

After one more effort, in "Kavanagh," Longfellow abandoned the field of romance. He wrote several dramatic poems, none of which were successes from the point of view of the drama.

None of our poets can vie with Longfellow as a translator. His gifts in this direction were conspicuous even from his youth. He has given us many translations of poems from the German, Italian, and Spanish. His greatest and crowning effort was the rendition into English of Dante's Divine Comedy.

Having taken a cursory glance at the work of Mr. Longfellow in the realms of romance, drama, and translation, let us now survey that field of literature in which he has achieved the most enduring fame — poetry.

To begin with, we may speak of his "little sermons in rhyme" that are sure to catch the eye and be put in constant reference and use, — poems with lessons adjusted to common needs. In this class may be mentioned, "A Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," "Prometheus," and "The Ladder of St. Augustine." "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "Maidenhood," "Resignation," and "Haunted Houses" come home to lenient and gentle natures.

A still higher class of poems, testing



Longfellow's eye for the suggestive side of a theme and his ability to make the most of it, includes, "The Fire of Driftwood," "The Lighthouse," "Sand of the Desert," "The Jewish Cemetery," and "The Arsenal." Our bard does not, however, display the higher tests of poetic genius,—spontaneity, sweep, intellect, and imaginative power. The imagination has the fullest sway in, "Midnight Mass," "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," and in "The Spanish Jew's Tale," when,—

Straight into the city of the Lord  
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,  
And through the streets there swept a sudden  
breath  
Of something there unknown, which men call  
death.

A series of sonnets of rare beauty were produced in the poet's old age. One of the rare gems of his later life is "Nature," which has been said, "must be accounted one of the choicest in any language upon the theme to which its title is but a password:"—

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please  
him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we  
know.

In the series of volumes which came from Longfellow's pen at different intervals, a volume entitled, "By the Seaside and by the Fireside," was the most representative — displaying most clearly the poet's characteristics. In these we see our poet of the fireside, of nature, and the sea — pre-eminently the last, for he has been fitly called "our poet of the sea."

Before a final estimate of Longfellow's works let us notice his sustained narrative poems, upon which rest his fame most firmly.

"Evangeline" is based upon a legend of Acadia—a story of unsuccessful love, in which the heroine, exiled by the fortunes of war, seeks for her lover with pathetic constancy of purpose. She finds him at last, among the sick, in a plague-stricken city, where she had taken upon herself the duties of a nurse. One has aptly termed "Evangeline" "the flower of American idyls." "It is a beautiful, pathetic tradition of American history, tinged with provincial color which he knew and loved, and in its course it takes on the changing atmosphere of his own land. It is pastoral at first, then breaks into action, and finally the record of shifting scenes which made life a pilgrimage and a dream." This poem already ranks as a classic, and will remain one, just as surely as "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "The Deserted Village."

Perhaps Longfellow's fame rests most securely on "Hiawatha,"—"the dirge of a departing race." The poem has been said to sing "the parable of human life,—its birth, love, death, civilization, and decay." It is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians,—of a person of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. "Hiawatha" is called a "forest-poem." "It is fragrant with the woods, fresh with the sky and waters of the breezy North." This is the first successful treatment of the Indian legends. On a small scale it is the American epic.

In "Miles Standish" the author's tact guided him in the selection of the prettiest tradition of Pilgrim times. In this poem we have a romantic picture of the Plymouth settlement, with its "far-away round of human life and action, through



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LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



which the tide of love went flowing then as now." As we close our remarks about the three great poems,—“Evangeline,” “Hiawatha,” and “Miles Standish,”—let it be remembered that Longfellow was the first American poet to compose sustained narrative poems that gained and kept a place in literature.

Having made a review of Longfellow's works,—brief though it may be, yet sufficient for the present purpose,—it remains now to make some observations which may give, at least approximately, a just estimate of the man and the poet.

Longfellow's productions are the work of a man of taste, of fertile fancy, and of a loving heart. While his poems are wanting in contemplation, speculation, in passion, in intensity of feeling and abyss of thought, yet they abound in the familiar experiences of every-day life and domestic affection. His verses are characterized by cheer, glow, and benevolence, by a sunny and benignant spirit in sympathy with the universal life of man.

The fact that there is an unappreciation of nature by the masses and full appreciation by the few is only too well known. Here comes the mission of the true poet. He must interpret nature to the people. Longfellow was a close observer of nature. He saw the elements of *common* interest and pictured them, thus opening the book of nature which all might read and understand.

Longfellow's tendency to moralize was a source of both weakness and strength — a weakness in that the poet did the work which should be left for the reader; moreover, it gave the critics a stronghold for attack; on the other hand, through this habit he became the most popular of University poets, and as a moralist no one could make commonplace themes and objects more attractive. It has been remarked that Longfellow's poems are characterized by “excessive literary flavor,” and moreover, the charge is made

that he was too much a “poet of the study and the alcove.” It must be admitted that one of the chief sources of his inspiration was the printed page; at the same time, let us keep in mind that with all his book-knowledge he did not become obscure. Herein lies his glory, — he used his culture not to veil the word, but to make it clear. He can be understood by the common people without interpretation, hence he deserves his title,—“the people's poet.” It is with this thought in mind that, when Tennyson was coming into prominent notice, many of the English nobility remarked in derision, “What! is this man Tennyson to be another Longfellow—a people's poet?” Could a wreath more fair have been placed about the brow of the future laureate?

As to the question of Longfellow's originality, it must be acknowledged that he borrowed persistently and freely; but others have borrowed as freely from him. He was not original so much in word and motive as in a distinctive air—a spirit, a personality, manifest in all his works. After all, Longfellow was not without a genius peculiarly his own—true, not an inventive genius, but a genius nevertheless; a genius which could revive the past and reproduce pictures of centuries and of other minds with new accessories of his own. It may be observed in this connection that this innate tendency was greatly strengthened by his travels and study in historic European countries. Mediæval associations and themes added to his scholarship. He drank deeply of the spirit of the Middle Ages. The influence of the cloister, the classic cathedrals, and the legendary tales was lasting on his romantic nature. These same influences were at work while he was engaged in his translations, and their effect upon him and his writings may be traced by a comparison of his early poems with his later efforts.



Longfellow has a cosmopolitan spirit. Besides the example of his works we have his written theory of what our literature should be. His Mr. Churchill declares that in literature "nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal." But is there not another side to this question? That the greatest poets have been those who conveyed the spirit of their respective nationalities is amply proven by the examples of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, who stand pre-eminent as the great poets of the several nations to which they belong; therefore that poetry is truest which is "universal in its passion and thought, but national in motive."

Longfellow is not a poet who surmounted the heights of majestic thought nor measured the depths of passion. He did not experience these extremes of life, therefore he is lacking in ecstasy and dramatic insight. His songs run along the even tenor of a fortunate life, in which his lot was cast. Few, if any, poets have been less tried in the fiery furnace. The few fierce struggles and deep sorrows which were his misfortune to undergo came to him at a time in life when he was fully prepared to meet them, therefore he never lost his balance. "Sufferers, aspirants, and questioners" are disappointed in our poet because his songs do not touch their lives—because he touches only "the average heart by the sympathetic quality of a voice adjusted to the natural scale." The songs of other minstrels, as a rule, have been in

keeping with their lives, if not reflections of them. Why should we look for something so radically different in Longfellow? From the first he had what he desired,—congenial work and associations, advancement, love of friends, favorable criticism, and on the whole, a life of ease and comfort. A poet of such a life could but chant the music which is characteristic of the man. He "spoke according to his voice and vision. The attempt to do otherwise ends all. A critic must accept what is best in a poet, and thus become his best encourager."

Longfellow's disposition was sweet and wholesome, one of those happy natures "softened by prosperity and kindness." He formed many ardent friendships, as seen in his tributes to departed friends and his "Book of Sonnets." Loving humanity was the secret of his magnetism. We can barely feel the warm breath of our dear old sweet singer as he admonishes us, "Be kind, be patient, be hopeful." Will his popularity endure? Let a judge of poetry answer:—

"The sentiments common to races and to centuries are the most likely to live. Building upon these with consummate art, Longfellow has qualities which guarantee him against oblivion. His immortality is secure in the bosoms of the bereaved, the tired, the lonely, the desponding, the aspiring, the struggling."

His gracious presence upon earth  
Was as a fire upon the hearth;  
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,  
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue  
Strengthened our hearts, or, heard at night,  
Made all our slumbers soft and light.

### A Visit to Whittier's Birthplace.\*

HERMAN FOSTER.

We came to Haverhill, Mass., last evening, and early this morning my sister and I drove to Whittier's birthplace. It

was a beautiful morning, and the music of springtime greeted us from all the hillsides; the songs of the birds, the

\* Arranged by the editor from a letter.



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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



smell of the newly turned soil, all seemed so sweet and fresh, uplifting me with new thoughts and higher inspirations.

Haverhill is a pretty city, with many romances of olden days woven into its history. The Indians made it their hunting-grounds. Here Hannah Dustin and her little boy were taken captive and carried into the wilds of New Hampshire. After many days of suffering at their hands, she killed her captors unaided, took their scalps, and in a birch-bark canoe paddled down the Merrimac home again.

Our ride through the outskirts of the city was very interesting. We drove out on a well-kept boulevard beyond the lake which supplies the city with water. In and around its pretty bays we wended our way, until at last we entered the city park. Our journey then led us by a circuitous route up the sides of a steep mountain, thickly studded with birch, oak, and maple trees. Up and up we went to the very top, and there we had a most beautiful and extended view, overlooking the valley of the Merrimac, which gave birth to the words of Whittier:—

“O child of the white-crested mountain, whose  
springs  
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagles’  
wings,  
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild  
waters shine,  
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through  
the dwarf pine,  
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of  
stone,  
By hills hung with forests through vales wide  
and free,  
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to  
the sea!”

On the top of this great hill is an immense stone castle covered with ivy. It reminds us of the tales of the days of chivalry. The mind instinctively weaves a legend around it. The surrounding grounds are beautiful. The hum of in-

dustry is borne upward to our ears. Far, far away the river rolls onward to meet the sea, while close at the base lies a large lake, across which the shadows of the fleecy clouds flit like living spectres. The mild winds of June dancing upon it break its surface into millions of white-capped waves, which sparkle and glitter in the sunlight overhead. Unrolled like a scroll is the blue dome of heaven, beautiful, changeless, eternal.

Soon we turned from this charming spot, and wended our way down the mountainside. Through the beautiful groves, past many a well-tilled field, catching now a view of the lake, then of the castle, again of the city, we went, until finally we emerged between the great stone posts which mark the limits of the park upon the highway. Whittier's home is before us.

I wish I could describe all the impressions forced upon my mind at the moment. Plain, unpretentious, and yet substantial, we see it in about the same state of preservation as when the poet was born. We rap at the door, and are bidden to enter, and we are first shown the room where our Quaker poet was born. It is a small, yet pleasant room. Here are collected various articles of historic interest, quaint old chairs, early photographs, pewter plates and spoons, and other articles of interest.

We were next taken into the kitchen. Everything betokens age. History and romance seem to be woven inseparably into everything. We speak in low tones as a feeling of love and awe steals over us in veneration of him whose memory we all honor to-day.

I dropped easily into the old, old rocker, and a spirit of reverie came over me as I gazed into the fireplace around which the Whittier family had so often gathered, and a vision of the beautiful



poem, "Snow-Bound," floated before my eyes, and I saw how

"Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm.

"We piled with care our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney back —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;

"We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam  
Until the old rude-fashioned room  
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom.

"What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

"But He who knows our frame is just,  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances  
And hope for all the language is,  
That He remembereth that we are dust!"

I awoke me from my silent thoughts,  
and passed up into the quaint old attic,  
and wandering in my imagination back  
into dreamland, I heard

"The wind that round the gables roared,  
With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
The board-nails snapping in the frost;  
And on us through unplastered wall  
Fell the light rifted snowflakes' fall.

Faint and more faint the murmurs grew;  
Till in the summer-land of dreams  
They softened to the sound of streams,  
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores."

But I must hasten; there is so much  
to see and hear. We pass down and  
out of doors to catch a view of the sur-  
roundings, for it was the unity of the  
whole which made Whittier beloved of  
us his fellowmen.

The natural surroundings of Whittier's

home are ideally beautiful. Through  
all his works we can trace the influence  
of nature upon this gentle poet. I  
walked down Whittier's favorite path,  
and as I passed through the fields of  
grass in search of flowers, the words of  
the honored bard burst from me: —

"O for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frog's orchestra;  
And to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch; pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!"

We gathered wild flowers from his fa-  
vorite haunts; violets and white blossoms  
from the brook, near "the garden wall;"  
buttercups from near the old well-sweep;  
ferns from the crannies in the rocks  
where the water splashed and bubbled,  
tumbling over and over and falling in  
spray upon its rocky bed.

I love to linger here in nature's deep  
recesses, to hear the gentle soughing of  
the pines, the murmur of the brooks,  
the humming of the bees, the singing of  
the birds. In nature's school we learn  
the truly great lessons of our lives; but

"I hear again the voice that bids  
The dreamer leave his dream midway  
For larger hopes and graver fears  
Life greatens in these later years,  
The century's aloe flowers to-day!"

We leave the sacred spot, tenderly cher-  
ishing every recollection, and take our  
way homeward. Along the shores of the  
lake, through the dense woods, now in

view of the ivy-covered castle far up the mountainside, past beautiful farms and villas, over the foaming Merrimac ever

rolling on to meet the sea, we go through shady avenues, by stately mansions, into the hushed and night-wrapped city.

### Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1803-1882.

LEILA SIMON.

IN the quiet village of Concord there lived for the greater part of his life the sage who has left the deep impress of his thought upon philosophy, ethics, and religion. As the years go by, and as men live truer to the divine instincts of their nature, this gentle iconoclast will be to them a friend, a counsellor, and a companion. His life was pure; his thought spiritual; his faith serene. We marvel that so beautiful a spirit could have moved among the common places of life, touching the lives of the humblest of his kind, yet so environed by his own Godlike nature as to feel not the evil, nor the cruelty, nor the incompleteness about him.

On the twenty-fifth of May, 1803, in a house which stood "somewhat back from the village street," and surrounded by orchard and garden, Ralph Waldo Emerson was born.

He was a quiet, timid child remarkable in naught save an ethereal, spiritual look. He carried his head with a dignity that singled him out from his companions, and of which he was wholly unconscious. One day he was walking before his father (as was the custom then) on their way to church, and his father, noticing the air of pride, said sharply (for he was an austere man), "Waldo, you walk as if the earth was not good enough for you." "I did not know it, sir," he replied, with the utmost humility.

He did not play as do other boys. He tells us that he never remembers having a sled, and if he had possessed one would have been afraid to use it, for fear of the Rough Pointer boys from the

neighboring village, who were "always coming," and the thought of whom sent thrills of terror to the child's heart. In one of his journals Emerson speaks of himself as a *chubby boy* trundling a hoop to school, but that is the only time we hear of him indulging in the usual boyish pastimes.

Yet he was neither morose nor austere. No one was so pure an optimist nor taught so distinctly the philosophy of happiness as this silent, serene boy, who unconsciously stood aloof from his fellows, and lived in an atmosphere all his own.

His boyhood was one of frugality and "decent" poverty, and we find him writing in his journal, "We are poor and cold, and have little meal, and little wood, and little meat, but, thank God! courage enough." He and his brother Edward had but one greatcoat between them, and this fact provoked the rude village boys to call out as they passed, "Who will wear the coat to-day?"

At the age of fifteen Emerson entered Harvard College, but was not remarkable as a student. Throughout his college life we find no evidence or indication of the genius that has since caused the world to "revere, wonder at, and love." He studied the classics with interest, but his greatest pleasure was to delve in Chaucer and Montaigne, Plutarch and Plato. "I hate mathematics," we find him writing in his journal.

Though never a "dig" or close student, he was industrious, after his own fashion, and gave much time to graceful and correct expression, paraphrasing

passages that caught his fancy, and loving with the great heart of a poet the store of literature that was about him.

He resorted to school-teaching for a livelihood on leaving college, but the task was uncongenial, and he records this period as the gloomiest of his life. Soon he began to prepare for the ministry.

In the years 1826 and 1827 he preached in various places. Two years later he was ordained and undertook the charge of an important Unitarian Church in Boston. His quiet, dignified manner in the pulpit, as well as the simple eloquence that distinguished him, made the young divine very popular; but it was not long before the strain of forms and ceremonies became intolerable to him. Emerson found that he could no longer accept the Communion Service, even in its least sacramental interpretation. To him the rite was merely spiritual, and should best be retained as a commemoration only.

From this time the real spirit of the man shone forth. His admonition, "Be true to yourself" was not a platitude, but a living, burning light that guided his conduct ever. He was a foe to all shams, all hypocrisy, and it was perhaps due to this similarity in two entirely dissimilar men that led to an ideal literary friendship.

After the death of his young wife, whose loss Emerson deeply mourned as a "lifelong sorrow," Emerson went to Europe to recuperate his failing health. While in Scotland he made a pilgrimage to Craigen-Puttock, the home of Carlyle, the churlish philosopher.

Carlyle was gratified at Emerson's visit, and showed himself at his best. An affection sprang up between them that never ceased during their lives. Perhaps it was the attraction of opposites, the optimist and the pessimist, that cemented this unusual friendship.

They did not agree in their philosophy and were frank enough to gently rail at the "delusions" of each other. Carlyle believed that men need only to be set free and led to think for themselves, while Emerson held to the doctrine that they need only to be well governed.

But this difference in philosophy made little difference in their regard for each other. Each was well assured that truth and justice was their ultimate seeking, and what mattered the means if the end sought, the welfare of mankind, was the same? We smile when we find Emerson writing, "Carlyle is so amiable that I love him"!

On his return from Europe Emerson came back to Concord, and the remainder of his life was passed "beneath the pines, where the evening star so holy shines." He loved Concord and would be at no time persuaded to leave it. "A sunset, a forest, a snow-storm, a certain river view, are more to me than many friends," he says; and we can imagine the tall, spare figure walking beneath the trees, stopping to pull up a weed that is choking a tiny daisy, or gazing at the sun slowly sinking "with the rapt look of an angel."

Work was his refuge from every woe. "To every reproach," he says, "I know but one answer; namely, to go again to my work. But you neglect your relations. Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. But you have no genius. Yes, then I will work the harder. But you have no virtues. Yes, then I will work the harder."

His foreignness to anything that resembled evil is one of his characteristic traits. This pure optimism was the despair of the cynics of his time, and the glory of the many who in his own spirit now read with delight: "Perfect beauty is perfect goodness. All real good or evil that can befall man must be from himself. He only can do him-







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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

self any good or any harm. Nothing can be given to him or taken from him, but always there's a compensation. The highest revelation is that God is in every man. Milton describes himself in his letter to Diodati as enamored of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. It has been my angel from childhood to now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow. It has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It is always the glory that shall be revealed; it is the 'open secret' of the universe."

Except in two beautiful poems, one written after the death of his wife, and the other a pathetic lament for his five-year-old son, "a lovely wonder that made the universe look friendlier" to him, Death is almost banished from Emerson's pages. Love, Friendship, Heroism, Beauty, Behavior, Nature, Greatness, Power,—each came within the province of "this gentle iconoclast who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship;" yet never does he dwell upon that mystery which has haunted the minds of men from the birth of time,

but serenely contemplates it as nature's own unfolding to a better and more divine existence. So we find the evening of his days as tranquil as the morning, and on the 27th of April, 1882, this great-hearted soul slowly passed away.

"Account me a drop in the ocean seeking another drop, or Godward striving to keep so true a sphericity as to receive the due ray from every part of the concave heaven," Emerson once wrote to Carlyle; and in his "Godward" course he has drawn us nearer and nearer the infinite, the invisible, the immortal. "He sang of sweet, wholesome life from its infancy to its requiem," and was ever striving to bring our own daily life within the province of the soul. With him the parlor and counting-room were as fit places for the exercise of fortitude and self-sacrifice as the court chamber and the field of battle. His life was one long pæan for truth and humanity.

"The sun set, but set not his hope;  
Stars rose, his faith was earlier up:  
It spoke, and words more soft than rain  
Brought the Age of Gold again;  
His action won such reverence sweet  
As hid all measure of the feat."

## Harriet Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

JENNIE L. McDONALD.

AMERICA has many great women of whom she is justly proud, women who have done much to advance true education. Let us consider one of the greatest, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and her book which has exerted a powerful influence upon our country.

Mrs. Stowe was born June 14, 1811, in Litchfield, Conn. When she was between three and four years old her mother died, so she can remember but little of her. In a letter to her brother she says, "Although our

mother's bodily presence thus disappeared from our circle, I think her memory and example had more influence in molding her family, in deterring from evil and inciting to good, than the living presence of many a mother. It was a memory that met us everywhere, for every person in the town, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to have been so impressed by her character and life that they constantly reflected some portion of it back upon us. . . . The passage in 'Uncle

Tom' where Augustine St. Clare describes his mother's influence is a simple reproduction of my mother's influence as it has always been felt in her family."

The most impressionable period of Mrs. Stowe's life was spent in her sister Catherine's school in Hartford. She says the two persons who influenced her most at this time were her brother Edward and sister Catherine.

At this time she struggled with the great problem of whether "God was ever near us, enlightening our ignorance, guiding our wanderings, comforting our sorrows, with a love unwearied by faults, unchilled by ingratitude, till at last He should present us faultless before His throne of glory with exceeding joy," or must we love God before He deigns to notice us, and "realize that the sinfulness of our hearts is such that in justice God might leave us to make ourselves as miserable as we have made ourselves sinful." It was a long, hard struggle, and she slowly adopted the view of God that finally became one of the most characteristic elements of her writings.

Until the passing of the "Fugitive Slave Law," Mrs. Stowe was more interested in education than in the slavery question. She was at that time in Brunswick, Me., but she received many letters from Mrs. Edward Beecher and others, describing the heart-rending scenes which were the inevitable result of the enforcement of this law. In one of these letters Mrs. Beecher said, "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." Mrs. Stowe read the letter aloud in her little parlor in Brunswick. A member of her family says that when she read the passage, "I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is" she rose from her chair, crushed the letter in

her hand, and with an expression on her face that her child never forgot said, "I will write something; I will if I live."

She wrote, not a series of deep philosophical arguments, but vivid pictures which appeal to human sympathy. It was a cry from her large mother heart for suffering humanity. Her aim was to bring both North and South to look at slavery in all its phases, and see the real suffering that must follow such a system. The next question, Would the appeal be read? was soon answered. Three thousand copies were sold the first day the story was to be issued in book form. Within a year, one hundred thousand copies were sold in this country. The aggregate number of copies sold in Great Britain and the colonies exceeds one and a half millions. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was translated into nineteen other languages. It was dramatized and played all summer at the National Theatre of New York, with unrivalled success.

Mrs. Stowe had expected criticism from extreme abolitionists; but when criticism came it was from an unlooked-for quarter. It was commenced in the *London Times*. The article, "What They Think of 'Uncle Tom,' in England," was reprinted in tract form and hundreds of copies were sold. Religious papers denounced the book and the writer.

Mrs. Stowe, in a letter to Lord Carlisle, says of the reaction and abuse: "All this has a meaning; but I think it comes too late. I can think of no reason why it was not tried sooner excepting that God had intended that the cause should have a hearing. It is strange that they should have waited so long for the political effect of a book which they might have foreseen at first; but not strange that they should, now they *do* see what it is doing, try to root it up . . . The effects of the book so far have been, I

think, these : to soften and moderate the bitterness of feeling in *extreme abolitionists* ; to convert to abolitionist views many whom this same bitterness has repelled ; to inspire the free colored people with self-respect, hope, and confidence ; to inspire universally through the country a kindlier feeling toward the negro race."

One of the leading literary journals in Germany published the following notice : " The abolitionists in the United States should vote the author of ' Uncle Tom's Cabin ' a civic crown, for a more powerful ally than Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her romance they could not have."

## The Advantages of Studying Literature Through Vocal Expression.

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON.

WHEN we think of the great men who have lived in this world and who now walk abroad in their writings, we feel that we are dwelling among giants. Few persons, however, really read a great book. Many may know what such books contain ; or they may know the statements in words that the writers have made, and yet they may not have really read those books. How many persons have really read Plato ? He seems to stand alone like some unapproachable mountain. How many have climbed step by step up the mountain to where he stands, and there met him face to face ? How many have really talked with him, have really felt his touch ? Very few. Still fewer is the number of those who, in addition to having intellectually communed with him, have dwelt with him long enough for him to take up his abode in them, and think, speak, and radiate his Platonic influence through their being. In a few minds Plato still lives — in his character, in his purposes ; and through them he radiates upon others his own masterly mind. Plato studied his great master, Socrates ; he, mentally speaking, ate, drank, and rested with him, so that when he spoke Socrates spoke. Plato had, mentally speaking, eaten Socrates, so that

Socrates lived, moved, and had his being in Plato's mental make-up.

In making use of this figure, I want you should realize, through the objects with which you are familiar, that when one person's mind, in its highest activity, comes in contact with another person's mind, the former may be so awakened, so aroused to the heights of its own possibilities, that it actually becomes, in impulse and character, possessed of the mind of the latter. " Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you," was the sublimest statement ever made of this principle. Such is the power of personal influence. Such is the power of one person's mind over those who sit beside him, over those who walk beside him on the street, over those whom he meets in a social or in a business way.

What a supreme privilege it is that a person may so devote his mind to the study of the writings of a great author that he may ultimately develop his own mental powers until he thinks with the power of the one he has studied ! How can I state this so as to make it stronger and clearer ? A person of ordinary mental power may so study Plato that in consequence of his study his mind will think



and conceive just as Plato's mind did when he wrote. This suggests those wonderful lines of Emerson's:—

"I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's beam,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's  
steam."

Many persons hope to learn literature by studying with some one who knows *about* literature, some one who knows *about* the authors,—their history, their personality, and the occasions of their writing this and that. In addition they may commit to memory a hundred lines from Tennyson, and Longfellow, and many other distinguished English and American poets—and yet they may not know literature. They may know *about* it, and yet not know *the thing itself*. There is no other way to know literature but to communicate to others, through *vocal expression*, the thought which the author wishes to convey. The student must develop through systematic drill the ability to see the things which are behind the author's words. The best method of developing this power is through vocal expression. The student is under the necessity of revealing the author's thought, not only by his words, but in the tones of his voice, in sound and in silence. When one has properly studied any piece of literature, and he is inspired with a desire to reveal it to others, his face tells it, his brow tells it, his mouth, in looks as well as sounds, tells it, the relation of the iris to the white of the eye tells it. He cannot wink without telling it; he cannot keep from winking without telling it. The thought takes possession of his organism, and the brain, from which nerves extend to the muscles that surround the eyes, lips, and cheeks, working through its own psychological and physiological laws, will paint these thoughts on his face—not only paint it on the face of the speaker, but on another's brain; aye, more, it will shape the

activities of another's brain to the very mould and style of the author's thinking. Some one might say, "Teach me this trick." Whenever I learn a trick I will teach it to you. What is the "trick" by which that rose blooms? What is the "trick" by which it loads the air with its perfumes, which are as sweet as its leaves are beautiful? What is the "trick" by which that robin sings his song,—his song that tells of a great heart throbbing with rich emotions. O robin, where did you learn your "trick"? I think I hear him saying in reply, "I know no tricks; my song proceeds from the mighty heart of God." The stream that flows from yonder fountain says in its gurgling, "I know no tricks. I submit myself to the law of gravitation and so course my way to the sea." The presentation of thought to others involves no tricks. The thought itself lives in and takes possession of eye, of vocal organs, of muscles, and thus it *expresses itself* through them. What relation, then, has the study of expression to the study of literature? Literature is not yours until you can think it. Browning's lines are not yours until you can think with that degree of mental power that he thought with, until you see the visions he saw. You cannot read them, in the true meaning of the word "read," until your imagination has seen the same visions he saw. When your mind is filled with the desire to impart these visions to others, they will take possession of your tongue, and through this as a medium they will express themselves. Thus, in obedience to the laws of nature, it is done *for* the reader and not *by* him.

In this College, that which is called the study of oratory is in reality the study of literature, for in every lesson the teachers seek to enable the student to think the author's thought after him, thereby causing the mind of the student to experience the same processes of thought which the

author's mind experienced while composing his work. Therefore none but the best thoughts of the best authors are studied in this College.

Did anybody ever become distinguished in literature who did not tell it to others? Did anybody ever become distinguished in singing who did not sing to others? This question answers itself. *The growing is in the giving.* Cræsus has been called the richest man that ever lived. Cræsus, did you give a dollar? Yes. Then, sir, you are worth a dollar. Did you give a thousand dollars? Then you are worth a thousand dollars. The richest person in this world is the one who has given most to others. As Christ's disciples, Peter and John, were going up to the temple at the hour of prayer they saw a certain man, "lame from his mother's womb," who had been laid daily at the gate of the Temple to ask for alms.

"Peter, fastening his eyes upon him, with John, said, Look on us.

"He gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

Silver and gold are of value only as you use it, but there is that which is neither silver nor gold; there is that spirit which can give the disconsolate hope; that which can give the tempted strength and courage; which can lift the thoughts above the pains which rack the body. Do you carry this spirit? You will not know that you carry it until you give it. When you have bestowed mercy, mercy is yours; when you have given truth, truth is yours. There is no better illustration of this idea of possessing what we give than your work in this College affords. If you would get knowledge you

must give knowledge. Those who are most helpful, those who radiate sympathy and love to their classmates, develop their oratorical powers most rapidly. In your effort to reveal the author's thought to your audience day by day you realize in your mental constitution those habits of thought which make you one with the great authors whom you seek to interpret. Thus, in the truest sense of the word, this school is a school for the development of character. God be praised for literature that comes from a great author, strikes the heart of the reader, and rebounds upon the audience! The spoken word is the living word.

A story is told of a Spaniard handing a Bible to an Indian, at the same time telling him what the Bible said. The poor old Indian took the Book, and reverently held it to his ear a long time. Finally the poor, despairing eyes looked up, saying in their expression, "I do not hear it say anything." Look at that row of shelves, containing the books of the great master minds. You may listen until the silence is oppressive, but they will say nothing. I imagine you could hold in your hand the dust of Demosthenes. You would say, "Demosthenes was an orator who thrilled and moved the hearts of men and formed their judgments, but now I do not hear him say anything." I look at the book which contains his orations, and it is only his ashes; it does not say anything. The mission of the public reader is to touch the ashes, called volumes, containing his speeches and they speak, they live. Where? In the air? No, in the *souls* of those to whom he speaks. Is it not worth years of study to make those who have passed away live again among their fellow beings? Such is the result of the proper study of literature through vocal expression.

College News.**In Loving Remembrance.**

Entered into rest, on Saturday morning, March 24, 1899, Mary F. Emerson, beloved mother of our honored president, Charles Wesley Emerson.

Mary F. Emerson, daughter of the Rev. Roland Hewett and wife of Thomas Emerson, was born eighty-seven years ago last September, in Chittendon, Vermont. Both her parents were people of culture and refinement; both were characterized by the staunch integrity and noble hardihood that marked many of the best of Vermont's early settlers.

It is small wonder that the daughter of parents of such high moral worth should have lived a life that has been one long benediction to her family and friends. We shall never be able to calculate the far-reaching effect of the character of Mary F. Emerson, through that one channel that has brought blessing to so many of us,—the work of her son, Dr. Emerson. We need scarcely speak here of the Emerson family to which Thomas Emerson belonged. Nor do you need to be reminded of the many distinguished sons and daughters, among them Ralph Waldo Emerson, who sprang from this noble ancestry.

Mary F. Emerson was particularly distinguished for strength of character, power of intellect, command of self, and sweet serenity of spirit.

Her ease in speech, the vividness of her imagination and the strength of her expression, and her wonderful executive force, all live again in her son. She was deeply and sincerely religious, or perhaps we should say, spiritually-minded throughout her long life. Infinite power was her constant resource. We stand silent, in reverent awe, before this gracious life now brought to a calm completion in time only to blossom into the fuller and grander life of eternity.

What can we say of this noble woman's tender devotion and love for her children? Not more than that it was as tenderly and lovingly returned. The tie between mother and son was as sweet and pure as her life itself, and stronger far than death. Together they delighted to commune of the old days, of loved ones gone before, and of the things of the spirit.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to Dr. Emerson and his family in their loss, yet even while our eyes are wet our spirits triumph, for "Death is swallowed up in Victory!"

Beautiful spirit, free from all stain,  
Ours the heart-ache, the sorrow and pain;  
Thine is the glory and infinite gain —  
Thy slumber is sweet.

R. L. D.

**Southwick Literary Society.**

In spite of the inclemency of the weather, Odd Fellows Hall was crowded to its uttermost capacity at the last Southwick Literary. Over twelve hundred people were present. The program rendered was one rich treat in literature and art from beginning to end.

Our beloved Miss King was the reader for the day. Her program was chosen from the classics, Shakespeare, Brown-ing, Dickens, Kipling, being represented. Those who came for an afternoon's entertainment received it and much more. Who could listen to the story of Sidney Carlton without feeling a stronger purpose in life to live for others, or to "The Recessional" without a stronger patriotism and a realization of the greatness of the All-Father?

"Poetic License" was one universal chuckle from beginning to end.

"A Love Story in Nature" brought us in close touch with the gentle maiden Zephyr and her sturdy lover the Pine; while a "Love Story in Human Nature"

made us sympathize deeply with the gallant wooer, and we could say with Burns:—

“A man 's a man for a' that.”

Beyond all Miss King expresses stands her sweet womanly dignity, which so endears her to the hearts of the students. We have but one word—*reverence*. Let us say with Wordsworth:—

“And I have felt a presence  
Which disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thought.”

Miss Greta Masson gave two superb masterpieces of song, one by Mendelssohn, the other by Meyerbeer. Although differing greatly in style, they but served to bring out the wonderful scope and range of her voice. Miss Masson sings with such facility and ease, combined with power, that it is a rest to hear her.

Mr. Wulf Fries delighted and stirred the hearts of all, for we felt that back of the playing stood the soul of the player. The accompanists showed themselves to be true musicians. The program throughout was heartily encored.

H. P. D.

HAMLET.

The meeting of the Southwick Literary Society held in Berkeley Hall Wednesday afternoon, April 5, was one of particular interest in regard to both speaker and subject. The speaker was Prof. Henry L. Southwick; the subject, “Hamlet.”

After the transaction of the necessary business, Professor Kidder, president of the society, introduced Professor Southwick to the expectant audience. Although the majority of the students have not met Professor Southwick personally or in the class-room, the applause which greeted his appearance on the platform was not such as might meet a stranger, however great or famous he might be. It expressed better than words could

what we all feel,—that we know him, and that he belongs to us.

Of the lecture what can we say? To those who listened to it and felt the inspiration of Professor Southwick's eloquence, any words of description would seem but faint praise. We were all impressed with a new sense of the power, beauty, and, above all, the reality of this creation of the poet's brain, as the true artist painted on the canvas of our minds Hamlet, the philosopher, the friend, the son, the lover, the hero, and the martyr.

J. W. S.

#### Personals.

Dr. Dickinson has recovered from the bad effects of his fall, and is able to be with us again. We welcome him most heartily.

Mr. Geo. M. McKie, '98, has been called to the professorship of oratory in the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, N. C. Our best wishes go with him!

Miss H. Pernal Dewey, '98, has accepted an excellent position in Mt. Hope College, Rogers, Ohio. Miss Dewey's excellent work here assures us of her success at Mt. Hope.

Mrs. Southwick leaves us for a short trip to California to attend the Theosophical Convention. She will return in time for Commencement Week, and we look forward eagerly to her recital at that time.

Mr. Chas. Malloy, the well-known scholar in Emersonian lore, and one of our most honored and beloved lecturers, introduced us to the mysteries of that charming poem “Bacchus” not long since. “Bacchus” is inspiration, the divine fire. Mr. Malloy is writing on the poems of Emerson for *The Coming Age*, and we would strongly advise you all to secure this new and brilliant magazine without delay.



We would like to report at length the eloquent speech of Mr. W. W. Hall, which so earnestly expressed the value of the college work as it appears to one who is not only a student but a scholar. Mr. Hall emphasized particularly and most sincerely the benefits to be derived by study and practice of the physical culture exercises.

In another column you will find a brief account of Professor Southwick's lecture on "Hamlet" given before the Southwick Literary Society. We cannot hope to express fully the pleasure we feel in Professor Southwick's presence. The Senior class will long remember the new inspiration to endeavor given by his reading of Marc Antony's famous speech from Julius Cæsar.

Prof. Wm. J. Rolfe, who needs no introduction either to Emersonians or to any body of students, has been giving us a course of four of his profound Shakespearian lectures, on "Julius Cæsar," "King Lear," "The Tempest," and "Hamlet." We feel that it is an inestimable privilege to listen to one who has made Shakespeare his intimate friend and lifelong companion.

Miss Anna Dawson, who was formerly a student among us, together with Miss Laura Titus and the Hampton Male Quartet, favored us recently with a most interesting glimpse of the work which the Hampton Institute is doing among the Indians and Negroes. We were brought very near in sympathy to the need of these two classes by the earnest and eloquent words of both Miss Daw-

son and Miss Titus. Our hearts were thrilled by the sweet music of the quartet.

Mr. Wm. J. Burgess, Ship-keeper at the Charlestown Navy Yard, has again and again shown great kindness and courtesy to the students of Emerson College by conducting parties through the buildings and ships of the Navy Yard. All this has been prompted by Mr. Burgess's love for Dr. Emerson and his interest in the College. He is one of those rare people who live the Golden Rule without any ostentation. May we take this opportunity of expressing, in behalf of all the students, our sincere gratitude?

Mrs. Tucker of the Tucker School of Oratory of Cleveland, O., visited us recently and spoke, with the warmth of one who understands, of the work of Dr. Emerson and his associates.

We wished to give you who heard her and others some insight into her own work in Cleveland. In response to our request she writes: "One of my 'red-letter days' will ever be the day in which I spoke to your students; it was an inspiration as well as an honor. . . . As to my work, it has been richly blessed and I have seen it grow from small beginnings into a work which keeps me and my three assistants busy all the time from September to June. It is endorsed by the best people in the city, and many of my graduates are now teaching."

We send heartiest greeting to our sister school, the Tucker School of Oratory!  
—ED.

## Alumni Notes.

### **Report of the Meeting of the Alumni Association.**

The Alumni Association, Emerson College of Oratory, met in the College

office Monday evening, March 20, with the president, C. W. Kidder, in the chair. The topic for discussion was "How To Conduct the Emerson Work

in Summer Schools." The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock, and Miss Blalock opened the discussion.

Miss Blalock gave a most entertaining account of her experience in Summer school work, and spoke eloquently of the privilege of members of the alumni to use the summer schools as a medium through which to convey the Emerson Philosophy to a large class of thinking people. Every institution needs the aid of its graduates, and every loyal member of the Association should welcome each new avenue through which men and women may be brought in touch with the universal principles involved in Dr. Emerson's system of education.

After hearing Miss Blalock's bright narrative of her association with the Monteagle Chautauqua Assembly, no one could marvel at the phenomenal success which greeted her efforts in that field. She spoke of the people of the South with that enthusiasm and fervor which always characterizes her attitude toward our brothers and sisters of the sunny South land. She spoke of the love of eloquence so prevalent in the South, and expressed an earnest desire that many of the graduates should be pleased to choose that as their field of work.

Mrs. Southwick continued the discussion of the topic, speaking of her work at Asbury Park, Ocean Park, Glen Falls, the National Summer School of Virginia, and other popular summer assemblies. She has always found association with the class of people one meets in such assemblies most delightful. They are refined, educated people, and many of them are teachers. To thoroughly enjoy this association, one must first get an appreciation of the work he has to do,—a "pivot to whirl on." He must have certain things firmly fixed in mind which are defensible from every point

of view. He must know all around the main subjects of his work, and be able to appeal to the minds of other teachers associated with him no less than to his pupils. He ought to be able to give several lectures, setting forth various phases of his work. Influence may introduce him to people, but there its service ends. Nothing is more painful than to come face to face with an opportunity and to fail before it.

The great requisite is *faith*, an absolute faith in the value of what you are presenting, regardless of the business aspect of it. If you are an orator you ought to be able to make people *see* that you have something for them. If you stand strongly for certain things that are of peculiar value, and know *why* they are of value, you will experience no embarrassment from not being acquainted with all the details of other systems. You need not attack anything.

Know your text-books. Be able to quote a few things as definite. You cannot hope to improve upon the statements formulated by a mind that evolved the system. A quotation will often serve as a text and point a discourse.

You must make educators feel that your work is allied with theirs,—that it has to do with the quickening of the powers which lead to the ability to handle all subjects. The philosophy of expression in the Emerson system is an educational key which will open to other departments. It is a unifier and a resource to all departments of education. Don't fear that people will think you have sinister motives in advocating what you know to be of value. The fact that you have made it your life-work will influence people. We influence others more by our attitude than by anything that we can perform. It will serve you to have a few things that you can do by way of illustra-

tion of the principles that you present. Public ability — not for entertainment, but for a purpose — may serve you well, but the best teachers do not always possess it in the greatest degree. Let the faith that is in you manifest itself according to *your own* organism. Emphasize the good, and ignore what you do not like as well. The world stands on *what is*, and not on what is not. It is often an advantage to struggle with difficulties. The strength of every difficulty conquered passes into the conqueror. You can afford to pay the price. Don't let anything disconcert you.

Be able to make specific answers. Educators will ask searching questions and watch how you reply. *Do what you do thoroughly.* There is nothing like thoroughness. The only reason we fail is because we are afraid. The world wants people who can teach it, not people who will say, "I hope you will approve of what I do." Don't get anxious or provoked — it will serve you better to *be in earnest*. Make a specialty of the part of the work for which you have a special affinity, but keep the rest around it. They do not stand so well alone, since they are parts of one whole. Adapt yourself to the place you are in. Do not omit the physical culture, even if they already have physical exercises. You can easily conduct your classes in the summer school in the order observed in the College. Do not be discouraged with large classes. Don't stop long with one individual, except occasionally for a special purpose. Just see that they perceive what to do and trust that they will work it out for themselves. Your faith must permeate the whole mass. Make them feel that the thing they are doing is not an end in itself. Don't always insist upon every student's getting the response then and there.

Cover a reasonable amount of ground, to give a scope, rather than dwell upon detail. Every one should have the four volumes. The current is stronger when you cover ground rapidly to a certain extent. Keep them alert, seeing the steps on the way. Send them away with a comprehensive view, and they will work it out. You do not pretend to make orators in four weeks, because oratory is an evolution; but you can give them an idea of the system and make them want to do more.

Mrs. Southwick's address was an inspiration to all who were privileged to hear it, and a stimulus to more untiring efforts on the part of the graduates. She was followed by Dr. Field, who spoke of his work among ministers. Dr. Field paid a tribute to Bishops Vincent and Newman, who have done a great work for oratory in this country.

Notices are being sent to the graduates as follows: —

We hope that this year the Alumni will come together Commencement Week for a happy reunion. All of the College exercises of the week will be thrown open to you.

The program for the week will be: —

Tuesday, April 25, 2.30 P.M. Postgraduate Class Day Exercises.

Wednesday, April 26, 9 A.M. Senior Class Production of "Hamlet."

Thursday, April 27, 9.30 A.M., Readings, Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick; 11.30 A.M., Annual Alumni Meeting, Covenant Hall; 2.30 P.M., Senior Class Day Exercises; 6 P.M., Alumni Reunion and Banquet at Young's.

Friday, April 28, 9.30 A.M., Commencement Exercises; 2.30 P.M., Reception at President Emerson's.

We would suggest that it would be a splendid thing for the various classes of days past to arrange for special Class Reunions on Wednesday afternoon or evening.

The husbands and wives of former graduates are most cordially invited to join with us on the occasion of our Annual Reunion, as well as on the other occasions of the week. Banquet tickets, \$1.50.

Mrs. Alice Dana Keyes, '94, was graduated from the Woman's Law Class of the New York University on March 30, 1899.

Married, at Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 17, 1899, Josephine Maria Taylor, '95, and the Rev. Geo. Robert Brush, Rector of Grace Church, Randolph, N. Y.

"Miss Ada Belle Crockett, the popular and successful reader, had a peculiarly romantic experience while in New Hampshire. She had an engagement to fill in Lebanon on the fifteenth of last December, and stopped off at Franklin on business, intending to resume her trip to Lebanon on the last train. To her dismay, when approaching the station she saw her train disappearing. Having ascertained that a

freight had followed the passenger-train, and was not more than two miles away, she telegraphed to the superintendent of the road at Concord for permission to board the freight train if she could intercept it. Receiving a favorable reply, Miss Crockett ordered a speedy horse and drove to the next station, seven miles distant, reaching there as the train pulled in. She then had 42 miles to ride before reaching her destination, where she arrived at 7.45. She appeared on the platform of the hall at five minutes past eight o'clock. Her reading occupied one hour and 45 minutes, before an enthusiastic and thoroughly delighted audience. Miss Crockett also gave a parlor reading in Manchester, N. H., Friday afternoon."

## A Garden of Girls.

E. NESBIT.

KATE is like a violet, Gertrude's like a rose,  
Jane is like a gillyflower smart;  
But Laura's like a lily, the purest bud that blows,  
Whose white, white petals veil the golden heart.  
Girls in the garden — one and two and three —  
One for song and one for play and one — ah, one  
for me!  
Gillyflowers and violets and roses fair and fine,  
But only one a lily, and that one lily mine!

Bertha is a hollyhock, stately, tall, and fair,  
Mabel has the daisy's dainty grace,  
Edith has the gold of the sunflower on her hair,  
But Laura wears the lily in her face.  
Girls in the garden — five and six and seven —  
Three to take and three to give, but one — ah!  
one is given —  
Hollyhocks and daisies and sunflowers like the  
sun,  
But only one a lily, and that one lily won.

## At Sunset.

M. ELIZABETH STACE.

O SUNSET skies!  
What marvel lies  
Beyond your shining hills?  
Like the fair gates of Paradise  
I see your splendid portals rise,  
And awe my spirit thrills.

E'en as I gaze,  
The brilliant rays  
Of glory pale and die.  
Too soon the beauteous vision fades,  
And now the darkening evening shades  
Veil all the western sky.



Extracts from Letters.

MR. B. C. EDWARDS, Normal, Ill.: "The magazine is most excellent."

MISS L. A. COMON: "Words fail me to tell how much I appreciate the magazine. It grows better every year."

MISS M. E. STACE, Grand Rapids, Mich.: "I congratulate you on the general appearance and presswork of the magazine."

MISS EL FLEDA FERRIS, Paris, Ill.: "I am delighted with my magazines. I simply devour them, — advertisements and all."

MISS MARTA DAVIDSON, La Porte, Ind.: "Progressiveness' is certainly well illustrated in the steps of the E. C. O. magazine."

MISS CLARA E. HORTON, London, Ontario, Can.: "It seems to come every month like a warm hand-clasp from Dr. Emerson."

MISS MABEL SHARPE, Ordway, Col.: "I could not get along without this magazine, and I consider it ahead of everything I have ever read."

MISS GRACE CORRELL, Bloomsburg, Pa.: "I think that the magazine has been *very* good this year. It certainly has been a great help to me."

MISS MABEL R. MILLER, Providence, R. I.: "I find the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE not only a literary treat but an incentive to higher living."

MISS MAY B. ADAMS, Ashburnham, Mass.: "Each number is a help and spur to higher work. It seems that each number is 'nobler than the last.'"

MISS ALICE F. TOURTELLOT, Providence, R. I.: "The magazine is valuable to all teachers of Emerson principles. I have felt that no graduate should be without it."

MISS LUELLA PHILLIPS, New York: "I think the magazine is more than fine. It shows the great improvement that comes from hard work and concentrated effort."

REV. E. E. OSGOOD, Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.: "I could not do without its inspiring pages, which call back to me the happy days spent at E. C. O., and which inspire me also to live out and radiate the grand Emerson philosophy."

MRS. C. K. REIFSNIDER, Editor *Coming Age*, St. Louis, Mo.: "Any one of Dr. Emerson's Saturday's lectures in the magazine is worth ten times its subscription price."

MISS EDITH S. WOOD, Woodville, Mass.: "The magazine is indeed a helpful friend and is a source of much pleasure to me. I should feel lost without its friendly face every month."

MR. G. S. GIBBS, Salt Lake City, Utah: "I appreciate the EMERSON MAGAZINE because of the high literary dignity that it maintains, and the beautiful atmosphere that emanates from its pages."

SUSAN L. HEYWOOD, Albany, N. Y.: "The magazine has *never* seemed so attractive nor been more helpful than during the present year. . . . My heart is full of gratitude for every word from cover to cover."

DR. B. W. READSHAW, Buffalo, N. Y.: "I am glad to see that under the present management and editorship the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is sustaining a high literary quality and artistic appearance."

MISS EMMA F. PATCH, Webb City College, Mo.: "I am enjoying my work, and the magazine, with its wealth of good things, is such a help and inspiration! I think each number surpasses its predecessor."

SUSAN MAY WALKER, Fryeburg, Me.: ". . . I wish also to express my appreciation of its excellence this year. It is a source of help and inspiration to those of us who are away from the invigorating atmosphere of the College."

CORA ST. JOHN FITCH, State Normal School, Shippensburg, Pa.: "It is only after we leave college and begin to carry the Emersonian work out in the world that we realize the benefit of our magazine. Every page breathes out the spirit of helpfulness and good cheer."

MISS EDNA L. HOUCK, Nashua, N. H.: "I feel like thanking personally each one who has to do with the publication of our splendid magazine. It grows better and better. Every page breathes the atmosphere of dear E. C. O. I can even hear doctor's voice throughout the reading of his lecture."

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

All accounts with the Magazine Association should be settled *at once*. The College year is practically at an end, and prompt attention of all concerned will oblige the Business Manager.

ALL STUDENTS should see to it that the Business Manager has their *proper addresses* to which the May number (Commencement number), published soon after the close of College, is mailed.

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE NUMBER.

There has been a great demand for this special number of the magazine (March, '99) — the College having ordered 1500 extra copies and the students having subscribed for 500 more.

There are a few copies which may be obtained through the mail, by sending 25 cents for each copy desired. If you care for any extra copies *order at once*, otherwise you will be disappointed. Address the Business Manager.





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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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SHALL you deem them dear, in truth,  
Days when we, o'er hill and hollow,  
Trudged together, Comrade Youth?  
Ah, you dream of days to follow!

Lo, the dial! No prayer stays  
Time, at parting of the ways!  
This gold memory—rings it true?  
Half for me and half for you.  
Cleave and share it, Now, good sooth,  
God be with you, Comrade Youth!

—Helen Gray Cone.

WE go our separate ways on earth, and pain,  
God's shaping chisel, waits us as the rest,  
With nobler charm thy beauty to invest,  
And make thee lovelier ere we meet again.

—Celia Thaxter.

### Changes.

WE go our various ways to our various fields of labor, and others will take up and continue the work that has delighted and helped us. We greet them!

The new magazine board has been most carefully chosen, and we are sure that they come to their work well equipped at all points. We cannot at this time give you the names of all the officers, but the president will be Miss Minnie Bradford, and we know that under her wise guidance success is certain. We can hope nothing better for her and her co-workers than that they may enjoy their labor fully as much as we have.

To the many students and alumni, and to the Faculty of Emerson College, we send, in the name of the Magazine Association, a message of loving greeting and heartiest thanks. Your hearty co-operation has been a very real uplift and help. It has been our encouragement in difficult places and our inspiration when the way was easy. We would be glad to send a personal word of gratitude for each kind thought, each helpful deed, each welcome letter we have received, but as that is impossible, accept in this way our appreciation.

We have several good articles which have been crowded out of this year's volume, but we will take pleasure in handing them over to your next editor. There are several other contributions which have been promised, but are not yet in hand. Among these are Mr. Charles Malloy's article on Emerson and Mr. Daghistanlian's paper answering objections to the proposed reformation in English spelling. These will doubtless be forthcoming next fall.



## Bishop Ussher's Address.

By special arrangement and through the kindness of our friend Bishop Ussher, we are enabled to print the whole of the remarkable address entitled, "Some Prejudices that Need Illuminating." We are sure that the broad view of the subject discussed will appeal not only to Emersonians but to thoughtful people everywhere. Let us make it our aim throughout life to let the light of truth and justice shine into the dark places of ignorance and superstition.



## Correction.

In the article entitled "The Advantages of Studying Literature through Vocal Expression," by Dr. Emerson, in our last issue, the quotation from Emerson should be corrected to read,—

"Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's  
strain."

This article ought to have been marked,  
"Copyrighted, 1899."



## The Class Picture.

A few days before the close of college a handsomely framed picture of the Class of '99 was presented to the College by J. E. Purdy & Co. The picture now adorns the walls of the college library. The group is most artistically arranged, with sufficient decoration to give a pleasing effect to the whole picture.

The work of J. E. Purdy & Co., as class photographer, has been eminently satisfactory. The uniform courtesy and kindness shown to Emersonians has been greatly appreciated. Mr. Purdy himself has taken a personal interest in all our work. He has been untiring in his efforts to please, and all his dealings have been marked by genuine courtesy, extreme generosity, and manly straightforwardness.

## "Honor to Whom Honor Is Due!"

By this last opportunity I desire to express my sincere gratitude to one and all who have aided in the success of the magazine this year. Whatever laurels have been won rest on the brows of those who have made this year's magazine an unqualified success. For this each who has made even the least contribution of money, "brain," or other good things is personally deserving and should feel his or her share of the pride and the glory in the onward march of this great enterprise.

The hearty co-operation of our honored President, Dr. Emerson, his assistants, and our fellow students has been a constant source of encouragement and inspiration to both the editor and myself. At the same time, we would not forget to express our appreciation to the alumni, to the many friends and subscribers, who have done their share in supporting, financially and otherwise, this worthy cause. We hoped and planned for great things. Our ideals have, in a measure at least, been realized. The literary merit of the magazine needs no commendation here. Let me state, however, that notwithstanding the largely increased outlay during the year, the magazine is financially on a firmer basis than ever before. The subscription list has steadily increased. We are hoping and have a right to expect "still greater things" from those who shall succeed us. All I have to request is that they receive, even as we have, your hearty good-will and co-operation, for we have the utmost faith in the constituency of the magazine.

Most sincerely yours,

H. TOROS DAGHISTANLIAN,  
*Treasurer and Business Manager.*



AFFECTATION is a vexation;  
Imitation is as bad;  
The "Mystic Three" perplexes me,  
And posing drives me mad! C. B. B.





Faithfully Yours  
Charles Wesley Emerson

## Some Reasons for the Study of Oratory.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY PRESIDENT EMERSON BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF THE  
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

[Stenographic Report by Grace D. Davis. Arranged for the Emerson College Magazine by Annie Blalock.]

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BROADLY considered, the study of oratory is *the study of the art and science of directing other minds*. The student of oratory is ordinarily supposed to deal wholly with the spoken word, but this is only an incident; its proper study is the study of how to deal with other minds so as to *properly* direct them. This "*how*" to deal with other minds opens into a field that is limited by no closely drawn boundaries. The orator does not and cannot direct other minds according to some notion of his own; if the human mind is directed by another, it is directed according to the laws of the mind. No person's mind is left wholly to the will or notion of another's mind; therefore, if I lead others' minds, I must lead them according to the law of mind; the law of mind is God's law, or God's will concerning the mind. The student of oratory, then, is not only able to direct his own mind, but he also assists others to obey the laws of their own minds.

Before the discoveries of science it was thought that the mind might be governed by magic. People believed in wizards and witches; they believed that people were influenced by the planets — by anything and everything outside of the laws of God concerning the human mind. Science is rapidly teaching that we cannot get outside the realm of law, and if we influence other minds, in a lasting way at least, we do so because we have taken advantage of these laws. If I yield to law willingly, it works for me, it carries me in its arms, it wins the battles of life for me. If I resist it the law operates just the same, but it rolls

over me and crushes me. If I dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, the law is there; if I ascend into heaven, its gigantic, omnipotent hand is upon me. If I descend into the lowest parts of the earth, it is there. Though I go under the earth and seek the valley of Hades, I cannot escape from it. If I get into trouble with it, it will be because I resist it. If I yield to it willingly, it is soft and tender in its touch; it is a mother in its quieting influence — it is love. If I yield to it willingly, it is forever pressing me along the road where I will find room for my strongest, though most latent, powers.

The study of oratory involves, first of all, the study of those laws which govern the human mind. Remember, the same laws govern all minds. It is not that one system of laws governs John's mind and another system governs James's mind. The law is one and the same. When you have learned to lead one mind according to these laws you have learned to govern all minds. The only legitimate study of oratory consists in learning *what* the laws of the human mind are, and how to assist people in obeying the laws of their *own* minds. There is no such thing as an orator possessing wild liberty to direct others' minds. They may be directed along the wrong road for a time, but truth is immortal and never-ending in its influence. Error is the most mortal of all forms of mortality. The moment you step into the car of truth you are in the car that is drawn by the same omnipotent force which moves the planets in



their order. When you step into the car of error you find only trouble on that road; you find that error is riding straight to ruin; that the hand of Omnipotence has been outstretched against it. I rejoice beyond measure to feel that we are not in a wild, chance world; that we are not in a world where there is no law. I rejoice to feel that there is law that touches every person, by which he rides to success, and contrary to which he comes to ruin.

An astronomer would tell you that astronomy is an interesting study because it makes you acquainted with other worlds. The geographer would tell you that geography is an interesting study because it gives you a knowledge of the earth upon which you dwell. The man versed in mental science will tell you that the study of the human mind is a divine study, for through its study we learn of divinity. Horticulture is an interesting study because it always makes one joyous to see flowers and fruits develop under the touches of light and air; but the interest which we feel in the growth of flowers and fruits is as naught compared with the interest we feel in the human mind and its growth. One who trains vines and helps plants to unfold rejoices in his own power, because when he sees a landscape which is already beautiful he realizes that with a few soft touches he can make it still more beautiful. The horticulturist places his plants so that the winds, the rains, and the heat in their seasons will minister to their growth; so that old Sol himself shall work for them from morning until night.

Wherever he undertakes to help the landscape that God has laid out he finds that all nature is waiting to assist him. How is it with the orator who is studying the human mind for the purpose of helping it? What waits on him? Let the scientist tell, or, better still, let the poet tell—and yet none of them can

fully tell it. The seasons wait upon him; Time is his mighty servant. Time! Time is often pictured as an old man, gray and infirm, carrying a scythe in his hand as if he had come to mow down everything, even the green grass and the flowers. Time, the great destroyer! Time, the great harvester!

“ Old Father Time, feeble and gray,  
Who works at destruction night and day.”

Oh, they have wrongly painted Time. He is never old; he is always young and blooming. He lets in the spring and sends back the winter. He touches the hills and they bloom, and though he has been touching them for bloom these many thousands of years, they are not gray, they are young still. The rose looks just as young to-day as it did when we were young. Time is never old. Time is always bringing in the youth.

Who has wrought the wondrous changes in Mother Earth? Once she was surrounded by a lava tide of liquid fire, but now upon her broad surface mountains rise in their splendor, and hold their brows up to the sun to be kissed. Who covered the earth with soft, green verdure; who clothed the hills with their matchless garments of green; who created the animals; who finally made man to have dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; who has developed man from his primitive, savage state to that degree of civilization where he lives in palaces, and where he harnesses to his command the fire that bursts from the volcano, and the water that rolls in the ocean; who has brought him forth to where he has seized the lightnings in his hands and caressed them, making them subservient to him, and making them volunteer to take him faster than his previous steeds, Fire and Water;—who did it? Time, blessed Time! Oh, never regret his swift passage; though he comes to mark us a little different, he is only marking us for a higher progress.

Blessed Time! Passing quickly, I hail thy flight. I hail thy swift passage, for it means we are moving on to something greater, to something greater!

What does all this in type and figure point to? It points to the eternal laws of God which are ruling the earth for man's good, ruling man's life for his own good. O Law, I wish to be an orator; wilt thou take me along with you? "Yes, if you will work along my lines." What are your lines? "My lines are to the end of unfolding the human intellect, thereby inspiring sweet and holy feelings, and through those feelings to prompt the will, the choice. This likens man unto God." Would you be an orator? You must then know and obey the laws of the human mind. Law, blessed and beneficent, governs everything. No law is ever unkind. Law is always good and it always bears the fruit of its goodness in benefits to those who follow and obey it. The study of oratory involves *the study of the human mind*. Make a mind we cannot, and it is very doubtful if the best teacher can make students' minds more active.

Many years ago the Merrimac River was flowing unhindered through the valley of New Hampshire. Its tranquil beauty enhanced the effect of the landscape, blending the whole into a beautiful picture. Look again, the landscape has become still more beautiful, for along the banks of the river are mighty mills, engines of power which impel such machinery as weaves clothing for human beings. O River, what has taken possession of you to make you so active? Who would have thought that that gently flowing stream, reflecting the silver light of the moon by night, and the splendor of the sun by day, would ever have become so active? Hear the hum and roar of machinery! "How that river must have grown!" you say. No. You are mistaken, sir, the stream

is no more active than it was before. Did you not notice that it was always flowing? Some ingenious fellow has directed a portion of that stream through that cutway on to that wheel which connects with machinery, and now from the power of the river the cloth is woven. The activity of the river has not increased; it has only been directed. Our honored friend, Dr. Dickinson, who teaches you psychology, will tell you that you cannot create activity in the minds of your students; you can but direct and furnish the occasions for that activity which is already in their minds. Once the human race could not count a hundred, no, not even ten; now man can count ten times ten, reaching up into the millions of tens; he can measure the distances of the planets; he has created another world, a world of machinery, a world of business, a world of education. This being true, you instinctively ask, "Has not man's mind grown more active?" No, no more than the Merrimac River has grown more active. Man's mind has been turned toward invention. Glance at the pages of history and there you will read of war, war, war; you will read of men marching over the earth, spilling human blood. War is ringing throughout all the lands. Now that same activity — no more, no less — has been turned toward invention; toward feeding the race, to which it once brought famine; toward providing employment for man, from whom it once took the means of life. Sir Walter Scott, in one of his stories, illustrates this idea dramatically. He presents us a young man, full of activity, and although he is a clergyman's son, that activity works toward mischief, — he likes to defy the laws for the sake of doing it. Sir Walter Scott, the philosopher, says, turns aside from the thread of the story to tell us, that in this period of the world's history there were no legitimate enterprises

for young men. This young man, full of energy and force, endowed with an immense amount of life, does not know what to do with it. There is a chance for him to let a little of it off in smuggling on the high seas, and he does it more for the sake of letting off his activity than for gain. *Now* that same activity is heard in the hum of business, or in the exchange—no more, but different.

See that teacher, who has become discouraged over Simon, who is such a dull boy. I would tell her what is absolutely true, were I to say, "Why, schoolma'am, Simon has a very active mind." She would doubtless reply, "Active mind? Why, he is the dullest little child I ever saw; he will sit there idle for an hour." "Well, is he not doing something?" "Not that I can see." He seems to be utterly stupid. Look in his pocket; pull out those strings and see what he has been doing with them.

When I was a little boy—not many of you are old enough to know how things were in those days—I had the privilege of attending the district school, and if ever a boy wore out his book by attending school, I did. I remember that old blue-covered Webster's spelling-book, which was my first book; if you could find it now you would find the size of my little thumb worn right straight down through the book. I remember sitting there thinking about something. My mind was not a blank, for I had a good many things on hand. In the first place I was making a horse at home, and I was making a cart for him to draw. I sat there, no doubt, looking the picture of stupidity. The teacher would often say, "Attend to your book, Wesley," and my thumb would press a little harder upon the blue-backed spelling-book. By and by I was called upon to recite; I stood up before the teacher, with my toes just so far from a certain

crack in the floor. Now was to come the fruit of my study,—of my attending to my book. I could spell "cat," but I could not pronounce it after I spelled it; so I asked the teacher what "c-a-t" spelled. She responded sharply, "Attend to your book." So when she asked me what "c-a-t" spelled, I said, "Attend to your book." The poor schoolma'am must have thought, "Well, Wesley is utterly stupid." It was not stupidity. My mind was not interested in those black spots on the page; it was interested in different objects and subjects. I was thinking of my little birch horses at home—birch made the best kind of horses, it was the brightest color. What is the trouble when a pupil does not concentrate his mind upon his studies? Is it because he has no mental activity? No, it is because his mental activity has not been turned on that subject. It is the office of the teacher to direct the attention of his pupil, to present the occasion for his mental activity; in other words, to do for his mind what those did who placed the mills beside the Merri-mac, turning a part of the river in that direction. The teacher has but to guide the activity of his pupil's mind. The activity is there. Mothers, never doubt that your children's minds are active enough. Teachers in the primary school, in the secondary school, in the high school, it is your privilege as teachers to guide the mental activity of your pupils. This is your work. Teachers in the pulpit, it is your privilege to guide the minds of those you teach toward that Person who had no better place for a cradle than the manger from which cattle were fed. "Suppose I do guide the minds of my congregation there, what then?" Continually guide them there. If the mind is habitually held on the right object of thought this thinking will gradually shape the mind to the form of the object contemplated. What is the



right object? The Son of Man, the Son of God. If a person could habitually hold his mind upon Christ, he would follow Him and would soon become Christlike. Consider this statement carefully, for when you have thought about it long enough you will discover that the activities of the human mind shape themselves according to the object to which they are directed.

It is equally true that evil objects of thought will shape the conduct of an individual. Those who have worked among prisoners will tell you that when a person who has been in prison serving out his sentence by penalty of hard labor for one, two, or three years is finally discharged, his moral character is no better than when he was imprisoned. This is not all. The young criminal is more of a criminal when he leaves the prison than when he entered it. The old criminal tells him about his exploits; his mind is kept right on the tricks of the trade, and although he realizes the hardships of his imprisonment, he learns nothing from it, because his mind is constantly directed toward villany, and it is growing to villany just as the vine by its own activities is shaping itself to the trellis upon which some hand has guided it. These are the facts. Teachers and preachers should work in obedience with this mighty law. "Why," says one, "I told my people the story of Christ, but they did n't seem to care much about it; have n't I turned their minds upon the subject?" Oh, no sir; if they do not care much about it it proves that you have not turned their minds upon it. "Well," says a teacher, "I have told my boy Simon, my simple Simon, that he must study his arithmetic." That does not do any good, sir; you must see to it that the activities of his mind are turned there. "Why, I do not know how." Oh, there is what you must learn. That is why you should study oratory. That is the province of the orator.

In this institution you are learning not only how to direct your own minds, but the minds of others, upon legitimate objects of thought. This is the study of oratory, and there is none besides. If after studying in this institution you enter upon the noble occupation of teaching in the primary school, and do not prove that you teach the primary studies better than one who has not had work in this College, shame on you, shame on this institution. — Your work involves knowledge of the science and art of guiding the activities of the human mind toward legitimate objects. Great orators realize the necessity of keeping important reforms constantly before the public mind. Let us summon Wendell Phillips, one of the greatest orators in America, who will speak for himself on this subject. In one of his great speeches concerning the "Labor Question," he practically says, "We wish to insure such legislation in the Commonwealth that the laborer shall only have to labor eight hours out of the twenty-four. It is now just twenty-nine years since I made my first speech in this same Faneuil Hall, and from that time until the present hour I have been laboring for the benefit of the laborer. To-night I can give you some of the results of my experience. On the occasion of my first speech the papers of Boston discussed it at length, abusing me greatly, but in this way the speech was kept constantly before the public eye. People wanted to know what I said that made the papers talk so about me and my speech, so the next time I spoke there was a crowd. All wanted to see the young rascal who had made such dreadful speeches. Then other abuse appeared in the form of editorials in the *Journal* and the *Advertiser*. All the time the subject was being agitated; it was occupying the attention of the masses. I have never tried to fully convince audiences to my belief. I



knew I should not live long enough for that; I have tried to make them think about the subject — have tried to make them talk about it. Sometimes they thought so much about it they mobbed me, but I had the satisfaction of knowing their minds were vitally interested in the subject."

This ability to keep the minds of his audience upon the subject he was presenting made Wendell Phillips a mighty orator. He and his coadjutors had the ability to keep the minds of this Commonwealth and of the United States upon certain subjects until one institution after another was overturned. On a certain occasion I was attending a meeting which Phillips was conducting; a man in the audience arose and said, "Why don't you tell the people of this country exactly what laws you want passed?" With that matchless dignity and elegance so characteristic of the man, he replied, "We trust that to the combined wisdom of the people of the United States. It is our business as speakers and agitators to keep the public mind turned toward the object to be attained, and we know that *means* will not be slow in coming from the combined wisdom of the United States." Ah, Phillips, you would make a good grammar-school teacher. When all teachers learn that which Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, that which O'Connor and Chatham, of England, had to teach them in principle; that which every orator from Demosthenes down to Phillips has had to teach them in principle; then our public schools will be lifted immeasurably above what they now are. Keep the attention of students upon the subject. When I attended school all the members of the class had to stand in line before the teacher, and when she said, "Attention," each one had to fold his arms and nod his head. That was

all we knew about attention. I do not mean that "attention" which is responded to by a nod of the chin, but that attention which means mental concentration. The ability to gain the mental attention of the audience has always characterized the orator. The public schools should act upon this idea more fully. In saying this, I do not find fault with the public schools, for they are one of the most glorious institutions that have graced this country, or any other country, since the institution of Christianity, and are in fact the most legitimate fruit of Christianity. We can say of them, as Paul said of the Church, "Now are ye the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what ye shall be." When each teacher has been trained as an orator, when each has acquired the ability to direct the minds of the students upon the proper objects of thought, then, indeed, will the legitimate office of oratory be fulfilled. Oratory does not mean some gift or knack that some person possesses naturally; neither is a person who has learned to recite pieces acceptably, or has learned to mimic a fool and called it impersonation, an orator. There used to be an old farmer in our town who could excel any public reader I ever heard in that sort of thing. At the old-fashioned singing-schools Rufus was always called for, for he could impersonate every peculiar person in the whole town. I once saw him imitate a man chasing a woodchuck, and he imitated the woodchuck so well we could not tell which was the man and which was the woodchuck. Well, what became of Rufus? When they had had all the fun they wanted of him, they let him pass. The instincts of man go deeper than to be satisfied with mere performance.

The study of oratory is the grandest study that ever engaged the human mind; it is valuable only when it leads to the study of the Living Christ; it is

of no value if it ends in mere entertainment. The demand for an entertainer soon comes to an end, but there is a power the demand for which never comes to an end, that is, the power of turning the attention of people upon legitimate subjects.

After the death of Henry Ward Beecher an article appeared in *The New York Independent* which said, "For many years the name of Beecher has not appeared in our columns; but since people are asking how he came to be so great a clergyman, we simply reply, He had a genius for public speaking." Aha, my dear *Independent*, you have acknowledged the whole,—“a genius for preaching.” What is the genius of the preacher? The ability to concentrate the minds of his congregation upon the fundamental theme of his discourse, upon Jesus Christ, upon the gospel of the Son of God. Orators who have turned men's attention to inferior things have gained public favor for a limited time. Shakespeare has given us Anthony as an illus-

tration of this type, but he died early as an orator. He had the power to turn the attention of his audience to mutiny, outrage, and murder. He showed some ingenuity as far as he went. He turned their minds to Cæsar's death, and when he had done that he was satisfied. The noble orator turns the attention of his audience upon lofty subjects, and realizing that he is working in obedience to the laws of the human mind, laws which are God's laws, in sweet serenity of spirit he rests upon the Eternal, saying, "Now let it work, now let it work." The farmer plants the grain in the right soil and at night folds his hands and slumbers, saying, "Now let it work." In three or four days he finds the earth being pricked from below and the stalks of grain beginning to rise in the sunlight. So the teacher turns the minds of his pupils upon legitimate objects and "lets it work." It will work while he sleeps; it will work while he is sleeping his eternal sleep. There is no end to the work and no measure to the harvest.

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## Class Day Addresses.

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### Address of Welcome.

ADA EVELYN LEWIS,

*President of the Class of '99.*

CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS:—

It is my privilege and pleasure to welcome you to-day to the closing exercises of the Class of '99. We are gathered here from all parts of the country. We came, the majority of us, to study elocution; we remained to learn how to live. For three years Emerson College has been our home, and although so small a part of our existence has been spent here, the impression made upon our hearts and lives can never be effaced.

The influence of this College has aroused in our hearts an active force which expresses itself in love and service for others. It is not the length of time one spends in a place that endears it to him, but what he receives and gives while there. It is the spirit that beautifies our environments—the spirit of helpfulness which has ever been extended towards us by our faithful instructors. They have helped us to lay the foundation upon which we are to build more

stately mansions. Let us hold fast the principle of true living we have learned here. How subtle is the influence that emanates from the presence of one who, having learned the truth, stands strongly for it! It is an influence which cannot be described. It can only be felt.

If you cannot always influence others aright, be sure they do not influence you toward the wrong. Emerson has said, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own. The great man is he who, in the midst of a crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Success may not crown every effort. But what of that? You may not reach the goal for which you strive — you may fall far short of it — still you have not

failed. As one of our instructors has said, "You have never failed until your will has retreated." Failure is often but the stepping-stone to success. He who overcomes failure, making it serve him in a better end, instead of allowing himself to become the servant, attains the noblest manhood. It requires greater nobility of soul to cheer others on to success than it does to attain that success for ourselves.

As we go forth from our present home and enter different fields of labor, we will find everywhere human souls to deal with. With the divine pattern before us, we are to aid in moulding those souls into perfect forms, to start them on the road to success, and to cheer them on their way.

### Class History.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

"Life 's a sheet of paper white  
On which each one of us may write  
His word or two  
And then comes night."

BUT it is only when future years have thrown their light upon the page that the work may be read in its true relation or with its full significance.

So as we start upon a new phase in the history which we are all inscribing we pause a moment to read what we have last written, hoping to gain therefrom an added inspiration in the forming of the new word which may be our last, and which we hope to make tell of nobler deeds and purer thoughts.

While it may be too soon to judge most wisely of the path of the Class '99 through Emerson College, yet we feel sure it has been onward and upward; and though the word that shall tell of its course in each of our histories will vary as widely as the individualities of its members, yet we

know there will be a common idea of earnest battles fought and of victories gained.

We came together three years ago, from all directions and from all conditions, with purposes varied and with ideals widely different; yet we have been marshalled into order and each has gone on faster because of the others.

I say "marshalled." Do not misunderstand me. We have not been under commanders who by the force of their own strong wills drew us to heights where, dizzy and wearied, we looked out upon things strange and unappreciated. No! We have been with teachers and guides who have helped us to climb for ourselves, have explained each obstacle as we surmounted it, pointed out the best paths, have made us feel at home upon each step as we gained it; in short, by some miraculous power, have led us, one harmonious body, and yet *each in*



MRS. SUSIE ROGERS EMERSON.





*his own particular way*, be it fast, or slow, to a plane where the broader outlook pleases because it awakens noble thoughts, and the rarer air invigorates because we are conscious of its purity.

When we leave such teachers we feel a greater ability *within ourselves*, and we resolve to prove our gratitude by our course and conduct afterwards.

We can never forget our Freshman year. We were never so enthusiastic before in our lives. We never had quite so good an opinion of ourselves. Was there any one of us who did not quietly say, "They're all so kind to *me*, don't you know?" Like Mrs. Livermore, we thought these people had discovered what great beings we were, although the folks at home had not found it out yet. Everything we did seemed to be just right; even if it was all wrong, it was just the right kind of wrong.

Every study was flashed upon our minds so clearly that "We've always known that, though we never happened to put it in just that way before." Each day was a joyous revival meeting, a revival of good cheer and healthful, helpful feelings, with only one puzzle—we could not decide which teacher we liked best.

Shall I name the studies of our first year? Shall I report our comparative progress, or our average rank? It would be a foolish and profitless task. For these were but signs, you know, and the thing signified has sunk into our natures and grown, till I must now point you to the *characters* of our class.

I could tell you only a very little at most; for if I extol a triumph, we are each one busy refighting the battles that led to that triumph; or if I speak of a failure, there instantly comes the comforting, inspiring thought of the lesson learned, and it is a failure no longer.

As a class we finished the Freshman year as most classes do I suppose,—

feeling so exhilarated by the atmosphere of this school, so enthusiastic over the vistas opening before us, that we felt as if we could conquer the world, and we vaguely wondered why it should take two whole years to learn the rest of it. We speculated why the teachers did n't advise us to read in public after the first year, and we wisely concluded that they wanted us to harbor our forces that we might march to a grand success before astonished and applauding multitudes after our second year.

In a lecture recently one of our classmates divided the entering body of students into three classes, and it seems to me that these divisions apply equally well to our feelings in each of the three years. Surely the self-appreciation of the first year belongs to those who know naught but, alas! know not that they know naught. And the Juniors with their conscious awakening from the blind satisfaction of the Freshmen, and their keen appreciation of the work done by the Seniors, are the class that knows and knows that it knows. Then the Seniors, to whom the consciousness of all that they have learned opens unlimited views of all they want to learn can only think of themselves as those that know naught, but, hopeful fact! know that they know naught.

With what varied feelings have we pursued our Senior year! A year ago at this time we looked into each other's blank faces and exclaimed, "Can we possibly do that?" But as the year progressed the multitude of facts we had been collecting somehow got pushed into proper places and all seemed to be leading toward something. The cloud of discouragement that sometimes settles over us when we think of representing this great work outside is dispersed by the hopeful thought that any way we have been started and in the right direction.

We have done many new things this last year. We have "put on scenes," but unfortunately they were often pronounced as "entirely put on," and a good deal we would have given to take them off again. We have given tragic scenes that were very funny, and we have given funny scenes that became the most serious things in the world. We have been startled by such statements as that with which Shylock's entrance was once announced, "Here comes the Devil," but we have been reassured by the thought that "holy men at their death have good aspirations."

Characters have been portrayed by us ranging from the forcedly drunken porter, who responded to various "knockings," in the name of Be-hell-ze-bub, to that Hamlet, of doubtful nationality, who exclaimed to the figure of the knocking king, "Now might I do it, 'Pat!'"

We have given "The Bugle-song," too, in tones, keys, and time widely different, but we have never failed to produce an echo. Something else we have done, too. We have witnessed outbursts of genius and power in our midst that we had not dreamed of. Quiet, meek-eyed students have come out in bursts of eloquence that startled even our hardened classes, and wild, ranting pupils have expressed a tender, pathetic passage so *simply* that it made the listener's heart ache.

The debt of gratitude we owe to our presidents for their inestimable aid in helping us to become a sincere, harmonious class has been realized more and more each week. We have thought with new interest of those who have already gone out from our midst—of those who are applying the work, we trust, to *the particular* man or woman of the world. We have recalled with fresh regrets, and a renewed sense of loss, the fond memories of those who

have gone out from our midst to journey in that other land "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Yes, we have learned many things this last year, and not the least among them has been a fuller appreciation of our own classmates. In the days to come we shall miss their kind sympathy and patient encouragement, and we shall long in vain for a chance to come back to it all, just as it is, and become inspired over again. It is the thought of this loss and this longing that saddens our faces to-day, and fills our hearts with a regret that almost "spoils the pleasure of the time." It is the thought of this loss and this longing that makes me, as class historian, want to tell over and over again of the talents, of the intelligence, of the integrity, of the kindness, of my fellow classmates, till I fear some undergraduate would arise in disgust; but I can only say to that undergraduate, "I would rather wrong myself and you than wrong such an honorable class by representing them to their friends, whose interest is proven by their presence here to-day, as being less noble than I know them to be."

As we finish our Senior year we lay no claims to superiority. Whatever our rank, or place, it has, at least, fulfilled the criterion of gracefulness, for it has "attracted no attention to itself." We know that we are better and stronger than we were three years ago, for we have finished a course, the moral, as well as intellectual, standard of which is very high. Daily, the powerful influence of a great man has been about us, the light from whose soul shining upon our hearts ever inspires high thoughts and helpful deeds.

We do not ask remarkable abilities, nor exceptional opportunities, for we know that every person has been entrusted with an unlimited responsibility

and influence over the lives of those about him. All we ask is the strength and the wisdom to cultivate such power as has been given to us, and to put it to its use in the world, that those with whom we come in contact may be a little happier, may be a little stronger, may be a little better, for our personality. It is for knowledge of this sort, it is for patient, increasing encouragement in these directions, that we are indebted to the noble President and Faculty of Emerson College.

As deep and sincere as our gratitude is, we cannot now appreciate all that

they have done for us, and in these closing days we can only say to you, "We think we have a vision of what you want us to become, of what you have been helping us to do, and in the many, many walks of life to which we are going, we promise we will follow these ideals."

May there come to you the greatest of all rewards,—a realization that you have helped your fellow creatures to more intelligently, more cheerfully, more zealously, perform their divine service in the world.

### Class Prophecy.

FRANCES TOBEY.

I AM pleased to think that when you honored me by hailing me your prophet, in that act you tacitly established my reputation as an optimist; for there is a curious bias in human nature which predisposes it to believe in all good and brightness for the future, and to ignore the possibility that dark and ignominious days may be in store. That predisposition is the spark of divine hope which burns in every human breast.

Be it said in the beginning that I shall not be the Cassandra of the Class of '99. But that, I beg you to believe, is not a matter of policy, nor is it even a matter of choice; for the destiny of each is as clear as a mathematical problem, and may be solved by all who are versed in the mathematics of human life. Given the arc of a circle, which is the three years of growth, of culture, of soul-expansion, who could not trace the perfect round? For never allow yourself to believe for a moment that your destiny is a matter of chance. You are not a toy in the hands of circumstance. If I did not recognize in you the masters of your own destiny, it would be utterly futile for me

to attempt any excursions into the future to see what is reserved for you.

We have sometimes spoken of this path we have been pursuing together during the past three years as a *royal road*. To me the term comes to-day with a new significance. A royal road, indeed, since by it we have come into a vast inheritance,—an inheritance of health, of joy, of beauty, of wealth of being. We have come to realize that that inheritance is not limited, or, rather, that it is limited only by our range of spiritual vision; for all that we see is ours. Spirit knows no limits. "The inevitable morning finds them that in cellars be." Environment can no longer bind us, for the inner man has infinite resources, and knows no bounds. You go forth, then, to claim your birthright. The road will not lie all the way in the sunshine, nor will it be all smooth to the feet; but at no point along the course will the prospect be limited. The blue heavens will stretch above you, and the breezes will blow inspiration from the mountains, and what is yours will come to you.



"The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me."

Far be it from me to attempt any foreshadowing of the details which will fill the length of your days. These are not your life, neither need they disturb the serene flow of the undercurrent, *the dominating purpose of your life*. Understand me, I do not mean that you will withhold yourself from the details. On the contrary, the extent to which your highest self finds expression in the commonplaces of daily routine—and glorifies them, until there *are* no commonplaces—is the measure of its habitual level. But you will not be swayed by every wind of circumstance that blows. You will hold to the real things, and not let go what is worth while for trifles. You will recognize that nothing is of value to you except as it serves the end of your existence. "What parts, what gems, what colors shine," says Emerson—"Ah, but I miss the grand design!"

For you have been learning that the principles which govern your art, and all art, are the highest principles of life; and only in the degree that you have surrendered your life to those laws have you succeeded in your art. For whatever the critics may say, "Art for art's sake" defeats its own highest ends.

You will always be students—students, first, of the wealth of literature which is a part of your royal legacy as "the heirs of all the ages." For three years you have lived in such close and constant association with the master minds of the centuries as to think even as they thought, and be dominated by the same lofty desires and purposes. Nay, more; you have directed your zeal and energy toward moulding other minds in accordance with the thought of your masters. You will not forget

these friends who have lived that you might be richer, who have not withheld from you their best. You will continue to grow into a keener appreciation and a broader conception of universal truth as seen from the various points of view of those who dwelt upon the mountain-tops and breathed the rarer atmosphere and commanded the wider horizon. And having lived, and loved, and rejoiced, and suffered, and grown strong with these lofty souls, you will have no heart for the inanities of mediocrity, or the cheap sensationalism of merely clever minds in literature. If you are to be a public reader, you will have a higher aim than to divert the multitude with popular recitations when they are waiting for a Wordsworth to bring them close to the great heart of nature, a Browning to stir them with a breath of divine optimism, a Shakespeare to awaken them to a revelation of the myriad-sidedness of their own nature.

Again, you will be students of the great book of nature, for you have learned the key which unlocks her mysteries. You have learned to approach her reverently, to see the spirit through the form. For you, indeed, will be "sermons in stones," and to you "every star is Bethlehem star." You will feel, with our poet of nature,

"a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

You will be *one* with nature, else you could not be students of art, which, as Dr. Emerson has said, is only nature passed through mind.

Students of art—yes, always; students of the allied arts upon whose principles you have been grounded during the past three years. Not art for art's sake, but *art for the sake of relating divine truth to humanity*. Your art will be as sacred to you as your religion, for

it is an essential part of your religion. Through it God may be revealed to many a human soul. You remember what George W. Cable said to us: "You cannot be true to art, making everything as beautiful as it is good, without in spite of yourself coming out on the heights, in true religion, at God."

But, above all, you are to be students of human life in its various phases. Unless your study of literature, of nature, of art, has steadily pointed you to this as the highest object of study, these things have been in vain. You have failed to interpret their message. You will not attempt to limit so much of truth as may be revealed to you by the boundary of your personality; for you have learned that truth *will not* be monopolized, but will ever elude you until it may pass through you as a free channel into expression. The man who shuts himself away from his fellow men to devote his life to self-culture is in the act defeating his own ends. Each part of God's great plan finds its highest perfection through its perfect service of every other part.

Some of you will find your life by giving it to make a little heaven upon earth that some one will call home. But to you for whom the responsibilities and joys of that sacred association are not to be, the home spirit is not to be denied. It will enfold some of you as an atmosphere as you mould men's minds by the might of eloquence. Others will radiate it in the schoolroom until dreary blank walls will be transfigured and little hearts will expand and little minds unfold under the warmth of its glow. Through others it will breathe peace and serenity in social circles, and many souls, "weary of the surfaces" and heart-sick from their mad pursuit of baubles, will stay their haste to see visions of the carpenter's Son, of Nazareth, even as you and I, during the past three years, have seen Him reflected in the daily living of

one whose life is grandly simple — one who is ever *at home*, because his home, like the kingdom of heaven, is always in his heart.

Fellow students, classmates mine, you go out from this fostering mother, your college home, to seventy homes, in seventy different parts of the earth. You have come into a fuller realization of the wealth of love and sacrifice that has made it possible for you to be here, and you have grown to fill in some measure that place reserved for you in the home. May I ask the most pertinent question that can come to you at this time, How are you going to relate yourself to the home, to the neighborhood, to the society, to the *humanity* within your radius of influence? Will you become hyper-critical, supersensitive to form, merely because you are students of art? There was a time somewhere in the course of your development — very likely it was when you were struggling with the chapter in your "Evolution of Expression" known as "*Taste*," — when you were extremely sensitive to *forms* of expression. When you went home in vacation you even dreaded to attend services at church, because the preacher *did* use his voice so abominably, and his action was so crude! It was torture to hear the gospels read from the pulpit as if they were doleful tidings from a lower world! It was only the other day that a student said to me, in reference to a sermon preached by an earnest man, whose limitations of expression did not hide the glow of the soul, "Oh, I can't enjoy that sort of thing any more! But that is the price we pay as students of art, I suppose!"

You are beyond that now. You have learned that the purpose of your art is *not* to shut you off from your kind — not to make you suffer more exquisitely than the average of your race. On the contrary, it is to put you in touch with the real man, to develop your capacity

for infinite joy, infinite appreciation. If crudities and inadequacies in the expression are a little more apparent to you than to others, by the law of compensation you are the better able to feel the pulse of the soul throbbing through the rough form. You are the better able to see below the surfaces and accept the expression, imperfect and crude as it may be, just so far as the underlying motive is pure and high. Thus your sympathies will become ever increasingly broader, until the limitations of your fellow men will be no longer barriers to shut them from you, for your imagination, your sympathy, your love, will penetrate to the heart of the personality, and the limitations will melt into thin air. You will not conceive for yourself a form, and require that all men shall be measured by that—you will accept human nature as you find it, eccentricities and all, ever remembering that it is beyond your power to see the sum total of influences that have combined to make each soul just what it is, both in essence and in

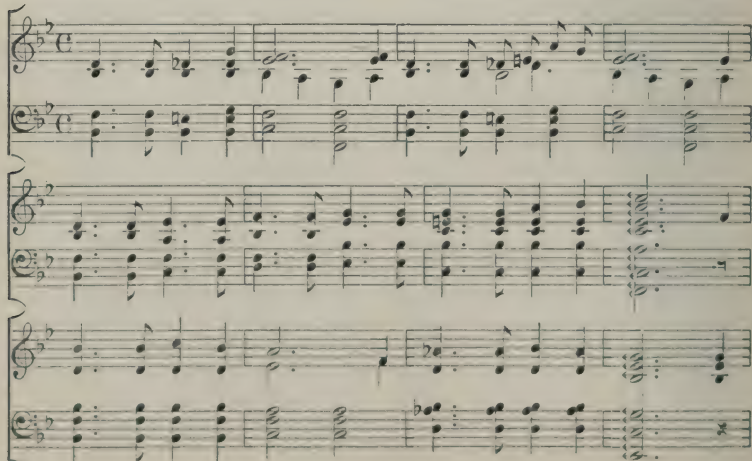
expression. But you always *can* see the spark of divinity that allies you to your fellow man; and just as surely as you can see it, it is within your power to kindle it to a brighter flame. Nothing short of this sublime faith in the divine heritage of every human soul will ever enable you to help another soul. If you ask me the thing that has been the great inspiration to me from my three years' association with Dr. Emerson, I reply unhesitatingly, 'It is "the high faith that failed not by the way"—faith in the realities of the spirit, faith in the ultimate triumph of right, faith in the infinite possibilities of every human soul, faith in God.'

Class of '99, each one of you, from the three years' loving association, has left his own, true message in the hearts of all the rest. May that be an earnest of the power you will wield in influencing men toward the beautiful, the true, the good, when in humility, in love, in exultant faith, you go forth to serve, to give, to *inherit*.

### Class Song.

Words by EDITH McDUFFEE.

Music by HARRIETTE B. HOWARD JESSUP.



The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It begins with a *ritard.* (ritardando) marking. The first system shows the vocal parts entering with a half note, followed by the piano accompaniment. The second system is labeled 'CHORUS.' and features a more active piano accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

OUR Alma Mater, hail!  
 United voices ring;  
 To thee we'll raise a song of praise,  
 A grateful song we'll sing.  
 May all thy sons be brave,  
 And all thy daughters true,  
 Both wise to see what life should be,  
 And glad life's work to do.

## REFRAIN.

Our Alma Mater, hail!  
 United voices ring;  
 To thee we'll raise a song of praise,  
 A grateful song we'll sing.

We've heard what thou hast taught,  
 That every sham is wrong,

That more than art the world wants hearts  
 That truth alone is strong,  
 Ere one can be a voice,  
 Afar be felt and known,  
 Through every word his life is heard,  
 A rich, deep undertone.

We've felt the buoyant thrill  
 With which a work is done  
 When honest toil for worthy spoil  
 Binds many hearts in one;  
 But now to other paths  
 A hundred voices call;  
 We part to-day — may God alway  
 Keep watch between us all.



## Class Poem—Our Orators.

RACHEL LEWIS DITHRIDGE.

DEMOSTHENES is heard no more  
 On stately Athens's marble hill—  
 His voice is gone from the sounding shore,  
 Though the thundering billows echo still.  
 In the market-place no heart is stirred  
 By his golden speech or his wisdom's lore,  
 Though winged with truth were the words they  
 heard.  
 The voice is silent forevermore.

And Socrates no more shall speak,  
 In tones that bid the mind awake;  
 No more of the young, luxurious Greek  
 His searching words a Plato make.  
 We sigh in vain, in vain we seek  
 Through those cities fair, for the power to break  
 Oppression's chain from the crushed and weak,  
 To banish wrong for manhood's sake!

O sacred Truth, are thy champions dead?  
 Is thy standard torn from the hearts of men?  
 Has the orator's power with Demosthenes fled?  
 Are their voices hushed? Have they dropped  
 the pen?

Are there none to write as Plato wrote,  
 When the world's new day began to dawn?  
 Or with Roman Cicero's clarion note  
 To wake the land? Are thy champions gone?

Gone? They are with us this very day!  
 Dead? We may look in their beaming eyes!  
 We may hear their voices on life's highway,  
 Or where clouds darken the glowing skies.  
 They speak a message new, yet old,  
 And hearts are cheered by the words they say.  
 And under the spell dark lives unfold  
 To freedom's smile and eternal day!

Wherever a loving word is said,  
 Or a kindly deed in wisdom done,  
 The orator lives! and onward led  
 Many a life for Truth is won!  
 Whenever a voice rings pure and true,  
 Christ, the Great Orator, speaks again.  
 Joy wings the message, old, yet new,  
 And Peace descends to the hearts of men.

## Commencement Address by Dr. Capen.\*

WE were honored on Commencement Day by the presence of Dr. Elmer H. Capen, president of Tufts College, as orator for the occasion.

Dr. Capen is well known in the educational world as a scholar, and thinker, and worker. His address was eminently practical and vitally interesting for the present time,—“What Are the Elements of Success?”

First, there is need of *preparation* as a foundation for any success; preparation as deep and broad as possible; preparation, too, that is *specific* and definite.

In the second place, *poise* is necessary; and this involves clear thinking and both intellectual and moral self-control. Poise gives discrimination to see all the elements of a problem, and brings simplicity through analysis. It involves *alertness* of mind, readiness to act under

difficulty and thus to organize the forces for victory.

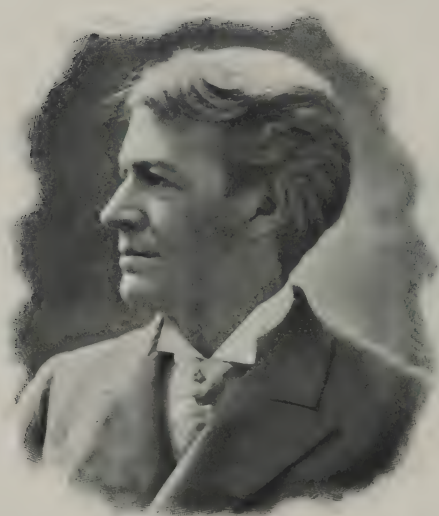
Poise also involves *coolness* under fire. This is illustrated by the trained soldier compared with the raw recruit. General Grant possessed this power of coolness and self-command, and among orators Wendell Phillips stands pre-eminent for the exhibition of this quality. This is the wonderful spiritual power which, consecrated to a high purpose, goes forward to victory. “I charge you to acquire such spiritual poise.”

The third element of success is *persistence*. You will meet discouragement of many kinds; the world is distrustful. You must persevere and mount to success in spite of obstacles. Say, “This is my work and I propose to do it.”

Columbus, Stevenson, Cyrus Field, and many others reached ultimate suc-

\* Arranged from notes by the Editor.





HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK.

cess only after a long, hard battle with adversity, but finally brought great blessings to civilization. The desire for success is the legitimate motive power in all worthy enterprises. The real thing to be attained is character, the exercise of every element of the soul toward the highest, the noblest, the purest. This cannot be accomplished in a day, but is the work of a lifetime. It cannot be completed in the early stages of development. In character building, "Take all the other irons out of the fire and put *this* iron in." The despised but now exalted Garrison said, "I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" He could not see then the statue raised in

his honor by the sons of the men who were eager to hang him, yet his faith in the American people was sublime. Serene judgment and deliberate, lofty purpose bring the highest success.

You are about to receive your diplomas. We welcome you to the ranks of those who are leading the young to fuller development. There is no more delightful occupation — none that has greater rewards for the faithful.

*Hold on!* Do not be cast about by every wind of doctrine. Do not let yourselves be diverted from this chosen line of effort in which you are to find the glory, the comfort, and the joy of your lives.

## Postgraduate Addresses.

### Art of Vocal Expression in Its Relation to Spiritual Education.

MAUDE MASSON.

My first endeavor will be to make clear what I mean by spiritual education. Says Robert Browning: —

"How divers persons witness in each man.  
Three souls, which make up one soul: first, to wit,  
A soul of each and all the bodily parts,  
Seated therein, which works, and is What Does;  
And has the use of earth, and ends the man  
Downward; but, tending upward for advice,  
Grows into, and again is grown into  
By the next soul, which seated in the brain  
Useth the first with its collected use,  
And feeleth, thinketh, willeth, is What Knows:  
Which, duly tending upward in its turn,  
Grows into, and again is grown into  
By the last soul, that useth both the first,  
Subsisting, whether they assist or no,  
And, constituting man's self, is What Is —  
And leans upon the former, makes it play,  
As that played off the first: and, tending up,  
Holds, is upheld by, God; and ends the man  
Upward in that dread point of intercourse,  
Nor needs a place, for it returns to Him.  
What Does, What Knows, What Is, three souls,  
one man."

By spiritual education I mean the development of the "What Is." This development all recognize to be the ultimate of education. The recognition in action as well as in theory would rid our schools of the doctrine of expediency, which the trade spirit has introduced. The problem which education must solve awaits the time when expediency shall have ceased to influence our institutions of learning. A power greater than the power that knows, the power that *is*, must come to be universally in the ascendant ere we arrive at truth in education. Of this question we might say what Lanier has said of the social question: —

"Vainly might Plato's brain revolve it,  
Plainly the heart of a child could solve it."

My desire is to show the part that vocal expression plays in the much-needed spiritual education.



I shall deal with the art of vocal expression under three heads: "Voice Culture," "Literary Interpretation," and "Oratory." My aim will be to treat of these subjects in a manner illustrative of the principles upon which Dr. Emerson has built his work.

I would show that these branches, if taught in obedience to the recognition that they belong to the realm of the spiritual cognition, rather than to the realm of the intellectual cognition, will go far to fill the great gap in our present educational system. Earnest and capable men are giving their lives to-day, as they ever have been, to the study of the great question of education. Their aim has been and is to make of man's three-fold parts, body, mind, and soul, a unit. I believe that their success largely waits on their ability and willingness to grant the branches which I shall discuss a foremost place among educational powers. This may seem, and is, a good deal to claim.

Voice culture, as we understand it, embraces much more than is generally acceded to it. Tone is of dual parentage. It owes its birth to spiritual, as well as to physical, conditions. In its development there are no blunders made until Nature hands her children over to man. Nature supplies the child with no other method for the development of speech than the desire to make himself understood; and with no other method for the development of tone than the desire to express his feeling. Man, instead of beginning where Nature leaves off, stupidly and toilingly constructs a system of exercises on the same principle which unenlightened drawing-masters use when they set out to make an artist of a student by teaching him to draw lines. Lines render necessary service to the artist, but one may know all there is to be known about them, and may be able to draw them perfectly

straight or curved, and yet never attain the point where he no longer draws lines, but a picture. To use a vulgar expression, he has his cart before his horse, and so can get no place with his load. If I may use another figure, he has failed to recognize the principle back of the rule that a servant must obey his master, and so proceeds in precisely the backhanded way which a housekeeper would use should she demand of her maid skilful sweeping in precedence of the *motive* of sweeping, cleanliness.

In either case motive is the all-important thing. In voice culture the motive is, or should be, the manifestation of the highest spiritual power. This motive should be the one thing held in mind — consciously by the teacher, unconsciously by the student. Which is to say that while the teacher is consciously working for spiritual activity within his student, and for its adequate expression, the student must express only that which he feels, and this without conscious effort. If we should substitute in Emerson's statement "Our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of the will," the word "tone" for the words "moral nature," and say, "Tone is vitiated by any interference of the will," we should hit very near the truth. Neither would we be far astray in using in this connection that other statement of Emerson's, "Either God is there or He is not there." The voice teacher's work then consists in inducing spontaneous and impulsive expression. Such expression is the shortest road to true tone production.

Voice culture has been considered, and is still considered, a physical science, and I do not deny that many wonderful voices have been developed through obedience to this theory; but that the whole voice is not there, which is to say that the full power of the personality is not in the tone, is proved by

the sorrowful fact that while many voices move us to *wonder*, very few move us to *worship*. Looking into my memory, I find that I have generally been moved to my best impulses by voices which have had no cultivation other than the continued expression of a great love for God and man. I find, also, that many voices which gave great pleasure when the expression was spontaneous, even as the bird's song, gave only a sense of disappointment when the expression had become *trained*.

Why, then, am I advocating voice culture? Because I believe it to be a *spiritual* science, and that, as such, it can develop the spontaneous expression of man. I believe that the voice teacher, even as every other teacher, should have as an aim, "the development of that which is noblest in a human being — the impelling power to action." He should work — and to do this he must be a real musician — with the *feeling* of his student, inviting its expression through appropriate tone-forms. The student should never be allowed to practise tone-forms merely for mechanical skill. In so doing he is straining after an effect which does not correspond to an adequate cause. The result is a lack of genuineness, which, as Emerson points out, kills art feeling.

The bisection of man into mind and body we find in all lines of education. In spite of the warning voices of the *great* teachers, elaborate systems of physical training and still more elaborate systems of mental training have grown up about us, the chief recommendation of which seems to be their intricacy. So we have elaborate systems of voice culture which do not recognize the beautiful economy of nature. Their builders have missed the truth which Herbert Spencer expresses in the statement, "Everywhere throughout creation we find faculties developed through the per-

formance of those functions which it is their office to perform; not through the performance of artificial exercises devised to fit them for their functions."

To endeavor to tell a student what to do with his various unruly organs,—I say to endeavor, because no one can do more than endeavor, never having seen just what nature does,—instead of generating the spiritual heat which causes a spontaneous doing; to give a lesson in anatomy instead of a lesson in tone-production, is as great a blunder as to teach philology and call it literature. Philology and anatomy are valuable friends. We have no inclination to snub them, except when they usurp the place of their betters.

The voice we would develop is the voice of the highest emotions, and no one, not the coldest materialist, disputes the value of such a voice as an educational power. All have felt its effect in the home, in the school, at the bar, in the senate, and in the church.

I would give voice culture a prominent place in education, beginning with the lowest grade in the public schools and continuing through the university. Especially would I make it a principle branch in the normal school, for never should there be in a schoolroom a teacher whose voice is loudly and discordantly contradicting the significance of her words. Colonel Parker states that he believes that education to be the most valuable which is unconsciously acquired. So I believe that culture, that spirituality, to be the most valuable which is unconsciously acquired. Students may be led far along the road toward true womanhood and true manhood through the subtle and unconscious influence of a teacher's voice.

I must now pass to my second head, Literary Interpretation.

Two things are necessary to literary interpretation, and I shall state them in

Hiram Corson's words. First, that the reader "sympathetically assimilate what constitutes the real life of the poem; that is, its spiritual element as distinguished from the intellectual." Second, "that he have that vocal cultivation demanded for a complete and effective rendering of what he has assimilated." I have already shown that the only true way to cultivate the voice is through an intelligent appeal to the emotions of the individual to reveal themselves through tone-form. From the first simple feeling and its corresponding inarticulate sounds we proceed to more complex feelings, expressed through elements and words, and have as a result speech. In proportion as the feeling is impassioned the speech will be impassioned. In literary interpretation we are dealing with impassioned feeling, or, at least, with lofty feeling. The process of rendering is one, as I have said, of assimilation and expression. Assimilation does not mean understanding, which is usually allowed to suffice, but the awakening of what Mrs. Browning calls the

"Innermost

Of the Inmost, most interior of the Interne."

The difficulty lies in the fact that the expression teacher is generally trying to get an expression of what neither he nor his pupil has assimilated, while the literature teacher lacks the only instrument through which the spiritual energy, the creative life, of a poem can speak,—a cultivated voice. There is no other way to teach literature but through *adequate* vocal interpretation, for the reason that only through tone can be suggested that "dread point of intercourse" between man and God which in prophecy the poet reaches.

In the study of literature, as in the study of everything, we have lost the spirit in the letter.

"We teach and teach  
Until like drumming pedagogues we lose

The thought that what we teach has higher ends  
Than being taught and learned."

There is nothing to be more deplored than the general lack of interest evinced by young and old in poetry. The poet teaches us to know our own souls, which is to find God in them. Heartily do I say with Henry Van Dyke, "I had rather have my children grow up thinking that the earth is flat and that light is a liquid than have them grow up without a love for true poetry." The poets are, in the inspired words of Mrs. Browning,

"The only truth-tellers now left to God,  
The only speakers of essential truth,  
Opposed to relative, comparative,  
And temporal truths; the only holders by  
His sun-skirts, through conventional gray glooms,  
The only teachers who instruct mankind,  
From just a shadow on a chancel wall,  
To find man's veritable stature out,  
Erect, sublime,—the measure of a man,  
And that 's the measure of an angel, says  
The apostle. Aye, and while your common men  
Lay telegraphs, gauge railroads, reign, reap, dine,  
And dust the flaunty carpets of the world  
For kings to walk on, or our president,  
The poet suddenly will catch them up  
With his voice like a thunder. 'This is soul,  
This is life, this word is being said in heaven,  
Here 's God down on us! What are you about?'  
How all those workers start amid their work,  
Look round, look up, and feel a moment's space,  
That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,  
Is not the imperative labor after all."

"Common sense," says Hugo Münsterberg, "which is to-day, as it has been since eternity, merely the trivialized edition of the scientific results of the day before yesterday, is just now on the psychological track." He goes on to say that science has so recently directed its advance away from bald description and analysis of psychological facts, and toward the *reality* back of these, that common sense has not been made aware of the change. Therefore common sense has hardly learned to agree with him when he says, "Psychology must destroy the deepest meaning of art, just as it disregards the deepest meaning of truth

and morality, if it tries to present its view as the last word about our inner activity." For this "last word" we must turn to the poet, and as this "last word" is the great essential, the poet is our great teacher.

In conclusion I will state briefly what I believe to be the office of oratory. The orator is one who expresses his thought not only clearly and concisely, but eloquently. When a man's thought relates itself to universal good a feeling of eloquence is born. The man who is seeking knowledge as an end is rarely an eloquent man. Cicero wisely points out the fallacy in the plausible saying of Socrates that "all men are sufficiently eloquent in that which they understand." It is one thing to understand a question. It is quite another thing to see it in a relation which moves the sensibility and the will. Emerson declares that "this power which so fascinates and commands is only the exaggeration of a talent which is universal," and he recognizes the need for the *development* of a power which indicates heroic qualities of mind. The stoics saw the roots of eloquence bedded in the soil of character and named it among their virtues.

I am well acquainted with the counter-argument that eloquence is born of oc-

casions, and I admit the force of this truth. The history of oratory is the history of men whose eloquence grew out of the needs of the time in which they lived. Webster, Choate, Clay, Calhoun, Edward Everett, and the others of that company of meteoric souls who have passed and left a trail of light behind them, were born of the ebullition which characterized the first part of the nineteenth century. But bright as is the light of their glory, it pales before the light of a greater glory, the glory of an eloquence which was born of needs that call us to-day with the same suffering voices that pierced His heart,—the needs of sick and hungry souls. The great occasion for eloquence is human life. Why then are we such blunderers and stammerers? Let me borrow Emerson's picture of the eloquent man and we will see. Here are his parts: "Clear perceptions; memory; power of statement; logic; imagination, or the skill to clothe your thought in natural images; passion, which is the heat; and then a grand will, which when legitimate and abiding we call character."

When the education for the "What Is" shall have come there will be born a child and his name will be Eloquence.

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### Ant=Hills.

FREDERICK M. HALL, '98.

NESTLED among the hills, as if in hiding from the world, stands a quiet, little cottage, from whose vine-covered porch the glories of nature may be looked upon, "unmixed with baser matter." The splendor of the sun rising o'er "yon eastern hill" is not dimmed by the smoke from a hundred chimneys. The gentle wind, blowing its breath upon the little lake below the house, is not rank with the odor of commerce,

nor is the narrow pathway, leading toward the swaying forest in the distance, filled with the dust of travel. Unmindful of the part it plays in the beauties of the scene, a little, inquisitive, half-bashful brook murmurs its way out by the house, and on toward the lake. The broad fields of gently waving grass move with a rhythmic sway to the accompaniment of melodious bird-song, which rises in a benediction of harmony,



like the music wafted on high when twin souls are touched by the hand of love.

Reared mid such scenes, with the recollections and influences of childhood strong within him, yet dominated by an irresistible impulse toward a more active existence, there journeys forth a traveler in search of success.

Throughout the first day everything runs smoothly and pleasantly. The new beauties presented him are novel and interesting, and his heart beats high in eager anticipation.

On the second day a cloud rises before him in the shape of a gigantic mountain, which seems to block his course and to shut off all hope of ever attaining the end of long-cherished dreams. In his imagination he pictures the hardships of the climb, the weary hours which must necessarily be spent in surmounting this obstacle, and his heart sinks within him. He plods on, however, unmindful of the beauties of nature surrounding him on all sides, his eyes still intent on the shadow in the distance. Suddenly he trips and falls. Surprised and somewhat vexed he turns in search of the cause and finds an unassuming ant-hill. Being somewhat of a philosopher, he reasons thus: "In my haste to overcome the greater difficulties, I have been heedless of the lesser; in the future I will endeavor to o'erstep the ant-hill before attempting to attain the summit of the mountain." He journeys on, his eye no longer seeking the obstruction in advance, but keenly bent on the path at his feet in search of the ant-hill.

The vine-covered cottage, bathed in the light of the rising sun and swept by the sweet-scented breeze of the morning; the little lake under the hill reflecting the gently waving grasses; the winding path; the murmuring brook; the melody of natural song rising from

out the wood, like the breath from the rose, is a familiar scene in the childhood of many. But however beautiful the environment of youth may be, there comes a time when the soul within longs for a new world filled with novel scenery and fresh conquests; a time when the quiet little valley of childhood's fancy appears commonplace and casual; a time when the pathway leading out of the old into the new is a magnet drawing the person away from the ties of home, the counsel of friends, and no more to be resisted than the onward course of the brook babbling its way down o'er the steep and on toward the lake. Then it is that the shadow of the mountain will rise like a spectre and for a time seem to obscure the path we have chosen, and a curtain of discouragement falls and shuts out our dreams.

But stand not in woful contemplation of the colossal; there are things less assuming, yet far more important, nearer at hand which are necessary for us to overcome in order that we may even reach the base of yonder eminence. In this world of the superficial, objects looked upon as casual are seldom understood as essential, and consequently are not deemed important. The engineer will tell you, however, that upon a seemingly insignificant bolt depends the safety of his passengers, and that the loosening of a single nut is likely to hurl that monster machine into a shapeless and twisted mass. There is no trade or profession where the ant-hill does not exist.

It is a characteristic of fine lace that its beauty of pattern is dependent upon its most delicate threads. In this mill of life, where all are placed before the loom with a like quantity of material at their disposal, and with like instructions to weave, as a legacy to civilization, a pattern according to their own taste and

desire, it is the individual most energetic in gathering up the invisible threads, the person most attentive to details, who will see his pattern hung in the gallery of the coming ages, and win the approval and commendation of the Divine Critic Himself. There may be left in the mill many persons capable of weaving beautiful mats who will never attain the silk-room, or be allowed to lay their rough, unskilled hands upon the more delicate product of superior intellect.

The greatest human character is composed of little traits. It is the one kind word, spoken at morn from the depths of a loving heart, which sheds a "golden haze" over the work of the day; this is but a trifle, yet, alas, an ant-hill over which by far too many stumble. Words are trifles, in themselves; still, "for one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish." We ought to be careful, indeed, in what we say.

It has been said that man is judged by his greatest work; if it be so, and I sincerely hope it is, the judgment is too late ever to reach his ear in this world.

During life we are constantly watched and criticised on the "small talk," the cackle, the babble, of every-day life. Such being the case, it behooves us to so correct our petty offences and perfect ourselves that our self-appointed critics may be led to judge of our higher acts and deeds, and to forget our subordinate misdemeanors, which, being forgot, will be consigned to the shelves where numerous other instruments of the inquisition lie abandoned and neglected.

Let us not seek the path of duty in what is remote, for it lies in what is near. "The work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult."

When the traveler shall have reached his journey's end, and the last rays of the closing day, softened and subdued by the shadows of the approaching night, tell him that rest is near, may he lift up his eyes to the heavens and thank his God for the little ant-hills placed beneath his feet in life, not as obstacles, but as stepping-stones to a higher and more perfect life.

## Physical Culture in Its Relation to Health.

MINERVA MESSER.

CICERO says that there is nothing in which men approach so near the gods as when they try to give health to other men. Never before since the Greek Age has there been such universal demand for health. People are just beginning to realize that national progress depends upon the health of the individual. Let us define health. Is it not perfect obedience of the body to the laws that govern it?

We turn for an ideal to the early Greek nation. The education of the ancient Greek began in the cradle—

and ended only with the grave. They recognized that a man must first of all become a good animal, able to endure all the conditions of his environment. Theirs was not a training merely for temporary feats of strength or tests of the power of endurance, but for buoyant health and a symmetrical muscular development that suggested the idea of power and of untiring energy. The result was the ideal human figure—which we still contemplate with admiration in their works of art.

The Emerson system of education is

based on the same laws that governed the education of the Greeks — which are *nature's laws*. We start with the first principle, — LIFE; life for the entire organism. Considering the body first as a unit, we aim to secure exact relationship with the laws of gravitation through exercises that give a proper position of the vital organs. No exercise *can* be of full benefit until this result is obtained. I know of no other system that follows out this fundamental principle of considering the body first as a whole.

Next, each *part* is considered as a whole through suitable exercises. Then comes the relation of the parts to the whole, and then the relation of the parts to each other.

The system calls for about three hundred movements, some of which are repeated. This consideration is of *great value, for repetition is the key-note of perfection*. It is repetition that develops a tendency to habitual muscular freedom and response. There is no apparatus needed, nor any special costume, while the time required for taking the exercises is so short as to render them of special value in this age.

Let us consider this law of relationship for a moment. While each exercise brings a definite result upon the part exercised, the law of the relationship of extremities to the centre is never violated. Each exercise is so arranged as to bring definite results in the torso, thereby giving the benefit of several exercises in one.

Out of the law of relationship grows physical perfection. Our sense of beauty is satisfied when we behold that subtle grace born of free articulations in the cultivated body.

But we do not aim for mere physical development in the relationship of the different parts of the body to each other, but we aim to establish the right rela-

tionship of *mind* and body. It is mind we recognize *first, last, and all the time* — mind as expressed through form. Thus we have physical culture taught from the plane of the ideal. In the training of the young, educators seem to have lost sight of the fact that the intellectual growth depends upon physical development.

Go into the schoolroom and what do you find there in nine cases out of ten? A stoop-shouldered, pale-faced teacher who through lack of proper exercise has not enough vitality to sustain the constant demands made upon her nervous system, which is rebelling almost to the point of prostration. She carries her head forward at an angle of 65 degrees, and her chest? — we know not where.

Is she to blame? No! There is so much to be accomplished. The intellectual wheel must make so many revolutions each day, and if in the grind teacher or child falls beneath the wheel and is crushed — so much the worse for them. How many a child has worked on in sheer desperation to satisfy a parent's pride!

Give me the child with the rosy cheeks, the child filled to the brim with glowing vitality, who knows how to run, play, swim, romp even if at first he doesn't attend to his books. He is generating activity, cultivating a keenness of perception in his contact with the natural world that will bring him somewhere some day; while his pale-faced little brother is getting an *e+* on his Latin and Greek and slowly curving his spinal column in picturesque emphasis of his title of intellectual book-worm!

I call a system of education vicious that develops an abnormal intellect with no corresponding physical power. We must first secure health of body, uniting strength with grace, activity with

dignity; and this will induce a keenly alert mental attitude. When we have accomplished this we are on the highest moral plane. What are good morals but a well-balanced nervous system? It was very interesting to listen, a short time ago, to what physical culture is doing in the settlement houses for the moral development of the lower classes.

Some one has said there are three things to be taken to the slums,—soup, soap, and salvation. But there is one thing that outrivals and includes the three; namely, a knowledge of the laws that govern the human body and reveal its sanctity, and that is just what is being taught through the Emerson system of physical culture. Pestalozzi says that a young girl who had been little

better than a mere savage made more progress in her moral development by keeping her head and body upright than one would have believed possible. Then he adds, "Experience has shown me that the mere habit of carrying one's self well does more for the education of the moral sentiments than any amount of teaching where this simple fact is ignored." There is no time to speak of what physical culture is doing for the individual development of all classes in the women's clubs. It is very gratifying to know that it will soon take its proper place in the education of women.

May the time be at hand when all will grasp the truth that health of body produces health of mind, and that health of mind is the basis of character.

### Shakespearian Recital.

"For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently."

WITH due regard for their own deficiencies but with large faith in their possibilities under the able guidance of Professor Kidder and his co-workers, the Class of '99 decided to stage the play of "Hamlet" on the morning of April 26. Their faith has been justified, and in many varied expressions we have heard the hearty commendation, "The play's the thing!" The actors heeded the good advice to "suit the action to the word, the word to the action," and to "o'erstep not the modesty of nature." The Hamlets were noble, the Ophelias fair, the Horatios true, the Kings base; in short, the conception and expression of all the characters was just and excellent throughout. We have not space to tell you in what specific parts each scene excelled, much as we should like to do so. It is enough perhaps to say that the work as a whole was strong and in many cases remarkable. Lasting

benefit has been gained through the earnest study of this wonderful tragedy from the pen of the master, whether the particular part taken by each individual was great or small. We have been brought into closer touch with the struggles and victories of human nature, and thereby our sympathies have been quickened and our life's horizon enlarged.

We wish to thank the members of the committee who arranged the cast of the characters of the play. Their difficult work was performed with the utmost tact and conscientiousness. To Professor Kidder and his associates we extend also the heartiest thanks for their ready and unfailing help in the preparation of the play. They have spared neither time nor strength in their efforts to lead us to success. We most fully appreciate this timely aid.

The following cast of characters may interest friends who could not be present at the play:—



## ACT I.

*Scene 1. A Platform before the Castle.*

|            |                      |
|------------|----------------------|
| Francisco, | Gertrude L. Trufant  |
| Bernardo,  | Anna Delony Martin   |
| Horatio,   | Mary Elizabeth Smith |
| Marcellus, | Grace A. Cross       |
| Ghost,     | Hattie E. Hubbard    |

*Scene 2. A Room of State in the Castle.*

|            |                           |
|------------|---------------------------|
| King,      | Elizabeth Aldrich Smalley |
| Queen,     | Marilla Marks Curtis      |
| Laertes,   | Mary Ladoyett Wolcott     |
| Ophelia,   | Caroline Walker Cleaves   |
| Polonius,  | Mary Margaret Thiele      |
| Hamlet,    | Ethelwyn Drew             |
| Horatio,   | Mary F. Edwards           |
| Marcellus, | Alice M. Gore             |
| Bernardo,  | Lucile Thornhill Hamlet   |

*Scene 3. A Room in Polonius's House.*

|           |                            |
|-----------|----------------------------|
| Laertes,  | Harriette B. Howard Jessop |
| Ophelia,  | Caroline Walker Cleaves    |
| Polonius, | Eleanor Brewster Barnes    |

*Scenes 4 and 5. The Platform.*

|            |                        |
|------------|------------------------|
| Horatio,   | Bertha Juanita Boynton |
| Marcellus, | Marilla Marks Curtis   |
| Ghost,     | Hattie E. Hubbard      |
| Hamlet,    | Anna Marguerite Blythe |

## ACT II.

*Scene 2. A Room in the Castle.*

|               |                         |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| King,         | Nellie Florence Fox     |
| Queen,        | Ada Jean Brooks         |
| Rosencrantz,  | Gertrude L. Trufant     |
| Guildestern,  | Grace A. Cross          |
| Polonius,     | Ida Virginia Lyons      |
| Hamlet,       | Laura M. Ruff           |
| First Player, | Lucile Thornhill Hamlet |

## ACT III.

*Scene 1. A Room in the Castle.*

|              |                       |
|--------------|-----------------------|
| King,        | Sarah E. Marshall     |
| Queen,       | Hattie E. Hubbard     |
| Hamlet,      | H. Toros Daghistanian |
| Ophelia,     | A. Isabelle Brooks    |
| Polonius,    | Margaret Golden Cox   |
| Rosencrantz, | Gertrude L. Trufant   |
| Guildestern, | Grace A. Cross        |

*Scene 2. First Part. A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                      |
|----------|----------------------|
| Hamlet,  | Ada Evelyn Lewis     |
| Horatio, | Grace Delle Davis    |
| Player,  | Elizabeth Pearl Howe |

*Scene 2. Second Part. A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                        |
|----------|------------------------|
| Hamlet,  | Margaret Bidwell       |
| Ophelia, | Rachel Lewis Dithridge |

|               |                            |
|---------------|----------------------------|
| King,         | Harriette B. Howard Jessop |
| Queen,        | Bernice Weston Griffith    |
| Polonius,     | Sarah Elizabeth Marshall   |
| Rosencrantz,  | Leah Horton Haight         |
| Guildestern,  | Loretta Cecil Lewis        |
| Horatio,      | Ethel May Batchelder       |
| Player King,  | Edith Mary McDuffee        |
| Player Queen, | Adelaide Barrett Jump      |
| Lucianus,     | Bertha Wyman Clowe         |

*Scene 3. A Room in the Castle.*

|              |                     |
|--------------|---------------------|
| King,        | Maude Smart Andrews |
| Polonius,    | Bertha Wyman Clowe  |
| Rosencrantz, | Leah Haight         |
| Guildestern, | Loretta M. Lewis    |

*Scene 4. The Queen's Closet.*

|           |                         |
|-----------|-------------------------|
| Hamlet,   | Harriet May Piper       |
| Queen,    | Minnie Belle Bradford   |
| Polonius, | Eleanor Brewster Barnes |

## ACT IV.

*Scene 5. A Room in the Castle.*

|            |                         |
|------------|-------------------------|
| King,      | Margaret G. Cox         |
| Queen,     | Grace Delle Davis       |
| Ophelia,   | Vera McCord             |
| Laertes,   | Lucile Thornhill Hamlet |
| Marcellus, | Elizabeth Pearl Howe    |

*Scene 7. Another Room in the Castle.*

|            |                        |
|------------|------------------------|
| King,      | Bertha Juanita Boynton |
| Queen,     | Adelaide Barrett Jump  |
| Laertes,   | Alice M. Gore          |
| Messenger, | Mary Frances Edwards   |

## ACT V.

*Scene 1. A Churchyard.*

|                     |                      |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| First Gravedigger,  | Edith Carol Pinneo   |
| Second Gravedigger, | Walter Willis White  |
| Hamlet,             | Mary Elizabeth Smith |
| Horatio,            | Loretta Cecil Lewis  |
| King,               | Mary Margaret Thiele |
| Queen,              | Anna Delony Martin   |
| Laertes,            | Everett P. Johnson   |
| Priest,             | Ethel May Batchelder |

*Scene 2. First Part. A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                    |
|----------|--------------------|
| Hamlet,  | Bertha A. Smith    |
| Horatio, | Jennie Morrill     |
| Osric,   | Clara Belle Torrey |

*Scene 2. Second Part. A Hall in the Castle.*

|          |                      |
|----------|----------------------|
| King,    | Margaret G. Cox      |
| Queen,   | Bernice W. Griffith  |
| Hamlet,  | William J. H. Strong |
| Horatio, | Everett P. Johnson   |
| Osric,   | Clara B. Torrey      |
| Laertes, | H. Horatio Hall      |

## Reception at Robinwood.

FRIDAY afternoon the students gathered at Dr. Emerson's for the last social meeting of the year. The day seemed made especially for the occasion; and although we missed the fields and outlying wood of Elmcroft, yet in Robinwood, with its trees and great rocks, we found again the suggestion of that larger life which we associate with President Emerson.

By three o'clock nearly three hundred guests were chatting within the house and about the grounds; a short walk to the lake followed, after which refreshments were served in the dining-room. Even to the end "each esteemed others better than himself," and each took his turn in serving the others.

No special decoration of house or grounds was made, and none was needed, for we came to see Dr. Emerson at home, and that was enough.

Dr. and Mrs. Emerson remained in the reception-room all the afternoon, at once greeting and saying, "Good-bye." For those who have been at College

only one or two years the leave-taking must be comparatively easy, but for those whose association for the past three and four years has been constant the saying of good-bye becomes rather serious. And yet, when the dreaded moments are past, the sun seems to shine just as brightly, and the mind refuses to realize that so many are out of sight, it may be forever!

Perhaps it is best that the habits of the mind shield the heart from too sudden realization of its loss. But in the truest sense we *cannot* lose our friends; all that is beautiful in friendship remains *always*, and the eye of the spirit is keener often when the physical eye may no longer speak.

"There shall never be one lost good!  
What was shall live as before."

So the year has closed, a year that in many respects proves itself the best the College has yet known — best in real sympathy and best in unified effort. In all departments the work has grown. We expect much yet to come. E.

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## Some Prejudices that Need Illuminating.\*

RT. REV. B. B. USSHER.

BISHOP USSHER on rising expressed the pleasure (which was evidently mutual) that he felt at being again privileged to address the students of Emerson College, which he regarded as one of the most beneficial and unique institutions in the country, giving to men and women who in other colleges or high schools had attained a good education so much further light intellectually as to the real power and purpose of their enlightenment that a new world was opened up. From their new point of view they

could come more closely in touch with divine requisition, and develop the highest form of spirituality, resulting in a keener perception as to the uses of their bodies as "temples of God." He expressed his satisfaction as he noted the bright faces and fine physiques of all the students, who, under the Emersonian system of physical culture, had, in spite of their real, hard work, more the appearance of being ready to begin their labors anew than of having brought an arduous year to a close. Impressing upon the

\* Address delivered at the Emerson College of Oratory.

students the weight of responsibility that rested upon them individually to do credit in their own communities (to which they were about to return) to the teachings of Emerson College, he called to mind his impressions of the opening day of the session and the reverential atmosphere, the holy purposes, the affectionate interest of each and every teacher, who pledged themselves to give of their best. He referred to the eloquent force of Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick as she closed her address on that occasion with the arrow words, "The Kingdom of God is within you." These words, the bishop said, simply mean that God is your ruler, and God in His own Word describes Himself as "love" and "light"—the one attribute warms, vivifies; the other illuminates and beautifies. So the first point settled is that you must have *light within*, and he believed every living being has a spark of the divine in him or her. Continuing, the speaker said: Of course we find many poor light-givers, poor lamps, as it were; they cannot shine because they have a little miserable wick of self. "Any old light" will do for them, and so they flicker and sputter with a feeble flame. People who can only pray in their narrowness for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more, forevermore, amen," are too thin-wick'd spiritually to take up much of God's "grace, mercy, and peace." If they were stuck into an ocean of the "oil of the spirit" they would only burn as a match. Then you know there are some lamps that will not burn for want of air; the wick is not long enough to last as it ought, and it is twisted up so tight that the oil cannot have free access; and there are individuals who want to get so much in this world that they get choked in their greed, and get less and give less than their neighbor, and the perfume of their reputation is not good. These are the peo-

ple that go in for trusts, syndicates, and combines; they seek to blaze, but soon die down and go out in bad odor. Then there are all sorts of apologies for lamps, and what can you expect of them? They all give a little twinkle, a wretched little glimmer, like the little turpentine-lamp of thirty years ago, but, thank God, they all give a *little radiance*; even a match in a dark cellar is a godsend. Then there are the kinds that glow and burn with a steady, illuminating flame, and such we expect Emerson students to be, who have a light within. Sometimes we find people who are like dark lanterns: they have light within, and they are unpleasantly warm to handle; they easily get hot-tempered; their light is screened, and you would n't know there was any if it was n't that they burn you. They are sharp, testy people, with a bitter way of their own of saying things; they sometimes turn off the screen, and then the light of the bull's-eye dazzles you without enlightening, and you are glad when they cover their light again. This occasional brilliancy has in it all the deranging power of the glare of egotism; and then, again, these dark lanterns smoke sometimes, and the thing that smokes is n't half so nice as the thing that does n't. Is it, ladies?

What we want in this world is good, honest, shining-soul lamps, each individual lamp doing his or her duty just as God says to do it: "Let *your light* so shine before men that *they* may see *your* good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven." When God gives you the light it is *yours*. What are you going to do with it? Woe be to you if you let the lamp-shade get all covered with the dust and cobwebs of an inactive life. If I understand the purpose of the President and Faculty of Emerson College aright, it is that you shall not only have God's light within you, unhindered by any remediable defects in

the lamps, but that that light shall shine out for others. It helps your own feet in the roadway to see where you are going, but twenty may get the benefit of your light at that time, and you have none the less; and the man who has been in a dark place and enjoyed the benefit of a friend's lantern is pretty apt to come provided the next time, and thus there is the light of two instead of one. It is for every one of you to realize that when you do your best *for others* the same God works with them, and they, doing their best, benefit you.

The purpose of light is to banish darkness. You cannot bail out the blackness of a cellar, but you can turn on the light and make the darkness flee; and I ask you, What blacker, darker thing is there than the unjust prejudices of the ignorant, however civilized? It is on this kind of a mission I am here this morning, to turn the light on some base prejudices. I wish to call your attention to one of the most miserable of miserable prejudices, a blot upon Christendom, a wart on civilization,—the persecution of the Semite; the condemnation of the Jews the world over. One of the divine commands is, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God," and it is because of injustice that I dare to speak in the name of truth. He who stands for truth, regardless of the enemies that hate it, gets strength to stand; while he who deems it wise for the sake of some emolument to go upon the crutches of expediency advertises himself as morally lame. And what is true of an individual is true of a nation; for a corrupted nation is only possible with corrupted individuals; likewise a righteous people shine by the light of "the Kingdom of God" within the breasts of the majority of the citizens which compose it.

Before our own eyes stands the spectacle of a great and powerful nation

poised on the brink of disaster, a victim of the base passions of misled people whose religious environments are a witness to the failure of ecclesiasticism to purify and civilize. As a Christian citizen in this end of the nineteenth century, I blush for the iniquities of the Dreyfus case in France: the malignant persecution of an heroic Jewish gentleman by men whose iniquitous prosecution brings the religion of Christianity into contempt, the profession of the lawyer and the soldier into the glare of searching investigation that will forever be a breeding-ground for distrust, because of violated honor. Lack of time forbids that I should follow the horrible injustice to the Jew Dreyfus, whose innocence, already established, cries out for justice in the severest punishment of the conspirators, who, to cover up their Gentile stealing, sought to crush this noble Hebrew under a mountain of ignominy; but He who "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform" has revealed the uncovered soul of this most noble Jew, and never since the days of the Nazarene has there breathed a truer spirit, a more exalted patriot, a better, sweeter husband, father, and friend, than he whose letters to his no less noble wife will live in the memory of generations yet to come as the most exquisite tribute of an exalted mind and heart to the sweet purity and affection that consecrate the abode of the family as "home, sweet home."

The melancholy fact exists that in Paris, the Mecca of the refined and fashionable, a cry has been furiously raised from the throats of legislators representing the people, university students representing education, and, must I say it? regretfully, for truth's sake, a great preacher of the Church of Rome representing religion,—not an obscure man, but the leading preacher of Paris in the leading church, the Madelaine,—and that cry from the heart of what might be called



Christian civilization has been, "Death to the Jews." I must pass over all that lies behind this present agitation, — now happily ceasing for a time, because France has learned that her very existence was at stake, and the contempt of the world perilously near, — and glance at the source of all this antisemitic prejudice; viz., the crediting the Jewish nation with the judicial murder of Jesus Christ, and visiting it upon generations that succeeded. Of this Christendom is guilty. From the history of the Roman people we gather the facts that money was needed for national extravagances, some people away from home must be despoiled, so the Jews were fixed upon as a means of enriching the public treasury and diverting the public mind from things at home.

Outside the religious question, the Jew is no more to the Christian Gentile than is the German Protestant, Austrian Roman Catholic, or Turkish Mohammedan. Religiously, it does not affect the salvation of a single soul of any faith to know who crucified Christ, any more than where the wood of the cross is; it does not help the soul to know, but rather hurts it by creating unloving feelings. In neither of the two great creeds of Christendom, the Apostles' and the Nicene, is it named; the statement is simply "suffered, was crucified under Pontius Pilate," rightly throwing the *onus* on him. The calling of names and the accusation of the Jews has no more to do with the principles of religion as laid down by Jesus Christ than the burning of the witches at Salem by mistaken bigots had to do with real Christianity. It is no honor to the spirit of Christ, but contrary thereto, to keep alive that cruel retaliation for the errors of the past. We have blundered for centuries, but the time has come for us to cease to disgrace our educated intelligence. So far as Jesus of Nazareth is concerned, the evi-

dence, Scriptural and *physical*, as reported in the New Testament, goes to show that according to His own statement, He laid down His own life — "no man took it from Him;" He could have prevented it by "twelve legions of angels," but He deemed it necessary to suffer that He "might fulfil all righteousness." It was the sublimest act of self-sacrifice, worthy alike of this Son of God and Son of man, riveting as it did the great principles of the brotherhood of man, for which He withheld nothing, not even life itself, as an evidence of love, — "love divine, all love excelling." Scientific examination of the facts as set down in the New Testament do not indicate that Jesus died from the actual crucifixion, but from a ruptured or broken heart. The Romans officiated at the trial, a Roman judge was on the bench, and Roman soldiers carried out the sentence — a sentence only desired by the minority of priests and office-holders, who were thoroughly corrupt, and simply felt their positions and revenues were endangered by the fearless, outspoken condemnation of their iniquities. The cry from those godless office-holders and their crowd of henchmen, "His blood be upon us and on our children," if correctly reported, was nothing more than you might expect from a desperate lot, who, living on the spoils, feared a collapse of the rotten structure which supported them, while the grasp of Him who was "the truth" was shaking it to their terrorizing.

So disturbed were these ecclesiastical politicians that they declared, when they saw Christ's popularity in the nation, that "all the world had gone after Him," and asked Him to stop the people's shouting, "Hosanna;" and He answered, "If these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out." The people loved Jesus; the priests (and not all of them) hated Him — indeed, we are told "many of the chief priests believed on him."

The Jewish nation as a whole were no more guilty of killing Jesus than the whole American nation could be charged with killing John Brown at Harper's Ferry; this is justice. The Spaniards do not like to be judged by the brutalities of a Weyler, and we may not be pleased to have the men of the future judge us by our brutal barbarisms in the Philippines. Condemn Caiaphas and his co-conspirators as ecclesiastical, political tricksters if you are satisfied with the evidence of their guilt, but do not visit the blackness of their murderous deed upon the innocent unborn; stop it from this day on, and persuade your friends as to the justice of so doing. Let the American Jew be a Jew religiously, as the American Methodist is a Methodist,—absolutely free religiously, valued for what he is, not what he has, and, believe me, the survival of the fittest will come, and between the enlightened, reformed, advancing Judaism of the future and the Christianity of Christ as He intended it there will be so little difference that they will coalesce through the channels of love.

It may interest you to know that that blot upon humanity, Count Esterhazy, who stated that if Dreyfus was declared innocent there would be one hundred thousand dead Jews upon the soil of France, and that if Zola was acquitted he [Esterhazy] would be called upon to lead the people of Paris to carry out a massacre of the Jews, is himself of Jewish origin. Prince Esterhazy, this man's ancestor, was a good friend to the Jews in Hungary. Asked why he was so, he said that in his dynasty the tradition was kept alive that the Esterhazys were descendants of the Jewish Queen Esther, or Adassa, consort of the Persian King Ahasuerus. The word Adass, or Hadasah, as in the English Bible, in Hebrew means "myrtle;" "myrtle" in Persian is "hazy;" so to connect the two we

have Esther-hazy, the only blot upon the noble queen, and it put on after her death. It may be said by some, "Well, we Americans do not persecute the Jews." Perhaps it is not known to you that comparatively recently two Jew-baiters came out to this country to stir up strife, and while they did not succeed, they did leave behind them a spirit that, like the seed of the Canada thistle, does harm. One of these miserable characters, Dr. Ahlwardt, a creature despised and hated in his own land, was fearful he would be attacked by the Jews in New York, so asked Governor Roosevelt, then at the head of the Police Board, for protection. Thirteen men were sent to keep this doughty warrior from bodily harm, and they were all Jewish policemen. You have only to go to our theatres to see the Jew most unfairly illustrated and maligned to raise a laugh.

It is well that our moral gorge should rise against that which shocks our sense of right and trueness, and it is perfectly reasonable that no parent should call his son Judas Iscariot. We despise him on the strength of the record that he betrayed his friend. I read an article the other day from the pen of an eminent lawyer who, while he wrote a most interesting paper, as a literary production, yet was so bitter in his condemnation of the Jew Judas that it set me thinking was there not something to be said even for Judas to mitigate the harsh judgment of the brutish bigotry of centuries? Guilty, without any recommendation to mercy, is the unchristian course of would-be Christians. Cease looking at the man Judas from the standpoint of a State's attorney bound to bring the prisoner in guilty. Some say Judas had a purpose that was friendly; viz., to force Jesus to use His marvelous power and make Himself King of the Jews, and to this end he sought to drive the Nazarene into a corner where He must avow Himself; and

the outcome is found in the sublime answer, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." But setting motives aside as mere speculation, I ask you, What is there in the Christian's duty that demands that he shall consider Judas "a son of perdition"? Why should we sit in judgment on the quality of his repentance when it is God that judgeth and justifieth? Why should we limit the loving mercy of God, "who is able and willing to save to the *utmost* all that come," and is "not willing that any shall perish"? Judas strikes me as a pretty good case in which to have this quality of mercy exercised. He had done wrong, kissed his friend as a traitor, taken money for a contemptible, unmanly act; but I ask you, Did ever man show more bitter sorrow, or do more squarely what indicated genuine repentance? Was there ever a case for mercy, divine, loving mercy, to bend lower over a crushed soul and whisper forgiveness? Is not this a case of an "utmost man"? It is unfair for us to raise the question of the genuineness of a repentance that, if genuine, did all that could be done — and more than many a dying syndicate thief does to-day who is ticketed by his priest for heaven. Judas made the best atonement he could; he flung down the price of his traitorism at the feet of those who gave it, and then gave a life for a life by ending his own.

I know Peter calls Judas a "son of perdition," and says, "He went to his own place," — whatever that may have meant to Peter's mind, — but I know also that Peter was a very weak brother, and terribly distressed to find his earthly hopes blasted by the loss of Christ's physical presence. I don't think Peter was inspired then any more than Paul was when he said, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works."

It will not do to shirk the argument

that if Jesus Christ knew all things, and knew this man was to betray Him, and be damned eternally for so doing, that it was wrong for the All-wise to choose such a character as a disciple and expose him to the temptation, and his fellows to the disgrace. I cannot so dishonor this glorious perfect Son of God. Evidently Judas was a clever fellow, worth saving, if genius is immortal. Will any one dare to say he was beyond the power or desire of Christ to save? Or was he born a victim of the inevitable, foreordained, without any possibility of escape, to be stamped as a thief and execrated forever?

If to be a dishonest treasurer and to betray a friend is to merit such severe eternal condemnation, what must there be for the host of dishonest Christians? I am inclined to believe that compared with some of the would-be modern disciples, Judas had a pretty fair chance of forgiveness. The betrayal of Christ goes on still; He is "crucified afresh and put to an open shame" by dishonest Christians. Do you know that I won't be surprised when I go "yonder" to be introduced to Judas Iscariot as one that the love of Christ redeemed, who, in eternity, is living a noble life and witnessing in that life to the *almighty love* and power that can rescue the perishing and save the worst; and when I see such a sinner snatched as a brand from the burning, I would n't wonder if I would feel like a good Methodist, and say with all the ardor of my nature, "Glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto our God forever and ever. Amen and amen."

I know it is orthodox to eternally damn the Jew Judas Iscariot, but in this I am heterodox and opposed to the prejudice, and I want to tell you that there never was a reformer who spoke the truth that was not heterodox to the orthodoxy of his day. Abram was a

heretic in the eyes of his father's Church; Moses swept away from the crudeness of Patriarchism and Egyptianism, and Jesus was a heretic to the Jewish hierarchy. Old Galileo was right when he said the world moved, and it was true; yet the Church of his time branded it as heretical and demanded death or denial, and to save his skin he officially took it back, but the man within muttered, Yes, but it moves for all that, and he was right. Bruno, John Wycliffe, Martin Luther, John Knox, and others were heretics; so I have endeavored to strike at two of the evils of Christian bigotry that do no good to Christianity, manifest in no way the spirit of Christ, but do serve to keep alive a cruel, senseless prejudice against the Jew, living and dead.

I assert and am prepared to defend the statement that neither the Jew of the past or present deserves the hatred or contempt of the Gentile. Literature has led them into undeserved disrepute. When vice and ignorance swept over Europe in the dark ages the Jews in the Ghetto kept the lamp of purity and enlightenment ablaze, and that in the stifling atmosphere into which Christian brutality had thrust them.

It would take a week of steady talk to give you a good understanding of the Jew's position in the world, nationally, socially, and commercially. I can only touch the great sea of evidence as with the dip of a swallow's wing; but in what I do say, and in what you can think out and elaborate from what I say, you will discover how much the world owes to this marvelous nation. I believe the Jew to be of the class of our best citizens, and the marvel is that he is what he is in the face of what he has endured.

Is it not a fact that nations, like most families, live, die, and are buried upon the sacred soil of home? The heart of every true man hopes that the green sod

of fatherland will rest upon his bosom when it ceases to heave with the emotions of life. Many a dying man has been saddened by the thought that a foreign soil must obliterate the last traces of his tabernacle; but it is something to think that far away round the old fireside in the land they have loved so well there will be wet eyes glistening with tears of sorrow at the thought that a link in the ancestral chain must moulder and rust beneath another sky than that which through the lapse of centuries has wept upon the dust of forefathers. The fact that there is one spot of earth that can have it said of it, "That is the land of the home folk" is a consolation to the exile. Though we are severed by oceans or continents from our native country, we love to hear of its prosperity. Even a Frenchman can be patriotic away from home, though in La Belle France he is ready, for a whim, to knife the Goddess of Liberty on the altar of revolutionary license. To any and all of us the sight of the dear old flag as it floats from the topmast of some incoming ship reminds us that we have a nation from which we have sprung, and should the news come of a foreign foe invading the land of our nativity the quickening pulsation of the heart would send the blood in an angry flush to the cheek, and the fingers, influenced by the electricity of an indignant soul, would long to grasp a sword and hurl back the invader from the sacred spot so dear to memory.

And what must it be to the wanderer who is nationally an exile; who can look back through the world's history and see the place once held by his ancient people now cancelled as a kingdom; who can roam over the desolations of a lovely land once tenanted by a happy, prosperous population, the very time-corroded ruins of which tell of bygone glories? There is only one nationality round



which such thoughts and memories can cluster; need I say I mean the unextinguishable nation, the Jews? I know there are Jews who tell us the United States is a good enough Land of Promise for them; they say, "Here is my home, I have no intention of seeking Palestine; my Judaism is spiritual; I imported my Holy Land," and many will say, "All the Hebrews did not leave Egypt." If such a man is here, to him I say, If you are a good citizen we are glad it is so; you are of value here and would be lost in Palestine, at least to us; but, he is but a poor Jew indeed who can forget the glories of his people and fail to have his heart stirred by the wail of his once national capital in her degradation. I repeat, he is a Jewish nobody who would not wish to see his nation once more gathered and anchored with the standard of Judah floating over the battlements of Jerusalem as a visible evidence of nationality located and popular government restored. That this will come I have not the slightest doubt. The Palestine Exploration Society have for Great Britain mapped out Palestine like a checker-board. Lord Kitchener knows it as he does the floor of his tent. The Zionists will seek to establish a Jewish Republic. French aggression in Syria will necessitate German and British action, and the Holy Land will come under British protection and Turkey will be relieved. Then the engineering feat will be accomplished of turning the waters of the Mediterranean Sea into the valley of the Jordan to the swallowing up of the Dead Sea, making Jerusalem a seaport town, and on the swelling tide the ironclads of Great Britain will float under the walls of Jerusalem, and their salvos of artillery will salute the twin flags of the lion of the tribe of Judah and the lions upon the standard of old England. The world is coming under the influence of that grand idea

of a universal brotherhood; the tide may rise and fall, but the ships of human righteousness will cross over the bar and discharge their freight for the enriching of the world; the low tide will see them harbored at the wharf.

When the cry for rescue rose honestly from Greece, and in days that are long gone reached the sympathizing ears of Europe, the desolation of that grand old empire touched the poetic sympathizing soul and bade it awaken for the defence of the ancient conservatory of art and refinement. The thoughts swept back to the days when the Greek pirate, bedecked in his picturesque costume, haunted the billows of the Ægean Sea; to the summer nights when Homer sang with the divinity of a god and charmed the ears of young and old; to the listening crowds that hung upon the lips of sage Demosthenes; to Athens and Thermopylæ. The mirage of the past was startling in its vividness, and with a mighty, convulsive inspiration the continent of Europe was awakened and the thunders of Navarin were her answer to the exhausted appeal for liberty, the lamentations of a great and seemingly expiring people. Greece and Crete have been succored and Ireland has been aided, but I ask you, Is there not a deeper need for the extension of practical sympathy to the Jew, round whom is woven so much that belongs to the dearest interests of humanity?

Sunken because of his environments to the level of the degraded African some of the race may be,—and perhaps had we the same prolonged experiences we would not do as well, we are not inured to suffering; but with all the individual degradation of some, there is about the very lowliest a halo of historic interest more brilliant and lasting than ever dawned upon any other nation since their fall. Where lives the poet from whose lips have flowed such melting

streams of poetic tenderness as came from the kingly harpist of Jerusalem, the beauty of whose language sparkles like the coruscations of a frozen fountain in the light of a resplendent moon?

As we sit silently reading the majestic writings of Isaiah shall we not believe that the tongue that drew the approving shouts from Israel is pouring out its eloquence in a brighter sphere? Could such a mind be lost? Impossible!

Where amongst the world's orators can the scathing sarcasm of Ezekiel be surpassed, whose lightning-laden words illumined every soul that they might better see their horrible corruption? Where are the compeers of Moses, with his subtle and expansive legislation; of Paul, whose unvarnished and impassioned radical oratory was eminently practical; of Solomon, whose wisdom is to-day incorporated in our moral law; of Elijah, the master patriot, the simple hero of unvarnished truth; and, above all, the gentle, wise, and holy Nazarene, admitted fully by Rabbi Adler to be the perfect and accepted type of even that section of humanity who ignore His claim to divinity, He whose majestic bearing from the cradle up, tinged as it deeply was with every sympathy that could vibrate a chord in human hearts;—where are the living or the dead whose record reads like theirs? And yet all these were Jews, Jews round whom the never-dying light of fame will continue to blaze until poetry and eloquence lose their fascination, music and the arts their charm, and the souls of men become so adamant in their nature as to fail to receive the impress of the beautiful. Away back to the remote ages of human antiquity we trace the history of the Jew, the aristocracy of nations.

Kingdom after kingdom has risen and fallen upon the crest of the social wave and been lost sight of, or if some curious soul peers into the realms of the past we

are treated to a story of some ancient people that merits as much credence as the idle tales of "The Arabian Nights;" but the Jews, scattered though they be, are chained together by those silent sympathies which link us all to the land of our forefathers. Despite all efforts to extinguish them, they have outlived their persecutors and rise amidst the crumbled masses of ancient thrones and dynasties, the dust of majestic empires, themselves a ruin, but towering aloft noble and indestructible,—a fitting monument to their former greatness.

I would that I had time to give you a picture of the marvelous patriotism of the Jews, the heroic bravery, the persistent effort made with unsurpassed courage in the defence of their capital, Jerusalem, but I must forbear and refer you to their history, that will tell you of the awful and prolonged persecution that all over Europe (to which many were deported) they were subjected to; but before I close I wish to say a few words about the Jew as he is to-day, and the Christian's relation to him in this country.

I am very much inclined to believe that the Christians would view the Jews in a very different light if they knew more about them, and *vice versa*. It is the miserable religious and social exclusiveness on both sides that has led to misconceptions. Moses, even as regards the Passover, instructed his people that the non-Jew was to partake and "keep it as one born in the house," and the Jew Solomon prayed that the stranger who should look toward the Temple on Zion should have his prayer heard. Ruth was a Moabitess, yet to Naomi, the Jewish widow, she could say, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." What do your American Christians and American Jews know of each other socially, outside of business? The Jews have handicapped themselves by their national exclusiveness, and have

been held back by ceremonialism and social difficulties; but in spite of all they have swept past their neighbors in affluence in their almost prodigal philanthropy. Instead of being American Jews religiously, they have been American Jews nationally. The generosity of Jews of large means to their own people far exceeds that of the Vanderbilts or Astors, and their philanthropy is so large that it overflows and many Gentiles benefit. Baron Hirsh gave \$10,000,000 as one gift to his people, and his estate of \$100,000,000 has been kept intact by his wife, and now she adds more millions to his benevolent work. The Jews grow rich, and perhaps you ask why; the answer is, Because they are sober, industrious, and moral; they live longer than other men. Take one hundred New Englanders and one hundred Jews; half the New Englanders will be dead at forty-seven, while half the Jews will be alive at seventy-one.

There is no royal highway for the Jews; they tread the common path often loaded down most unfairly, but they keep in the middle of the road. The Jews are not total abstainers, but they are temperate, they know when to drink and when to stop; and they are not so mean as to have all the good things of life to themselves outside of the home; so when there is a festive occasion it is with their family and friends at home—the wife gets her share; this is the case with the lowliest. You see I touch the humble levels first. In the happy family circles they have enjoyments peculiar to their tastes,—music and the dance from the lights and shadows of their vexatious business life; but they are not because of it frivolous. Copying after Abraham, that whole-souled gentleman, the friend of God who set the pattern of hospitality by entertaining angels unawares, they are generous, and have a hearty welcome for their friends who come to them with honest courtesy; they spare no pains to

play the host agreeably, but when morning comes they are at their post for business. Matrimonially they seek no entangling alliances; they make no effort religiously to proselytize. When did a Jew ever ask you to join the church he belonged to? He belongs to his church from conviction and he supposes you do; but I will not touch on the religious aspect now further than it relates to the social life. Their church and home are interwoven; children are taught by the rabbis to respect and honor their parents, to show becoming reverence to old age and exalted position, but this has gone out of fashion with many Gentiles, and ill-bred juvenile insolence, uncultivated cuteness, and overgrown smartness is the hotbed of anarchy, strikes, and general unrest, in which the boy proves the father of the man. It is that lawless spirit in the youth of Republican France that a little while ago caused one splendid President to resign, and mobbed Emil Zola. Even the President of the United States is not respected as he should be, and "Bill McKinley" tells us quite too often of defective training. Filial reverence is one of the foundation-stones of Jewish family life, and the Jewish mother is a domestic woman who looks after her home, unless under the influence of fashionable demoralization she is led astray by the frivolities of the Gentile "new woman," the "yellow woman," who has gotten the bit between her teeth and is running away from wisdom on the broad highway of new mixedhood that leads to national destruction of all that is worshipful in the sex. The "advanced woman," the bright equal and fitting companion for intelligent manhood, such women as graduate from Emerson College and kindred institutions, or at least kindred in spirit, are a blessing; the "new woman" is a curse to civilization. I cannot put it plainer.

When the Jews were a nation in ac-



tive government under Mosaic law they were an armed, law-abiding people; they elected their own rulers or heads of departments, who served honestly for honor without pay, and I never read of any body of men, from the Sanhedrim down, who were guilty of a public steal such as the *Crédit Mobilier* "big push," Pacific scandal, Panama "canal fiasco," "sugar trust," etc. There were no blots on the Sanhedrim like on our Senate; their irrigation schemes were well and honestly managed. I never heard of the Jews helping a persecuted people to attain their liberty and then attacking them and stealing their island home. If the farmer did get a mortgage on his farm the Year of Jubilee saw it wiped out. Landlords' distress warrants were unknown under the theocratic government. The Jews were taught to pay their rent, and they are considered pretty good tenants to this day. Achan stole a wedge of gold, and the nation was searched until the thief was found and put to death. There were no strikes in those days of Jewish economy, and the Hebrew rabbi, Dr. Adler, was right when he said, "Had the Jews not been disturbed in their progress over one thousand years ago they would have solved all the great problems of civilization."

The Jews are helpful to each other to a far greater extent than the Gentiles. If one breaks down in business his friends help him up again; they really practise the brotherhood of man. In matters of education they are liberal. You will never find an enlightened Jew that is not willing to support the public schools, and he does not want them denominational, either. You will look in vain for the adult Jew who cannot read and write. They are *Ar* at figures and superior as linguists, many speaking three languages, some more. We have about 1,400,000 Jews in the

United States. They have church property to the amount of \$10,000,000, twenty public institutions, several of them non-sectarian; these embrace hospitals, asylums, infirmaries, homes for the aged and the orphan where a splendid education is given. Old New York draws from the Hebrew population for the Gentile poor \$50,000 every year. Go where you will where there are ten Hebrews and you will find an organization for Hebrew charity, and who hears the grinding of its wheels in friction? What Gentile purse relieves the poor the Jew neglects amongst its own? Is there one Gentile here who has given a cent to a Jewish beggar? In one year alone the Jews of New York buried 550 poor Jews in their cemetery rather than let them be buried as paupers in the potter's field. That is the poetry of charity. In New York City the Jews make twenty per cent, if not more, of the population, but they form only *one per cent* of the criminal classes. Numerically in the minority, they cannot have things their own way. Anxious to find out the real status of the Jew as a citizen, I wrote to the chiefs of police of our largest cities, and the replies from some were printed statistics, compiled by Gentiles, showing the proportion of Jewish criminals in proportion to their percentage of population to be away below the Gentiles, and those who sent personal letters with one voice declared the Jew to be the very best kind of citizen. So said the chiefs of Cincinnati, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baltimore, Peoria, and Denver. Amongst the prisoners in our prisons guilty of capital offences a Jew is rarely found. In New York there have been two Jewish murderers in two hundred and fifty years.

I could readily prove to you that the Jew is an average square business man and compares with the best Gentiles, in spite of all that is said. Of course the



Jew is human and has feelings, and if you approach him with distrust bristling out all over you and say insulting things to indicate your suspicion, why then don't be surprised if he has become Americanized and gives you the worst thing in his store for the best price he can get. There are Jewish firms in Boston, and you might send a child there with his eyes shut and he would get the best value for his money and the price plainly marked. I have dealt with Jews for years and never once been swindled, but I did not approach them as if I expected to be. I wish I could say as much for the Gentiles, professing Christians many of them, but I cannot. Hooley, Iasigi, and the hero of the sea-gold swindle were not Jews; the men in the sugar trust are not Jews. Contrast the character of Dreyfus under the French search-light, and the man comes out stainless, a good husband, father, officer, and patriot.

That the Jew is what he is, in spite of what the Gentiles have tried to make him, is a marvel. I could paint a picture of horrors endured that one stands aghast at, but here again time forbids. But just you remember when you hear the cry of "Old clothes," "Rags and bottles," under your window that it is a relic of Christian persecution that would not let the Jew sell anything new, so he had to take to selling the old things no one else would touch, and even in this he made a fortune, and the Gentiles followed suit. I am not defending the Jew, for he needs no defence. I am simply rousing the Gentile to a sense of justice, and if America renders it to-day Europe must in the near to-morrow. There are contemptible Jews as there are contemptible Gentiles, and you are not compelled to associate with either. You can find plenty of Jews and Jewesses who are delightful people, and I can assure you they are not afflicted

with the least anxiety to know vulgar Gentiles. I am no apologist for the mean, miserable, social vulgarisms of some of the rich flotsam and jetsam of the Jewish race. There are amongst them some of the most socially offensive and disagreeable people you could meet, but let us be just and discriminate. Of my own countrymen I could say the same as they appear in this land, and I can assure you that on the other side of the Atlantic and in the cultivated circles of American refined society there is a class of Americans for whom there is just as much contempt as for a certain kind of Jew; aye, more, for the loud, vulgar Jew will keep to himself while he shows off his vulgarity, but the objectionable American inquisitively thrusts his company where it is not wanted and seeks to know everybody's business; but the Jew minds his own. I ask you, however, to take note of the way thousands of Russian Jews have been assimilated in this country and how marvelous has been their progress even in a single year in American methods and civilization. I speak what I believe to be true, and I speak it to disarm prejudice and get us closer to each other, that we may see the virtues and lose sight of the faults, as they grow smaller by each other's help.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
A man's a man for a' that."

Most people are inclined to regard the Jew as a merchant, a seller of something, a man lacking in a love for country, art, and refinement. It is a very great blunder, due to ignorance. He is no fonder of money than you and I are, and as fond of art as the best of us. In the dark ages the Jews were in the light. It is because there were delightful Jewish homes where culture reigned that we are so rich to-day in monuments of the divinest art. What cultivated ear has not been ravished by the wordless

songs of Mendelssohn? Who has not been charmed by the living compositions of the dead Donizetti and the laurel-crowned Rossini? Who could give glorious reality to melody with greater skill than the master hand of Rubenstein, as with soul-invaded fingers he swept over the keys with the changing powers of the wind? Nor must I forget to enroll amongst the kings of music Halévy, Moscheles, Meyerbeer, Joachim, and (if I am wrong I am open to correction) I think I should place upon the list Paderewski, the Polish Jew, and his new rival, Emil Sauer, who has a distinctly Jewish face.

When Wagner, the Jew-hater, composed a work that was to prove the Jews were the inferiors of the Germans in music, judge of his chagrin when he discovered that all the first violins of his orchestra were in the hands of Jews, and they alone were capable of interpreting his theme.

On the continent and in England the educated Jew ranks second to none; he has developed the world by his genius. What if he does get rich? The only reason we don't is because we can't; we would fast enough if we could; but we owe the Jew what money could not give us, but which he has bestowed out of the wealth of his mind. In comparatively modern times where are the superiors of Heine and Auerbach? In the field of poetry and in literature both these men have distinguished themselves, as have Hartmann, Kompert, Frankell, Fanny Blumenthal, and Eduard Oettinger, Cremieux, Emma Lazarus, D'Israeli, Neander, Eidersheim, Castilar, Gambetta, Lessing, Lasker, and Israel Zangwill. In philology we have Monk, Durinberg, Saunders, Darmstetter, Binfrey, Levy, Furst, and Kohut. As an explorer De Lopez, a Jew, shares the honor with Columbus for discovering America, and those who like tobacco

must pay homage to the Jew who first brought it from Cuba. In archæology and Assyriology we have Oppert; in philosophy, Lazarus and Steinthal; biography, Slemschneider; history, Philippson, Jost, and Gaetz; ophthalmology, Traube; botany, Cohen; comparative mythology, Chevolski, Kaufmann, Goldsecker; sculpture, Autokolski; painting, Rosenthal, Moran, and a hundred others; and physicians by the hundred, many, as learned specialists, attending sovereigns who demand and command the best.

Think back. How long is it since the Jew was in the Ghetto, where the Christian Gentile's endeavor was to brutalize and crush out all noble aspirations, and that under the shadow of the symbol of divine love, the cross? Give the Jew credit for what he has done, and own up that the fine fibre, the moral stamina, of the individual Jew made the efforts of political Rome a failure. Think what heroism it took to educate children in such bondage. God Almighty never intended that the Jew should be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. He is bound to get to the top, *hence the jealousy*.

Captain Dreyfus stood third in his final examinations, but they ranked him eleventh, according to General Mercier, and the reason was because he was immoral. What an excuse for the head of the army in France to give! Is not its falsity plain on the surface? If that was the reason, why did they commission and promote as an officer in the French army a man that he says was disgraced before he was received into the service? Does it not smell rank with prejudice?

I had a case of this prejudice come under my own eye. A Jewish medical student carried all before him, not only in the session work, but at the college examinations. The college offered a prize of one hundred dollars. It was won by

this young Jew, and when it became known every effort possible was made to create difficulty, but justice triumphed over prejudice. Recently a Jewish rabbi said to me, "Bishop, if you won't be offended, I will speak what is in my mind about missions to the Jews, since we are talking frankly," and I said, "Speak on." "Well then, it is my opinion that the Christians need to send missionaries to the Christian Church to convert its members to real Christianity." It is a remark well worth remembering in the churches where emotional people want work to do.

The Jews are about 12,000,000 strong. Although scattered, they are ubiquitous. Go where you will, on the coast of Malabar or the frozen shores of Greenland, close to the snow-line of the Himalayas or on the tropical banks of the Ganges, on the inhospitable deserts of Siberia, through the heart of Africa, or the spice-laden lands of Arabia, you will find the Jew living in all the counterpart of his forefathers, branded by the Almighty with features and characteristics that dispel all doubt of his nationality.

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?  
The wild dove has his nest, the fox his cave,  
Mankind his country, Israel but a grave."

Where is the descendant of the ancient Roman that to-day chafes and frets because the Coliseum is forsaken? Where the eye that weeps over the tenantless houses of Pompeii? What soul grieves over the fate of Troy, or does homage at the swampy sites of Nineveh and Babylon? Where are the descendants that have a right to sit amongst these ruins and mourn the departed glories of their nation? Destruction did not wipe them out. Silently they have been absorbed into other races; but living parallel with all, the Jew remains distinct, and the ancient city, despite the efforts of de-

stroyers, is still left to be the magnet of the race. After the lapse of nineteen centuries the streams of Hebrew pilgrims may be seen paying their visit of affection, and were the day to come for their restoration,—as it surely will, from commercial reasons, if no other,—in one month it can be peopled with exactly the same race that left it nearly two thousand years ago. They have been as amber on the tossing billows, naphtha in the sparkling fountain, or oil on the angry sea, always in contact with the world at large, but still intact, immiscible. The Jew *is* and *will be*. Let us recognize this fact, and, in the fear of our common God, profit by what is best in each of us; and, convinced of the great brotherhood of man, let us Christians so exalt humanity that the Jew will believe Divinity has touched us all—Jew and Gentile. This is your God-set task. Here in this country the work needs to be done, if you would make strong the nation of your love; disregard it, and the liberty of your children's children will pay the forfeit for your iniquitous neglect.

Virtue uncultivated will die, and righteousness set aside will wither. Our business is to bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captive, and open the prison to those that are bound. There are fetters of sin to be unloosed and broken, consolations of souls to be effected, needs of humanity to be supplied. The Church of God was given no creed. We can afford to be poor in creed if we are rich in deed. A religion that has any vein of hate in it is to be rejected as of the Devil, if he has any claim upon the iniquities of humanity. A religion of love is of God, and a life without religion is a lantern without light. Make a choice. Push over the precipice of everlasting contempt the already fleeing spirits of bigotry and superstition; stop all moral crucifixions which leave lacerated memories and are more

cruel because more eternal than the cross. That can only torture the body; moral crucifixions torture the soul.

Welcome advancing enlightenment, even if it does reveal and cause you to reject some man-made theories you have long revered as truth. Believe me, the best in Judaism and the best in Christianity will make you acceptable to God, our Father. Use the light you have for the dispelling of darkness, not the setting of humanity on fire; and in the growth of divine love in the heart of Jew and Gentile will be found a perpetual safeguard against the renewal of injustice or the iniquitous persecution of any of the human race. Then when belief in God is universal, the prayer of Christ

—"Believe also in me"—will be answered by the adoption of His principles by all who love the teaching and practice of the true; and an enlightened world will say, with Miriam Del Banco,

"Light is knowledge, and to spread its glory  
Far as pen can reach or tongue can tell,  
Rays of truth from science, art, or story,  
Is the blest law of Israel."

Not the tribal Israel, with its ceremonial burdens and ecclesiastical limitations, but the great Israel of God; that in which, by the faith Abraham had, all will be united—Jew and Gentile, bond and free—in the worship of the one true God, the Father of spirits, to whom be glory forever and ever.

## College News.

### The Southwick Literary Society.

The recital of Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, given on the morning of April 27 under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society, was one of those rare occasions when eager anticipation is not surpassed by realization.

Mr. Salmon, who is principal of the Boston Training School of Music, showed himself a master of the piano, and the large audience was not slow to appreciate this fact. It was through the special courtesy of Mr. Salmon, who is very constantly engrossed with his work, that we were privileged to hear him.

Miss Glenn Priest never fails to please by her sweet violin playing. Her talent is rapidly developing under the skilful guidance of Mr. C. N. Allen, the distinguished violinist and teacher. It is easy to predict long and increasing success for Miss Priest as a musician.

Mr. W. H. Kenney, who is the baritone soloist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is an old favorite before Emersonian audiences. We knew what to expect,

nor were we disappointed. Mr. Kenney's rich voice gives one the satisfaction of the truly artistic, touching as it does chords of universal harmony—"such harmony is in immortal souls."

Mrs. Southwick's work it seems almost sacrilegious to analyze. Those who know her are ready to remain silent, or say only, "I cannot praise, I love so much." She reached perhaps her greatest height in the four short selections called "Sketches" on the programme given below. These poems, each of very different character, are radiant gems peculiarly fitted to reflect Mrs. Southwick's genius. It suggests wonderful power to cause Shelley's marvelous conception of the "wild west wind" to sweep through the minds of a vast audience, until the prayer "Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud" is answered indeed, until the "heavy weight of hours" has fallen, and to "unawakened earth" comes

"The trumpet of a prophecy, O wind,  
If Winter comes can Spring be far behind?"

Clear, sweet, and ringing comes the



"Bugle Song," waking eternal echoes in human souls:—

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow, forever and forever!"

To walk again where

"The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full,"

to sit beside the winter fireside and to remember that in spite of time and change love and faith must conquer, for

"Life is ever lord of Death  
And love can never lose its own,"

this was unmixed blessing, and it prepared us to sit in silent reverence beside the bed of the beautiful Evelyn Hope. We were prepared to look more deeply into the mysteries of life and death, to see something of the completion of the circle of which this present life is but an arc.

#### Rabbi Fleischer's Talk.

On the morning of April 12 we were privileged to listen to a heart-to-heart talk illustrated by Ralph Waldo Emerson's philosophy from a distinguished young divine of Boston, Rabbi Charles Fleischer. He said in part:—

"We are wanting in self-confidence; broadly and boldly spoken, we lack faith in man and, more particularly, in our own religious genius. We have been handling our religious heritage as though it could be spent. We have behaved towards the religious spirit in niggardly, faithless fashion. That is to say, we have acted as though we feared that the God who revealed himself to the fathers did not mean to make the children still and again a medium of his revelation; that the religious spirit, which had in past ages and down to our very day accumulated wealth and stored up treasure, had suddenly been stricken with impotence, and we, the heirs of all the ages, were threatened with spiritual bankruptcy. Though we have proclaimed loudly our belief in the eternal and universal revelation of the Eternal,

our action has plainly contradicted our 'belief,' else all our religions would not be so largely the histories of tradition, instead of the progressive expression and formulation of the growing and unfolding religious sense inherent in man."

"Were not a practical 'fetishism' the normal religion of most people,—of modern priests as of the mass of persons,—would every religion need to declare, as it does, its dependence upon the first teachers; would they need to justify themselves by an appeal to the authority of the founders? Of all the organized religions, 'looking backward' is the characteristic pose, as though the fate of Lot's wife could not deter them from thus courting the *immortality of petrefaction*. With such slavish dependence upon the past, and such apparently wilful unconscientiousness of, or at least lack of proper regard for, man's inherent religious genius, it is not to be wondered at that we are still lisping our spiritual alphabet, and that religion is the last of man's psychical experiences to get itself duly recognized and scientifically organized!"

"I would have the spirit of religion reborn. I would have it again 'move over the face of the waters,' and bring order and peace. I would have it address itself to present conditions and give them moral meaning. I would have it speak with authority to-day, and for to-day, as it spoke two thousand five hundred years ago. I would have man dream the democratic dream. I would have him sing the poetry of our seeming prosiness. I would have him utter the moral worth of our material civilization. I would have him express the spiritual significance of science. Religions must give up their quarrel with the spirit of the age, not by acknowledging defeat, but by 'swallowing bodily' this *Zeitgeist*, and allowing it to transform them."

"If people will awake to self-consciousness, to self-appreciation, to self-dependence, to an optimistic *faith in man* as the unfailing fount of religious truth, which will make the past a constant source of inspiration, the present an insistent call to service, the future a sphere of infinite aspiration,—the true Reformation would be assured and the time of religious *Renaissance* would be at hand."

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#### Lecture by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

On the morning of April 14 Mrs. Livermore was warmly greeted by the students of Emerson College as she came to speak of "Eminent People Whom I Have Met." Mrs. Livermore is a dearly beloved friend to all students, and is always most heartily welcome at Emerson.

This has been a remarkable century, an age of glory and fertility, which has enriched the world. There has been great increase of knowledge, and though there is a vast universe in art and literature yet to be explored, there has been a steady progress among people toward a solidarity of humanity. The great people, with God's uplifting power, have made the age.

Mrs. Livermore spoke of her friendship with Horace Mann, the great educator. He was a constant source of help and inspiration to all who knew him—loving and helping many aspiring young people. We owe to him our present public-school system.

In 1837 Washington was very different from the beautiful city it is now. Here Mrs. Livermore met many people whose names live as makers of history. Among others, John C. Calhoun, the original secessionist, a very tall, dark-looking man of sinister appearance, yet of lovely character in social life; the foxlike Martin Van Buren; the conceited Thomas Benton, father of the beautiful and talented Jessie Benton

Fremont; and Henry Clay, the most wonderful orator and the most dulcet flatterer of any age.

Among Mrs. Livermore's friends in Boston were William Lloyd Garrison and Parker Pillsbury of anti-slavery fame. We were especially glad to hear of Wendell Phillips, beautiful as a Greek Apollo in face and figure, and with a voice of modulated music. It was a pleasure to listen even when you disagreed with him. In home and society he was never harsh nor critical, but gentle and winning.

The great and noble women of the age were represented by Lydia Maria Child, with her face like sunshine, and her girlish laugh, and by Maria Weston Chapman, the most beautiful woman in America, who stood with Phillips for the liberty of the negro, and who was in consequence shut out from society.

Prominent among the great lights of history was the simple-souled General Grant, who abhorred war and was by nature loving, tender, and pure, with most heroic self-control; and the great-hearted Abraham Lincoln, who was born and lived in obscurity until the hour appointed by God for his great work. He was studious and melancholy, but exhibited continually the utmost tenderness toward all life. R. L. D.

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#### Class Day of '99.

(2.30 P.M., April 27.)

Three years ago a "flying roll" with an inscribed invitation "*to health, happiness, and education through the New Philosophy of Oratory*," was seen crossing the American Continent, east, west, north, and south. Some in nearly every State and Province of the Continent read the invitation and were inspired to join the procession marching Emerson-ward. Each one arrived on the muster-field with his or her own peculiar gait, shape,

and ideas. War with these old conditions was a necessity, in order to prepare the recruits for the great battle of life. So war began on the idle and awkwardly acting muscles, the sluggish corpuscles, unused brain-cells, unexplored nares caverns, sad countenances, unartistic lines, ungraceful movements, barbarous waist armour, conceit, and ignorance. With three years of marching, skirmishing, battles and dusty garments behind, clad in unsoiled attire, beneath a cloudless sky, in step to inspiring strains of music, amid throngs of happy friends, the Class of '99 reached its Pisgah-top observatory, where college colors, artistic paintings, evergreens, flowers, and happy faces "blended in one harmonious whole."

After Miss Lewis's very appropriate address of welcome, and Mr. Strong's charming song, the class historian, Miss Andrews, with her characteristic wit and good cheer,

"Let down the bars; let in the train  
Of long-gone songs and flowers . . .  
And 'dear old times' come 'back again.'"

During the thoughtful pauses we heard the sputter of the "tea-kettle" and chirp of the cricket, the locksmith's tink tink, the babble of the brook, the bells, bells; we saw the "red-cloaked clown," the "Pickwickians on ice," the "glories of morning," Mont Blanc, burning Moscow, the snowy range, the "Sweet Highland Girl," ghosts, witches, bonds, air-drawn daggers, and seasick lines of "visible speech."

The class prophet, Miss Tobey, turned our eyes to the life-landscape lying beyond, scanned its great possibilities, and indicated the highways of law over which we must move toward life's true goal. It was, indeed, a great prophecy.

The class orator, Miss Stevenson, turned the mind's eye outward and upward, and the outlook widened as we gazed. In the great quiet of this ad-

dress, the old hall clock's tick brought home the question,

"Ah! when shall they all meet again  
As in the days long since gone by?"

The class poem by Miss Dithridge was a beautiful inspiration to her classmates. This, like all her other poems, was a gem. Miss McDuffee's class song rang with the true *esprit de corps*. Our musical composer, Miss Jessup, won the praise and admiration of the class for her grand production and valuable service. Time would not stop for us to recall all the dear memories sacredly preserved in our hearts.

The Class of '99 will live in the memory of all who knew their *HARMONY, happiness, pure thinking, and loyal service*. They go out to serve the world, believing that the eternal progression of being demands of them something better in each success experienced than the reproduction of the highest experience of the past.

"We build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies."

H. H. HALL.

#### Class Day Oration.

We are sorry to be unable to print the excellent extemporaneous oration of Miss Bertha Stevenson. Heart to heart as beloved classmates we spoke together, and many have thought that a verbatim report would steal part of the charm from that communion. So we have made no attempt to give you Miss Stevenson's words again. Her sweet and gracious personality has impressed itself upon the lives of all who listened, making them richer forever.

#### The College Pin.

At a recent meeting of the students a pin was adopted which is to be both a college and class pin; in the latter case the year of the different classes will be put on it.

We think this is a splendid idea, for then special students and graduates will wear the same pin, and if Emersonians do not know each other at sight it will not be because they do not "bear the college mark." The pin is a copy of the college crest, and has the words, "Expression : Evolution" on the scroll.

Any students at a distance may obtain further information by writing to the business manager of the magazine.  
B. S.

#### **The Students' Aid Association.**

In the winter term of this year the various classes of the College met and organized a society to be called the "Students' Aid Association." Its object is to help any cases of need among the students of the College.

Although so short a time has passed since then, the society has collected and dispensed more than one hundred dollars, and has a balance still in the treasury. It is the intention of the school to continue this work through coming years. To do this we must have the hearty co-operation both of former members and of entering classes. Few of us are unable to pay the slight dues, but a few cents a week from many pupils makes a goodly sum. It is very little for each to give, but a great help for one enabled to stay in College by timely aid from the society. Let us all, Emersonians new and old, join hands to carry on this work, which expresses so fitly the principle of this institution,—loving and faithful service for all.

#### **Summer Work in Literature.**

In preparation for the work of next year, the Juniors may read Tennyson as directed in "Tennyson's Debt to Environment." The Freshmen ought to read Scott's "Marmion" and Wordsworth's minor poems, as well as the first three books of the Prelude. If this work is

finished, it may be followed with the great odes of Keats and the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley.

Candidates for Freshman class may read the first three books of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and some of Hawthorne's romances. WM. G. WARD.

#### **The Everett Press Company.**

We would be ungrateful indeed if we failed at this time to express our appreciation of the service rendered to us this year by the Everett Press Company. In the main, it speaks for itself through the intelligent work exhibited in the make-up and printing of the magazine, but there are many unseen things, known only to the editor and the business manager, and a few others, that bespeak the hearty co-operation of the employees and proprietors of the Everett Press Company. It is this timely aid that has made the magazine a possibility each month, and we cannot too much commend the prompting spirit of helpfulness. — ED.

#### **The Perry Pictures.**

Not least among the features which have contributed to the success of this year's volume of our college magazine have been the Perry Pictures, which have been used to illustrate various articles on American literature. We feel like taking this opportunity to again express our gratitude to Mr. Perry, and to suggest at the same time that all teachers and students of art ought to inform themselves concerning the many beautiful pictures prepared for their aid. You cannot afford to be without such invaluable help. — ED.

#### **Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute.**

We quote from the announcement of the twenty-second annual session of this school: "No effort or expense has been spared to place and to hold the Martha's



Vineyard Summer Institute at the head of all institutions of the kind. All the work is systematic, progressive, and complete in the light of the best educational thought of to-day. *Many desirable positions* are secured each season by teachers in attendance." . . .

"Rest and recreation will be provided for, as well as professional improvement. . . . To the tired and nerve-worn teacher this favorite seaside resort, with its many attractions, its cool sea breezes and ocean views, its beautiful drives and walks, is a Mecca of rest and enjoyment."

The term begins on Tuesday, July 11, and continues for five weeks. Lectures and practical work along many different lines are provided, but what will interest you most, perhaps, is the fact that among the lecturers and teachers we find the names of our beloved President, Dr. Emerson, of Mrs. Emerson, Professor Kidder, Miss Julia King, and Miss Annie Blalock in the Department of Oratory, Voice Culture, and Expressive Physical Culture. In the Department of English Literature, Prof. Wm. G. Ward will lecture on Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson.

The instructors in all the various subjects taught seem to be no less able and proficient, each in his own special line, and we predict for the coming session unqualified success. R. L. D.

#### Personals.

Professor and Mrs. Southwick will again conduct the Department of Oratory in the Virginia Summer School of Methods, to continue four weeks, beginning June 26. The school will be held this summer in Roanoke City, which is said to be a very beautiful place.

Mrs. Anna Delony Martin has prepared the story of "Quo Vadis, Pictorially Told" for public presentation. She

has taken those parts of the novel which reveal the purity, beauty, and sincerity of the life of the early Christians. The story is illustrated by one hundred and fifty beautiful colored views. Mrs. Martin will give her picture drama, "The Prisoner of Zenda," with which she is so successful, at Cottage City on July 25. All her work is sincere and artistic, as well as helpful and entertaining.

Will all pupils who intend to go to the Summer School at Martha's Vineyard this year communicate with Miss E. J. Collins, Hyde Park. Some of the students wish to make plans to take a cottage at Martha's Vineyard, for the school session, on the co-operative plan, and would like all Emersonians and their friends who feel so inclined to join them. They expect in this way to greatly reduce their living expenses.

Mr. E. E. Sherman, the secretary of the College, has at last been induced to take a much-needed and long-deferred vacation. Years of faithful and untiring work have certainly merited the brief release of one summer-time, and we hope that Mr. Sherman will enjoy his holidays to the full. Our best wishes go with him, and we stipulate only that he shall not forget to return next October, for we would n't know what to do without him. During Mr. Sherman's absence Miss Barrett, who has been his assistant for some time, will take charge of the office. She is most eminently fitted for this responsible position.

At noon of May 3 a merry company of Emersonians assembled in the Union Station on their way out to West Somerville to the home of Mrs. Puffer. There were about twenty-two in all of the Post-graduate Class and several members of the Faculty. Given a charming hostess in a beautiful home and such people as we have indicated, and a delightful time is secured without question. In addition

to entertainment in the way of luncheon and merry games, there were readings by Professor Tripp, Miss Smith, Professor Kidder, and by Mr. Merrill and Miss Henderson. On such a rich treat, such a "flow of reason and feast of soul," comment would be superfluous.

D.

Rev. J. H. Holden favored us recently with readings from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley, the much-loved Hoosier poet. Mr. Holden reminded us that Riley is the poet of the common people both as they are and as they may be. His songs touch a deep chord of sympathy and love in the great heart of humanity. Like the Scottish singer, Burns, his lyre vibrates with a twofold harmony,—love for nature and for man. Mr. Holden's rendering was charming through its perfect simplicity and truth. We went at his bidding out under the open sky, through the green meadows, beside bright waters, where all nature overran with joyous life. We felt anew the warmth and beauty of the light and

love of home, and our lives are forever richer for the experience.

Professor Henry L. Southwick, of the William Penn Charter School at Philadelphia, lectured before the Southwick Literary Society, connected with the Emerson School of Oratory, yesterday afternoon. His topic was "Hamlet," and his lecture was a brilliant analysis of Shakespeare's finest character, illustrated with dramatic renderings of the finer passages. He gave a critical estimate of the character of Hamlet, whom he classed as a hero, believing that it often takes more will-power to refrain from doing than to do, and that by his patient unravelling of the plot by which his father lost his life he showed in the highest degree the qualities that make men great. The lecture was delivered in Berkeley Hall, and was listened to by a large and brilliant audience, which included many well-known Shakespearian students and people of literary note.—*Boston Herald*.

### Alumni Notes.

Mattie J. Atkins, '92, was married on June 1, 1898, to Prof. Jos. P. Jackson, of Denver. Professor and Mrs. Jackson have been traveling in America, England, and Europe for the past nine months, but are soon to return from abroad.

#### Annual Meeting of the Emerson College Alumni Association.

"You know your own degrees. Sit down. At first and last a hearty welcome."

With these familiar words, Prof. Charles W. Kidder, the genial president of the Emerson College Alumni Association, struck the first note of good cheer that prevailed throughout the evening of

April 27, when at Young's Hotel over one hundred graduates of the Emerson College of Oratory, together with the distinguished President and members of the Faculty, assembled for their annual meeting and banquet. The prettily arranged tables in the spacious dining-hall, the bright faces of the entire company, the vari-tinted toilets of the ladies, with the background of manly beauty in the ever-effective black habiliment, together with the atmosphere of truly Emersonian sunshine that permeated the "whole," made a picture not soon to be forgotten. That it was entirely Emersonian is shown by the fact that the "whole" was perfect, each "part"

well established, the relation of each part to every other "part" well sustained, and the "parts in relation to the great whole" in truest sympathy. We all enjoyed the goodly feast prepared for us, and we then settled back to enjoy with even keener relish "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" that is so characteristic of Emersonians.

Professor Kidder opened his introductory remarks with the apt quotation: "A hundred thousand welcomes; I could weep, and I could laugh; I am light and I am heavy: welcome." Then with his easy grace he did welcome us all,—the earlier classes, those of middle date, and the "children," the enthusiastic ninety-niners. He spoke briefly of the growth of the association. Never in its history had so many been present on such an occasion. All save four classes that had ever gone forth from Emerson College, all save four, were represented by one or more members. There was even another cause for rejoicing, for in the distant West a chapter had been formed, under the name of "The Western Chapter of the Emerson College Alumni Association," and on the same evening, at the same hour, this chapter was holding its first social gathering in Chicago. Professor Kidder read a telegram of greeting from these distant friends to their Alma Mater and members of the association, and he also announced that he had forwarded, in behalf of the parent association, an answering telegram of congratulation and good cheer. He then introduced the Toastmaster of the evening, who needed no introduction, for he was none other than our well-beloved professor of literature, William G. Ward.

Professor Ward, after a few witty remarks, proceeded to the programme of the evening. In place of the duet by Ellen Marie Andrews and William J. H. Strong Miss Greta Masson enchanted all with her artistic singing, as she did

again later in the evening. One could scarcely conceive of anything nearer heaven than Miss Masson's sweet voice, revealing her sweeter spirit. We shall all remember her as she sat at the piano and played her own accompaniment and sang to us, for she was indeed an important "part," and the spirit of her songs was most truthfully related to the spirit of the evening as a "whole."

No less delightful than Miss Masson's singing was the second number on the programme, the quartette composed of Ruth Jean Vose, Ellen Marie Andrews, Everett P. Johnson, William J. H. Strong; and we could have listened to them much longer had there not been so many other good things to follow.

Miss Ada Evelyn Lewis was introduced by Professor Ward as the representative from Georgia and the president of the Class of '99. She spoke briefly but earnestly, and she echoed the spirit of her classmates when she pledged their loyalty to their Alma Mater. Then with becoming modesty she said she was no orator and would leave the rest to the orators. By this time we were all thoroughly infused with enthusiasm and were glad of a chance to sing our new Alumni Song, "All Hail, Emerson," composed by Rachel Lewis Dithridge of the Class of '99; after which Miss Dithridge was called upon and responded in her own graceful, unassuming manner to the effect that it was honor enough that her words should be sung on such an occasion; that while she could not do great things, she brought these words as "her little."

Inez Louise Cutter never fails to attract, and her response to the toast to the Postgraduate Class of '99 met with much applause. Her earnestness and her sweet spirit were not hidden by the playful language she adopted in the beginning, and were most plainly revealed in her closing remarks, when she gave

her tribute to Dr. Emerson, "through whom," she said, "God has spoken to so many of us, calling us on and up."

After Miss Masson's first number our minds were led back to the earlier days of the College and we felt we were indeed listening to "the choice and master spirits of this age" when we heard Belle McDiarmid Ritchie and Walter Bradley Tripp. Mrs. Ritchie was just bubbling with the wit and delicate satire that are so natural to her. Her anecdotes were antidotes for the blues of any description, and she cheered "the earlier volumes" (which she said must be the visible speech for "back numbers") by the consoling thought that "when the present edition in white muslin had passed on there would still be volumes bound in calf." Professor Tripp began where she left off, carrying the fun still farther as he spoke for the Class of '89. It was with this class that the Alumni Association was formed, and they laid the foundation upon which all the superstructure was reared. He cheered the "children" by saying some one might copy *them* in the years to come, and that they were "on the right line" and "in the right direction."

When Harry Horatio Hall, or, as the world knows him, Rev. Mr. Hall, arose to speak on "The Ladies" there was a breathless silence. All knew Mr. Hall's ability as a speaker on the Emerson philosophy, but we did not feel so sure of him on this most profound and deeply interesting topic. However, when after a delightful, complimentary, somewhat humorous talk he summed all up by saying that "the best thing God made after he stopped making the angels was woman, and when it became necessary for the world to be redeemed woman was deemed worthy to be the mother of The Redeemer," we felt that he had indeed exalted his subject.

Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, president

of the George Washington Memorial Association, and an honored guest of the evening, responded to a toast to the great association she represents. She said that before any foundation could be laid in mortar and granite it must first be laid in spirit, and as Emersonians we were helping to lay that corner-stone in spirit.

Again we listened to Miss Masson, and then Professor Ward introduced "the chief guest" of the evening, Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson. Dr. Emerson spoke of the joy and the sorrow of the occasion,—the joy in the work of those about him; the sorrow at the parting soon to follow. He inspired us anew with the thought of the deep purpose that must underlie all our work, the strength of will that must be exercised in order to reach the highest goal, in order to help others to gain an education not for time but for eternity. We all felt the truth of the words, "If he had been forgotten it had been as a gap in our great feast," and we finished the perfect evening by singing as we never sang before "Emerson, Our Emerson," especially the third stanza:—

"O Founder of this noble cause,  
Emerson, our Emerson!  
Your gracious presence ever draws,  
Emerson, our Emerson!  
The best within each human heart  
From your blest teaching caused to start,  
And unto life, new life impart,  
Emerson, our Emerson,"

and our hearts all responded when Professor Kidder said with Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

GRACE DELLE DAVIS, '99.

### The Western Chapter.

The Western Chapter of the Alumni Association of the Emerson College of Oratory was formed in Chicago on Saturday, April 8, 1899, annual meetings to be held on the last Saturday of March.



First annual reunion and banquet was held in the Pullman Building, corner of Michigan Avenue and Adams Street, Chicago, on Thursday, April 27, 1899, at five o'clock (which was six o'clock Eastern time, making the meeting simultaneous with the meeting of the parent organization). The preamble of the Constitution is as follows:—

With love for our Alma Mater, with a desire to foster the spirit of good-fellowship and helpfulness so well begun there, and to promote a closer union, we, the undersigned, graduates in Western States, do hereby affiliate with the Emerson Alumni Association as a Western chapter, to be governed by its own rules and the following constitution:

An invitation is cordially extended to all graduates of Emerson College of Oratory in the West to affiliate.

### Extracts from Letters.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 25, 1899.

*My Dear Sir,*—Let me congratulate you on the admirable (April) issue of the magazine just received. You are improving the periodical greatly, and it is an honor to all concerned in its publication. Sincerely yours,

W. J. ROLFE.

3 RINDGEFIELD ST., NORTH CAMBRIDGE,  
April 12, 1899.

H. T. DAGHISTANLIAN:

*Dear Sir,*—I wish I could tell you in a few words how highly I appreciate the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE. . . . I am what is loosely termed an "artist," meaning a painter. . . . But I am far

from being a specialist in my conception of art; on the contrary, I have all my life cultivated and cherished as broad a view of the function and scope of the art-idea as my reason, aided by the thought of all ages, enables me to take; and your magazine, in the few years during which I have known it, has stood almost alone, as far as I have known, among organized influences making toward art-growth, as advocating a truly adequate conception of what art is; and that conception, as I grasp it, is that art is co-extensive with the *active* life of man. . . . The art of living is the art of arts. What the magazine stands for I suppose the College stands for also. I wish both the fullest success.

Sincerely yours,

SYDNEY P. GUILD.

### A Flow of the Spirit.

CHARLES MALLOY.

GIDEON arose to speak in the meeting,

He said "Bless the Lord," and began to cry,  
And stood in silence, or only repeating  
"Bless the Lord." By and by

A loud Amen rung out from some one;

Twenty more took up the refrain,  
As if they would shout back a voice for the dumb  
one,

And bring him the gift of speech again;

Then a mysterious inundation

Round them seemed to pour and roll,  
Song, and prayer, and exhortation  
Filling with rapture many a soul.

Meekly came a good old mother,

And said, with a sweet and heavenly smile,  
"A blessed flow of the Spirit, brother—

We've all had a drought, but you pulled out  
the spile."\*

\* The "spile" driven into a barrel was used instead of a faucet. —ED.

#### VACATION NOTICE.

If you have any matter of importance to communicate to the Magazine Association, address all your correspondence during the summer vacation to the present Business Manager, Mr. H. T. Daghistanlian, Emerson College, Boston, Mass.

#### SENIORS, '99 — POSTGRADUATES, '99.

Seniors and Postgraduates (Class of '99) and any undergraduates who will *not* return to E. C. O. next fall will please send their *proper* addresses to which the magazine may be sent next year ('99-'00). Address H. T. Daghistanlian, Emerson College, Boston, Mass.













